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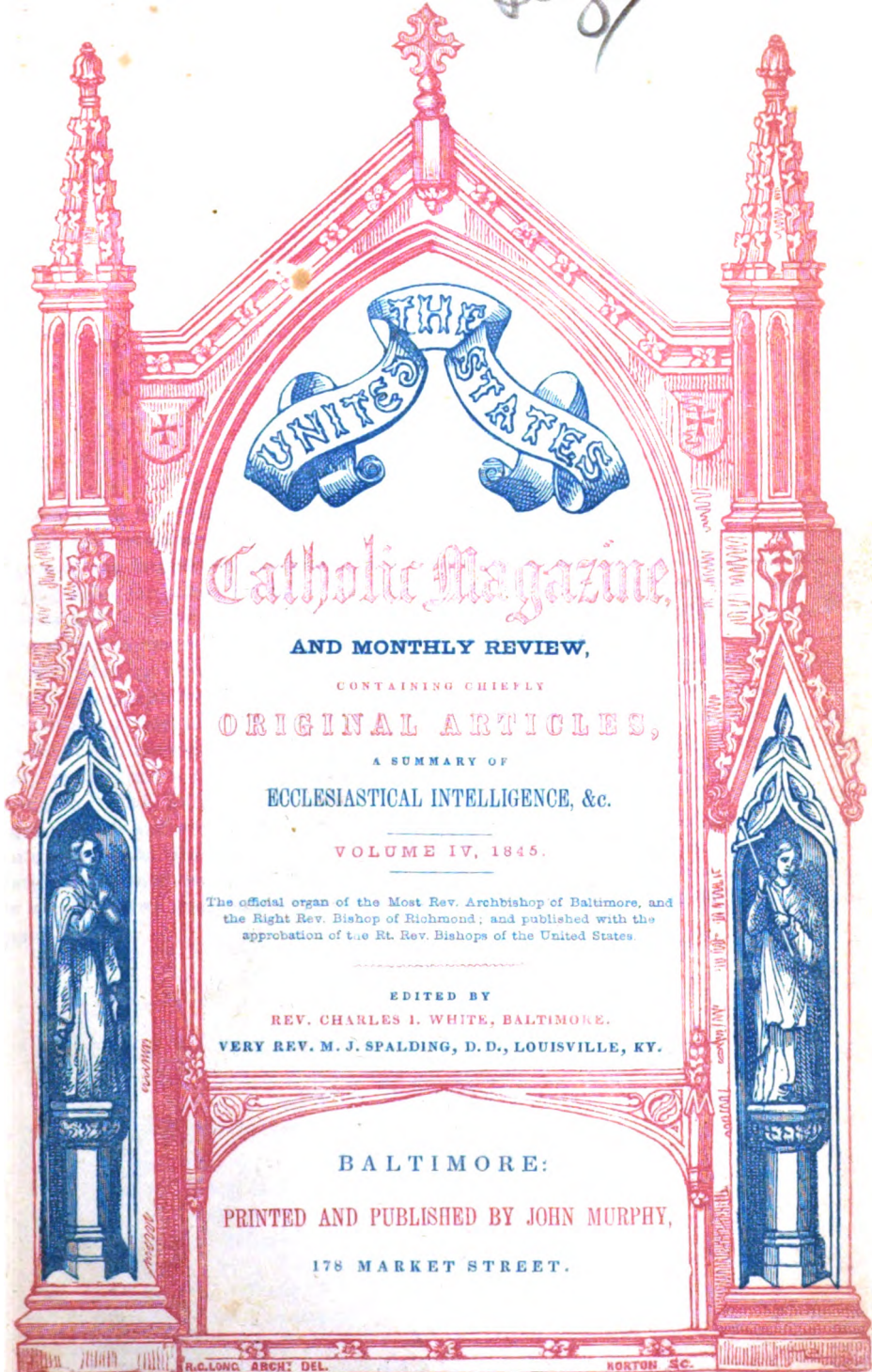
The Hon. John Hughes, Bishop.

Portrait of the Hon. John Hughes, Bishop.

Portrait of the Hon. John Hughes, Bishop.

THE UNITED STATES
CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.
1845.

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Catholic Magazine,

AND MONTHLY REVIEW,

CONTAINING CHIEFLY
ORIGINAL ARTICLES,
A SUMMARY OF
ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE, &c.

VOLUME IV, 1845.

The official organ of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, and
the Right Rev. Bishop of Richmond; and published with the
approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishops of the United States.

EDITED BY
REV. CHARLES I. WHITE, BALTIMORE.
VERY REV. M. J. SPALDING, D. D., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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V.4 (1845)

NOTICE.

IN completing this volume of the Magazine, our attention turns upon the past not without cause for self-gratulation. We flatter ourselves that we have faithfully complied with our engagements, in furnishing the community with an expositor and vindicator of Catholic truth, in laying before the public a notice of the more remarkable works that have been issued from the press, and in intermingling with the graver subjects of theology a variety of interesting matter, with a summary of useful intelligence. This is what we pledged ourselves to accomplish, and what has formed the object of our unwearied efforts. We have to thank the public for the kindness with which they have been pleased to regard these exertions in a good cause, while we assure them of a determination on our part to prosecute the work with energy, and to render it still more acceptable to the generality of readers as a miscellany of religious and literary matter, and a chronicle of the more important items of ecclesiastical and secular information. This, as far as we can form an opinion, seems to be the kind of work answering the general taste and wants of the community, and for this reason we see no cause for deviating in future from the plan which we have already pursued, except so far as to increase the variety and enhance the value of the matter which enters into the pages of the Magazine. This we shall strive to accomplish, while we look to a discriminating public for a continuance of patronage.

APPROBATION.

WE earnestly recommend to the clergy and laity, *THE UNITED STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE*, a Catholic periodical published monthly in Baltimore. It is calculated to promote the honor of our holy religion, and will, we trust, have a place in every Catholic library.

BALTIMORE, *Circumcision of our Lord*, 1842.

† SAMUEL, *Archbishop of Baltimore*.

I hereby establish the United States Catholic Magazine my official organ of public communication with the clergy and laity of the archdiocese of Baltimore. Should it become necessary to address them on any subject before the regular period for the publication of the Magazine, an extra sheet will be issued, corresponding in dimensions and style with those of the periodical.

Feast of St. Mark, 1843.

SAMUEL, *Archbishop of Baltimore*.

The undersigned wish to express their approbation of the manner in which the United States Catholic Magazine has hitherto been conducted; and their confidence in the able and zealous directors who superintend its pages, authorizes them to recommend it to the patronage of the faithful of their respective dioceses.

† BENEDICT JOSEPH, *Bishop of Boston*.

† MICHAEL, *Bishop of Mobile*.

† JOHN BAPTIST, *Bishop of Cincinnati*.

† GUY IGNATIUS, *Bishop of Bolena and Coadjutor of Louisville*.

† ANTHONY, *Bishop of New Orleans*.

† MATHIAS, *Bishop of Dubuque*.

† JOHN, *Bishop of New York*.

† RICHARD PIUS, *Bishop of Nashville*.

† CELESTINE, *Bishop of Vincennes*.

† PETER PAUL, *Bishop of Zela and Administrator of Detroit*.

† JOHN JOSEPH, *Bishop of Natchez*.

† JOHN M., *Bishop of Claudiopolis and Vicar Apostolic of Texas*.

Having within my jurisdiction no press through which to publish the official documents of the diocese, I have selected for that purpose the United States Catholic Magazine, and as such recommend it earnestly to the reverend clergy and laity thereof.

† RICHARD VINCENT, *Bishop of Richmond*.

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EMBELLISHMENTS.

Portrait of the Most Rev. Ambrose Maréchal, Portrait of Cardinal Cheverus, Portrait of the Most Rev. James Whitfield, Engraving of the Astronomical Clock of Strasburg.

ERRATA.

- Page 274, near the middle of the first column, for *declamation* read *declarations*.
 " 275, second column, near the end, for *enables* read *enable*.
 " 277, second column, beginning of second paragraph, for *declainer* read *disclaimer*.
 " 285, end of first paragraph, for *honest* read *dishonest*.
 " 484, second column, note, for the words *or even spontaneously*, read *but not spontaneously*.
 " 516, at the head of article, for *Boistiniere* read *Boistiniere*.

THE
UNITED STATES
CATHOLIC MAGAZINE
AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1845.

RETROSPECT OF THE PAST YEAR.

1. *A Letter on the moral causes that have produced the evil spirit of the times ; addressed to the Hon. James Harper, mayor of New York, including a vindication of the author from the infamous charges made against him by James Gordon Bennett, William L. Stone and others.* By the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes, bishop of New York. J. Winchester.
2. *Address of the Catholic lay citizens of the city and county of Philadelphia to their fellow citizens, in reply to the Presentment of the Grand Jury of the court of Quarter Sessions of May term, 1844, in regard to the causes of the late riots in Philadelphia.* Baltimore: Metropolitan Tract Society.
3. *The Olive Branch, or an Earnest Appeal in behalf of religion, the supremacy of law, and social order, with documents relating to the late disturbances in Philadelphia.* Philadelphia: M. Fithian.
4. *Catholicism compatible with republican government, and in full accordance with popular institutions; or reflections upon a premium treatise issued by the American Protestant society under the signature of "Civis."* By Fencelon. New York: Edward Dunigan.
5. *The Warning of Thomas Jefferson, or a brief exposition of the dangers to be apprehended to our civil and religious liberties from Presbyterianism.* By Justus E. Moore. Philadelphia: J. Cunningham.



NE more year has passed and gone ;—gone for ever, with all its busy pursuits, its stirring incidents, its joys and its sorrows, its turmoils and confusion, its sufferings and its guiltiness. It is gone ; but the

transactions crowded into it have left an impress on our dearly cherished country which time will not, can not soon efface : and we may glean from them lessons which will be practically useful in all future time.

To the American Catholic particularly the year just passed has been an eventful one ; one pregnant with mischief, with sorrow and affliction. He has beheld the long gathering and long threatening clouds of religious bigotry break at length in a terrific storm over his church, leaving behind ruins and devastation which have appalled him by their magnitude and atrocity. He has been made to witness scenes harrowing to the tenderest feelings of his heart ; scenes such as his darkest forebodings would scarcely have anticipated : his churches burned to the ground by infuriated mobs ; the ministers of his holy religion threatened with assassination, and trembling for their lives ; seminaries of learning, residences of the clergy, valuable libraries, all consumed in the ruthless flames ; and, what is far more dreadful still, the solemn quietude and sanctity of the tomb itself invaded, the last sacred resting places of the dead torn up by the hands of the

living : and all these atrocities perpetrated in the nineteenth century, in a country which has hitherto justly boasted of its enlightenment and liberality, in a city the second in the union for population and resources, and hitherto deemed the first in point of social order and morality, and all done too in the sacred name of a religion of love, and for the defence of the Bible ! Gracious God ! upon what times have we fallen !

While all these terrible things were doing, and men's minds were excited and their blood boiled, it might not have been *safe* ; it would perhaps have been useless, if not indiscreet, to have attempted to treat of topics so exciting as those involved in or dragged into a controversy which has been attended with results thus afflicting. Catholics in general abstained from all discussion on the subject, and, committing their cause with entire composure and confidence to the hands of a just God, submitted patiently to much unjust obloquy for the sake of peace. But now that the excitement has somewhat abated, and the public mind has acquired a more even and sober temper, it may be useful, it certainly can do no harm, to take a calm and impartial, but bold and fearless survey of the whole ground of the late difficulties, rapidly to trace to their true causes the awful events of the past year, and to offer such practical suggestions as the subject may seem to demand.

This is what the writer of the present paper will attempt briefly to do. Himself a native American, with an ancestry which has been for many generations in the country, and justly proud of the fortunate *accident* which gave him birth in a republic so great and flourishing, he dearly loves and warmly cherishes the institutions of his country. But he at the same time is free to avow that, if native Americanism must be appreciated by the narrow-minded and proscriptive policy lately pursued towards those whom *choice* and not *accident* has made American citizens, and by the incendiary, bloody, and inhuman doings of the truculent faction bearing that name in Philadelphia, he for one would blush to wear it, and would freely resign the glory and the privileges of being an American citizen. But, thank God ! the native faction, as it was exhibited in Philadelphia, is no index of the true American character ; it is rather a foul stain on its noble

escutcheon. It is a vile excrescence on the surface of our body politic : beneath that surface there lie solid *strata* of sounder sense and better feeling ; yea, mines of rich and priceless value. When the proscriptive and bloody doings of nativism shall have been forgotten, or remembered only with disgust and contempt, the true American character, wise, moderate, liberal and expansive, will still continue to stand forth firm and immovable in its integrity and noble manliness.*

At the head of our paper we have placed the titles of a few among those publications to which the late afflicting occurrences gave birth. As the contents of these pamphlets are already familiar to most of our readers, it will not be necessary to dwell at any length on their respective characters and worth. Three out of five of them, the last three on our list, are the productions of Protestant pens : and it is highly honorable to the heads and hearts of our Protestant fellow citizens that, while Catholics, through a spirit of forbearance, through prudence, or through well grounded fear, abstained most of them from vindicating their own cause, Protestants stepped forth thus nobly to the defence of their outraged institutions and liberties. Such examples are indeed encouraging in the midst of scenes of such bitterness and strife ; when the enemies of Catholicity were so numerous and so active ; and when those who did not take an active part in the riots, in general, either folded their arms and looked quietly on, or perhaps secretly applauded the doings of the mob. The names of the authors of the three pamphlets alluded to, should be dear not only to every Catholic in the union, but to every citizen who loves the right, or has chivalry enough left to admire the moral courage which generously and magnanimously volunteers to defend the weak against the strong, a small and trembling minority against an omnipotent and ruthless majority.

To these names we will add that of a man who perhaps deserves more credit than any of them all ; who nobly breasted the storm when at its highest fury ; who *dared* tell the truth in the face of triumphant mobs, and with the

* The writer would not wish to be understood as expressing at present any opinion in regard to the merely political question on the naturalization laws.

threat of ruin hanging over his head ; whom neither bribes, nor menaces, nor insults could drive from his position ; who *dared* to beard the lion in his den, and to tell of his sanguinary doings, heedless of his angry roaring : need we name J. STEPHENSON DU SOLLE, the talented, the unwavering editor of the "*Spirit of the Times*." Honor to the man who thus nobly stood up for the right in the midst of the most adverse circumstances, and at the risk even of his life ; who remained faithful to the banner of truth when many other editors either abandoned it altogether by their ominous silence, or, what is still worse, reared in its stead the opposition standard of error and falsehood.

We shall have occasion in the sequel to refer more than once to the publications to which we have just adverted ; but we cannot pass farther on, without saying one word concerning the noble and manly, yet temperate and dignified letter of the bishop of New York to Mayor Harper. Seldom has there appeared, in this union at least, a document more timely, more eloquent, more triumphant, more happy in its effects on the public mind. It was written under a threat of assassination, immediately after the fearful May riots of Philadelphia, and at a moment when there was every reason to apprehend similar or worse outbreaks in New York. The bishop took just the stand which the emergency required ; he assumed the bold and fearless tone which best suits the American character ; and his words had almost a magic effect on the popular mind. Never was a document more eagerly sought for or more greedily read ; it is estimated that in New York alone one hundred and fifty thousand persons read it within forty-eight hours after its first publication.* The effect was instant ; the excitement which had before reached a maddening height, almost immediately subsided, and New York was saved from the outrages which had just disgraced a sister city.

In his letter, Bishop Hughes vindicates himself triumphantly from the foul charges made and reiterated against him by an inflammatory and unprincipled press ; and he boldly challenges James Gordon Bennett, William L.

Stone and others, to establish the contrary of the following propositions :

"1st proposition. I have never in my life done one action, or uttered a sentiment tending to abridge any human being of all or any of the rights of conscience which I claim to enjoy myself under the American constitution.

"2d. I have never asked or wished that any denomination should be deprived of the Bible, or such version of the Bible as that denomination conscientiously approved, in our common or public schools.

"3d. I have never entered into intrigue or collusion with any political party or individual, and no political party or individual ever approached me with so insulting a proposition.

"4th. I have never requested or authorized the 'blackening of the public school books' in the city of New York.

"5th. In all my public life in New York, I have done no action, uttered no sentiment unworthy of a Christian bishop and an American citizen."

After putting the same or similar propositions in an affirmative form, and stated them as public, notorious *facts*, which he held himself prepared to prove, he thus boldly addresses his revilers :

"Now, therefore, James Gordon Bennett, William L. Stone, and ye other deceivers of the public, stand forth and meet Bishop Hughes. But then come forth in no quibbling capacity ; come forth as honest men, as true American citizens, with truth in your hearts and candor on your lips. I know you can write well, and can multiply words and misrepresent truth ; this is not the thing that will serve you now. Come forth with your *facts*. Bishop Hughes places himself in the simple panoply of an honest man, before the American people. He asks no favor, but he simply asks whether the opinion of Bishop White is true, that with the American people no man can be put down by calumny."†

Well, James Gordon Bennett and William L. Stone did attempt "to stand forth ;" but we think it will be universally allowed that they proved no match for the bishop ; that they dealt in idle declamation and in personal abuse ; in "words, words, words," while he called for and dealt in *facts*. The result of the discussion was most happy ; it contributed in a great measure to clear away the dark clouds of calumny which had been for years gathering about our great commercial emporium ;

* See the New York Freeman's Journal for May, 1844.

* Letter, pp. 15, 16.

† Ibid. pp. 16, 17.

and it left Bishop Hughes and the Catholics in a proud position.

We cannot dismiss this letter of Bishop Hughes without presenting one more brief extract, in which he beautifully and touchingly alludes to the American flag.

"I can even now remember my reflections on first beholding the American flag. It never crossed my mind that a time might come when that flag, the emblem of the freedom just alluded to, should be divided by apportioning its *stars* to the citizens of native birth, and its *stripes* only as the portion of the foreigner. I was of course but young and inexperienced; and yet even recent events have not diminished my confidence in that ensign of civil and religious liberty. It is possible I was mistaken: but still I cling to the delusion, if it be one, and as I trusted to that flag on a *nation's faith*, I think it more likely that its stripes will disappear altogether; and that before it shall be employed as an instrument of bad faith towards the foreigners of every land, the white portions will blush into crimson, and then the glorious stars alone will remain."^{*}

But the appearance of Bishop Hughes on the stage, and his noble vindication of himself and of his church, constituted but an episode in the melancholy drama of the Philadelphia riots: an episode, however, very important and closely connected with the drama itself. For years before, the abuse of Bishop Hughes had formed the chief staple of those turbulent demagogues and small politicians, whom the cunning of Protestant preachers had enlisted under the "no popery" banner; and an untiring and well-sustained effort had been made to make his name a by-word of reproach among the American people, and to identify him and his church with foreign despotic governments panting to crush our young republic. And it is not a little remarkable that the anonymous letter which basely threatened him with assassination, was written from Philadelphia, by a wretch who falsely styled himself the brother of young Shiffer, one of the natives who had fallen during the riots.

In attempting to account for the riots themselves, with all the appalling outrages which attended them, we assume no difficult task. Never was there an effect more clearly traceable to its causes. Between the latter and the former there is as close and necessary a connection, as there is between the application of a

match and the explosion of a powder magazine. The inflammatory passions of an ignorant populace were the magazine; religious bigotry and hatred of Catholics the match, and the application of the latter to the former was made by unprincipled demagogues and *ministers of the religion of peace and of love!!*

It would, however, be a false and narrow view of the subject to suppose that the riots were merely the result of a sudden outbreak of the populace smarting under a sudden wrong, and goaded into madness by inflammatory appeals of unscrupulous leaders. Though there was some sudden excitement in the case, and perhaps some wrong to give rise to it, yet it is certain that influences directly leading to such outrages had been long at work in the community; and that without those influences the riots would in all probability never have occurred.

For more than ten years previously the "no popery" cry had been raised from one end of the union to the other; from the cold and puritanical north, to the warm and chivalrous south. The outcry resounded from the pulpit and the press; its notes were fierce and sanguinary; they were worthy of the palmiest days of Titus Oates and of Lord George Gordon, both immortal for the relentless and *burning* hatred they bore their Christian brethren of the Roman Catholic church. Can we wonder then that it produced similar results? When we reflect how long that bitter outcry continued; how talented and influential and untiring were many of those engaged in raising it; how many different forms and complexions it assumed; now boasting of its zeal for the purity of religion, now parading its solicitude for the preservation of our noble republican institutions threatened with destruction by an insidious *foreign influence*; when we reflect how very unscrupulous were the men engaged in this crusade against Catholicity, how many glaring untruths they boldly published both from the pulpit and the press, how many base forgeries—subsequently admitted to be such—they unblushingly perpetrated in the full light of day, and with the intelligence of the nineteenth century beaming in their faces; when we reflect that all this warfare against Catholics was openly conducted with a well concerted action and a regular *conspiracy* among almost all the rich and powerful Protestant

^{*} Ibid. p. 7.

sects of the country, with the avowed purpose of crushing one of the weakest and poorest denominations of all, and that this *conspiracy* was kept alive by synodical enactments, by Protestant associations, and by the untiring energy and relentless zeal of perhaps the richest and most powerful sect in the country, which ever appeared as the leader of the movement; when we reflect on all these *undoubted facts*, can we be any longer surprised at the fearful scenes which so lately set the stigma of everlasting disgrace on the second city of the union?

He that would be surprised at such a result must be indeed but slightly acquainted with the philosophy of the human heart; must be but little versed in the history of the human race. All that surprises us is that the riots were so limited in their ravages, and so soon suppressed. Other countries and other times have witnessed much more dreadful scenes under the operation of causes much more slight: but other countries, gleaned experience from past times, have learned the duty and *necessity* of promptly and efficiently checking whatever might lead to a repetition of such scenes. And we too will soon learn, if we have not yet learned, this wholesome lesson.

To show that our statement just given is not unfounded or even exaggerated in point of fact, we will here present some Protestant authority on the subject. Our first witness will be the excellent and distinguished author of the "Olive Branch;" believed to be a venerable and eminent clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church in Philadelphia.* He had grown up and lived amidst the scenes which he describes; he had been long a close observer of passing events; he is a competent, and surely an impartial witness. Here is what he says:

"Distressing as it truly is to record it, yet the truth can not be disguised, that in a land, the adopted constitution of which, together with all the statutes that have been based upon it, most substantially confers, not a toleration of creeds, but a perfect liberty of religious profession, there have been the most proscriptive measures pursued against a distinct individual communion of Christians, that it has been denounced throughout the length and breadth of

the land, that its members have been hunted and driven like outlaws before popular fury, that its altars have been desecrated, its temples fired by incendiary rioters. No age nor country, since the advent of man's Redeemer, perhaps, has beheld a more vindictive spirit roaming in lawless violence over the world, and with the watchword of religion, than is now seen in this our day, and in our own midst; save and except those primitive times when demons of imperial Rome led on their legions to the massacre of early believers. But it was then the wholesale butchery of Christian congregations by gentile murderers; it is now—may heaven arrest the wicked spirit—it is now the Christian that wars with Christian in worse than heathen fury."^a

No, we cannot disguise it; it is a sober and afflicting *fact* that, for more than ten years at least, an untiring and systematic effort has been made to put down Catholicity in this *free* and glorious republic; and that this has been attempted too by means the most foul and unhallowed. An attempt has been made by a coalition as powerful as it is ruthless and bigoted, to shut out from the glorious privileges of our noble constitution a minority of our citizens who have been guilty of no fault save that of adhering with steadiness, and in the midst of much obloquy, to the religion of their forefathers and of the *forefathers of their very persecutors*; to the religion which stood alone for the first fifteen hundred years of the Christian era in her championship of Christianity and of the Bible; to the religion which, single-handed and alone, struggled successfully for centuries against the old Roman paganism, against the barbarism with which the Northmen over-spread Europe, against Mohammedanism which, for a thousand years, threatened the independence and the very existence of the civilized world; in a word, against despotism in every form, and error in every hue and shape; to the religion of the Alfreds, of the Charlemagnes, of the Columbuses, of the Fenelons, and the Las Casas! We cannot disguise it, that for their firm adherence to this venerable and time-honored religion; this mother of heroes and of statesmen; this mother of the old republics of the middle ages; the mother of civilization and of the arts, this mother who brought *all* the nations of Europe into the blessed light of Christianity from the darkness of paganism; for the *crime* of revering

*The same gentleman is believed to be the author of the "Truth Unveiled," and "Catholicism compatible with republican institutions," &c. He certainly is a man, good and true.

^a Pp. 14, 15.

obeying, and loving this venerable old mother, Catholics have been denounced and branded with infamy throughout our country!

Have we merited this treatment? Did our American Catholic forefathers merit it for us? Who, we would ask, *first* reared in triumph the broad banner of universal freedom on this North American continent? Who *first* proclaimed in this new world a truth, too wide and expansive to enter into the head of, or to be comprehended by, the narrow-minded Puritan of New England—a truth, till then new to all the infant colonies, that every man should be free to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience? Who, while the Puritans of New England, and the religious bigots of the other Protestant colonies, were engaged in persecuting brother Protestants, in boring with red hot irons the tongues of the inoffensive Quakers, in burning witches and enacting “blue laws;”—who, we would ask, while these things were going on in most of the early Protestant colonies of North America, *first* proclaimed on this broad continent the glorious principles of universal freedom? Read Bancroft, read Goodrich, read Frost, read every Protestant historian of our country, and you will see there inscribed on the historic page a *fact* which reflects immortal honor on our American Catholic ancestry,—that Lord Baltimore and his Catholic colonists of Maryland were the *first* to announce, as the basis of their legislation, the great and noble principle, that no man’s faith or conscience should be a bar to his holding any office, or enjoying any civil privilege of the community.

And yet Catholics are to be ruthlessly denounced as the allies of foreign despots, as the foes of freedom! When was it known that a Catholic ever persecuted a Protestant in this country? When was it known that a Catholic mob ever burned Protestant schools, burned Protestant churches, attacked, at the dead hour of night, defenceless Protestant females, and drove them out from their burning dwellings amidst hisses and hootings and unmanly revilings? When were Catholics known to burn precious libraries to the ground, or to invade the holy sanctuaries of the dead, in order to satiate their avarice with the ornaments which filial, parental, or conjugal piety had carefully placed around the last sad abode of the dear departed? When were they known

to riot, with fiendish delight and exultation, amidst the ruins which their own fury had strewn around them, and to add insult to injury, calumny to outrages on persons and property? Yes, it *must* be avowed, our bitterest enemies *must* avow it, that Catholics have done none of all these things, and that in these things, as well as in many others, the glory and the *burning* shame, are *all, all*, on the side of their enemies!

At the darkest hour of our revolutionary struggle, when all was gloom and despondency, when the stoutest hearts quailed and dreaded the final issue, who, we would ask, came nobly to our succor, and secured triumph to our otherwise almost hopeless cause? Let it never be forgotten, that while we were engaged in the death-struggle for our independence with a *Protestant* government, and with every odds against us, *Catholic France* came generously to our assistance with her treasury, her fleets, and her armies, and that her generous aid insured our speedy triumph. Let even blind bigotry never forget this.

What American can soon forget the names of Rochambeau, De Grasse, De Kalb, Pulaski, La Fayette, Kosciuszko! Without the aid of these noble Catholic heroes, and of the brave troops whom they led on to victory, would we have succeeded at all in our great revolutionary contest? Men of the clearest heads and of the greatest political forecast, living at that time, thought not; at least they deemed the result exceedingly doubtful.

And, during the whole war of the revolution, who ever heard of a Catholic coward, or of a Catholic traitor? When the Protestant General Gates fled from the battle-field of Camden, with the Protestant militia of North Carolina and Virginia, who but Catholics stood firm at their posts, and fought and died with the brave old Catholic hero, De Kalb, the veteran who, when others ingloriously fled, seized his good sword, and cried out to the brave old Maryland and Pennsylvania lines, “Stand firm, for I am too old to fly!” Who ever heard of a Catholic Arnold? And who has not heard of the brave Irish and German soldiers who, at a somewhat later period, mainly composed the invincible army of the impetuous “Mad Anthony” Wayne, and constituted the great bulwark of our defence against the savage invasions which

threatened our whole north-western frontier with devastation and ruin?

Have all these *facts*, and many more of a similar kind which might be alleged, so soon passed away from the memory of American citizens? Is dark ingratitude to be the foulest stigma on the character of our own, as it was on that of most ancient republics? Can Americans so soon forget that the man who perilled most in signing the declaration of independence was a Roman Catholic, and that when Charles Carroll of Carrollton put his name to that instrument, Benjamin Franklin observed: "There goes a cool million in support of the cause?" Can they so soon forget the very honorable testimony which the great and the good Washington bore to the valor, zeal, and services of Catholics during the revolutionary war, and that he named the Irish Catholic Barry the first commodore to form our infant navy? Can Philadelphians have so soon forgotten the name of the Catholic Fitzsimmons, one of their own delegates to the convention which ratified our national constitution?

Alas! all these things *have* been forgotten, or but slightly remembered! How have Catholics been repaid for all the blood and treasure which they shed and expended to secure our independence? Their services have been requited with outrage and indignity. They claimed no exclusive privileges whatever; all they asked was—what they had ever been willing to award to others—civil and religious liberty. They asked to be put on an equality with their Protestant fellow citizens, with whom they had fought side by side in the great battles of freedom. Did they obtain this just and equitable right, which the great Washington, in the letter just referred to, declared was theirs?

To be sure, an amendment to the constitution was adopted, by which congress stood pledged to make no law infringing the perfect freedom of conscience; and most of the states adopted similar articles in their constitutions, from which the dark stain of colonial intolerance was thus, in general, blotted out. But these wise enactments were all on paper; were they sustained and carried out by the spirit of the people?

Had the people been left to themselves, we firmly believe that their intelligence and libe-

rality would have kept pace with legislative enactments. Time was when every thing bade fair to make this a glorious republic, *in deed*, as it was in *name*. Time was when the United States promised to be the peaceful home and happy resting place of the oppressed of every nation, of the exile from every country. Time was when our young republic presented to the forlorn of every clime the idea of an earthly paradise, in which all were to meet, and commingle, and be happy, on terms of perfect equality; where the voice of contention and strife should not be heard, and where all that were sheltered under the American flag should be as free as the air which stirred its ample folds.

But, alas! this beautiful vision was soon dissipated, and the poor stranger soon awakened to a sense of the sad reality! The serpent of religious bigotry soon entered into this fair paradise, marring its beauty, infecting its hitherto virgin atmosphere with its poisonous breath, and breaking the spell of its sanctuary quietude with horrible hissings. The charm was broken; the stranger *felt* that, instead of being in an earthly paradise, he had been cast out, like his first parents, into a frightful wilderness; that, instead of being at home, he was in a *strange* country, where he was branded as a stranger, an alien, an enemy!

The far-reaching forecast of the patriot Jefferson enabled him to foresee, and clearly to predict, this sad result of a deplorable combination of causes. The "mystery of iniquity" was already beginning to work even in his day, and his strong mind foresaw and predicted its fatal consequences, and even pointed to the very place in which these results were to be exhibited, and the very sect to whose agency they were to be mainly attributable! Let us read, and ponder well, the prophetic warning of the statesman who drafted our declaration of independence, and who, whatever we may think of his religious opinions, was, at any rate, a true patriot, and, in this instance at least, a prophet.

"The atmosphere of our country is unquestionably charged with a threatening cloud of fanaticism, lighter in some parts, denser in others, but too heavy in all. I had no idea, however, *that in Pennsylvania*, the cradle of toleration and freedom of opinion, it could have risen to the height you describe. *This must be owing to the growth of Presbyterianism.*

..... Their ambition and tyranny would tolerate no rival if they had the power. *Systematical at grasping at an ascendancy over all other sects*, they aim at engrossing the education of the country; are hostile to every institution they do not direct; are jealous at seeing others begin to attend at all to that object.”*

In another letter to William Shorb,† he thus enlarges on the same subject :

“The Presbyterian clergy are the loudest, the most intolerant of all sects, the most tyrannical and ambitious; ready at the word of a law-giver, if such a word could now be obtained, to put the torch to the pile, and to rekindle in this virgin hemisphere the flames with which their oracle, Calvin, consumed the poor Servetus, because he could not subscribe the proposition of Calvin, that magistrates have a right to exterminate all heretics to the Calvinistic creed. *They pant to re-establish by law that holy inquisition, which they can now only infuse into public opinion.*”

It must prove instructive, though it will be painful, to trace the origin, the growth, the progress, and the terrible devastations of the “threatening cloud of fanaticism” of which the statesman of Monticello speaks; and, also, to examine the means employed “to infuse into public opinion” the foul spirit of proscription and persecution. We need not speak at any great length of the *remote* causes which gradually prepared the way for this unhappy state of things; of the hereditary hatred of Catholicity, transmitted as a fatal heir-loom from Protestant sire to son, for the last three centuries; of English bigotry transplanted to our virgin hemisphere; of the “no popery” cry, raised originally by Luther and his associate reformers, and repeated by his followers, in every form and shape, until it has become insipid and stale; of the turbid torrent of calumny and misrepresentation of every person and thing Catholic, rolling on and accumulating strength until, like the waters of another deluge, it has almost overwhelmed the world; of false statements regarding Catholics reiterated from the pulpit and through the press ten thousand times, and, though triumphantly refuted as often, still reiterated with renewed boldness. All these means of tainting public opinion had been long employed with fatal and murderous effect; but people had grown tired of the constant repetition of the same mischievous trickery.

It was deemed necessary by the American leaders of the “no popery” movement to season the persecution of slander with some new and more exciting condiments. An occasion soon presented itself in the capital of the cold and puritanical north, where a flourishing branch of the Ursuline convent had been lately established, having annexed to it a most prosperous female academy, in which the daughters of some among the first families of New England were educated. The old calumnies about the abominations of convents were revived in the community; maddening appeals to the very worst passions of the human bosom were made by reverend preachers from the pulpit; horrible disclosures about a certain escaped nun were gotten up specially for the occasion; the minds of the ignorant were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement; the sanctimonious already gloated, by anticipation, over the coming devastation; and, in this state of the public mind, a preacher of great talents and reputation harangued the multitude in his meeting-house, till he became hoarse, on the abominations of popery in general, and of convents in particular.

The effect was electrical; it was like applying the match to combustible matter; the congregation organized itself into a lawless mob *at the very church door*, and soon the spectator might have seen, by the light of a splendid literary institution burning brightly in the dead of night, the forms of a vast multitude of fiends in human shape, busy in hastening the destruction of the burning edifice, and in *tearing up the graves of the adjoining cemetery*; and he might have seen too the half clad forms of little girls and of women, as they fled shrieking through that pitiless mob, to take shelter for the night in the adjoining fields.

Well, after all this savage work had been done, a committee of investigation, composed of intelligent Protestants of Boston, examined fully into all the grounds of complaint against the convent, and reported that there was no foundation whatever for any of them all! But the mischief had been done; the spirit of bitter persecution had been “infused into public opinion;” the ringleaders in the riot were acquitted by popular acclamation, and a number of pious and accomplished religious ladies were, for conscience’ sake, literally *burned out of New England!*

* Jefferson’s Works, vol. iv, p. 368.

† *Ibid.*, p. 322.

Shame on this unmanly attack, by night too, on inoffensive females! Those who participated in this atrocious outrage, as well as those who approved it, showed themselves the worthy descendants of those who had burned the witches, exterminated the poor Indians, and enacted the "blue laws." And did not, and does not Massachusetts, *to this very day*, at least tacitly, approve of that outrage? Else why has she pertinaciously refused up to this very day, to grant indemnity to the sufferers? Why do the ruins of Mount Benedict "still cumber the summit of Bunker Hill, and cast a dark shade over the soil of Massachusetts?" Why are there *two* monuments on Bunker's Hill, one commemorating the noble first struggle of freedom, and the other the triumph of bigotry?

But we must hasten on. The reverend incendiary who instigated the burning of the convent in Boston soon left the theatre where he had already won glory enough, and travelled westward, to repose under the shade of his laurels! Here, too, he soon distinguished himself by the unscrupulous means he employed to put down Catholicity. He published a book called, oddly enough, a "Plea for the West," but, in reality, a plea for his own pocket, and an inflammatory attack on Catholics, whom he represented as leagued with the despots of Europe in a conspiracy for the subversion of our liberties, as Judge Hall,* a distinguished Protestant, abundantly proved at the time, in a searching review of the work. Whether, and to what extent, he succeeded in raising money by his "Plea," we are not able to say; one thing is certain, the tocsin of alarm which he sounded elicited no responsive echo; the sound soon died away; people were not yet prepared to be gulled by palpable absurdities.

Something new was now required, or else the "no popery" excitement was in imminent danger of dying out for want of aliment. Accordingly, the old slanders about convents were renewed under more favorable auspices. A wandering preacher picked up a strolling woman in the streets of Montreal, and soon a terrible book of "Awful Disclosures," the scene of which lay in the "Hotel Dieu" nunnery of Montreal, made its appearance in New

York. A storm of excitement ensued, and though the book was denounced as a base imposture by *all* the press of Montreal and of Canada, and by nearly all the press of New York, yet two editions, of nearly forty thousand copies each, were rapidly struck off and sold! The sale continued, even after every one had found out that the book was a tissue of base slanders from beginning to end; and it was only after the sales had been completed, and the money coolly pocketed by the preachers—not, however, until after they had tried a suit at law about the division of the spoils—that even the notorious Rev. William C. Brownlee, hitherto the main champion of the book, came out in the "Protestant Vindicator," and quietly acknowledged that the whole was a forgery!

And these men were preachers of the gospel; and the good natured public, though thus basely deceived by them, and gulled out of their money, were still not fully undeceived as to the *real* character and motives of those men who put themselves forward in the crusade against Catholics! It is said that John Bull is the most gullible of animals; but he has a son, named Jonathan, who shows that, in this respect at least, if in no other, he is his father's son.

The Maria Monk speculation turned out so very profitable to those who had embarked in it, that soon there was quite a number of other speculators in the same field. First, the preachers who had charge of Maria Monk, tried to get up another set of "Awful Disclosures," the scene of which was to be placed in the United States; but their plot was detected and exposed, and they signally failed. Then came another *immaculate* lady from Canada, named Frances Partridge; she declared that Maria Monk was an impostor who had usurped her name, and that *she* was the real *Simon Pure*. But this, too, proved an utter failure. Finally, the imbecile renegade Smith came out and published another book of the kind, called Rosamond Culbertson, teeming with filth and obscenity; but the thing was already overdone; the market was more than glutted; the people were tired of being sported with; and the preachers began to *feel* that their reckless mendacity was recoiling on themselves.

This theme was worn out; something new

* In the Western Monthly Magazine, a most ably conducted periodical.

must be started. But what that something should be, they were sadly puzzled to find out. The old church had been attacked from the pulpit, attacked from the press, attacked by individual preachers, attacked by whole synods assembled; a regular conspiracy had been organized throughout the country to vilify and abuse her; itinerant lecturers had been employed to traverse the country to preach her down; and itinerant mountebanks had been salaried to distribute among the people obscene or inflammatory tracts against her; and yet she bravely stood her ground; she seemed to bear a charmed life, and even to flourish under the lash of persecution! The Breckinridges, the Brownlees, the Cheevers, the Berge, the Sparrys, *et id genus omne*, had made almost supernatural exertions to put down "Romanism;" but the tough old shield of Romanism, which had been proof against stronger missiles, sent by stronger and more skilful hands, for eighteen hundred long years, was proof also against *their* feeble darts, which recoiled upon their own heads! Catholicism still stood proudly erect, and whenever she had come into fair and open collision with her motley and jarring antagonists, she had more than maintained her position!

What was to be done? Appeals to the worst passions had been tried, and they had failed; proscription, denunciation, *forgery*, had been tried, and they had all failed. Was the contest to be given up in despair? This would not do. The stern and relentless spirit of Calvinism, which had ever been conspicuous in the anti-catholic warfare, could not brook the thought for a moment. A new and desperate effort must be made; Protestant associations must be formed throughout the country; a systematic attempt must be made to blacken, not only the religion, but the character of Catholics; and they are to be represented as the enemies of God and man. How *dare* they breathe the breath of life in this Protestant country? How *dare* they claim equal civil privileges and immunities with the Protestant lords of this blessed Protestant soil? Are they not the base slaves of a foreign despot, the pope? Are they not the enemies of freedom? Are they not the enemies of the Bible? Can they, under these circumstances, be even tolerated in a free country?

Well, the Protestant Association was organ-

ized throughout the country; in Philadelphia, its leading men were the most untiring in their zeal, and the most ferocious in their bigotry. About eighteen Protestant preachers, ministers of the God of peace and of love, enrolled their names as members; and the notes of fierce denunciation against Catholics were soon heard to ring from the various pulpits of the "city of brotherly love!"

"Congregations, instead of being taught from the pulpit to adorn their profession by all the lovely graces of the gospel,"—it is a distinguished Protestant minister of Philadelphia whom we are quoting,— "by kind and affectionate bearing in the world, by earnest and ever active endeavors to secure for themselves and others the blessings of peace, were annoyed with inflammatory harangues upon the 'great schism,' and upon the 'abominations of the Roman church.' The pope, and the pope, and the pope, was the beginning and the end of sermons in certain churches, and women and children were frightened with details of him at Rome, whilst they who were of the stature of men were held breathless captives, when they were addressed by these orators on the subject of papal usurpations, and the ecclesiastical domination contemplated by 'antichrist' in America. They were told that there was not a Catholic church that had not underneath it prepared cells for Protestant heretics; that every priest was a Jesuit in disguise; that the pope was coming to this country with an army of cassocked followers, and that each would be trebly armed with weapons, concealed under the folds of 'Babylonish robes.' Never did Titus Oates detail more horrid conspiracies than did these clerical sentinels; and all that was wanting was the power, and such a judge as Jeffries" (or Calvin), "to make every Roman Catholic expiate his abominable heresy on the scaffold."

The same candid and impartial writer continues:

"It was a melancholy state of affairs which the prosecution of this association brought about in this city, once known and acknowledged to be foremost in social harmony and order. The peace of the community was disturbed; families were made to break asunder the bonds of fellowship; Protestants were warned against associations with Catholics for any purpose; and from almost every desk, on the day consecrated to holy rest, even from the agitation of human passions, intemperate declamations against the 'evils of Romanism,' were sure to be heard. 'No compromise with Rome,' and no peace to her 'degraded subjects,' were the watch-words of these Protestant crusaders. All discussions among themselves were now hushed. The angry passions of differing Christians were stilled

for the season, to be concentrated upon one object with increased energy and force.”*

The association soon distinguished itself by an unmanly attack on poor Catholic servants, and on the forlorn orphan! Let us hear the indignant rebuke administered by the same reverend gentleman whose words we have last quoted.

“In the excess of zeal on the part of its managers, there has been exhibited a perfect contempt for the plainest duties of humanity, a positive disregard to the first principles of morals, and which *barbarous savages would shrink from disobeying*. In the first address issued by the association, the question is formally and calmly submitted to the public—to the Christian public, mark ye—whether Protestants do right when they listen to appeals in behalf of Catholic orphans; and that they may hereafter be guarded in the bestowal of their charities, it is intimated that these orphans may, through wrongly directed benevolence, become priests or nuns. And this has been done in the nineteenth century, in a Christian land, and by Christian ministers! Such are the effects of a blind, sectarian spirit; such the port, and bearing, and manners of sectarian intolerance! Orphans may perish in the highways and ditches, may be cast into lazar houses or prisons, may be denied all sympathy—for sympathy will partake of sin, when directed to fatherless Catholic children—from a holy fear that they may become priests before Christian altars, or cloistered nuns, in after life! Alas, and alas! what will not blind bigotry do towards closing the well-springs of religion and goodness in the human heart, even after it has submitted to a Saviour’s reign?†

This wofully “blind” bigotry of the Protestant preachers in Philadelphia, reminds us of serpents near the close of summer, when they become blind with excessive venom, and strike recklessly at every object that presents itself, often inflicting mortal wounds on themselves. It forcibly calls to our mind too a graphic picture of bigotry, drawn by the Irish orator, Philipps. Here it is.

“Bigotry has no head, and can not think; she has no heart, and can not feel; when she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amid ruin; her prayers are curses; her communion is death; her vengeance is eternity; her decalogue is written in the blood of victims; if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock,

* Quoted by the author of “The Warning of Thomas Jefferson,” from the “Truth Unveiled,” the first offering of the Rev. Mr. Goodman on the altar of truth, charity, and peace.

† Olive Branch, p. 17, 18.

to whet her fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary desperation.”

Notwithstanding the almost superhuman exertions of its leaders, the association soon began to languish, and its discordant notes of hatred were fast dying away. Sober and considerate men of all denominations began to be astounded at the blind malignity of the preachers who figured in its meetings; they turned in disgust from the loathsome spectacle of Christian ministers openly warring against the widow and the orphan; and they thanked their God that these men were not natives of Philadelphia, but most of them from the cold and puritanical north.

The league against Catholicity was on the eve of its dissolution, when suddenly a new and more exciting element of strife was infused into its almost lifeless body. “The Bible, the Bible! oh! spare the Bible from the foreign papists!” now became the watch-word of the association. Rumors became rife in the community, that the Catholics wished to exclude the Bible from the common schools; the changes were rung upon this charge from the pulpit and the press; immense meetings were held in the public squares of the city, to defend the Bible from the attacks of “foreign papists,” and a new *politico-religious* party was organized, called the Native American, for the special defence of the Bible!

The new party was headed by a notorious demagogue, “a renegade English Jew,” who had left behind him no enviable reputation in the various states in which he had successively sojourned.* It held large and tumultuous meetings, and made maddening appeals to the passions of the ignorant; in a word, it became the servile tool, the base, fawning slave of the Protestant Association, ready to do its bidding, and to accomplish all its dirty work!† The Bible was paraded in proces-

* He had resided, we are told, in Nashville, Louisville, and Baltimore.

† That we do no injustice to the Native American party, in ascribing its origin to the darkest religious bigotry, will appear from the following considerations, in addition to the proofs contained in the text. 1st. A Protestant grand jury openly asserted that the party had originated in a solicitude for the protection of the Bible. 2d. Though the party affected to assail foreigners, yet Irish Orangemen, and other bitter foreign enemies of Catholicity, were among its most conspicuous and active members; a dirty Orange flag was placed on the top of the market-house during the Kensington riots; the violent Orange air, “the Boyne Water,” was played in triumph, while the flame-

sions, as the ensign of the new party, and dark threats were afloat in the community against those who *dared*, in this *free* (!) country, still to persevere in professing the religion of their fathers. Reverend preachers were seen to desert their pulpits, to come down into the political arena, and to harangue tumultuous multitudes on the "abominations of popery," and the dangers to our republican institutions from "foreign papists!" The community was thrown into a state of excitement bordering on madness; Catholics, and especially the Catholic clergy, were scarcely safe, either in their persons or their property; and every thing was ripe for an outbreak.

The rest of the sad story is known, and we need not dwell on its sickening details. Under the circumstances which we have thus far endeavored feebly to state, it would have been wonderful, indeed, if terrible riots had not ensued in Philadelphia. They did ensue, at two different times, and the ravages they left behind them are thus summed up by the excellent author of the "Olive Branch," already quoted.

"The Native American party has existed for a period hardly reaching five months, and in that time of its being, what has been seen? Two Catholic churches burnt, one thrice fired and desecrated, a Catholic seminary and retreat consumed by the torches of an incendiary mob, two rectories and a most valuable library destroyed, forty dwellings in ruins, about forty human lives sacrificed, and sixty of our fellow citizens wounded; riot, and rebellion, and treason, rampant on two occasions in our midst; the laws boldly set at defiance, and peace and order prostrated by ruffian violence."

The mischief was all done; the enemies of Catholicity were revelling amidst the ruins of our churches, and a Protestant grand jury, appointed to inquire into the causes of the riots, and composed, we are told, chiefly of Presbyterians,* openly laid the whole blame of their

were consuming St. Michael's church; and a notorious Orangeman was actually paraded through the streets of Philadelphia, in the "temple of liberty," which was carried in procession on the 4th of July. 3d. The speeches of Levin, and those of the other leaders, teemed with abuse of Catholics; this, in fact, was the main staple in which those fiendish demagogues dealt, in order to inflame public resentment! 4th. The very cry of the mob, "To the nunnery! to the church!" proved conclusively which way the party had inclined and taught them to go. This incident alone speaks volumes as to the end and aim and animating principle of the whole party.

*-Warning, pp. 31, 32.

origin upon the Catholics, and asserted that the native American party had been formed in consequence of efforts made by "a portion of the community to exclude the Bible from the public schools." The Catholics immediately held a meeting, and an Address, penned by William A. Stokes, Esq., was unanimously adopted, in which the assertion of the grand jury was proved to be utterly false, and totally unfounded in fact, by the combined testimony of the Protestant directors of the public schools!! Thus was a base and wicked falsehood, which had been the source of such incalculable mischief, even before it had been endorsed by a Protestant grand jury, nailed for ever to the counter.* The Catholics stood triumphantly vindicated; and their enemies who had no answer to give, save their silence and certain vague declamations in their tumultuous meetings, were completely worsted in public opinion; and the members of the grand jury must have blushed for very shame, if they had yet any warm and honest blood tingling in their veins!

To make certainty doubly sure, the 26th annual report of the controllers of the public schools in Philadelphia city and county, officially declared that "*no attempt had ever been made by any one in that board, nor had the controllers ever been asked by any sect, person or persons, to exclude the Bible from the common schools.*"† This official declaration set the question at rest for ever, and left the Protestant and native American bigots no alternative but to plead guilty, to repent, and to hide their faces with shame.

The plain state of the case was simply this. The Catholics of Philadelphia, who were taxed for the support of the public schools equally with their Protestant fellow citizens, wished to enjoy equal rights and equal liberty of conscience with them in the education of their children. They claimed no exclusive privilege whatever; they never asked that the Bible should be excluded from the schools, but merely that their own children, if forced to read the Bible at all, might be allowed to use the Catholic version. Nothing could have been more reasonable; and the Protestant directors of the schools thought so. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* Hence the bitter rage of the bigots who wished to cram their own

* See the certificates appended to the Address.

† See Olive Branch, p. 34.

exclusive notions down the throats of others ; and thought that because they had a numerical majority they could have every thing in their own way.

To show how utterly absurd and unchristian was their conduct, let us for a moment reverse the case. Suppose that Catholics had been in a majority, and Protestants in a minority in Philadelphia ; and that the former had wished to compel the children of the latter to read the Catholic Bible in the public schools, though their parents strongly remonstrated against it ; what an outcry would have been immediately raised ! how the preachers would have exclaimed against the tyranny of the pope, the dungeons of the inquisition, &c. Is there not, in that very Bible about which so much noise was made, some such a maxim as this : " All things whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do you also to them ? " *

It is thus a remarkable *fact*, and as sad as it is remarkable, that whenever the enemies of Catholicity have succeeded in getting up an extraordinary excitement against it, or in causing it great mischief, they have succeeded by open falsehood and forgery ; and by what they have themselves afterwards been compelled, in almost every instance, to admit as such ! The Rebecca Reed and Maria Monk forgeries, and this base falsehood about the Bible in Philadelphia, to pass over many other less glaring instances, are all cases in point. One thing alone surprises us, that the people have not sooner found out and more generally distrusted the men who have so often and so vilely sported with their credulity ; men, professing to be ministers of Christ, who, while they charge on Catholics the adoption of the maxim, " the end justifies the means," themselves adopt it and reduce it to practice every day !

What, we would here ask *en passant*, is to be thought of religious sects which cannot be defended but by such unhallowed means ; and what opinion, on the contrary, should considerate men hold concerning a religion which never has been and never can be assailed with any effect, without a resort to falsehood and forgery ? What should be thought of a religion which has always come out unscathed from every ordeal ; which slander and persecution have not been able to crush during

eighteen long centuries ; which, though nailed to the cross with Christ, will yet always rise again with Christ from the tomb to which her enemies had triumphantly consigned her ! But we must return.

Let us not be told, as the grand jury declared, from avowedly *ex parte* testimony, that the Irish Catholics of Kensington disturbed and fired on a quiet and lawful political meeting ; and that they alone were to blame for all the subsequent outrages. We know this is the popular view of the subject ; and we have even heard of an honorable judge on the bench, who feelingly spoke of the blood boiling in his veins when he thought of this vile attack of foreigners on native citizens ! We know too that a portion of the public press sustained this view ; but we have lost all confidence in the press, especially in times of great excitement, and when nothing is to be gained, and much to be lost by telling the whole truth.

The evidence elicited during the late trial of John Daly clearly establishes the fact, that the native meeting of Kensington was *an armed one, and that it fired first on the Irish !* The first shot was fired by a *native*, and the first man wounded was Patrick Fisher, an Irishman and a Catholic ! This is abundantly proved by the sworn testimony of Alfred M. Clark, Andrew Hague, Joseph Wood, John Matheys, R. G. Fougeray, William F. Small, George H. Martin, and others ; all of them neither Catholics nor Irishmen, nor belonging to any particular party.*

That there was some wrong on the part of the Irish residents in Kensington, particularly in the disturbance of the small and paltry meeting of native Americans on the 3d of May, we freely admit ; and we cheerfully coincide with an able contemporary in granting that it was an act of rashness, if not of insanity, in the Irish to attend that meeting at all ; for they might have known that there their passions would be aroused by wanton abuse of their country and of their religion. But the disturbance was after all only such as very unfortunately often occurs at meetings where deeply exciting topics are discussed ; no fire-arms were used, and the candid will admit that the Irish had very great provocation. As to the

* See their testimony in the " Warning of Thomas Jefferson," p. 24, *et seq.*

* St. Mathew vii, 12.

story of the American flag being trampled on by Irish papists, it was all a wicked and malicious forgery gotten up for effect like the falsehood about the Bible. The fact is, the natives were determined to have a fight, no matter what the consequence.

But even admitting, for the sake of argument, the truth of the very worst charges alleged against the Irish Catholics by their enemies, what harm, we would ask, had the churches and the altars of the living God done that they should be burnt down? What harm had the schools and the libraries done, that they too should be ruthlessly destroyed? What harm had the deceased done, that they should be disturbed in their graves? What harm had the Sisters of Charity done, that they should be exposed to unmanly insults in the streets? These questions can be put much more easily than they can be answered. They show at a glance what were the scope and aim and animating principles of the whole movement. They show that religious fanaticism of the very worst kind was the basis at least of early nativism.

The attempts of the native party to prove that they had no agency in the outrages that marked the riots are indeed ludicrous enough. Did not their leaders goad the people into frenzy with their frothy declamation and their furious tirades from the press? Did not their organs in Philadelphia excuse, and even openly defend the church burners? And while the late trials were going on, did not the party make every effort to screen from punishment those among the rioters of their own party who had been arrested? And when the jury rendered the verdict of "guilty" against Isaac Hare, did not murmurs arise in open court, and were not the independent jurymen saluted with hisses and threats of personal violence, on leaving the court room?

These are all stubborn *facts*, which speak more than volumes of vapid declamation by those who showed themselves willing to resort to calumny, to forgery. They *forged* a letter purporting to be from Bishop Kenrick to his flock! in order to carry out their wicked purposes. True, the leaders of the party made *some* efforts to save St. Philip's church from being burned down, during the July riots. But they had discovered that church burning would ruin their party, and they had already so far

excited the passions of the populace, that their interposition, feebly and reluctantly given, was insufficient, and the military had to be called in to save the church. The native leaders had raised a storm which they could not control, and calm was not restored but after bloodshed, and treason and open civil war had rioted in the streets of Philadelphia!

And was not the great leader of the party arrested by order of Governor Porter, for violent and seditious articles published in his paper on occasion of the Southwark riots? and is he not now a "candidate for the penitentiary," as well as a member of congress? In short, the efforts of the native Americans to prevent the burning of St. Philip's church, forcibly remind us of a choleric old gentleman who once, in a fit of rage, set fire to his own house; but afterwards, when he discovered the flames progressing, became alarmed, and called out at the top of his voice, "fire! fire!" aroused the whole neighborhood, and had the flames extinguished! So the native leaders had kindled up a raging fire in the bosoms of the populace, which it required the whole executive authority of the state, and the military strength of the city and adjoining counties, to extinguish!

But the worst feature in the whole history of the riots is the active participation of Protestant preachers in the painful scenes of excitement which led to them. We verily believe that, if fanatical preachers from the north had not been in the city, there would have been no riots. We find preachers, time after time, haranguing the multitudes in the streets; we find preachers, on the very day that the Kensington riots began, preparing and presenting resolutions of a most inflammatory character; we find preachers fanning the flame from the pulpit and through the press; we find preachers, every where in Philadelphia, the life and the soul of the riots! It is as lamentable as it is true.

The hypocrisy of these men was only exceeded by their hatred of Catholics. They pretended an unbounded love of the Bible, while they were trampling under foot the most sacred requirements of the holy volume. They vaunted their love of liberty, while they were lending their influence to have a portion of their fellow citizens deprived of the most sacred privileges, and ruthlessly trodden in

the dust. They were wont to profess great zeal for the "poor benighted papists;" but when these same "poor benighted papists" once came within the sphere of their influence, instead of attempting to enlighten them, they drove them from their door, and bitterly denounced them as "minions of the pope," and enemies of republican government! They were for ever falsely denouncing the Roman Catholic priesthood for interfering in politics, and ere the sound of the calumny had died away, they themselves were seen descending from the desk into the arena of politics, and preaching up doctrines which *directly* led, and which they must have perceived would directly lead to treason, to arson, to murder! O bigotry! how blind and inconsistent thou art! O hypocrisy! how subtle and wicked! No wonder the blessed Jesus, so meek and so gentle on all other occasions, should have dealt in withering invective and in woes, when he rebuked the hypocrisy of the Pharisees!

One of the chief artifices resorted to by the preachers, both before and since the riots, in order to get up or increase the excitement against Catholics, was the constant repetition of the charge that Catholic priests, and especially Irish Catholic priests, exercise an undue political influence over their flocks. Catholics were denounced as the "minions of the pope," and the old gentleman at Rome was supposed to hold them captive, body and soul, through the agency of the priests. Catholics were represented as the mere slaves of the priests, without whose bidding they could neither move, nor live, nor think!

Now let us see what one of the most eminent and intelligent Protestants of the last century says, in regard to the relative influence of the Catholic and Protestant clergy over their respective flocks. The vapid declamation of a thousand preachers would not weigh a feather in comparison with the testimony of such a man as the Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke. The extract we furnish is from a letter of the distinguished Irish orator and statesman to his son;* and it treats of the relative influence of the Catholic and Protestant clergy of Ireland. Every one will perceive that his remarks apply with still greater force to the state of things in this country.

* Found in his lately published correspondence, in four volumes.

"Gentlemen who call themselves Protestants (*I do not know what that word means, and nobody ever would or could inform me*) are dupes of their own calumnious representations, which serve to mislead them, and irritate those against whom they are made. In order to render the Catholics contemptible, they have ever represented them as men, in all cases, incapable of forming any ideas or opinions, or even wishes of their own; but that their bodies and souls were at the entire disposal of their priests. These miserable creatures, the zealots of the ascendancy, have been fed with this stuff as their nurse's pap, and it is never to be got out of their habit. Their low and senseless malice makes them utterly incapable of forming a right judgment on any thing. Such is their notion. But I, who know the Catholics of Ireland better than these gentlemen who never have conversed with them, and who, of course, are more ignorant of the real state of their own country than that of Japan, know that at no time within my observation have the Catholic clergy had a great deal of influence over the Catholic people. I have never known an instance (until a few of them were called into action by the manoeuvres of the Castles) that in secular concerns they took any part at all."

In another part of the same letter he says, speaking of the Catholic clergy of Ireland:

"At present, being stripped of all adventitious aids, and having nothing but the mere credit belonging to them, I think that, though certainly not without influence (and God forbid they or any clergy should), they have rather less than any other clergy I know. You and I have talked over this matter. To those who are acquainted with the prescript form to which the church of Rome binds its clergy, both as to opinions and the exercise of their functions (which dogmas, forms, and rules are just as well known to laity as to priests), it will easily appear that they have not that range of influence which doctors have who can teach just what they please, and what they think is most likely, for the time being, to be acceptable and to please the people. No Roman Catholic priest can make a pleasing discovery to his congregation. He and his congregation are bound by the authority of their whole church in all times and in all countries, whose general and collective authority infinitely lessens the individual authority of every private pastor, as the strictness of other laws lessens the power of individual magistrates. Whereas most of us, who examine critically, feel as little as any of them, and for the greater part, think less about it, and are indeed incapable of doing so, we do and must receive our doctrine from our priest, who himself is not bound up to any thing beyond his own ideas; and consequently the mass of us depend more upon the individual pastor."

This paper has already extended to an almost unwarrantable length, and yet we have not said one-half of those things which we had intended to say. To those who might be disposed to think that our remarks have been unnecessarily harsh and severe, we beg leave to say that we have thought it better to call things by their true names, and to be plain and direct. We believe that we have hazarded no statement without the strongest and most incontestable evidence. Of course, we have been compelled to confine our remarks to the general facts and views of the subject we have attempted to treat, and we believe that we can have given offence to none, save those whom every honest man is compelled to offend, if he would tell the truth. If the *facts* are painful, we have the consolation to say that we did not assist in making them *facts*; we have barely recorded them. Let those look to it who made them.

Our Protestant fellow citizens we would address, in conclusion, in the language of a writer already quoted :

"In the fulness of a heart deeply wounded by a sense of degradation by the recent horrible events, the writer appeals to his fellow citizens to cast far from them, and for ever, this religious rancor, this sectarian intolerance, this antichristian ultraism. What has it not done from the beginning? what wo and ruin and disgrace has it not caused among us, and at our very doors, within the last few months? Enough of blood, assuredly, has been shed; enough of wretchedness and misery brought upon families and individuals. Far and widespread enough are the desolations which can be beheld within our borders. Is it not now time to pause and reflect? Are we not called by a voice from the insulted Majesty on high, to stop in our mad career of bold, high-handed iniquity? *Let pulpits no more ring with terms of reproach and asperity; let the religious periodicals abate their fierce contentions, and let the conductors of the public press be silent on such topics.* Let Christians no longer cast about them odious and irritating terms of reproach against any other denomination; no vulgar epithets against our brethren, how far soever removed from us in doctrinal faith. Let us all determine before God, and angels, and men, that, so far as in us lies, we 'will

live peaceably with all men;' that we will show the beauty and influence of our Christianity in its power to make all to be our brethren, in bonds of a divine charity. Let us cling to and support the constitution of our country in its just and impartial principles of religious toleration and liberty; and, in a word, let us 'bless them that curse us, and pray for them that despitefully use us and persecute us.' " *

We commend this last advice of our blessed Lord, in a special manner, to our Catholic brethren; and we can point to no better example of a compliance with its letter and its spirit, than that presented by the Catholic bishop, clergy, and people of Philadelphia, who, in the midst of trials and sufferings, such as have never before fallen to the lot of any portion of our citizens, have exhibited a patience and forbearance honorable to their holy religion, and worthy of primitive Christianity.

Persecution has ever been the lot of the true church of Christ; the "disciple is not above the Master;" if the blessed Jesus was persecuted, may not we expect to be? Let us not be discouraged or downcast; if the storms and vicissitudes and persecutions of eighteen centuries have not overturned our church, the riots of Philadelphia will not compass its destruction. If the Diocletians and the Julians and the Luthers and the Calvins could not destroy our church, is it likely that its destruction will be brought about by such pigmies as the Bergs, the Brownlees, the Cheevers, the Sparries, and the Breckenridges? The Gordon riots in London were much more terrible and destructive than were the native riots of Philadelphia; but the Gordon riots, instead of annihilating our church in England, mark the precise date of its incipient growth and prosperity. May we not believe that, with the blessing of God, a similar result will follow the Philadelphia riots? One thing is certain, a God has pledged his solemn word that "*the gates of hell shall not prevail against his church.*"

M. J. S.

We may revert to this subject.

* Olive Branch, p. 20, 21.

A GLANCE AT THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. May, 1844. London: printed for the institution.



FROM the moment that the high commission delivered by Christ to his apostles, "go, teach all nations," began to be accomplished in the preaching of revealed truth, down to the period in which we live, there has always been witnessed in the Catholic church an ardent and indomitable zeal for the spiritual conquest of those who were seated in darkness and in the shadow of death. If, in the earliest and brightest days of Christianity, no threats of tyrannical persecution, no violence of impious hate, could extinguish this sacred fire in the breast of the minister of God, the blighting touch of time has been equally impotent in allaying its holy ardor, through the countless generations that have successively passed away. The same divine voice that gave the command to evangelize the nations of the earth, breathed into his church, which was to be the instrument of this great revolution, a spirit of heroism and charity, which has never recoiled from any undertaking, however difficult of accomplishment, when it might result in the salvation of a soul redeemed by the blood of Christ. Hence the history of the church is but the history of her glorious triumphs, over the different kingdoms and tribes which are scattered over the surface of the globe, and which have been added, one after the other, to her ranks, in proportion as her pastors could bear to them the joyful tidings of the gospel.

No sooner had the Spirit of truth and of power descended upon the apostles, than they entered upon the grand project, which would have been deemed madness by any but a heaven-born spirit, of converting the world. The sacred light is first seen in Jerusalem, and thence diffuses itself over the surrounding nations. St. Peter addressed himself particularly

to the Jews, and St. Paul labored more extensively among the gentiles. It is believed, on the strength of a respectable tradition, that St. Thomas penetrated as far as the Indies. The other apostles evangelized different countries, and so astonishing was the progress of religion that, ere they were called to their reward, St. Paul spoke of the Christian faith as having been announced throughout the whole world, and applied to the preaching of the apostles those words of the psalmist: "Their sound hath gone forth unto all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world."^{*}

In the first century churches were founded in Judea, Samaria, Asia Minor, Armenia, Scythia, Persia, India, Greece, Egypt, Ethiopia, Italy, Spain and Gaul. In the following age, the faith of Christ was still more widely spread in various parts of the Roman empire, and was introduced into Britain. In the third century, we find it penetrating into Arabia, the Belgic provinces, and many districts of Gaul, which were almost wholly converted. Immense numbers now flocked from the east and the west, to sit down in peace under the shadow of the cross; and such were the vast accessions to the church that cotemporary writers mention its conquests even in countries which the Roman eagle had never beheld. "We are but of yesterday," says Tertullian, addressing the senate, "and we have overspread your empire. Your cities, your islands, your forts, towns and assemblies, your very armies, wards, companies, tribes, palaces, senate and forum, swarm with Christians."[†] During the fourth century, innumerable conversions were witnessed throughout the Roman empire, where a new impulse had been given to the progress of religion by the conversion of Constantine. Iberia and Abyssinia were also added to the faith, while it was advancing in Armenia. The fifth century saw the Irish nation converted by the labors of St. Patrick, the Scots by those of St. Palladius, the

^{*} Psalm xviii.

[†] Apol. c. xxxvii.

Picts by St. Ninianus, and the Franks, with King Clovis and three thousand officers of his army, by St. Remigius. In 565, St. Columkill visited Scotland, and converted the king of the northern Picts. At a later period, missionaries were sent by St. Gregory into England to instruct the Anglo-Saxons in the faith of Christ. Historians relate that St. Austin and his companions baptized no less than ten thousand persons at Canterbury on one day. "In the seventh century, St. Kilian, sent by Pope Conon, preached the gospel in Franconia; St. Swibert and others evangelized Friesland, Brabant, Holland, and lower Germany; and St. Rupert became the apostle of Bohemia. In the eighth century, St. Boniface, sent by Pope Gregory II, 719, converted the Hessians, Thuringians, and Bavarians, and suffered martyrdom at length in Friesland, in 755, with fifty-two of his companions. In the ninth century, St. Adalbert converted Prussia; and St. Ludger became the apostle of Saxony and Westphalia; and died bishop of Munster. In the same age, St. Anscarius, archbishop of Hamburg and Bremen, preached the gospel to the Danes, and planted Christianity in Sweden, about the year 830. About the same period, the two brothers, SS. Methodius and Cyril, with the sanction of Pope John VIII, converted the Sclavonians, the Russians, and the Moravians, and also Michael, king of the Bulgarians. In the tenth century, the faith was extended into Muscovy, Denmark, Gothland, Sweden and Poland. The Normans with their duke, Rollo, were converted in 912; and the Hungarians with their king, St. Stephen, embraced Christianity about the year 1002."* In the twelfth century, the church was increased by the conversion of the Norwegians and Livonians, chiefly through the labors of a missionary, who subsequently became pope under the name of Adrian IV. Courland was added to the faith by St. Memen, and even the distant inhabitants of Iceland bowed to the yoke of Christ. Innumerable conversions also took place in the following age, by the labors of St. Hyacinth of Poland, and of the Franciscan missionaries whom the pope sent among the Tartars. Several tribes of these barbarians came over to the faith, with one of their emperors, as well as the Cumani on

* Dr. Spalding's Review of D'Aubigne, p. 266. Milner, End of Controv, octavo edit. p. 168, &c.

the river Danube. The fourteenth century beheld the religious enlightenment of the Lithuanians, with their prince Wladislaus, and the spread of the gospel in Great Tartary, where the archbishopric of Cambalu and six suffragan bishoprics were established by the pope.* The missionary Odoric baptized no less than twenty thousand persons. In the fifteenth century the gospel was announced with great success among the people of Congo and Angola in Africa, and those of the Canary islands were all instructed in the faith. Five and twenty thousand Jews were also converted and a prodigious number of schismatics reclaimed by the preaching of St. Vincent Ferrier. At this period also a new era began to dawn, which was to be equally advantageous for the interests of commerce and the diffusion of the gospel. As the campaigns undertaken by the crusaders had prepared the way for the Dominicans, and for Franciscan fathers who have ever since the 14th century guarded the holy sepulchre and announced the faith to the neighboring people, so did the maritime passage to the Indies opened by the Portuguese merchants, and the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus and Vesputius, enlarge immensely the bounds of missionary enterprise. A few years after these memorable events in navigation, Ignatius and his companions offered their vows at Montmartre, and devoted themselves without reserve to the great work of announcing to heathen nations the saving truths of the gospel. Soon did the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel resound with the joyful tidings of salvation. It is computed that St. Francis Xavier alone preached the faith in fifty-two different provinces, and baptized a million of converts with his own hands in India and Japan. Nor were they converts who could be shaken in their belief by worldly considerations. As late as the year 1590, no less than twenty thousand of the faithful in Japan suffered death

* For many of the facts which we have here enumerated, we may quote the authority of a recent work, *the History of Protestant Missions*, 2 vols. 4to. published by Gould, Kendall and Lincoln, &c., Boston; introduction, p. xviii, &c., where a brief and partial outline of missions in general has been drawn by the authors. Almost any one of the facts which they state regarding the missions of the Catholic church would, if related in full, show greater achievements for the cause of Christianity than all the efforts of the Protestant sects. St. Francis Xavier alone converted more infidels than all the powerful and complex machinery of the Protestant missionary establishments combined.

for the cause of their religion. In the same century was the gospel carried into Mexico, and from the year 1524 to 1540, six millions of the inhabitants were reclaimed from idolatry. South America also saw the heralds of the gospel approach her shores, and, though at first the blood of these devoted men flowed in torrents, their heroic perseverance ultimately realized the most splendid results. Thus was the church adding to her conquests in the new world, and doubly recruiting the numbers which were wrested from her by the Protestant reformation. Her indefatigable missionaries penetrated even into the Chinese empire. By the publication of scientific works on mathematical and astronomical subjects, Father Ricci and two other Jesuits acquired favor at the court of Peking, and succeeded by this means in converting a great number to the Catholic faith. He was succeeded by Father Schall, who was appointed to several offices of distinction, and who made his influence and learning subservient only to the glory of God, and the salvation of souls. In the seventeenth century the Jesuits were aided by other religious orders in the propagation of the faith in China, and notwithstanding the persecutions which were occasionally raised against them, they spread the knowledge of Christianity over every portion of the empire. The same age also witnessed the return to Catholic unity of several schismatical patriarchs and archbishops in the east, with their respective clergy, while new missionaries of the Society of Jesus were bringing over to the faith the fierce tribes of North American Indians. The most astonishing labors were performed by them in Canada or New France, which, as in other parts of the world, not only rescued thousands from the errors of idolatry, but rendered the most important services to science and literature.* But the most admirable achievement in the cause of modern civilization and humanity, and equally honorable to religion, was the conversion of the wild inhabitants of Paraguay in South America, who, after having put to death many of the Jesuit fathers, at length yielded to the beneficent views of those holy men, and became models of Christian piety as well as of every social virtue. The Indians converted and civilized by the Jesuits

* See Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. i. Democratic Review, 1844.

in this district amounted to three hundred thousand, and the republic which they constituted, so justly called by Muratori *Christianism the blest*, endured for nearly one hundred and fifty years.* But we can not enter into details in this rapid outline of the missions which have been successively undertaken in the Catholic church; our object has been merely to link the past with the present, by way of introducing our readers to a view of the actual state of things.

All the missions were, as we have seen, in a most flourishing state during the eighteenth century. North and South America, China, the Indies, and the Levant, were crowded with men whose highest ambition was to serve their fellow creatures and introduce among them the knowledge of Christianity. But towards the close of this age, their labors received a severe shock and considerable interruption from the political disturbances which arose at that time among many nations of Europe, and which tended at once to destroy the facilities of communication with foreign countries and curtail the resources which were necessary for the outfit of the clergy. The suppression of several of the religious orders, whose members formed the chief portion of the missionary body, was likewise the cause of serious injury to the preaching of the gospel among the heathens. The dissolution of the Society of Jesus, particularly, can never be too much lamented, for the immense detriment which religion suffered from it in this respect. From the operation of these various influences the missions generally declined, at the period to which we have alluded, and remained in their less flourishing condition for nearly thirty years.

In the Levant, comprising the countries towards the east of the Mediterranean sea, the bishopric of Babylon became vacant for twenty years. Persia no longer heard the truths of the gospel; in the Archipelago, in Syria and at Constantinople, a few priests of the Congregation of the Mission, exercised the holy ministry under many disadvantages, while the war in Greece excited the animosity of the Ottoman government against the Christians, and subjected them to a fierce persecution.

* See Chateaubriand, *Genie du Christianisme*, vol. iv; also Muratori, *Missioni du Paraguay*, for an enchanting description of the wonders achieved by the Jesuits in South America.

In the interior of Asia, the labors of the missionaries presented rather a brighter aspect, sustained by the zeal of the Carmelites at Malabar, of the Capuchin fathers in Thibet, and of the Oratorians in Ceylon. But the magnificent achievements of St. Francis Xavier in Madura, owing to the want of sufficient protection, had fallen considerably from their ancient splendor, and were even distracted by the efforts of a schismatical faction, headed by an illegally constituted prelate.* Bengal had no episcopal see; but one bishop and six priests were employed in the district of Pondichery; on the other hand this immense region, partly fallen under the dominion of England, Holland and Denmark, was open in many directions to the emissaries of Protestantism. The Christians of the Indo-Chinese peninsula in Siam were served by a bishop and two missionaries. In the empire of Annam religion presented a more favorable aspect; four hundred thousand Catholics approached her altars, assisted by a numerous band of native clergy, and possessing houses of worship in all places of importance, with convents and schools for the pious education of youth. But the accession of Minh-Menh to the throne, already foreboded the dreadful persecution which the Christians in this part of the world would be doomed to suffer. Three vicars apostolic, with their coadjutors and several European priests, saw the storm gathering over their heads, and rejoiced in the anticipation of receiving the martyr's crown.

China, which for two hundred years had honored the priests of the new law with the highest rank among her savans and literati, now began to lose sight of the blessings which she had received from their learning and virtue. The time of proscription and persecution had arrived. In 1811, three churches were demolished at Pekin, and the only clergyman left was an aged Portuguese prelate. But the period of the greatest violence was from the year 1814 to 1820, when the bishop of Tabraca and Rev. Mr. Clet, with a large number of Christians, were put to death for the faith. Though the blood of these martyrs eventually

gave fecundity to the soil which it bedewed, the immediate result of the persecution was a decrease in the number of the clergy and of the establishments intended to recruit them. The apostolic vicariate of Su-Tchuen had a bishop, with his coadjutor, one European priest, and several native clergymen. The other vicariates of Chan-si and Fo-kien had not suffered so materially; but with the vast territory which they comprised, and three hundred thousand neophytes scattered amidst a population of two hundred millions, it was impossible to attend every where to the wants of the faithful. Many districts were deprived of religious consolation, for the space of ten years.

If we pass from the eastern to the western hemisphere, the undertakings of missionary zeal will not present the most flattering prospects. In South America a vast proportion of the natives had been brought over to the church, and the country thickly settled with the professors of the true faith; many districts, however, had been shorn of their beautiful religious character by the suppression of the Jesuits. In Mexico, as in South America, the native population had commingled with the Catholic colonists, but in the remoter regions of the north, extensive tribes of Indians no longer received the consoling ministrations of the fathers who had instructed them in the mystery of redemption. Turn we to the United States; here religion was fettered in every way. Prior to the declaration of independence the disabilities and ill feeling which the Catholics had to suffer, caused a large number to fall away from the religion of their fathers; and even when the blessings of equal liberty were proclaimed for all the inhabitants of the united colonies, such was the trivial number of the clergy who served them, that it was impossible to prevent the defection of many from the true fold.* But, as our readers well know, this chosen vineyard was not neglected by the pastors of the church. An episcopal see was erected in 1790, and a coadjutor appointed in 1800. In the course of eight years the increasing number of the faithful induced the holy see to establish four other

* To apply a remedy to this evil, Gregory XVI, in the year 1833, suppressed the archbishopric of Cranganore, and the bishoprics of Cochin and St. Thomas of Meliapor, and subjected their territories to the jurisdiction of vicars apostolic. Religion is at present resuming her former possessions in those parts.

* Dr. England has ably developed this subject in a letter which will be found in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, March, 1838. He supposed at that time that the previous loss of Catholicity, both positive and negative, must have amounted to 3,000,000.

bishoprics, as suffragans to that of Baltimore. In 1822, the number of sees had increased to nine; though the prelates had to contend with innumerable difficulties in promoting the interests of the faith. Boston at that period numbered only eight priests, Cincinnati seven, and Charleston two.

Africa, at the commencement of the present century, had as yet afforded no reason to hope that her northern coasts would ever be recalled to the inestimable inheritance of the gospel. These were still held under barbarian rule, while the Portuguese establishments of Congo and Mozambique were declining, and the Catholic settlers at the Cape of Good Hope received no regular assistance.

At this same period the islands of the south sea were filling up with English transports, and adventurers from other climes. At Sandwich and Taiti Protestant missionaries had established themselves; and their labors proved a total failure. New Holland was visited by a priest in 1818; but that immense chain of islands which stretches across the Pacific ocean between the eastern and western continents, was still estranged from the blessings of Christianity.

Such was the languishing appearance of the missions during the first quarter of the present century. The amount of labor undergone and of good effected, had diminished in a great degree, owing to the causes already mentioned; but the spirit which had achieved the mightiest works, was ever alive in the breasts of the Catholic clergy, who were only awaiting the propitious moment for recruiting their forces, and returning with fresh and even increased ardor to the self-denying toils of their cherished apostleship. This happy result was now rapidly maturing. While numerous vocations for the distant missions began to manifest themselves, Divine Providence furnished more ample means of perfecting them and of conveying the laborers to their remote vineyard. The Seminary of Foreign Missions at Paris, which in 1822 had only twenty-eight members, now contains ninety-eight. The Lazarists have increased the number of their European missionaries from nine to one hundred and thirty; and the Society of Jesus is sending forth its members to every country of the globe. Other communities have also been established of late for the dissemination of religious truth,

as the Redemptorists, the Passionists, the Oblates of Turin, who labor in the Birman empire; those of Marseilles, the Society of the Sacred Heart of Mary for the religious instruction of colored people, the Society of Picpus and the Marists, who, with others, have taken charge of the southern archipelago. Besides these various sources of missionary life, we must mention the seminary established by the Capuchins at Rome, in 1841, that of Drumcondra near Dublin, and the college of the Propaganda in the eternal city. But we reserve for the sequel the remarks which we have to offer in relation to the seminaries and funds which form the present resources of the missions, that we may pass at once to an exposition of their actual and flourishing condition.

1. *Europe*.—It is well known how Catholicity has advanced in Great Britain within the last twenty years. Innumerable conversions have taken place, and churches are rising on every side in England and Scotland. In Sweden the aspect of religious affairs has improved, while in Russia and Denmark the clergy are actively engaged in the discharge of their functions. Norway has not yet opened the way for the introduction of our missionaries. Protestantism here, as well as in Sweden and Denmark, displays the most violent spirit against those who embrace the ancient faith. In the south Catholicity has raised its temples, at Athens, Patros, and many other cities of the Levant, and has obtained a stronger hold in Servia, Moldavia and Wallachia. At Constantinople, particularly, a new impulse has been given to religion by a proper ecclesiastical organization, and the various institutions that have been established for the benefit of the faithful. The Lazarists have opened a college where sixty young men are instructed in the usual branches of a liberal education, while the brothers of the Christian schools have three hundred pupils under their charge, and the Sisters of Charity, devoted to the care of the sick and to elementary education, are assiduously occupied in alleviating the sufferings of their fellow creatures and in training to virtue the youthful heart. Their pupils are four hundred and fifty in number. The heroic actions of these charitable ladies have struck the followers of Mahomet with admiration, and led them to ask if they were not superhuman beings. With these general

remarks, we shall proceed to the statistics of the European missions, omitting here as elsewhere the particular notice of those countries which altogether, or in a great measure, are inhabited by Catholics.

England is divided into eight vicariates apostolic,* one of which has a coadjutor. The number of priests is six hundred and fifty-four, with upwards of five hundred churches, eight colleges, twenty-three conventual houses, and a Catholic population exceeding one million.

Scotland is under the charge of three vicars apostolic, with seventy-two churches, one hundred and ten priests, one college, two seminaries, and upwards of one hundred thousand Catholics.

In Sweden, whence the true faith was banished by Gustavus Vasa, a few clergymen are striving to diffuse the blessings of religion as far as the severe restrictions of the laws will permit. They have been allowed to enter the country only since the year 1785. It is under the jurisdiction of a vicar apostolic, who has two priests to labor with him, one church, and a spiritual flock of about two thousand souls.

The mission of Denmark comprises Holstein and the neighboring islands. The Catholic religion is merely tolerated, and it is forbidden by the laws to embrace it. This mission is governed by a vicar apostolic, with seven clergymen, seven churches, and three thousand Catholics.

In the low countries Catholicity presents a very flourishing aspect. Notwithstanding the long persecution which it had to sustain in the last two centuries, a large portion of the inhabitants remained steadfast in the faith. In Holland, within eight years past, at least fifty new churches have been erected. In the Genevalty nearly all are Catholics. The ecclesiastical administration is confided to five vicars apostolic, and the number of Catholics one million three hundred and five thousand.

The church in the Swiss confederacy is under the charge of four bishops, and has a Catholic population of eight hundred and eighty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine.

* A vicariate apostolic is a district which, though possessing no episcopal see, is under the spiritual charge of a bishop, whose title is derived from some bishopric which was formerly governed by a Catholic prelate, but is now under the control of infidels. For this reason, the name of his see is accompanied with the words, *in partibus infidelium*, in an infidel country.

The vicariate apostolic of Gibraltar, an English settlement, numbers ten priests and thirteen thousand Catholics.

The Ionian islands are divided between the archbishopric of Corfu and the bishopric of Zante, and the clergy, twenty-six in number, are laboring with zeal to promote the interests of religion. The Catholic population does not exceed three thousand.

The kingdom of Greece is under the jurisdiction of an archbishop and three bishops, with one hundred and ninety-two churches, one hundred and sixty-two priests, and a Catholic population of twenty-five thousand.

In the apostolic vicariate of Bosnia, which is very flourishing, there are one hundred and forty-four clergymen and about one hundred and twenty-nine thousand Catholics.

The principalities of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia, which are tributary to the Ottoman empire, are under the charge of one archbishop and two vicars apostolic, with thirty-eight clergymen and a Catholic population of seventy-four thousand.

Turkey in Europe comprises, besides the mission of Bosnia, already mentioned, ten ecclesiastical divisions, with as many bishops, and one hundred and ninety thousand Catholics.

In the Russian empire the Catholic religion is harassed by vexations of every kind, and a few years since a great defection took place in the ranks of the Polish Catholics under the Russian sway; but it appears that the three millions who passed over to the schismatical church, were not actuated by religious motives so much as externally forced by persecution to conform to its rites, as they have recently sought again the bosom of Catholic unity. The number of Catholics in Russia proper is five millions nine hundred and ninety thousand, under the charge of seven prelates and a numerous clergy.

The missions of the Germanic states, which at the time of the reformation were almost wholly infected with the new errors, are principally supported by the liberal foundation of Dr. Fuestenberg, bishop of Paderborn and Munster, in 1682. He left five hundred thousand imperial for this purpose. This is the origin of the Ferdinandian endowment, by which the northern missions of Germany are sustained. This country is subject to the

jurisdiction of three vicars apostolic, and has a Catholic population of fifteen millions.

Besides the missions above mentioned, Europe contains an additional Catholic population of about one hundred and fifteen millions, under the jurisdiction of five hundred and sixty bishops, which will carry the total number of Catholics in Europe to nearly one hundred and forty millions, and the number of bishops to upwards of six hundred.

II. *Asia*.—The conflicts of the church in Europe are principally with the emissaries of heresy; in Asia her missionaries have to encounter chiefly the influence of Islamism, and the superstitious doctrines of Brahminism and Buddhism, with the hatred which they bear to the Christian name.

The solicitude of the church has always been directed in a peculiar manner to the western portion of Asia, which is hallowed by so many precious recollections. There is found the cradle of the human race; there was the miraculous vocation of the chosen people accomplished. On this soil too did the Redeemer of mankind manifest himself to the world, proclaim the consoling truths of his gospel, shed his blood for our redemption, and commence the foundations of that glorious fabric which is to weather the storms of ages, till it pass to its final perfection in the eternal kingdom. Ever since the middle ages have Catholic clergymen sought to revive the Christian faith in this venerated country, whence it had been banished by the Mahometan arms, and if the obstacles have been numerous and great, their laborious zeal has not faltered before the difficulties of the enterprise. Idolatry still survives in the mysteries of the Druses; the errors of the Gnostics have still some followers in Mesopotamia; Nestorianism yet occupies some of its posts; half the population of Armenia and Chaldea profess the Eutylian errors, while the Greek schism counts many episcopal sees, Protestantism is circulating its tracts, and the Mahometan powers reign supreme. But despite these appalling obstacles, the Catholic spirit may be traced every where in the excellent institutions which have been established in this region, for the purposes of enlightening the people and reclaiming them from the paths of error. The formation of schools has been an object of particular attention among the missionaries. This district, which has a Catholic

population of about eight hundred thousand, may be comprehended under five divisions.

1. Archbishopric of Smyrna and apostolic vicariate of Asia Minor, which embraces nearly all of Anatolia, and has two colleges, an institution of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and another under the Sisters of Charity. These two last afford the blessings of a religious education to seven hundred children. Forty priests are engaged in the mission.

2. Bishopric of Chio, with about four hundred Catholics, one bishop and eleven clergymen. The Capuchins have a hospital.

3. Bishopric of Farmagousta in the island of Cyprus. Here there is a hospital, and six villages of Maronite Catholics are served by a prelate and several native priests.

4. The Holy Land. The guard of the holy places is confided to the brothers minor, or Franciscans, whose superior, with the title of Most Rev. Guardian, has jurisdiction over a hundred clergymen of different convents, who serve the Catholics in their respective residences, eleven thousand in number. They are assisted by thirty-eight secular priests, and conduct two colleges with four hundred pupils. Other religious orders are also engaged in this mission. The Carmelites have a hospital at the chief seat of their labors; the Capuchins have several stations; the Jesuits have a college at Beyrouth, and the Lazarists have four missionary stations, where they have opened a college and several schools.

5. Vicariate apostolic of Aleppo and Delegation of Libanus. The immediate jurisdiction of the vicar in this district extends to about one thousand Catholics; but he is also the delegate of the holy see to the eastern patriarchates, of different rites, but in communion with the centre of Catholic unity. 1. The *Maronites*, numbering about five hundred thousand, under the charge of the patriarch of Antioch, under whom are seven archbishops and two bishops, with eleven hundred priests. They have three hundred and twenty churches, one hundred and nine convents, many of which possess printing-presses for the circulation of good books, five patriarchal seminaries and numerous diocesan colleges. What is most admirable in this mission is the exact observance of religious duty; all the Catholics complying with the precepts of the church. 2. The *Greek Melchites*, or those Catholics who follow

the Greek rite, under a patriarch with the title of Antioch, and the jurisdiction of Jerusalem and Alexandria. This district embraces twelve diocesses, with a Catholic population of fifty thousand. 3. The *Syrians*, who use their own language in the liturgy, about thirty thousand in number, and distributed through five bishoprics, which are under the jurisdiction of a patriarch, who also derives his title from Antioch. 4. The *Armenians*, forty thousand in number, under the patriarch of Cilicia.

5. Bishopric of Babylon, which has jurisdiction over a part of Arabia, all Mesopotamia and Persia. The Catholics of the Latin rite, under the Chaldean patriarch of Babylon, do not exceed one thousand; but those of the Chaldean nation amount to fifteen thousand, the small remnant of a people who, in 1826, numbered one hundred and twenty thousand Catholics, but since that period reduced by civil war, famine and pestilence, to its present condition.

In Persia a mission has been opened at Djulfa; the Carmelites have an establishment at Bagdad, and there is a school at Tauris. The number of Catholics in Persia and its provinces may be computed at fifty thousand. Recent events have disturbed the peaceful duties of the missionaries in this country, though it is probable that these difficulties will not be of long duration.

In the central parts of Asia, comprising Asiatic Russia, Tartary and India, paganism reigns in all the variety of its errors and observances; but nothing has been able to check the spirit of the Catholic missionary. There are numerous Armenians in Russia professing our holy faith, though suffering from the severity of the laws. The Polish exiles who have been transported thither, and the one hundred and thirty priests of the united Greek church who have shared their fate on account of their firm attachment to the true religion, may be the means of widely disseminating the knowledge and practice of Catholicity in this vast region. India, formerly the seat of the flourishing mission established by St. Francis Xavier, is reviving rapidly from the state which we have already noticed. It is distributed into seven apostolic vicariates, viz: those of Thibet and Hindostan, Bengal, Bombay, Madras, Pondichery, Ceylon and Malabar, and contains a Catholic population of seven

hundred and fifty-eight thousand, with six hundred and sixteen priests, and five hundred and thirty-eight churches. Several religious orders are engaged in these missions. The Jesuits have founded a flourishing college at Calcutta, and are actively employed in preaching the truths of religion. There is a college also at Madras.

We have now to consider that portion of Asia which is involved in moral darkness of a still deeper hue than exists in any other section of this immense region. Here idolatry has its strongest holds, and is exhibited in its utmost developments. It has assumed a scientific form in the doctrines of Buddhism, and with the elements of civilization which it has retained, a most formidable barrier has been presented to the progress of Christianity. When in addition to these obstacles the storm of persecution broke out in the kingdoms of Tong-King and Cochin-China, there was every reason to apprehend that all trace of religion would be obliterated from the country. But in the midst of these severe trials, the purity of the Catholic faith and the fervor of primitive piety have shone forth in all their lustre. The faithful have been summoned before the pagan tribunals, and have confessed their religion with a firmness, and bowed their necks to the executioner with a heroism worthy of the brightest periods of Christianity. Upwards of one hundred and twenty have laid down their lives in the kingdom of Tonk-King alone within the last twenty years. Many clergymen have also received the crown of martyrdom. In Corea also has the flame of persecution arisen, and the Catholic missionaries are announcing the truths of salvation, with the sword suspended over their head. In other parts they encounter fewer difficulties. The establishment of a missionary college at Pulo-Pinang, the increased number of vicars apostolic, the organization of schools, and the ardor which is so generally manifested by the clergy to labor on these shores, are all evidences of the success which heaven bestows upon the noble undertaking. The island of Hong-Kong is covered with pious and charitable institutions; and the recent entrance which the British arms have forced into the Celestial empire, will be likely to prepare the way for the general diffusion of the gospel. The whole of eastern Asia may be divided into India beyond the Ganges

and China. The former embraces six ecclesiastical districts.

1. The vicariate apostolic of Ava and Pegu, under the charge of twelve Piedmontese Oblates and Barnabites, has been recently established, and numbers about three thousand Catholics.

2. The vicariate apostolic of western Siam, which has a Catholic population of eight thousand souls, with eighteen priests, several conventual houses, a college and a free school.

3. The vicariate apostolic of eastern Siam, which contains nineteen thousand Catholics, under the care of a bishop and one hundred and seventy nine priests.

4. The vicariate apostolic of western Tong-King, with a Catholic population of one hundred and eighty thousand. In this district, one bishop and many native priests have been put to death for the faith within a few years. Most of the chapels, one thousand two hundred in number, have been destroyed by the persecution, and the inmates of two colleges and forty convents have been dispersed. The last three vicariates are confided to the seminary of foreign missions at Paris.

5. The vicariate apostolic of eastern Tong-King, which is under the charge of the Spanish Dominicans, has a Catholic population of one hundred and seventy thousand, fifty-three priests, two colleges and twenty-five convents. The last mentioned have been dispersed by the persecuting policy of the government, which has also put to death for the faith three bishops and seven priests. In the year 1838, the number of baptisms on this mission, was nearly six thousand, and upwards of forty-seven thousand approached the holy communion.

6. The vicariate apostolic of Cochin-China, under the charge of the seminary of foreign missions at Paris, has likewise suffered much from the violent opposition that has been raised against the preaching of the gospel. In the late persecution, beginning in 1833, twenty persons, many of them were priests, received the palm of martyrdom. Four hundred chapels, two colleges and twenty conventual houses were destroyed at the same time. The mission is served by forty priests, and has a Catholic population of eighty thousand.

In the Celestial empire, religion is subject to many vexations, but its progress is steady and

most consoling. It is distributed into three bishoprics and ten apostolic vicariates.

1. The bishoprics are those of Macao, Nankin and Peking, which possess a Catholic population of one hundred and fifty thousand, with seventy-eight priests, three colleges and a seminary. Three hundred adults are annually baptized in the diocese of Macao.

2. The vicariates are those of Tche-Kiang and Kiang-Si, Xansi, Hon-Quang, Fo-Kien, Su-Tchuen, Xan-Tung, Leao-Tong, Mongolia, Yun-Nan, and Corea, in all of which the number of Catholics is about 200,000. In Corea a bishop, with two priests, was martyred in 1839. In the vicariate of Su-Tchuen there are two colleges, fifty schools for boys and eighty for girls, several convents, and about three hundred adults are annually admitted into the church.

III. *Africa.* In this land of malediction, the star of truth has arisen with every prospect of gaining the ascendant which it possessed in the primitive days of Christianity. Several new missionary stations have been established within a few years past, and the Almighty has rewarded the zeal of his laborers with an abundant harvest. This country is distributed into seven ecclesiastical districts.

1. Bishopric of Algiers, a French colony, where the Catholic faith is daily making new conquests. It is under the care of a bishop, with sixty-six priests, fifty churches, eighteen schools and charitable institutions, and one hundred and thirty thousand Catholics.

2. The apostolic prefectures of Tunis and Tripoli,* under the charge of the Capuchins and Franciscans, have a Catholic population of nearly eight thousand.

3. The prefecture apostolic of Abyssinia, where the number of Catholics is very small. The inhabitants were all members of the true church in the fourth century, but fell away afterwards into the heresy of Eutyches. In the 16th century, about one hundred and fifty thousand were converted to the Catholic faith, which a bloody persecution subsequently banished from among them. A very favorable disposition is now manifested to enter the pale of Catholic unity.

4. Vicariate apostolic of Egypt for the Latins, the jurisdiction of which extends over Lower

* A prefect apostolic is a priest who is empowered by the pope to exercise many of the episcopal functions in the district placed under his jurisdiction.

and Upper Egypt and Arabia. Of this latter country we know little. The reformed Minors have several stations in Upper Egypt, and a hospital at Cairo.

5. Vicariate apostolic of the Copts, who are the only remnant of the ancient Egyptians, and profess the Eutychian heresy. About fifteen thousand have been converted to the Catholic faith, and are served by thirty priests.

6. In the island of Mauritius there is a vicar apostolic, with a Catholic population of eighty-five thousand.

7. Vicariate apostolic of Guinea, which embraces Liberia. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Barron, late vicar general of Philadelphia, has charge of this district, and is assisted by twenty priests. The natives manifest a favorable disposition, and many of them regularly attend the instructions of their teachers.

8. Vicariate apostolic of the Cape of Good Hope, which has a few churches and a Catholic population of about three thousand.

Besides the above mentioned missionary countries, the Catholic church possesses many bishoprics and numerous flocks along the coast of Africa and in the adjacent islands, containing about nine hundred and ninety-three thousand souls, which with the statements previously given, will make the Catholic population of all Africa amount to one million two hundred and thirty-four thousand.

IV. *America.* In turning our eyes upon these favored shores, which were called to the mystic supper from beyond the ocean-paths, when other nations had rejected the invitation of the heavenly Spouse, the most cheering prospect strikes our view. Here, if we except the countries that Catholicity has wholly collected under her standard, she has on the one hand to contend against the errors of Protestantism, on the other, to reclaim from ignorance and degradation the wandering tribes of the forest; and that she is successful in this two-fold mission, must be obvious even to the most superficial observer. The missions of the western continent may be divided into two principal groups, those of the English possessions and those of the United States, to which we will add the republic of Texas and the Dutch colonies.

1. The English possessions comprehend, first, the bishoprics of Kingston and Toronto in Upper Canada, and those of Charlottetown in

Prince Edward's island, and Halifax in Nova Scotia, with the apostolic vicariates of Hudson Bay and Newfoundland; all in the north, with a Catholic population of about three hundred and forty thousand, more than thirty thousand of whom are converts from the Indian tribes. The clergy, about one hundred and fifty in number, serve two hundred and twenty churches, and with the aid of two seminaries, three colleges, and fifty-six schools, dispense among the people the blessings of a good education, and train the candidates for the sanctuary in the knowledge and virtues of their state. As an evidence of the flourishing condition of these missions, we will mention that in 1832 there were but three priests in Newfoundland, where now there are twenty-five. Secondly, in the south are the vicariates apostolic of Jamaica, Trinidad and Demerara, which contain a Catholic population of two hundred and seventy-six thousand, more than two-thirds of whom are in Trinidad and its dependencies.

2. The missions of the United States, though obliged, as we have observed, to contend with many difficulties, the principal of which are the unceasing efforts of the various Protestant sects, and a general deficiency in the numbers of the clergy, are characterized by a steady and increasing prosperity. In the year 1800, but one episcopal see had been erected in this immense territory, which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, while the number of priests was about thirty. In 1822 eight new bishoprics had been formed; one more was added in 1831, when the number of the clergy amounted to two hundred and thirty-two. At this day, as we learn from the Catholic Almanac for 1845, the United States are distributed into twenty-one dioceses and one vicariate apostolic, that of Oregon, with twenty-six prelates, about seven hundred priests, and a Catholic population amounting to nearly one million two hundred thousand!* The other departments of the church have advanced in a corresponding ratio, and as no subject can be supposed to possess greater interest in the eyes of our readers than the condition of religion in our own happy country, we shall mention here some further particulars, which

* It is estimated by Bishop Rosati, in the *Annale delle Scienze Religiose*, 1842, at 1,500,000; but the official returns, as furnished by the Almanac, do not authorize a computation exceeding that which we have given.

are taken from the publication just referred to. The number of churches in the United States is six hundred and seventy-five, and divine service is also performed occasionally at five hundred and ninety-two other stations. Twenty-two ecclesiastical institutions have been established for the education of aspirants to the sanctuary, two hundred and twenty in number. In the course of thirty-seven years, twenty-six literary institutions have been founded for young men, and sixty-three for young ladies. The first of these female academies, since the declaration of our independence, was that of the Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, in 1809. The number of colleges, properly so called, is fifteen; elementary schools are very numerous. It appears from the Almanac that, within the last ten years, the number of dioceses, colleges and seminaries, has nearly doubled itself, while the number of priests has exceeded this proportion, and that of the churches has increased almost in the ratio of three to one. Eighteen Catholic periodicals are published in the country, eleven of which appear every week, and three every month. Add to this that the church of the United States enjoys that perfect freedom in its operations, which enables its prelates to assemble triennially in provincial council, and to exhibit in the eyes of the Catholic world a continuation of those legislative forms, which have marked the progress of Christianity from the earliest ages to the present day.

But the spirit of Catholic charity is witnessed not only in the civilized portions of the United States; the fierce and untutored savages that inhabit our western and northern wilds, share largely the solicitude of our missionaries. At Indian Old Town and Pleasant Point, in Maine, there is a small remnant of the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes, whose religious instruction is carefully attended to. In Michigan and Wisconsin flourishing stations have been formed at different points, among the Ottawa and Chippeway Indians, and also among those of the Menomoni and Winebago tribes. The clergy of Iowa are also laboring with zeal to convert the Sioux, who have evinced the most favorable dispositions. If we extend our course west, into the Indian territory, we behold a tribe of Pottowatomies, twelve hundred in number, under the charge of the Jesuits, and models of Christian piety

and regularity. The same admirable results are witnessed among the savages of the Rocky Mountains; the Flat-head nation have been converted to the faith, and the erection of Oregon into an apostolic vicariate, with the increased number of laborers who have repaired to this distant region, promises additional achievements of the same consoling character.

3. The apostolic vicariate of Texas contains about twenty thousand Catholics, sparsely scattered over the country. The missionaries, eight in number, labor with incredible zeal in surmounting the many difficulties of their position, and their efforts are crowned with success. Several new churches have been erected, old ones have been reclaimed, numerous conversions have taken place, and there is every prospect of a rich spiritual harvest in that beautiful country, which is just recovering from the shock of war.

4. The Dutch possessions in South America are divided into two apostolic vicariates, those of Surinam and Curaçao, the former of which has a Catholic population of eight thousand souls, and the latter about thirty-six thousand.

If we add to the districts which have been enumerated, the remaining portions of America and the West Indies, in which the Catholic religion is firmly established, we shall have a total, for the new world, of eighty-three bishoprics or vicariates, and twenty-four millions seven hundred and sixty thousand Catholics.

V. *Oceanica*.—Under this name is comprehended that southern chain which binds together the eastern and western continents, and which embraces the largest islands in the world. The seventy millions of men who inhabit these regions, exhibit all the intellectual shades of the human race, as well as all the varieties of infidelity, to which may be added that novel species of social degradation which has been created by the British government at Botany Bay and Norfolk island. Over most of these distant and isolated regions the light of truth had not, twenty-five years ago, shed a solitary ray; but the time has arrived when the word of the prophet is to be still further accomplished, and a sign, the emblem of salvation, is displayed to the view of the islands afar off. Our account of them, though brief, will show that they have hailed this sign with joy, and that the cross of Christ numbers among the inhabitants of these remote countries, some of its

most staunch and fervent adherents. Oceanica embraces the following ecclesiastical divisions:

1. The vicariate apostolic of Batavia, comprising Java and Sumatra, whence the Catholic religion, originally introduced by the Portuguese, was for two centuries banished by the Dutch arms. It has a Catholic population of about ten thousand.

2. The archbishopric of Sydney, embracing New Holland, and having for its suffragans the bishoprics of Hobart-town, in Van Dieman's island, and Adelaide in S. Australia. This division was made in consequence of the rapid progress of Catholicity in these countries. In 1820 they had as yet no altar on which the clean oblation was offered; at present a magnificent cathedral overlooks the town of Sydney, and the mission of the three districts presents a Catholic population of fifty thousand souls, with fifty-six priests, twenty-five chapels, thirty-one schools, and a seminary for the education of clergymen.

3. The three apostolic vicariates of western, central and eastern Polynesia. In the first mentioned district, which comprises the islands of New Zealand, Wallis and others, and where a Catholic mission was commenced only in 1838, the progress of religion has been truly extraordinary. Several thousands of the natives have been baptized, and about forty thousand were at the last accounts preparing for the same sacrament. All the inhabitants of Wallis, two thousand five hundred in number, have been admitted into the church, and it is said that the people here were the most vicious and degraded of all the southern isles, before they were instructed in the faith. The same brilliant success attends the labors of the missionaries in central and eastern Polynesia which embrace the Sandwich and Gambier islands, and all that lie between the one hundredth degree of east longitude and the American continent. At Sandwich five thousand of the natives were converted to the Catholic church in the course of one year. The whole number of converts in Polynesia is about seventy thousand, who are served by fifty priests, with twenty-nine churches and numerous schools; and all this despite the furious efforts of Protestant ministers in those parts, by violence and misrepresentation, to arrest the progress of Catholicity.

Besides the missionary countries in Oceanica,

which we have just enumerated, the church numbers about three millions and fifty thousand of her children in the Philippine and other islands, where the Spaniards have extensively diffused the blessings of civilization and Christianity. To sum up the principal data that have been presented in the course of this article, and which have been gathered from the most authentic sources, the Catholic population of the world will amount to one hundred and seventy-three millions three hundred and fifty-four thousand; and the number of bishoprics or vicariates to eight hundred and five, seventy-nine of which have been established since the commencement of the present century.

Our space will not permit us to enter into any further details on this interesting subject. We intended to connect with the preceding observations, a sketch of the principal ecclesiastical institutions which supply the Catholic missions with useful laborers, and of the pecuniary resources on which they are mainly dependent; but we must reserve for another occasion the exposition of topics so pleasing and edifying. We are confident, too, that the statistical information which we have furnished, will suffice to awaken in every Catholic heart a lively feeling of self-congratulation at the onward and victorious career of our holy faith, as well as a still deeper conviction of its heavenly origin, and of the special protection which it receives from the divine Author of Christianity. It is truly a source of proud reflection to the Catholic to know, that the church of which he is a member has never ceased to fulfil the high mission originally confided to the apostles: "Go, teach all nations." We have beheld her, in the successive lapse of ages, passing from city to city, from nation to nation, from continent to continent, and successfully rallying under the banner of the cross and at the foot of the same altar, people of every clime and the most antagonistic in every social, moral and intellectual feature. This too has she accomplished, and still accomplishes, in defiance of the most furious opposition of infidelity and heresy under all their various forms; and, what is plainly indicative of her combating and triumphing in the cause of truth, is the exact similarity between her victories at the present day, and those which were achieved

by the apostles and their immediate successors. Her soldiers, in the first place, are the lineal descendants of the militant bands that fought in the earliest and brightest days of Christianity; her armor is the sword of the word, the truth that has survived the storms and the ruins of eighteen centuries; her tact is the unblemished life, the devoted charity, the self-denying labors of her missionaries, who go forth to conquer, but to save; to diffuse among every people the blessings of civilization and to awaken in every bosom the hopes of eternal happiness, and who prove at once the authenticity of their mission and the heaven-born spirit that animates them, by the heroic and superhuman, yet calm and joyful sacrifice at the stake. We hear one of these apostles declaring that, in the course of a single excursion among the savages of Oceanica, fifteen thousand were converted to the true faith; another, a few years after his landing upon an island of cannibals, writes to a friend across the mighty expanse of waters, that he now lives in the midst of a Catholic country; a third proclaims the gladdening news that within four months upwards of two thousand idolaters were regenerated at the sacred font of baptism, reminding us of St. Francis Xavier, whose arms fell from exhaustion while, in the short space of thirty days, he poured the sanctifying waters upon ten thousand inhabitants of Travancor. But this is not all; if the great

apostle of the gentiles could recount the multiplied sufferings to which his ministry subjected him, his brethren of the present day may speak in the same eloquent and thrilling language. There is not a region on the face of the earth, where they cannot say with truth, "our life is passed 'in perils from our own nation, in perils from the gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren; in labor and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.'"* Every continent of the known world exhibits the spectacle of generous confessors, whose actions speak to us in these impressive tones, while they are braving every danger for the sake of Christ crucified; and there is more than one distant land where it might be added, "in prisons frequently, in stripes above measure, in deaths often;" for we still witness in the Catholic church a people of martyrs bowing their necks with joy under the axe of the executioner. The sentiments which all this should inspire will readily present themselves to our readers; and they will no doubt acknowledge, in a spirit of thanksgiving, that the prophetic word is hastening to its full accomplishment: "All the nations thou hast made shall come and adore before thee, O Lord; and they shall glorify thy name."†

W.

* 2 Cor. xi.

† Psalm lxxxv.

THE EPIPHANY.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

SHUT from thy heart the world with all
 Its agony of cares,
 Nor for a single thought recall
 Its hopes and doubts and fears,
 And treacherous ills, like fires around,
 Upbursting through volcanic ground—
 Dangers unknown beneath us spread—
 Uncertainty where'er we tread;
 And leave these scenes, and, better far,
 Directed by yon missioned star
 That shines with God's own mercy through
 The silent firmament of blue,
 Enter we, reverently and slowly,
 Into this temple pure and holy,

Whose towers with true religious pride
 Look out upon Patapsco's tide,
 And tell of days when CALVERT came
 And gave to freedom holier fame,
 Defining no proscriptive plan
 Between him and his brother man ;
 But calling from beyond the wave
 Alike the freeman and the slave,
 To share the land, to bend the knee,
 In title true—in conscience free.
 Enter we here and hail the birth
 Of the meek Saviour of the earth,
 Who, sinless, bears our sin and shame,
 Our nature, suffering and name,
 That, in the blood of Jesus died,
 God's judgment should be justified,
 That a divine atonement thus
 Appease the Deity to us !
 Oh, wondrous harmony of plan
 To reinherit rebel man !
 Hush ! look not up ! but list and think,
 And let thy soul enthusiast drink
 The living founts of music oped,
 And downward pour'd, from heavenly bowers,
 To sing the birth of all we hoped,
 And sooth this wounded world of ours ,
 And feel them in their tuneful flowing,
 Glory and love and life bestowing.

It is a hallowed hour ! the place
 Hath lost locality of scene,
 Translated by associate grace,
 Alike mysterious and serene :
 The very air seemeth to give
 To mind a mood contemplative.
 Oh, God ! to whom my thoughts leap up
 With homeward impulse—thoughts that long
 Have reckless leaned on rebel hope,
 And done thee many a rebel wrong—
 Thoughts that have dared through many a day,
 Presumptuous in their weakness only,
 To tread the path that led astray,
 Full knowing it through error lay,
 Reckless though lost, and proud though lonely,
 So lost, that but to climb the air
 And see thy mercy shining there
 Was but a more prolonged despair—
 Deign but, unchanged, to bless this change,
 And give my faith a loftier range,
 A freer flight of way till, furled
 Beside the flow of Siloa's spring,
 Forgetful of this sinful world,
 It rests at last its wandering wing !

Thus trained to think and thinking trained
 To feel and know the love of God,
 Remain not as we long remained,
 Nor tread as we too oft have trod,

Let us acceptably express
Our sorrow and our thankfulness.

The eye of faith for ever bright—
Which seeth not as mortal sight,
But far beyond the jealous night
Views realms of life and love—
Can in the spirit here behold
The Magi—Persia's seers of old,
With myrrh and frankincense and gold—
Can view the star above
That led to Him, the heaven-adored,
The Saviour—the Incarnate Word—
The way, the truth, the life, the Lord,
The one, embodied love.

Ye who from Persian valleys fair,
Where roses bright and odors rare
In richness steep the drowsy air,
These worship-offerings bring,
How blest of all the Gentiles, ye,
Thus chosen messengers to be :
Thus face to face to know and see
Your Saviour, God and King :
To see of whom, by David's lyre,
Ye've heard and hoped with deep desire,
Through many an anxious hour ;
To witness thus the Saviour child,
The humble, merciful and mild,
Assuming sin, yet undefiled—
Humility and power !

But let us pause ! our words imply
Complaint that we too stood not by
Jesus to see with mortal's eye,

As saw the Magi then ;
Let us the rather grateful be
That we, unworthy, live to see
Repose beneath the Christian tree

A universe of men ;
That we behold his law go forth
From east to west, from south to north,
His altars built throughout the earth—

Jesus through earth adored ;
And hear a world redeemed proclaim
At morn and eve his holy name !

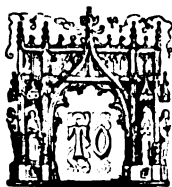
And let us pray that when again
He comes in majesty and power
And awe, to judge the sons of men,
We like the Magi meet that hour,
With myrrh and frankincense and gold,
Not from the mine nor from the bower,
But from the spirit.

Lord ! unfold—
For with and of thee is the grace
By which alone are souls restored
To meet thee in thy holy place—
The spirit of thy holy Word,
That it may glorify thee here
And fit us for thy dwelling there.

NOTICE OF THE MOST REV. AMBROSE MARECHAL,

THIRD ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

BY M. C. JENKINS.



NO other country in Europe are these United States more indebted than to France for the establishment and propagation of the Catholic religion within their borders. Even anteriorly to our revolution the foot-prints of the French missionary might have been traced in blood, through the immense wilds which then stretched from the frozen regions of Labrador to the sunny soil of Louisiana. Little indeed is known to us of the early history of the savages that peopled the vast plains which lie beyond the western base of our Alleghanies, save what we may learn from the writings of those pious French fathers who toiled and labored through that vast extent for their social improvement and eternal salvation. That their labors were not unavailing, is shown by the conversion of many northern tribes, as well as by the testimony which even Protestants accord to their zeal and success.

"On the Mississippi," says J. K. Paulding, "at Detroit, Montreal, and Quebec, are still to be seen the few and solitary examples of white men and Indians having lived in near neighborhood and constant intercourse with each other, without that sad and apparently mysterious result which every where else on this great continent has followed the association; I mean the slow and sure extinction of the latter. Much of this is owing to courtesy, much to the sober habits of the French, and much more, perhaps, to the influence of a religion which, though often calumniated, exercises a dominion over the minds of untutored savages, at least far more powerful, and permit us to say, far more salutary, than has hitherto resulted from the influence of any other." *

But not only does the Indian that roamed our forests owe a debt of gratitude to the zealous priests whom France has cast upon our shores. The Catholic whose fathers sought

upon this soil the repose of conscience denied them in their native land, must acknowledge gratefully and cordially that to none are they more beholden for their spiritual comforts, than to those same edifying and disinterested clergymen, whom God in his goodness has allowed at such frequent intervals to domicile among us and minister to our wants. The names of the venerable Cheverus, Dubourg, Flaget, David, Dubois, Bruté, Nagot, Tessier, Badin, and numerous others, are eminently identified with the history of Catholicity in the United States. If with this catalogue of good and great ecclesiastics we connect the name of the Most Rev. Ambrose Maréchal, third archbishop of Baltimore, it is incumbent on us to add that, while his station in the church was more exalted than that of some among them, like them all, his life was full of usefulness, his virtues eminent, and his labors many and conspicuous. We much regret, indeed, that the task of sketching his ecclesiastical career has not fallen to some one more competent than ourselves to execute it; feeling, as we do, our inadequacy to accomplish the undertaking in a satisfactory manner. We are conscious how deeply his memory is still cherished in Baltimore and throughout his diocese, how many still live to bless his name, how vividly his good works are still beaming in the recollections of his flock, and knowing these things, we would willingly resign our charge to abler hands.

This amiable and distinguished prelate, according to his accomplished biographer in the Catholic Almanac of 1836, was born at Orleans, in France, in the year 1768. His parents, who were highly respectable, placed him early in life at one of the best colleges in France, where he labored assiduously at his studies, and completed his classical course with credit and distinction. While yet a student, he was remarkable for his piety and exemplary conduct, and upon the close of his collegiate education, manifested an ardent

* The Eve of St. Andrew.—*Atlantic Souvenir*, 1831.

desire of embracing the clerical profession. His parents, however, were grieved at a choice which would have severed them from the society of one so dutiful and accomplished, and acquiescing in their anxious wishes, he waived his own preferences, and entered upon the study of the civil law. He completed his course in this department of science with all the success that might have been expected from one who, with steadiness and piety, combined quickness of parts and great application. But still he felt that his original purposes and desires had undergone no change: his inclination, in spite of the bent which parental affection would fondly have given it, still urged him on to the clerical profession. When he had finished his legal course, as he took pleasure in repeating in after life, he felt his first impulse revive with irresistible force, and judged that a preference which had withstood so many assaults of temptation and contradiction, and which the reciprocal ties of parental and filial affection could not alter or remove, must indeed be a monition from heaven, which he could no longer disregard. Accordingly he entered upon a course of ecclesiastical studies, and pursued them with a success which, throughout his after life, gave him a high rank among the theologians of his own and adopted country. To one who was not actuated purely by the love of God and his neighbor, the adoption of the ecclesiastical state in France at the time it was embraced by our meek and learned hierarch, must have been a fearful and almost an impossible event. The horrors of fanaticism had darkened the political sky of France, and every where throughout her beautiful domain there was now a scene of confusion, anarchy and bloodshed. Yet amid all this havoc and dismay, France had her saints. New postulants for the priesthood daily presented themselves, to replace those who, to save the integrity of the church, and its glory in France, threw themselves into that gulf of anarchy which yawned between the bewildered people and their religion. While sovereigns were beheaded, priests assassinated, altars overthrown, and apostacy the only security against the guillotine, Mr. Maréchal, undismayed by all that was transpiring around him, succeeded in completing his ecclesiastical course and receiving the sacerdotal character.

He was ordained at the peril of his life, and so dark was the cloud that hung over his holy religion at that time, that he was forced to quit Paris in disguise, and at an imminent risk succeeded in embarking at Havre for Baltimore. If the heart of this good man was cast down, as he looked back upon the crimes of his country, at least it was some consolation to him and his sacerdotal companions scattered through this country and England, to see two nations, aliens to them in religion and language, burst forth in tones of universal sympathy in their behalf, and with outspread arms tender to them a generous and cordial welcome.

About the time of Mr. Maréchal's arrival in this country, it was the intention of Father Emery, then the great light of the Gallican church, and superior of the Sulpician Society, of which the subject of this memoir was a member, to open an academy in Baltimore for the instruction of youth in the various branches of mathematics, to be placed under his management and direction. But the design having been subsequently suspended, Mr. Maréchal entered upon the duties of a missionary, and was stationed for a few years in St. Mary's county, Maryland, where he zealously discharged his important trust, and afterwards, amid the regrets and with the benedictions of all that knew him, was assigned to the Bohemia station, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. His meek and sainted spirit, his amiable and courteous bearing, his zeal and fervor for his new flock here, as in St. Mary's, won all hearts irresistibly to him.

In 1799 he was recalled to Baltimore, to act in a sphere which, if not more congenial to his piety and zeal, was one for which all felt that he was eminently fitted, and for which his learning and studious habits peculiarly marked him. St. Mary's college in Baltimore, then but recently instituted under the auspices of the order to which he was attached, was in need of his services, and its directors sought him out in his retired mission, and appointed him professor of the theological department. For a short time the duties of the theological chair were interrupted by the engagements of Mr. Maréchal with Georgetown college. There he was assigned to the chair of philosophy, and after filling that appointment for several months, returned to Baltimore to resume his

duties as professor of theology. Of his brilliant success in this department, all who had the happiness of being his pupils, speak with an admiration bordering on enthusiasm. Theology in his hands was not a rugged and intricate study, but rendered attractive by the beauty of his method, the perspicuity of his illustrations, and the pious earnestness which accompanied both; it was the mirror of all that is most sublime in the Deity, and most lovely and attractive in virtue.

But the theological chair which he filled was, to the regret of all his students, after a few years of brilliant service, unexpectedly to pass to another's charge. The rock-founded church began again to show out its beacon light through France, looming loftily above the wreck and ruin of a tempestuous revolution. France had begun to be herself again, and all things to wear a brighter aspect, and he who had sought our shores at his superior's bidding, returned to his native soil in obedience to the same authority. He could not decline a call which was to restore him to friends and country. Once more then he traversed the ocean and arrived in France in the month of July, 1803. The superior of the Sulpitian Society sought his co-operation in reorganizing and conducting several houses attached to their rules. He was employed with distinction in several ecclesiastical institutions, and particularly at St. Flour, Lyons and Aix. There, as in our country, his pupils placed the highest estimate upon his theological knowledge and his happy facility of imparting it to others.

"In what esteem and veneration he was held by those who pursued their studies under his direction, was abundantly shown by the munificence of his theological pupils of Marseilles, who, soon after his elevation to the archiepiscopal dignity, presented him, as a testimony of their gratitude and respect, with the rich and magnificent marble altar that now stands in the metropolitan church at Baltimore. It bears the following inscription, which makes it known as a monument of their grateful and liberal feeling, and of the high regard which they entertained for the talents and virtues of their distinguished professor:

Hoc Altare
a Massiliensibus Sacerdotibus
Amb. Archiep. Balt.

Eorum in Sacra Theologia olim
Professori
grate oblatum
ipse Deo Salvatori in honorem ejus
Sanctissimæ Matris
Consecravit die 31 Maii, 1821.*"

While Mr. Maréchal was thus devoting his zeal and abilities to the honor and glory of God and the welfare of his neighbor, his friends in this country were watching him with anxious and inquiring hearts. They well knew his great merits, and were ever solicitous to recover his invaluable services. As soon as circumstances permitted he determined to respond to these friendly manifestations in America, which were not at variance with the impulses of his own deep piety. In the year 1812, to the joy of all who knew him, he was welcomed again to the land of his adoption. New labors and new honors awaited his return. He resumed the theological chair of St. Mary's college, and for a short interval undertook the additional duties of president of the institution. But the life of study and seclusion which of all things his heart coveted, and which he had hoped would pass on in its even tenor without interruption or change, was to be one of short duration.

"His peaceful and zealous application to the duties of his charge, was soon interrupted by the intelligence he received from Rome, apprising him of his nomination to the see of Philadelphia. In vain did he make every effort to avert from his shoulders the burthen of the episcopal station; in flying from one danger, he fell into another. Shortly after this period, his appointment to the first ecclesiastical dignity in this country, called him to a still wider field of action; and notwithstanding every difficulty that he could urge as an obstacle to his compliance, though he pleaded strongly for a respite to complete an important work, in which he proposed to adapt the course of theology to the state of this country, the voice of his superiors and the demand of religion overruled his reluctance. His bulls having arrived on the 10th of November, 1817, five months after the decease of the Most Rev. Leonard Neale, he was consecrated archbishop of Baltimore, on the 14th of December of the same year, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Cheverus, then

* Catholic Almanac for 1836, p. 51.

bishop of Boston, and subsequently archbishop of Bordeaux, in France.”*

Invested with the high functions of American hierarchy, the most reverend prelate commenced at once to devote all his attention and energies to the affairs of his diocese. How far he realized the expectations of the public, how much he accomplished for the cause of religion, to what extent he labored to promote that candid and conciliatory spirit which is the characteristic of true Christianity, how ardent the zeal for the welfare of the flock committed to his charge, are sufficiently known and appreciated by the Catholic community, and will ever be remembered with feelings of the liveliest gratitude.

The administration of every diocese will of course vary with the spirit of the times in which pastoral government may occur. Some eras will be marked by more trouble than others, but let the course of an episcopal career be as smooth as human events will allow, still must it encounter many obstacles and be ruffled by many trials. Care and sorrow and heavy responsibilities await even the reluctant high priest of ecclesiastical government, as they do the aspiring votary of worldly honors. And so indeed this most reverend prelate knew and felt.

“Shortly after his elevation to the episcopacy, he had to contend with difficulties which are the most painful to those who are invested with ecclesiastical authority. Disturbances had arisen in certain parts of the extensive territory subject to his jurisdiction, which presented rather a fearful aspect and threatened the American church with the distressing evils that invariably flow from a spirit of faction and insubordination. With an affected zeal for the cause of religion, a few individuals having usurped a power which belonged solely to the legitimate bishop of the diocese, endeavored to wrest a portion of the church from the authority of its lawful pastors. In these trying circumstances, Archbishop Maréchal evinced that zeal, that wisdom, that prudence, that attachment for his flock, that firm adherence to true principles, which have always distinguished the most eminent prelates, and which, fortunately for the cause of religion in this country, proved effectual in arresting the

progress of the schism. We can not read the pastoral letter which he addressed to the faithful on this subject, in the year 1819, without admiring the learning, the wisdom and the apostolic spirit with which it abounds. It is an invaluable document for the clergy as well as the laity. While it places before the latter a clear and precise exposition of their duties and their utter disqualification to interfere in the spiritual government of the church, it points out to the former the awful calamities that religion may suffer from their infidelity in the discharge of those obligations which have been imposed on them by the sacerdotal character.

“After having established by the most solid reasoning, the exclusive right of episcopal authority to appoint clergymen for the exercise of the holy ministry, and alluded to the fatal consequences of resistance to the legitimate pastor, he adds: ‘We have frequently blessed Divine Providence that we live under a free and just government. But we never felt the advantage more strongly than in this juncture. For were we under an absolute one, and these impious men could induce its ministers to support their measures, the Catholic bishops of the United States would soon be thrown into dungeons, and their flocks dispersed, unless they submitted to their abominable, new fangled canon laws. The general features of their writings exhibit persecution under its most hideous and fearful forms. But let them remember that her shafts in this country are blunted and shivered on the ægis of American liberty, and fall harmless at the feet of their intended victims.’ He then proceeds to console the faithful upon the afflictions which had befallen them, and reminds them of the course they should pursue, to effect a better state of things. His instructions upon this subject may be very usefully practised at all times.

“In those great calamities which have afflicted some portions of the church in every age, God displays his awful justice by delivering up to a reprobate sense, the wicked who in the bosom of his true religion, abuse the means of salvation he had offered them; and his infinite mercy towards the elect, by affording them an opportunity of continually multiplying their merits by frequent acts of Christian humility, patience, fortitude and charity.

* Catholic Almanac, p. 52.

“In the midst of the troubles and persecutions to which you are now, or may hereafter be exposed, be careful, after the example of the saints, dearest brethren, daily to entreat with fervor your heavenly Father, to take under his special protection, yourselves, your families, your friends, your pastors, and all the Catholics of the United States. The church of Christ in this country, is now in affliction. Dissensions and scandals threaten to destroy her peace and happiness. As for you, dear brethren, strive to console her by every possible mark of respect, attachment, obedience and love. For though surrounded with difficulties, though ever attacked by some unnatural children, still she is your mother, your protectress, your guide upon earth, and the organ by which divine mercy communicates to you the treasure of his grace and all the means of salvation.”

“Such were the sentiments that animated this truly apostolic prelate; such was the confidence which he reposed in the assistance of God, on whose promises to the church he relied for the prosperity of religion, and for the crown of immortality that would repay his zealous efforts in so sacred a cause.

“During these troubles, Archbishop Maréchal received the most flattering marks of esteem and kindness from the sovereign pontiff, who confided entirely in his wisdom and discretion, and sent him the *pallium*, which is the greatest mark of distinction that can be conferred on a prelate. In the space of two or three years, he had the consolation of witnessing the happy effects of his wise administration.”*

Having restored peace and tranquillity to the troubled portion of his flock, our beloved bishop had time once more to turn his attention more pointedly towards the completion of that beautiful structure intended for the episcopal seat and the worship of a growing and numerous congregation. The metropolitan church at Baltimore which had been designed by the enterprise and commenced under the auspices of the Most Rev. John Carroll, was, at the entrance of Mr. Maréchal upon the archiepiscopal duties of this diocese, in a very unfinished state and far from being in readiness for the purposes for which it was intended.

The walls of this splendid structure had stood for several years but a few feet above the surface of the ground. Heavy pecuniary difficulties seemed almost to forbid the hope of its speedy use for the purposes of worship. Archbishop Maréchal, in the fulness of his pious wishes to see in his see a temple worthy of the Most High, determined to struggle in the face of all difficulties, and to renew the efforts of his predecessors so far at least as to prepare the structure for the celebration of divine service. It was his happiness to see his zeal rewarded and his wish accomplished, by the solemn dedication of this beautiful church to the honor and service of God on the 31st of May, 1821. In the attainment of this wished for event of his saintly life, he owed much to the persevering co-operation and untiring zeal of the amiable and courteous rector of St. Peter's church, the Rev. Enoch Fenwick, whose memory will ever be dear to the Catholic community of Baltimore.

“It was likewise to the exertions of Archbishop Maréchal, or rather to the high respect which he commanded among the dignitaries of Europe, that we are indebted for the two master-pieces of painting, and other excellent specimens of the art, that decorate the walls of this cathedral and attract within its area so many thousands of admiring spectators.

“Notwithstanding the peculiar inclination of this virtuous prelate for a life of study and retirement, never did he shrink from the most arduous duties of his responsible charge, exhibiting in his own person an example of that fidelity which he inculcated to others. When the affairs of his diocese required his presence in Europe, he hesitated not to brave again the dangers of the ocean, however opposed it was to the desire which he cherished of being present in the midst of his beloved flock. During his absence from this country, which he left in October, 1821, on a visit to Rome, every letter showed with what pain he bore the separation, and how anxiously he looked for the moment of his return.

“In the eternal city, as well as at the court of princes, he was every where greeted with those demonstrations of respect and esteem, which were prompted by a profound regard for his eminent piety and learning.

“Having returned to America in November, 1822, Archbishop Maréchal continued to ex-

* Catholic Almanac, pp. 53—55.

ercise the same vigilance and zeal, which had previously distinguished his administration. But it was not the will of heaven that his valuable career should be protracted for many years.

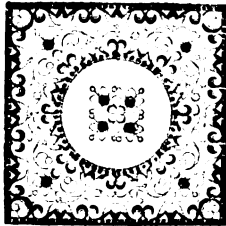
"In 1826, the interests of religion called him to Canada, after which he visited Emmitsburg, in the state of Maryland, where he perceived the first indications of a disease which terminated his life. After laboring for more than a year under his indisposition, which he suffered with perfect composure of mind and resignation to the will of God, he expired on the 29th of January, 1828, in the full expectation of the rewards that are promised to the faithful servant.

"In delineating the character of this eminent prelate, it would scarcely be possible to represent it in too favorable a light. With talents of a superior order and acquirements of almost boundless extent, he united all those amiable and engaging qualities which form the charm of social intercourse. Always prepared for the discussion of those topics that were advanced in his presence, he never dismissed them without imparting clearer views to the minds of his hearers. Besides a thorough acquaintance with the ecclesiastical sciences, his mind was stored with an extensive knowledge of philosophy, history and general literature. He had likewise made a profound study of several branches of mathematics, and has left a number of valuable manuscripts on those abstruse subjects. Yet with all these splendid qualifications, what modesty, what simplicity! His

character moulded itself to every species of society. In the company of the learned, exhaustless treasures flowed spontaneously from his richly fraught memory; while the cordiality of his conversation never gave the uneducated occasion to feel their inferiority. Every where he was distinguished by the same ease, the same dignity, the same episcopal decorum.

"His character appears to still greater advantage, when we advert to that tender and enlightened piety which constituted the principle of all his actions. His soul seemed to have been formed for virtue. He viewed all the events of human life through the medium of religion. Hence that perfect indifference to the things that engage the most ardent pursuit of earthly interest and ambition. Hence that liberality which shared so largely a limited subsistence with the victims of poverty and misfortune. Hence that paternal disposition, that benignity of manner, by which he strove to win the hearts of those who had been committed to his charge, and to gain them all to Christ. Hence, in a word, that constant fidelity '*in feeding the flock of God. . . . in taking care of it, not by restraint, but willingly according to God, neither for the sake of filthy lucre, but voluntarily; neither as domineering over the clergy, but being made a pattern of the flock from the heart; wherefore he hoped that, when the Prince of pastors would appear, he should receive a never fading crown of glory.*'
1 Peter, c. v.' "

* Catholic Almanac, pp. 56—58.



ST. CHRYSOSTOM AND EUTROPIUS.

A SKETCH FROM THE CHURCH HISTORY OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.

BY PROF. WALTER.



HE reign of the Emperor Arcadius was disgraced by many proofs of weakness and inconsistency, not among the least of which was his conduct in regard to the eunuch Eutropius. Born in an obscure condition, this person had succeeded in ingratiating himself into the imperial favor. Honors were showered upon the favorite; riches followed, of course, and the establishment of this minion of fortune surpassed that of his sovereign in luxury and magnificence. It is scarcely necessary to add that he was insolent, ambitious, haughty, and self-sufficient in the highest degree; these are qualities native to the character of such adventurers. To such a height was his presumption carried, that, at last, nothing less would content him than the consulship, and the singularly misplaced title, in his regard, of "Father of the Emperor." He had exerted his interest in behalf of St. Chrysostom, in his election to the see of Constantinople; but had afterwards taken part against him. The saint's intrepidity of character, the apostolic zeal with which he labored for the correction of abuses, as well public as private, and the fearlessness with which he exposed and reprov'd them in every station, could not fail to bring him into collision with the favorite, whose animosity was not confined to the archbishop alone, but extended to the whole church, whose immunities he attacked. The law passed in 398, against the privilege of asylums in churches, was his work. In carrying this point, he deprived the church of an immunity altogether in unison with the character of that religion which, like its divine Founder, is the refuge of the oppressed. In 399, this minion of power had reached the zenith of his greatness, and ruled with a tyranny that knew no bounds.

At length the day of retribution came. The gross manner in which he had abused the emperor's favor, and the scandal which his conduct excited, inflamed the people and the army against him. Gainas, the popular general, presented himself boldly before Arcadius, and demanded the dismissal of his favorite. This demand was enforced by the eloquence of Eudoxia, the emperor's wife, who, with tears in her eyes, presented her infant children to their father, imploring his justice for some insult received from his presumptuous minister. Thus urged, the weak Arcadius was not long to yield, and signed his favorite's condemnation. The magic spell was at once dissolved:

Eripitur persona, manet res.—Lucretius.

Down falls the mask, and the reality
Stands in its native hideousness before us.

Men wondered at the charm that had held them in thralldom. The acclamations that so lately hailed the merit and the fortune of the favorite, were changed into clamors, reproaching him with his crimes, and pressing his immediate execution. In the hour of distress and despair, his only refuge was that same church which he had persecuted, and the asylum of whose altars he had been instrumental in abolishing. St. Chrysostom received him with the charity of a Christian and the tenderness of a parent. On the following day, when the news of his disgrace, and the place of his refuge had been published throughout the city, crowds of the common people mingled with the infuriated soldiery, rushed to the cathedral of St. Sophia, that they might exult over the distress of their once dreaded tyrant, and drag him forth to punishment. The moment was critical; St. Chrysostom, insensible to danger when the voice of charity demanded his presence, made his way through the infuriated crowd to the spot where lay

crouching the victim of the public indignation, his features pale as death, trembling like an abject slave, and clinging to the altar for protection. There was no leisure for meditation. The orator ascended the pulpit, and, in a burst of extemporaneous eloquence, addressed his excited hearers to this effect :

“ If ever there was a season in our lives in which we might exclaim, *Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity!* it surely is the moment before us. Where is now the pomp of the consulship, where its honors and costly insignia? Where the blaze of torches that preceded the triumphal march? Where those maddening shouts of applause? Where the crowded hall, the sumptuous banquet, and the midnight revelry? Where is the tumult with which the city resounded, where the noisy acclamations, the fulsome homage of flattery so lavishly poured forth by the thousands that thronged the theatre? All have vanished! a tempestuous gale has stripped the proud tree of its foliage; it has exposed to our eyes the naked trunk, it has shaken it to its very roots, and threatens to scatter it in fragments to the winds of heaven. What has become of those summer friends, of the sumptuous banquet, and the swarm of parasites, of the goblets of exhaustless wine, of the arts that administered to luxury, of the worshippers of the imperial purple, of those cringing slaves of interest, whose words were as servile as their deeds? They were the vision of a night, the illusion of a morning dream, that has melted before the beams of day; they were spring flowers that withered with the fleeting spring; they were a shadow, and it passed away, a brilliant vapor, that shone for a moment, and has vanished into air. O! how true then is that saying, and how incessantly should we repeat those words of the Holy Spirit—*Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity!* These words should be inscribed in letters of light upon the walls of our houses, over the doors of our apartments, in the places of public resort; nay, on our very garments should they be written; but far more should they be engraven upon each man’s conscience, and be made the theme of salutary meditation. By continually repeating these warning words, we should learn what value to set upon the illusions of fortune and the friendships of men.

“ Did I not a thousand times repeat to you

that riches are a fugitive slave? But such language was importunate; you refused to listen to my warning voice. You have now learned by bitter experience that, like ungrateful servants, they have deserted you in the hour of your need; nay, more, that they have become instruments of destruction, and the active causes of the storm that has thus burst over your head. How often did I say that those who lavished their flattery upon thee were no real friends of thine; and that the warnings I gave thee were more profitable than their servile adulation; that *faithful are the wounds of a friend, but deceitful the kisses of an enemy*; salutary wounds, hadst thou borne them in a proper spirit, and which would have protected thee from the perfidious caresses that have hastened thy ruin. All this I told thee, but my remonstrances were wounding to thy self-love. And yet had I not just reason to address thee thus? Call in the hour of thy need upon the joyous guests who encircled thy table; upon the lictors who commanded the people to make place for thee when thou didst appear in public; upon the sycophants who in the public places obtruded upon all their encomiums on thee; and where are they? They have taken the alarm; they are fled afar, fearful of being recognized as thy former friends, wholly intent upon their own interest and security, at the expense of thine. Far different has been our conduct. In the meridian of thy fortune, we bore in patience the insolence of prosperity; in thy fall, we spread over thee the mantle of our protection, and tender thee our services. The same church, against whom thou hast warred, opens her bosom to receive thee; while the theatres, those idols of thy soul, which have so often drawn down thy vengeance upon us, have betrayed, have abandoned thee. And yet, even then, how often did we address these words to thee: ‘ Whence this rage against the church? What has she done to thee? In persecuting her, thou art running upon thy own destruction?’ But vain were our remonstrances; our voice could not reach thy ear. Look at the contrast; the very men whom thy prodigality feasted with spectacles, have been the first to sharpen the sword against thee; while the church, forgetful of the wrongs thou hast done her, is seen running in anxious solicitude to shelter thee under her wings, and

rescue thee from the dangers that beset thee on every side. I speak not this to trample on a prostrate foe; my object is to inspire with confidence those who stand, and who think they have nothing to fear. God forbid that I should seek to tear open wounds yet bleeding! I wish to secure from harm those yet unwounded. I seek not to replunge in the waves the half-drowned wretch who has struggled to the shore, but to caution those whose bark glides heedlessly on the ocean, against the rocks that threaten their destruction. And how shall they be preserved? Let them meditate on the vicissitude of human things, and on the example here presented to their view. This very man, had he but feared a reverse of fortune, would have been prepared for the worst, and suffered less from the evil when it came. But now he feels all its bitterness; and why? Because he refused to listen to the voice of friends and strangers, who warned him of his danger. Do you, at least, whoever you be, who rely so confidently upon your riches, do you profit by the lesson that is given you. Learn better to estimate those riches, and to learn their true value; for what in nature more fragile than they? Select what images you may to convey an idea of their frailty, and you will still be far from the truth. To call them a blade of grass, a fleeting vapor, a fantastic dream, the flower of a moment, is to stamp a reality upon them; for they are less than nothing! There needs no other proof of this truth, than what is now before your eyes. Was ever man more elevated, more august than he? Did he not surpass the universe in wealth? Had he not ascended the meridian of dignities? Did not the whole empire tremble before him? Behold! in an instant he is degraded below the level of the meanest slave; he is more miserable than the captive, more abject than the vilest suppliant, more necessitous than the beggar who vainly implores the charity of the public. Every moment he sees the sword suspended over his head, or waving before his eyes; every moment he awaits the announcement of the sentence, and measures in imagination the road that leads to the scaffold; the axe and the executioner are ever present to his sight. Wretched man! in the midst of noon-day he is unconscious of the blessed light of heaven; absorbed in his afflictions, he remains as

though enveloped in ten-fold darkness, expecting every moment that death which perpetually stares him in the face. Behold him there, at the foot of the altar, chained by fear, as in a frightful dungeon. But where find expressions to paint the horror of his situation, and the cruel agonies which he endures? And why seek foreign images to delineate those sufferings, which he himself, in glowing colors, depicts to us in his own person? Even yesterday, when soldiers from the imperial palace came by order of the emperor to drag him to his fate, you saw with what agitation, in what an agony of terror, he rushed to the altar. The paleness of death was on his face; his teeth chattered; his whole frame was convulsed; his speech was broken; his tongue stammered forth incoherent words. You would have thought that fear had congealed him into stone.

"Believe me, I say not this to insult the wretched man, or to triumph in his fall. Here is no place for any feeling save that of commiseration; it is this that I ask at your hands. The more overwhelming his misfortune, the more should it soften our resentment, satisfy the anger of the emperor, and soothe the hard hearts of those who reproach us for having afforded him the sanctuary of the church. But have you just cause, my brother, for being thus offended? Yes, you will reply; we see a man sheltered by the church, who waged incessant war against her. And is it not for that especial reason we should glorify the Lord, who has permitted him to be reduced to such extremity, as to experience both the power and the clemency of the church? The power of the church, because his continued persecutions have drawn down this thunderbolt on his head; the clemency of the church, because still bleeding from her wounds, she extends the ægis of her protection over her infuriated persecutor, covers him with her wings, shields him from violence, and forgetful of past suffering and past injustice, generously presents her bosom as his asylum. Was there ever victory more memorable, or triumph more glorious than this? It is an act to confound the gentile, and to raise even the blushes of the Jew! It is a triumph which sheds a glory around the church of God: it irradiates her face with smiles, and lights up her eye with exultation. She hath pardoned, she hath re-

ceived, she hath cherished a fallen foe; and when all beside had abandoned him to his fate, she alone, like a tender mother, threw over him the mantle of charity, and interposed for his defence, between the indignation of the prince, the fury of the people, and the rage of the soldiery who thirsted for his blood. A scene like this forms the glory and the pride of our religion; it is in this that our altars find their most magnificent decorations.

“But, you will say, shall a guilty wretch, a public culprit, find his way to the holy of holies? When such a man pollutes the altar by his embrace, can it be matter of triumph for the church? Ah! speak not thus, my brother; you forget that even a public sinner, an impure woman, embraced the feet of Jesus, and washed them with her tears: yet no reproaches were heard from the lips of the Saviour; he approved, he praised her. Pollution could not contaminate the pure, but the pure and spotless Jesus rendered by his touch the polluted one pure. Magdalen became sanctified by a communication with the God of all purity.

“Have a care, lest this apparent zeal of yours be no other than a secret and unworthy desire of vengeance. Forget not that you are the disciples of a God who said, when expiring upon the cross, *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!*

“But you will tell me that he closed this asylum to himself, by the laws which he caused to be passed against it. Behold! he now realizes the impolicy of the act he committed, and is himself the first to solve the law which he enacted. He is become a spectacle to the universe, and, mute and voiceless as he is at this moment, he cries aloud to all, ‘Do not such things as I have done, lest ye should suffer what I suffer.’ How eloquent the lesson which he gives us in his very silence! Illustrated by the spectacle before us, the altar darts forth an unprecedented splendor. How tremendous, how august doth it appear, since it holds this lion in chains, and crouching at your feet! Thus, the monarch is illustrious, not when seated on his throne, invested with purple and resplendent in the diadem; but when treading beneath his feet the captive barbarians, who crouch at his foot-stool and grovel in the dust. You yourselves, by the eagerness with which you rushed to these altars, as

contrasted with your present comportment, prove better than any words of mine could do, what are the rights and what the power of these altars of the Most High. An extraordinary spectacle is presented to my eyes; the church is thronged as on the festival of Easter; this culprit, with a silence more eloquent than the trumpet’s voice, has summoned the city hither. Men, women, nay, virgins themselves, who fly from the public gaze, have quitted their homes to repair to this spot. The places of public resort are deserted; all have hastened hither, to behold this memorable example of human frailty, this living image of the instability of all human things. The splendid fortunes of this man, yesterday so brilliant, so dazzling by their meretricious glare, now stand unmasked in all their naked deformity; a sad reverse has tarnished their lustre, and exposed their hollowness and abjection. Does the rich man enter here? What a salutary lesson will he read in this strange reverse of fortune. For on beholding the man at whose nod the universe trembled, precipitated from his lofty elevation, his proud nature humbled, and himself become more timid than the most timid of animals, bound without fetters to yonder pillar, girt around with fear as with a chain, and forced to confess the humbling secret of his littleness;—in beholding all this, he feels a home-conviction of the truth of those words of the Prophet: *all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth.* Doth the poor man enter here? He also shall receive a salutary lesson. Consoled by this spectacle of human vicissitude, he ceases to repine at his lot, and to grieve that he is poor; nay, he droppeth a tear of gratitude to his poverty, because it hath been to him a citadel impregnable to the attacks of fortune, a harbor secure from the storm, an asylum of peace and repose; he feels that, were the choice offered him between his present humble condition, and the possession of all the goods of the world, to be afterwards forfeited by some sudden reverse, he should not hesitate which to adopt. Thus, then, both the rich and the poor, the great and the little, the freeman and the slave, may profit by the spectacle before us. To one and all it may supply a healing balsam, to be applied to the different maladies with which humanity is afflicted.

“ And now, have I succeeded in softening your hearts, and soothing your resentment? Has the indignation which filled your bosoms given place to gentler feelings? Yes, I dare flatter myself that better sentiments have prevailed. Pity has found an entrance into your souls. Your altered looks proclaim it; your flowing tears attest it. Since the generous and feeling part of your nature has triumphed, let us avail ourselves of the happy moment. Let us bring forth the works of mercy, by hastening to throw ourselves at the feet of the prince; or, rather, let us prostrate ourselves before the God of mercy, that he would himself deign to touch the soul of the emperor, and incline his heart to pardon. And truly, since the day on which he whom you see before you sought refuge in this temple, an important change has been effected. For when the soldiers thronged tumultuously round the palace, demanding with indignant cries the head of the culprit, the emperor directed to them a discourse, in which he employed every argument to persuade them that, instead of dwelling on the faults of this man, they should recall to mind whatever good he had done. At first they would not listen to reason; it was, they said, the cause of outraged majesty that they sought to avenge. The cries for vengeance redoubled; swords waved in the air, and they demanded the blood of their victim. It was then that, with tears in his eyes, he represented to them the sanctity of the hallowed asylum to which he had fled, and by his touching representations appeased their fury.

“ What now remains but that the application be made to our own hearts, and that we imitate the noble conduct of our prince? Surely, when an offended emperor pardons the guilty, and forgets the injuries he received, should we be excusable for cherishing such resentments, we who have sustained no immediate injury?

“ With enmity still rankling in your hearts, will you have the hardihood to approach the holy mysteries, and with the same lips that exhale imprecations, to repeat that prayer in which we are commanded to say, *Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us*? It is possible that this man may have been guilty of great crimes, that he has indulged in violent excesses against you. I admit the charge. But this is a season of

mercy, not of rigor; of remission, not of accusation; of indulgence, not of scrutiny; of grace and favor, not of trial and condemnation. Let us, then, no longer dwell upon the idea of revenging ourselves. Let us achieve a triumph over ourselves; let us entreat the God of mercies to pardon the culprit, to deliver him from the danger which threatens him, to preserve his life and give him time for repentance. Let us supplicate our gracious monarch, in the name of the altar, and by the authority of the church, beseeching him that she may call a single individual her own. If this be the course we pursue, the emperor will approve—but, far more, the King of kings will applaud the deed; it will be registered in the archives of heaven, and will draw down upon us its benedictions; for as the Almighty detests and reproves the cruel and inhuman, so likewise doth he love and cherish the compassionate and the merciful. Every page of the Scriptures speaks of mercy and not sacrifice; it is through the virtue of this that we are to find the remission of our sins. If this, then, be our course, we shall draw down upon ourselves the favor of heaven, we shall add honor to the church, we shall merit both the clemency of the emperor and the applause of the whole people. We shall merit for our city a reputation for gentleness and moderation, which will reach to the very ends of the earth. Let us, therefore, hasten to the feet of the emperor, let us kneel, let us implore him to save this miserable captive, this humbled suppliant; that to us the grace may be granted of attaining to the good things in the land of the living, through our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and dominion now and for evermore. Amen.”

If one of the most important ends of eloquence be to war against the more violent and debasing passions of our nature, by opposing to them noble and virtuous emotions, to the victorious influences of which they are compelled to yield, then must the Homily of St. Chrysostom on the Disgrace of Eutropius be entitled to rank among the great masterpieces of oratory. *Flexanima atque omnium regina rerum oratio*, is the lively definition of old Ennius; but this “soul-subduing queen” would exert but half her powers were she to rest content with merely seeking the motives proper to persuade; she must know the art of skilfully marshalling her materials, and of so

graduating them as to produce the most powerful effect. In the homily in question, St. Chrysostom has employed this address, with all the ability of a practised master.

The bold and abrupt exordium was naturally supplied by the spectacle presented to the eyes of his excited auditory. What more obvious than the different aspect of the fortunes of Eutropius to-day and yesterday? *Hæccine est illa civitas?* "and is this the city?" is the obvious reflection that presents itself to the wanderer amidst the ruins of Jerusalem, arising from the contrast between its present desolation and the recollection of its past greatness.—Striking contrasts like these dispose the mind to feelings of pity, and of respect for misfortune.

The first part of the enumeration points to Eutropius as despoiled of the exterior pomp by which his greatness was encircled; the second depicts him in his state of personal destitution, deprived of the enjoyments which prosperity affords, and of the consolations which friendship promises.

The repetition of the opening words, *vanity of vanities, and all is vanity*, at the close of the exordium, is very striking; it is like the recurrence of some favorite motive in the overture of a great composer.

Up to this point the discourse of the orator is direct. It was necessary to divert the attention of the auditory from the object of their resentment, and this could not be more effectually accomplished than by a train of moralizing, clothed in the most striking imagery. St. Chrysostom now turns to Eutropius. It is some consolation to the wretched that men condescend to address them, though in a tone of rebuke. But these rebukes are not directed to Eutropius alone; by being divided, their intensity is weakened; indignation is diminished when exerted upon a number of culprits. Palliatives are sought for. After all, Eutropius may not be the most criminal of those by whom he was surrounded. The orator inveighs against certain foreigners who have ruined him, those courtiers, those perfidious sycophants whose servile flatteries were calculated to turn a stronger head than his; and then his crime is a want of experience. It is thus that the general indignation against the fallen favorite is insensibly diminished, till the sentiments said to have been expressed by the emperor himself, complete this master-piece of address.

No sooner does the orator perceive that he has effected a breach in the prejudices and resentments of his hearers, than he presses his advantage by having recourse to the touching and the pathetic. Once master of the field, he leaves the enemy no room for a rallying point. He anticipates objections, and, by rejecting, converts them into arguments in his favor. It is an *apparent* zeal that actuates the enemies of Eutropius. It is religion herself who demands his pardon; his enemies, therefore, become the enemies of religion. We now behold the culprit protected by the seal of divine authority; he has become a sacred object, as trees scathed by lightning are converted into things deserving of veneration.

The sacred orator has triumphed. His hearers can resist no longer. Base and violent passions are hushed; noble and generous emotions are awakened; indignation gives place to pity, and pity itself becomes sanctified by the blessed effects of which it is productive; for, see, the rich man trembles, and learns the danger of his riches; the poor man rejoices, and consoles himself in his poverty. The whole auditory responds to the orator by tears of virtuous emotion. Eutropius is saved.

Critics have concurred in giving to this homily the palm of excellence. It has been characterized as the master-piece of Christian antiquity. Eutropius quitted his asylum some days after, upon a promise that his life should be spared. His riches were confiscated, and he was condemned to perpetual exile in the island of Cyprus. Even there the implacable resentment of his enemies pursued him. He was hastily recalled, and carried to Chalcedon, where, after a hurried trial, he was condemned to lose his head.

In another homily, St. Chrysostom alludes to the scene which took place in the cathedral. He says that the destruction of Eutropius was to be ascribed to his own inconsiderateness in quitting the sanctuary. The church would never have forsaken him; and yet, continues the saint, it was no wonder that he derived no benefit from the sanctuary, since he had not entered it in a Christian spirit, and with a heart disposed to profit by such a privilege.

He adds: "When the distressed seek the sanctuary of the church, they should be there as well in mind as in body. For what constitutes a church? Not the material walls, but the unity of its members in Jesus Christ."

ARCHÆOLOGY.

LEGENDARY BASSO-RELIEVOS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY L. C. BOISTINIERE.



NEW and very laudable tendency is that which has lately been witnessed among many distinguished writers and savans, to study the remnants of those architectural monuments of the middle ages, which are still the pride and glory of some European countries. After having been buried in contemptuous oblivion, many of these productions of art have been placed, in our days, in a new light; a spirit of enlightened criticism has been directed to the monuments of the past, and many a beautiful specimen of art, buried under the accumulated dust of ages, owes its resurrection to the patient and scientific investigations of our modern archæologists. The public mind has by degrees been taught to admire as new productions, the old relics of the venerable cathedrals, and to be enraptured with many an antiquated statue of saints, at whose shrines our ancestors knelt and prayed for centuries. We have learned how to discover new beauties in the gorgeous tints of the stained glasses of the gothic chapel, and in the varied and multifarious figures, carved in bold relievos on the sides of churches. This tendency is certainly a happy one, and we shall ultimately, perhaps, see the day arrive when justice will be done to those to whom it is due. The middle ages, better known and appreciated, will no longer be stigmatized with the appellation of "dark," and we shall be forced to acknowledge that these were times of exuberant life, of powerful faith, and of great undertakings.

"Will our age," asks the illustrious Chateaubriand, "leave as many witnesses of its passage, as the ages of our forefathers? Who could now build churches and palaces in all the corners of France? The faith which moved those stones is now extinguished. We can raise but exchanges, stores, manufactories, bazaars, coffee-houses, and ball-rooms. In

the towns we behold but cheaply constructed houses; in the country but cottages, and every where diminutive tombs. In five or six centuries, when religion and philosophy will have settled their accounts, when they will have calculated the days which have belonged to either, and both shall have exhibited a statement of their ruins, on which side, do you think, will the largest amount of life appear to have been spent, the greatest number of monuments?"

Of all the European states, France, in spite of the antichristian and iconoclast fury which, like a fever, shook the brains of her people for a time, France can justly boast of having preserved more of the monuments of the middle ages, than any other country; but, rich as that country still remains, can it be compared, in an archæological point of view, with the times when its soil was thickly covered with religious edifices of the finest architecture; when, according to the *Gallia Christiana*, there were upon that truly Christian land fifteen hundred abbeys or monastic foundations? The general account, as preserved in the national archives, presents the astonishing number of thirty thousand four hundred and nineteen curacies, eighteen thousand five hundred and thirty-seven chapels, four hundred and nineteen chapters having churches, two thousand eight hundred and seventy-two priories, nine hundred and thirty-one Lazaretos or houses for lepers, besides innumerable charitable institutions for the sick, public schools, etc. Jacques Cœur counted no less than one million seven hundred thousand steeples in France; the *Satyre Ménippée*, a very precious historical document, presents the same number, and the whole population which built and supported these numerous edifices, was then twenty-five millions.

If those monuments of the past have in great part been destroyed, yet France, as we

have said, still possesses numerous proofs of the splendor of her ancient Gothic art. There are still many noble structures yet standing, in a good state of preservation, on the soil trodden by past generations; the people there still kneel and pray in the same temples where their forefathers sought consolation and peace. Strasburg, Rouen, Chartres, Beauvais, Lyons, Auch, Moulins, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Paris, and several other cities, boast of magnificent edifices, where the traveller and the antiquarian may go to study and admire the sublime memorials of the ancient faith. All of them present a vast field for the patient investigations of science and criticism; every one of them would require its own monography to be well understood. But as this undertaking would furnish matter for volumes, and would altogether exceed the limits of a single paper, we shall select merely as a specimen, one of the productions of the ancient art, as exhibited on a portal of the cathedral of Notre-Dame in Paris, which treats of the two last incidents in the life of the Blessed Virgin. Our guide in this description will be an interesting work written by Mr. Didron on the history of monumental art in France. But, before entering upon our task, we beg leave to present here a brief view of the arts in general as understood in the middle ages, and to compare the ideas of those epochs with the unhappy tendency of some of our modern schools. We shall also advert to the widely extended devotion of those times, to our patrons in heaven, and especially the Blessed Virgin Mary.

When we look back upon those periods of vivid and active faith, we are struck at first with the tender and universal devotion then professed towards the Mother of God; we find her the heroine of most of the pious traditions contained in the ancient legends. Her devotion is ever mingled with the hopes and joys of those by-gone generations. We read the incidents of her marvellous life, written in luminous characters upon the stained glasses of the long choir-windows, and carved in bold relief on the sides and gates of the house of God. And yet her history was but one, though important chapter, in that great series of events which the old cathedrals published day and night to the people, from all points, from the sculptured summit of the heavenward-looking spire, to the lowest base of some symbolical relieve.

In those ages which preceded the discovery of the art of printing, a church, if we may so speak, was a large and magnificent bible of stone, to which the Christian people could at all times resort, for the purposes of holy prayer and instruction. Every window was a marvellous and eloquent page which taught them, every stone gave forth a sublime lesson to their admiring eyes. The people then loved the house which they had reared by their magnanimous faith and constancy. Whither indeed could they go after the hour of toil and distraction, when the din of war was almost always sounding in their ears; whither could they go to find a few moments of true liberty and comfort, if not to the house of God, the only spot left sacred to man? Thus did the people make the house of God a noble and magnificent structure, and labor, with all the strength of their hands and all the joy of their hearts, to invest it with appropriate decorations. They associated it with all the events of their life; it was a world for them; a world in which their fancy loved to roam. There they found the saints whom they loved; there the Blessed Lady would always smile upon them from the gorgeous glass, or the marble niche. That pure, delicate form was the type of the celestial beauty then cherished by the people. The more elegant figure, which constitutes the modern type of beauty, would in vain have been presented to their admiration; they would always have preferred their simple and chaste Madonna. What heavenly expression shone indeed in those features so simple, so modest! What sweetness in those looks cast down upon the miseries of earth! Here indeed was the consoler of the afflicted, the help of Christians, the refuge of sinners.

The arts were then quite spiritualized and intellectual, professing perhaps too marked an aversion for forms, though this aversion, it must be admitted, was not unbecoming in works destined to adorn the sacred place. The solemn, chaste, modest, and rather cold figure of a saint, was certainly more effectual in calling the mind to recollection and to grave and pious thoughts, than the sight of those profane looking figures which too commonly in our days dishonor the temple of God. In those ages *beauty was the symbol of morality*, according to the just and noble definition of Kant; and was understood in the sense of the cele-

brated De Maistre, who says that *beauty is what pleases enlightened virtue*. This tendency, wholly spiritual, constituted the artistic superiority of those days over ours, in which a strong impulse seems to lead us back to the pagan traditions of classical art. We hope that this retrograde movement will be checked in time; it tends to a materialization of the arts, which, if they cease to be the symbol of morality, will no longer deserve our attention.

We willingly admit that an attention to mere external representation, to mere forms, without any view to the expression of a moral idea, was capable of producing in Grecian times very fine specimens of statuary. But judging them in a spirit of true criticism, and without being influenced by a long established admiration, what do we discover in those productions which are so highly praised? We find, indeed, beautiful models of men and women; not a muscle too long, nor a nerve too short; but that is all. If we look into those statues for the true spark of moral life, the lofty expression which flows from the soul to the features, and enlightens them as an emanation from a divine and inward sun, our search will be vain; we shall not find them. The Grecian artist could not give to his work what he neither knew nor felt himself. He made, it is true, a beautiful form, with life, and a great degree of life, but without a soul. And no wonder if he could so well transfer to wood or stone, the external shape of man, living as he did among a people who had deified the material form, a people who awarded prizes to mere beauty as others did to virtue, a people among whom the handsomest youth was yearly crowned and carried in triumph. The perfection of personal form thus naturally engrossed the whole attention of the Grecian artist. We do not mean it as a reproach against these artists that they did not come nearer to the type of moral beauty. It was not their fault, but the fault of their times; for the notions of moral beauty, as we now understand it, are quite new in the world; Christianity alone introduced them among men, together with a code of new virtues altogether unknown before. Where would the ancients have looked for a type analogous to that of our Christian virgin clad in the robes of modesty, shining with a halo of purity and innocence?

They certainly would not have found it among those impudent viragos who wrestled naked in the public arenas; nor would it have been discovered among the worshippers of Cypris, or the priestesses of Cybele. Physical beauty was the main thing that struck the eye and filled the imagination of those Grecians who have been so long extolled, and who, whatever may be said of them, were certainly more polite than civilized.

Thank heaven! we now possess the sense of a higher beauty, beauty of a purer type; and the nearer we come to it, the closer also shall we be to the divine model of eternal perfection brought into the world by Christ, the eternal prototype. That type we now all feel, desire, pursue, unconsciously perhaps, and sometimes even in denying its origin. That new sense of what is beautiful, noble and grand in the fine arts, as well as in poetry and eloquence, now belongs to us, and can no more be banished from the world, than the new notions of charity and philanthropy, which were also brought into it by the gospel. To resist this tendency would be to return to the by-gone traditions of pagan times; it would introduce sensualism and materialization into the arts, and propagate the doctrines of a new school of painting in Europe, whose motto is: the cultivation of the arts for the sake of the arts, *l'art, pour l'art*, without any idea of morality, or ever attempting to make them the *symbol of morality*. As we have entered upon the theatre of Christian inspiration, we cannot cease to follow it without branding ourselves with the stigma of renegados. What our forefathers have done, is an evidence of the wonders that Christian inspiration can effect. Were we to draw a parallel between the works of the two eras, the Christian and the pagan, we could not without injustice refuse the largest number of master-pieces to the latter. But to the former belongs the praise of understanding and expressing in the most happy manner the symbolical meaning of the external shape; it alone breathes a divine soul and is filled with a celestial inspiration.

Though this idea may appear new to the admirers of ancient art, we are of opinion that many of the productions of the Christian middle ages approached nearer to what we call the eternal type of moral beauty, than the most admired master-pieces of the Grecian school.

Among others, we shall select as instances illustrative of this idea some of those specimens which are admitted as standards by the best critics: *Niobe*, the *Group of Laocoon*, the *Apollo*, *Diana the huntress*, the *Olympian Jupiter*, and the *Venuses*. These master-pieces of human beauty have produced what we might in some respects consider as the intellectual and philosophical age of Greece, the age of Socrates and of Plato; they evidently bespeak a certain tendency to moral expression; but how vastly have they fallen short of the truth! *Niobe* is full of grief, it is true, but it is the terrestrial grief, and even the physical and instinctive grief of a mother bereft of her little ones. In that afflicted face there appears no noble aspiration of the heart to heaven, not a particle of that thing, Christian, we may say, which renders sorrow sublime. The *Laocoon* is a perfect image of hideous despair. The *Apollo* has never given us any other idea than that of a handsome but stupid youth, standing straight and stiff to be the more admired; can we find a spark of inspiration in those placid, though beautiful features? Is this the god of the lyre, the inspirer of the muses? *Diana the huntress* is noble indeed; but it is only a noble and fine woman; we can not discover any thing but earthly excellence in that beautiful specimen, which, however, has always been with us a favorite piece of art. The *Olympian Jupiter*, we must say, conveys but a poor idea of the father of the eternal: he is a man, in spite of all his pretensions to be a god. Some have discovered chastity and modesty in the statues of the *Venuses*: for ourselves we think they present to the mind only sensual and voluptuous ideas; they reveal nothing of that pure and ethereal essence of love, of which they should have been the symbol. Were we to pursue our criticism upon all the other specimens of Grecian art, the same conclusion would force itself upon our mind; we would almost always meet with a splendid figure, admirable proportions, and an anatomical exactness of parts; but the divine flame, the moral expression, the *mens divinior* would not be discernible in them, though some enthusiastic admirers have, very gratuitously we think, allowed them to those

material productions. A critic, possessing a rich and fanciful imagination, might perhaps see in them what we have never discovered, and what we really think does not exist.

The contrary of all this may with truth be said of the specimens of sculpture, statuary and glass painting, which we have received from the middle ages. In these productions the external exactness of form is often neglected and anatomical proportions are sometimes wanting; but how perfect is the moral expression! what rays of divine intelligence and sublime virtue beam from the faces of some of those saints! What heavenly sweetness and compassion in those tender features of the queen of angels and of men! This is especially remarkable from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, when Catholic art was in its onward march. Some of the virgins of those times are perfect in expression and even in form; they are truly raphaelic: and when the setting sun, pouring its golden beams against the stained glass of the long choir windows, brings forth into delightful hues some of these heavenly madonnas, you almost think that the king of painters, the great Raphael, borrowed from them his sublime type of the Virgin.

Improvements were also made during the thirteenth and two following ages in the art of sculpture, and many a fine bass-relief now highly admired was produced during that epoch. As well as the stained glasses, these bass-reliefs often represent traits of the lives of the saints and of the blessed Virgin, with a power of conception, a multiplicity of details and a faithfulness of representation, which give us the highest idea of the richness of imagination and sublimity of views which belonged to the unknown but great artist who carved them. A fine remnant of these historical bass-reliefs is to be found on the western portal of the cathedral of Notre-Dame in Paris; and as it conveys an idea of the rilievo style of the thirteenth century, we will, in our next number, attempt a description of it, which may be interesting not only to the lover of Christian archæology, but also to the admirer of the past glory of the church.

WHAT IS GOD?

WHEN King Hiero asked the philosopher Simonides what he thought of God, the latter requested a day to think upon the grand subject. Upon being asked the same question at the end of the required time, the philosopher desired two days to consider, and at the close of two days solicited a third. The king then wished to know why he thus trifled with him. "Sire," said the wise philosopher, "the more I think on the nature of God, the less I know about him."

OH! thou sublime and glorious God,
Author of all, oh! what art thou?
Creation trembles at thy nod,
And millions at thy foot-stool bow.
Kingdoms and crowns are dust to thee,
A thousand thrones before thee fall;
For, in thy might and majesty,
Thou reignest sovereign o'er them all.
In each, and every thing, thou art
The unseen centre and the soul;
Of the whole universe the heart,
Thou bid'st the beauteous system roll.
We stand, astonished at thy power,
When gazing on yon sky of light;
We mark thee in a fly or flower,
As in the glittering globes of night.
We hear thee in the awful blast,
And see thee in the brilliant bow;
The ocean speaks of thee when, cast
By storm, its boiling billows flow.
We feel thee in the silent soul,
Brightly in bliss, but undefined;
Where reason sits without control,
Mysterious monarch of the mind.
The human soul!—how strange it seems,
With angel talents brightly blessed;
Yet a vain world of vicious dreams,
That knows no peace, that knows no rest!
Reason in ruins!—What! convulse
A temple viewless as the wind?
And can disease fix on the pulse
Of that which sight nor search can find?
Philosophy becomes a fool,
When grasping at a thought so high;
Nobler than knowledge of the school
Is that which teaches how to die.
Say, can philosophy e'er teach
How matter mingles with the mind?
Can metaphysics proudly preach
How mind with matter is combined?
With thee, O God! the secret lies;
As well might man attempt to go
Into the secrets of the skies,
As seek such mysteries to know.
King of creation's empire free,
Incomprehensible thou'st proved;
It is enough to know that we
Have been by thee redeemed and loved.

M. B.

THE STUDENT OF BLenheim FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSET.

CHAPTER I.

Blenheim Forest and the young Collegian.



THE mansion of Colonel Clavering, which stood on one of the highlands of the Rappahannock, was the most ancient as well as one of the noblest country-seats in Virginia. It was built at a period when all the necessary material for a structure of its pretensions had to be brought from England, except the granite, which was obtained from a neighboring quarry; and with its lofty windows whose massive frames were filled with the small diamond-shaped glass of the olden time, opening to the lawn, its gray, ivy-covered walls and antique wings, which were connected with the main building by balconies, to which arch and pillar combined to give strength as well as beauty, it looked like the record of a by-gone age, which had taken note of time as it passed, but smiled with scorn on the "effacing fingers of decay." The present proprietor was descended from a family which, for generations, had been the pride and the boast of the old Dominion, and the members of which were as far famed for their amiability and worth as for their chivalrous bravery and staunch adherence to the church of England. The annals of their country had adorned with bright testimonials the names of some of the Claverings, three of whom perished on the sea in defence of their flag and the honor of their native land; others fell amid the carnage and thunders of a battle-field, while some lived to wear with dignity their well earned laurels, and give a tone to the councils of state. Two, graduates of old Oxford, returned home from England before the oppressed colonies, in righteous defiance, threw off their chains and declared themselves independent and free; and they were distinguished as pious clergymen of the established religion, remarkable for their

talents, eloquence, and a deep-settled opposition to the church of Rome. Colonel Clavering inherited from his progenitors many admirable qualities of mind and heart, and, as a necessary consequence, some of their principles, the most important of which was to look on all religions, except his own, as corrupt and schismatical.

His elegant and discriminating taste for improvements adorned without disturbing the grandeur of the old family mansion, and rendered his plantation a perfect Eden. The only modern addition to the house was a spacious portico in front, into which a large glass door opened from the library. Its roof was supported by eight marble pillars, about which innumerable vines were so interwoven, one with another, that they formed an almost impenetrable screen from the sun, and a comfortable shelter from the sometimes chill air of the river. The house itself—with its wide hall and long corridors, its suite of spacious drawing-rooms and sleeping apartments, its large dining parlor, which in olden time was opened only on grand occasions, and library—was all furnished in a style sufficiently modern to correspond with the age, and yet so regulated as to present an admirable harmony with its ancient construction. In the rear of and skirting the ornamented portion of the ground, stood in majestic grandeur a forest or grove of gigantic oaks, forming a somewhat sombre though beautiful relief to the light and elegance of the foreground. Throughout this splendid grove vistas had been cut, opening a view of the river on one hand, and of the old mansion on another; here could be seen beautiful undulating lands in bright perspective; there, rocky heights and gloomy precipices frowning, with solemn and picturesque brows, over the rushing river. Here, under the direction of Mrs. Clavering's good taste, leafy arbors had been erected, and shady recesses formed, close by some gurgling foun-

tain, affording a blessed retreat where the wood notes wild of summer birds, and the rustling of leaves,—as the wind swept with long-drawn breath through the lofty forest aisles,—and the distant murmur of the ever flowing river, made rich music among those shady solitudes. The lawn sloped in gentle declivities to the banks of the Rappahannock, and presented in its well arranged clusters of ornamental trees, and innumerable flowering shrubs, a rich and beautiful scene, interspersed as they were with a few graceful statues, which looked, in their modest and chaste loveliness, like the presiding spirits of the place. Here might be seen peeping out from the shade of the silver maple, and the guardian-like foliage of the tree of heaven, a light and fairy temple, filled with the choicest and fairest exotics, nestling under festoons of vines, with starry flowers; and there, on an elevated and moss covered knoll, a summer house, with Gothic doors and pointed windows, by the side of some old beech, from whose venerable branches, leaning earthward with age, swept in long festoons the golden jessamine and coral woodbine.

It was night, and the radiant moon was shedding a holy beam over earth and sky, while the waves of the river shone with a restless joy, and the dark green foliage of bright eyed flowers and ruby buds made long Gothic shadows on the silent sward, as they caught, in falling, the silvery flood. Every part of the old gray mansion was wrapped in shade, except the portico, and as the fresh wind, in fitful numbers, stole gently up and parted the tangled vines, as tenderly as a mother would part the sunny curls from the brow of a slumbering child, the radiance gushed through the trembling leaves and reposed with tremulous motion on the marble floor, giving to that shaded spot, where the white Provence roses hung like pendant pearls, a tranquil and sacred aspect which it is impossible to describe. By the mellowed moonlight, and the glowing hues from a stained lamp that hung from the arched roof, a table was discernible, covered with elegantly bound books and a few old musty volumes, which told that the student could fathom the depths of more solid lore, as well as appreciate the beauties and gems of light and elegant literature. There, too, were writing implements and closely written manuscripts, which appeared to have been thrust

away in a fit of haste or impatience. As the winds swept past, a harp, until now unseen, responded to its whisper in accents of wild though most exquisite melody, startling from deep reverie a young man who was reclining with half closed eyes on a couch in the most sheltered corner of the portico.

“Pshaw! I thought it was Isadora! how keenly vibrates the slightest interruption on thoughts like mine. Even the music of yon harp, which most persons would fancy was touched by the finger of some wandering spirit, presents no angelic imaginations to my poor brain.”

Thus exclaimed Louis—the only child and heir to the untarnished name and immense estates of Col. Clavering. He had in his boyhood been destined for the bar, but, after a few years spent at old William and Mary’s, all the variations of his truly gifted mind seemed blending with sure and certain earnestness to a religious and meditative life. This predilection was encouraged more by the example than the advice of the Rev. Professor L—— and Dr. Atwood, both inmates of the college, and instructors to large classes of theology, philosophy, and ancient history. He imagined he saw in their lives an exemplification of the highest requisitions of religion, to which their gentlemanly and dignified demeanor added a graceful charm. After some opposition from his father, who was greatly disappointed in his legal views, he commenced a course of reading and study which was prescribed by the amiable Bishop M..... of Virginia. Nothing could surpass the heartfelt pleasure of his two venerable friends, who in every way smoothed the difficulties of his arduous pursuits, and conversed frequently and familiarly with him on the intricacies of theological study, aiding him by the explanation and the comparison of original texts, for he was not yet proficient enough in Hebrew and Greek to accomplish this without assistance. Every thing was gliding on smoothly and pleasantly. The Colonel and Mrs. Clavering saw their son rapidly approaching manhood, pious, talented, elegant in manners, and accomplished; and now, what more on earth could they wish for? The Colonel was proud of his acquirements; and, in sociable and confidential discourse with his lady, congratulated himself and her on the prospect in future of

seeing their beloved son occupying the highest dignity in the church. But a change was coming over the "spirit of the young man's dream," and in secret his heart was troubled as he saw certain immaculate visions melting away, like snow under the influence of the sun. The Jesuits in disguise at Oxford had given to the world some of their wonderful discoveries, and already the Anglican church had felt the shock of coming throes in their strange and startling doctrines. Consubstantiation and transubstantiation had their able advocates, and auricular confession, purgatory, veneration for the Blessed Mother of God, intercession of saints, and ancient ceremonies, were the theme of the "Tracts for the Times," and other publications; and so exactly were they found to correspond with the doctrines of the early Christians, who believed and advocated them, that a spirit of keen inquiry was soon abroad, and not a few were found who received with joy even the shadow of that faith from whose teaching their fathers had departed, and from which they had derived the scanty substance of their own religion.

Clavering read with pain and distrust, and as he compared, day after day, with earnest scrutiny, the origin of the church of England with the divine origin of that faith to which the Spirit of truth had been promised for ever, he grew more and more dissatisfied with the result of his ecclesiastical studies. He began to discover with the Tractarians that a pure religion must conform in all its sacramental institutions, as well as in its system of polity, with the rule of faith laid down by Christ himself, to be worthy of its divine, and eternal Founder. He scanned with discerning eye the apostolic age, when those who preserved the Holy Scriptures amid persecution and death, transmitted them with many sacred and discreet lessons to after ages; when men received also and held fast "the unwritten traditions of the apostles," and acknowledged but one priesthood under one visible head. The fruits of this blessed unity were seen in the virtues of innumerable saints, in the conversion of heathen nations, in the blood of martyrs; it was witnessed also in the blessings of civilization, which were every where diffused when Europe had been overrun with barbarous tribes; then it was that the kindling of new and brilliant lights in the fane of ec-

clesiastical learning spread far and near the beams of knowledge; then, too, collegiate institutions and seminaries, without number, where holy men and angelic doctors led the ductile mind of youth into the paths of humility, learning, and religion, were founded and flourished under its benign influence! It is very true that the historians, ancient and modern, with whom the young student was familiar, bore partial and one-sided testimonies; but they were unable to conceal the plain truths which they affected to condemn, attributing to the influence of the reformation the golden fruits of the ages of faith, and treating with contemptuous scorn the very religion whose sacred dogmas had been travestied by the reformers for unholy ends. The truth-seeking and chivalrous mind of Clavering penetrated all this grossness, and while he raised his eyes in admiration of the primitive ages, which were essentially Catholic, he turned with burning cheek to that era which marked the establishment of the Anglican church, when Henry VIII shook off, with his allegiance to Rome, his virtue and honor, and, wrapping himself in a mantle stained with the vilest crimes, stood arrogantly forth, claiming the high prerogative of being the head of a new national religion! And how rendered national? By divine and heavenly influences? Hundreds of martyrs who suffered death under the despotic tyranny of himself and his immediate successors, rather than concede one iota of their ancient and beloved faith to the strange heresy, can answer! So also can the ancient penal codes of England, and the recorded deeds of "unprincipled ministers—a rapacious aristocracy, and a servile parliament." Such were the "instruments by which England was delivered from the yoke of Rome—a work begun by Henry, the murderer of his wives, and continued and concluded by Somerset, the murderer of his brother, and Elizabeth, the murderer of her guest.* He saw the land which once smiled with peace and hospitality, and exulted in the glory of her monuments under the sacred influence of the faith of Rome, laid waste and desolate, as the storm of the reformation died away, leaving behind, in its whirlwind path, wrecks, ruins, and imprints of sacrilegious deeds! Then, amidst all these thoughts which so occupied

* Edinburg Review.

the mind of Clavering, came the "Tracts for the Times," with sentiments endorsed by the most talented and pious divines in England, and tending with specious steps towards a reunion with Rome; and, as if to destroy all the lingering admiration he felt for the fabric of his religion, he found one day on an obscure shelf, covered with cobwebs and dust, a copy of Cobbett's coarse, though quaint and truth-telling History of the Reformation!

"Alas!" exclaimed the young student to his friend Dr. Atwood, to whom he had related his difficulties; "it is useless to argue the point any longer. We claim for our religion a divine origin! Behold the founders of our faith! We claim for it gifts by which Christ himself has declared that his church shall be known; and we see them rejected and sometimes ridiculed as 'rags of popery!' Professor L— tells me to rest satisfied that confession and priestly absolution are still believed and practised by the church; you say that they are *not* necessary, and that the general confession and absolution, pronounced once a week in our churches, are a strict fulfilment of the injunction and dispensation which give to the ordained the power of 'binding and loosing the consciences' of men. I am lost in a maze of conjecture and doubt!"

"Which, this vulgar and abusive book," said Dr. Atwood, sharply, laying his hand on Cobbett's Reformation, "has in no wise tended to soothe. Let me advise you, Louis, to cast all these idle and prejudicial notions to the wind, and pray for guidance and grace from on high. Believe me that these mistaken men who are thus rending the 'seamless garment of Christ' with their high-handed heresies and popish doctrines, will after a while come to their proper senses, and recant all their vain opinions, making thereby our holy religion still more effulgent by the withdrawal of their now troublesome mysticisms. Dreadful—dreadful indeed," added the doctor earnestly, "is this effort to bring us again under the yoke of Antichrist: the proud arrogance, the overweening priestcraft, the ignorance and gloom of the dark ages!"

"Now, by my honor," exclaimed Clavering, "this is too much! Excuse me, my respected friend, but to my truth-seeking eyes those very ages which have been 'stigmatized as dark and barbarous,' appear to me, even from the

unwilling facts elicited from prejudiced history, to have been in 'strict conformity to their divine model; they were at the same time poor and rich, humble and sublime, below a certain standard of physical improvement, yet marvellous in the manifestation of the power and majesty of God—'All humility was comprised in their majesty and all majesty in their humility.' Men who then existed passed on, as if in solemn procession, encouraging each other to persevere in following the royal road of the cross.' Oh that I had then lived! Then might my humble footsteps have joined this band of holy pilgrims, and walked unheeding 'through a world which is not our home; through a world which always stood aloof when it did not persecute, and scowled on them with disdain and hatred; in the blessed hope of being able to reach the portals of that celestial city, through whose gates had passed the King of glory, and which were again opened for his lowly followers.'"

"My dear sir," said Dr. Atwood to the enthusiastic young man, "you can do all this, methinks, without making a transmigration of your soul to the dark ages!"

"Dark ages!" again interrupted Clavering; "rather say, doctor, ages of humility, or of what the divine sentence terms poverty of spirit, in public and private life, in the institutions of states, in philosophy, in education; no one can deny this who has regard to the facts of history. But, as you say, I can imbibe the spirit of those ages without the aid of transmigration, and, heaven helping me, I will. I shall start to-morrow," he said abruptly, "for Blenheim Forest."

"Do, my dear Louis, do," replied Dr. Atwood earnestly: "you have been too much of late among books and unprofitable discussions. The quiet shades of Blenheim Forest will administer soothing reflections to your disordered mind, and you will no doubt soon recover the equilibrium you have lost."

"Pshaw!" said Clavering as the good doctor left the room; "wordy sentences without ideas!"

The truth is, he was vexed and excited by the calm and self-sufficient tone of the doctor's language, but it was only a momentary departure from the placidity of his usually gentle and quiet soul, and the next instant

• Digby's Ages of Faith.

he was filled with regret and sorrow at having spoken perhaps too warmly to the friend he loved, but even while he felt thus repentant he could not recall a truth he had uttered, for it was the result of calm, unprejudiced, and deliberate examination.

CHAPTER II.

Blenheim Forest and its inmates.

MRS. CLAVERING was surprised at her son's unexpected return; but as he complained of over much study, and looked really ill, both the colonel and herself were delighted that he had thus prudently retired from college. But he was changed—there was a restless anxiety about him, and at times an excitability of manner utterly foreign to his happy and amiable temperament; he courted solitude, and, in spite of his apology for returning home, was more than ever devoted to his studies and pen. The beautiful retreat in which we found him was his favorite haunt, and here his mother, who was anxiously solicitous about his health, now sought him.

"Louis," she said, as she entered from the library door and discovered him, "you make me miserable, my child."

"Dear mother," he replied, rising and offering her a seat beside him, "how? What mean you? Surely you would not make a hot-house plant of me now!"

"No, my boy," said she, smiling, "but you often fall asleep here after a day of intense study, and can with difficulty be persuaded to seek your apartment. It needs no leech's skill to tell how damp and unwholesome the night air is, and I already see the effects of it in your pale, feeble countenance."

"Imagination, dearest and most beloved mother," exclaimed young Clavering: "I never felt better in my life. Why, I have a fancy for sleeping here altogether. I think it would make me more hardy."

"Nonsense, my dear," answered Mrs. Clavering; "how have you spent this day in our absence, and where?"

"Here."

"All day?"

"Yes, dear mother, here."

"And Isadora?"

"Here, too, here in this lovely spot that you yourself have adorned and taught me to love and made a perpetual temptation to me. Grow

not jealous of it, but come, dear mother, whenever the fancy suits you, and make me talk; heed not my selfish studies, but interrupt them as often as you please with your grateful voice and smiles. I am at your service, mother."

"Or rather, Louis," said the lady gravely, "I am at yours; you would have it so, it seems. I wish, however, to speak with you seriously about those same studies."

"Gramercy, what now? My studies, mother?"

"Yes, my dear, I know not what to make of the medley you have around you. Your manuscripts too contain strange sentiments to emanate from the pen of one professing the faith you do."

"Do not my verses suit you, dear mother?" asked Clavering, endeavoring to evade her meaning. "I know your judgment is correct, therefore tell me what is amiss in my little sketches. As to my theories, they are mere deductions, the consequences of an inventive brain. Heigh, ho! I think I will some day be an architect."

"Your criticisms, my son, on your classical studies I do not even pretend to understand, or your light compositions to condemn; it is all well enough, I dare say; but, Louis, there is a more serious matter still, one which involves high and sacred principles. I can not understand," said Mrs. Clavering, drawing from her pocket a torn and blotted piece of paper, "how you can pen such sentiments as these: 'If I find this religion false, then none other can be true, and wo unto me, for infidelity must claim me as one of its most decided partisans;' then occur words that read thus—'worldly stratagems, plausible sophistries.' I found this scrap of paper this morning on the lawn, almost defaced by dew blots, and I can not feel sufficiently thankful that it was picked up by me instead of your father. It is strange, my son, and I must hear from your own lips the meaning of this infidelity."

"Ah! mother," said he, quite pale and serious, "you have touched the chord. Infidel! Oh! no, God lives for ever! and I trust yet to find a religion—a faith—one and indivisible, worthy of a divine origin, on which I may repose my fainting hopes securely!"

Mrs. Clavering was touched by his softened and earnest manner, but answered:

"You rave, Louis!"

"I reason, mother; I am quite calm, and have thought long and seriously on this subject."

"Whence have you gleaned these notions, my child? Have you studied the Bible among other things that have engrossed you?"

"Yes, mother, studied, pored over it, if you will; and in its sacred pages I have traced out an authority for all the various and conflicting doctrines which claim the Bible as their origin. And yet those sectaries who claim it as an infallible guide, rejecting tradition, I have seen, even in my day, separate, and as they do so, multiply new opinions and found new religions diametrically opposed to each other, still crying out with senseless clamor, 'We are right, for, lo! the Bible is our guide.' As if," and he spoke with some bitterness, "the God of truth and majesty would acknowledge such prevaricating contradictions as emanating from him. And in the blessed book, mother, which is thus the watchword of bickering sects, I have found, in beautiful and uninterrupted harmony, promise after promise made by Christ to the church which he himself established; and that he gave, as an earnest of their fulfilment, miraculous gifts to his disciples, which have always been witnessed among them; and also his holy and infallible Spirit to guide them until the 'consummation of time.' How often also from the sacred page do I find our Lord inculcating lessons of unity among his followers, declaring that a 'house divided against itself must fall!' That this unity exists, and that there is, as the gospel declares, but one God, one faith, one baptism, I can not doubt. Hitherto I have not found it, or seen more than the fleeting shadow of it; and, if it exists not in the Roman Catholic church, I must give up Christianity in despair, and persuade my soul that all religion is a phantasy. That this faith does exist, I truly believe," he said earnestly, "for the express word and promises of the God-man are my assurance, and that it is guided by the Holy Ghost, whose authority will shield its followers from those opposing winds of doctrine which toss mankind about in various currents, all as diametrically opposite to each other as is darkness to light. Yet these different systems all point with self-righteous hands to the Bible, and claim it as the foundation of their different creeds. Heaven help the world!"

"A Catholic would say," said Mrs. Clavering timidly, "that this comes from the rejection of tradition."

"Exactly," answered her son, unheeding in his earnest pursuit of the subject the strange remark, strange as coming from her, "exactly so. They reject tradition as fables, little reflecting that to this source they are indebted for the authenticity of the holy writings. Pshaw! dear mother," he said, after a pause of some minutes, in a voice trembling with emotion, "indeed, indeed, I know not whither to fly for consolation. Oh!" pressing his hand on his flushed brow, "whither shall my wandering footsteps go! Doubts and fears agonize my mind; angel guardians! come to rescue, and guide me out of the mazes of this labyrinth!"

Mrs. Clavering, in drawing her watch from her bosom, unconsciously displayed a small golden cross attached to a finely wrought chain about her neck. The moonlight fell directly on it, and it stood out in beautiful and bold relief against the dark folds of her dress, like a star of peace, or the angel spirit which he had evoked, coming thus unexpectedly to direct his way and whisper of rest and consolation.

"Mother, mother," he exclaimed, starting forward, "what means this? What means this visible sign of a church which I thought my father and yourself detested, hidden and treasured in your bosom, like a sacred memorial?"

"It was my mother's, Louis," said Mrs. Clavering, confused and thrusting it hastily back to its hiding place, "I wear it merely as a souvenir of days gone and for ever."

"And a most proper souvenir for a Christian's breast it is, emblem of salvation, teacher of humility! Right glad am I, dear mother, that you wear it."

Mrs. Clavering sighed deeply, and said: "my mother, my good mother was a Catholic, and——"

"And you, my dearest mother," asked Clavering anxiously, "were you also a Catholic?"

"Some other time, my child, some other time you will know all—see, here comes our Isadora—come, my dear," said Mrs. Clavering to her, "come, aid me to cheer away the sadness of this gloomy knight of the books!"

"Ah! my dear aunt," replied the young lady, playfully, "yon gloomy knight is too

much petted ; what with this and his books his brain is fairly turned !”

“ Yes, fair lady,” answered the young man, smiling, “ almost turned ; but come, Isadora, play for me some wild, sad old tune, and sit just here where the moonbeams will fall on you—now—just so.” A moment after he plucked two or three white Provence roses and laid them gently on her head. She turned to look in his face, while a smile of joy and pleasure irradiated her beautiful features ; but Clavering had already forgotten the tribute of admiration he had offered, and was gazing with abstracted eye on the shining river. After playing a few touching airs, she arose gently and gathered up the roses which had fallen from her head, and placing them on her bosom, left the portico.

“ Gone !” said Clavering, starting as the library door closed with a slight noise. “ Dear Isadora, how rude, how unkind has been my conduct—nay, how surly ! but to-morrow I will make it up to her by neglecting my books and thoughts, at least for one day ! thoughts,” he said, “ yes, thoughts which, indefinite and unformed as they are, and without system, will, I hope, yet lead me into the church of God—but how?—how? Thank God,” exclaimed Clavering, as if a sudden inspiration had dawned on his soul ; “ the means of impartial inquiry are open to me. I just now remember to have heard an old friend and class-mate of mine, who is half Catholic, speak often and in the highest terms of a certain Father Francis Aylmer, a resident of Baltimore. To him will I immediately write and explain my perplexities, and beg the favor of him to send me forthwith books explanatory of the Catholic faith.”

“ Louis, my dear Louis,” said Mrs. Clavering, who had been sitting wrapped in profound thought, “ be not too hasty—ah ! recollect your father and his violent prejudices !”

But he heard her not, and was rapidly penning a letter, which was soon finished and sealed.

“ There, mother,” he said, as he observed her regarding him with a pained and anxious expression ; “ this letter will either bring to your child messengers of peace and rest, or tokens that my last days will be despairing and God-forsaken ! I have enclosed a certain sum in this letter, and to-morrow with my own hands will I consign it to the post.”

After a mutual good night and a kiss im-

printed by the maternal lips on the brow of her child, the two separated until the following day.

CHAPTER III.

Isadora.

Isadora Seymour was a distant relation of Col. Clavering, and on the decease of her parents she had been placed with a large fortune under his guardianship. It was generally believed, among the neighboring gentry that some arrangement had been made relative to a marriage between the colonel’s son and ward, and as this rumor was never directly contradicted, but rather encouraged, it became quite a settled thing to say that they were positively betrothed. Isadora had always been accustomed to regard her relative as a being of a higher order than herself ; in fact, his manly form, his fine intellect, his highly poetic and religious temperament, imparted a kind of moral sublimity to his character, which to her admiring heart made him an idol worthy of her unbounded devotion. She was herself possessed of many excellent qualities. Nature had indeed, in her case, been lavish of her gifts ; endowing her with every external attraction, which received a high worth from an intelligent mind and a virtuous heart. Heroines of romance are generally described as being utterly faultless ; their virtues are magnified into miracles ; their tears are counted ; they can not move without being besieged by a host of suitors. When they speak, pearls and diamonds fall from their lips ; the wickedness and malice of a world seem to conspire against the unfortunate beings ; but by wonderful and extraordinary adventures they overcome all, and finally see their persecutors at their feet, and find themselves exalted almost to a level with the angels. Such is a heroine of the imaginary world ; but, alas ! there are some really living ; and some who have died, young and highly gifted, around whose hearts the biting realities of life’s shadows have closed, whose eyes have ceased weeping only when death gently closed them ; ah ! yes, such have lived and endured, while living, strange agonies, as they passed a rugged way—a dark and thorny path, to the cold pillow of their silent repose.

“ Isadora,” said Col. Clavering, taking her by the hand the next morning, as she was

passing in to the breakfast-room, "can you spare me a few moments after breakfast in the library? I have some grave matters to talk to you about."

"Certainly, uncle," she replied, "and you will find more wisdom in me, perhaps, than you expect. You know Louis often forgets himself, and reads and thinks aloud, and by this means I have become quite learned."

"We shall see, lady philosopher," said the colonel, laughing; "meanwhile our muffins will be cold, unless we hurry on. I caught a glimpse of our lady Bountiful just now, looking rather impatient as she stood at the head of the table."

They entered the library after breakfast, and Col. Clavering seated himself in his study-chair, while Isadora drew a tabouret from a recess, and seating herself at his feet, leaned on his knee in the most childlike manner, and looking confidingly in his face, waited with some impatience for him to begin the conference; but the dignified and elegant colonel appeared confused, and at a loss for the first time in his life.

"My dear," he said at last, "when I tell you that I have the happiness of a life depending on certain matters which you can decide, I hope you will not think my proposition strange or impertinent."

"Dear uncle," she replied, "you alarm me; but, speak; certainly, as far as I can, I will give you any necessary information you require."

"Thank you, Isadora—thank you, my dear; it is in your power to give me much, and I will to the point at once. You have, without doubt, observed how much more than formerly Louis secludes himself from society, how reserved his manners are gradually becoming, and how much more feeble his health is. There must be some secret cause for this! Can you give me any clue whereby I may find the root of this evil, which is thus undermining his tranquillity and health?"

"I can not, indeed, sir," said Isadora, who had become very pale. "My cousin devotes too much time, perhaps, to his books."

The colonel appeared lost in thought some minutes; at last, looking Isadora full in the face, he said:

"Do you think he has ever seen any one who has claimed his affections? Tell me, Isadora."

"Indeed—indeed, sir, I know not! I know less of Clavering than any one else on earth!"

Colonel Clavering took her hand in his, and pressing it, said earnestly:

"My dear child, you have doubtless heard the rumor concerning an engagement between Louis and yourself; well, what I wish to ascertain is this: has my son ever manifested for you any further sentiments than those of a fraternal attention?"

"Never, sir," said the trembling young woman in a low voice, "never!"

"Tell me, dear Isadora, and believe me, whatever may pass between us now will be silent and sacred as the grave; tell me if Louis, if my son were to offer you his heart and hand, could you return his affection? Would you consent to be his?—to pass along through life together, cheering his fainting spirit, and rousing him from those dreamy studies and speculative thoughts in which he is so wrapped? Speak, Isadora—alas! have I hoped in vain? Is thus the dearest hope of my age to be crushed, as it were, in a breath?"

"Sir! sir!" exclaimed Isadora, turning her white face to his,—"you pain me. I beg you cease. Clavering has no thoughts of me; indeed, uncle, he has not!"

"But how know you this, Isadora? I have reason for saying that he is devotedly attached to you," said the colonel—and so he believed.

"Oh heaven! what is this I hear?" exclaimed Isadora; "uncle, uncle! as a man of honor, I command you to deceive me not in this matter."

"Fear me not, Isadora," said the colonel proudly, "I have reasons for believing what I say. Could you respond to the sentiment?—this is all I wish to know. Answer me candidly, my child, and quickly, for I see Louis coming towards the portico."

"Uncle," she said, rising calmly—but her face wore the hue of death, and her footsteps faltered—"you have discovered my secret. Betray me not."

The door opened, and Clavering entered in time to receive her as she swooned away.

"What has happened, Isadora? Father, what means—"

But the colonel, looking on this as a special interference of Providence in his favor, had hurried out to seek his lady, and send in necessary assistance, hoping that in the meantime

Isadora might recover, and Clavering, in the excitement of this rather romantic incident, express sentiments corresponding with hers.

"Angelic face!" whispered the student; "would that I could shield it from storms and tears for ever! would that I could insure thee some faithful heart to lean on, which would hide thee from the rude blasts of coming realities! Isadora—Isadora—speak to your brother, your friend!"

The suspension of life's faculties was now passing away, and she soon opened her eyes languidly, and found herself reclining in her cousin's arms. With a burning blush rapidly mantling her pale face, she raised herself with an effort, and begged him to leave her and request his mother to come to her assistance. Mrs. Clavering, however, in obedience to the colonel's summons, now entered the library, and putting her arm around the delicate form of Isadora, wisely forbearing to question her, almost bore her to her apartment.

Some days had elapsed, and Clavering, un-

conscious of the revelation made by his father to Isadora, paid her the most assiduous attentions. He saw that something distressed her; he knew that she had been ill; and when he thought of the many times she had sacrificed her time and recreations to read to him or listen to his favorite authors, to play and sing for him in their favorite retreat, to exert all her innocent powers of pleasing to cheat him from his sometimes misanthropic gloom, all the chivalry inherent in his generous nature was called forth, and he determined to make some amends for past negligence, and try to repay some of her unwearied kindness. Isadora was happy. Often did they wander by the moonlit river, or, seated in some shaded recess on its banks, talk of all the bright and beautiful things of earth; he pouring forth the riches of his cultivated mind, she listening as if to an inspired oracle. Among her flowers and birds, over her drawing and music, he was by her side, and his whole deportment seemed to her a tacit declaration of what his father had told her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

(From our European Correspondent.)

ITALY.—*Italian scenery, devotions, charities, ruins, &c.*—VILLA MONTALLO, NEAR FRASCATI, Aug. 31, 1844.—DEAR B—, Behold me once more among the beautiful and classical hills of ancient Tusculum. Although among the interruptions and distractions of the beginning of vacations, it will be probably a week before I can get settled down to a regular attention to my letter, still I begin at once, and date from this first afternoon of our arrival; for indeed one of the greatest pleasures I have felt in the approach of our departure from the smoky city was in the anticipation of the pleasant communing I would hold with you while fulfilling my promise to send you a good long letter. These hills always remind me of our mountain [at Emmitsburg], and for the last two or three weeks, whenever I got sight of our white palace perched half way up the hill, and half hid in green foliage, just like our mountain church from the mount itself, my thoughts ran back to the first happy years I spent there, and to the brother who watched over me in that little world of strangers, and to whom I owed still more, from his having acquired such a name, that it se-

cured me protection and even affection simply to call myself his brother. Be assured that I will not think less of the mountain and yourself now that I actually feel the light bracing air, and when I ramble through woods and over rocks, and particularly when I stand at the little balcony and see the similarity between the actual view and that we used to enjoy from the terrace before the church, when we went up to say beads on Sunday and Thursday evenings. Where we used to look for Taneytown and try to distinguish one steeple from another, just in that direction I look for Rome, and, if the haze permits, distinguish the noble front of St. John of Lateran from the still nobler dome of St. Peter's. As we stretched out far as we could to get a glimpse of the Sugar Loaf, just so I lean out far as I can and strain my eyes to discover a white streak, all that appears of the famed Tivoli [Tiburnum]; the rest seems to lie hid in a deep gorge among the hills. Half way between that and Rome (just about where we used to speculate that if it were not for Parr's ridge and some other obstacles, we might see Washington's monument) rises, something like the same Sugar Loaf, the lonely peak Sorack, with its head still white, not always with snow, as when Horace

sang of it, but with a monastery large enough to be seen at this distance of more than twenty miles. Where we had a glimpse of Emmitsburg through the trees, there the sun sets in full view behind the Mediterranean, of which enough of the waters are visible to show up a long and broad road of melted gold, when the godlike charioteer is descending towards it. Sometimes we can see the little craft fishing for sardines; and also the steamers coasting between Naples and Genoa. There is one point left vacant in my Italian landscape; where I would look for St. Joseph's, there is nothing but the broad dreary Campagna, just such a place as I fancy the fields of St. Joseph's might be now, if they had not received life and beauty from the smiles of charity. But I have let poetry take the place of truth, for there are still the creek and the hills and the woods—here it is a large brown plain. One pleasant association it has, for partly across this and partly across the sea, we enjoy the Italian sunsets. I have not been fortunate enough to see more than a few of them, and of these only two that I remember, would I compare with those I have seen in our own America. I doubt whether in magnificence and sublimity they ever equal those we have amid the glorious piles of clouds left after one of our thunder storms in spring. I think their beauty depends, to the contrary, on the great serenity of the sky, and consists in the extent, richness and delicacy of the tints; and whether in these points they surpass some that I have seen on a clear summer's evening at home, I cannot determine.

About twenty yards down in the woods, outside of our villa, is a little semi-circular oratory, large enough for three or four persons to stand in, but the road before it has been widened, so that a hundred or more can see at once the little altar and picture of the madonna: it is in the midst of a large wood of fine oaks, and one tree of extraordinary size and height rises immediately behind it, and spreads out its branches in a canopy, as if on purpose to shelter it.

We go down there just at sun set, the oratory is illuminated both within and without, and as it grows dark the woods and the road are lit up with faucy colored lanterns. After some few prayers is heard a handsome hymn, the singers with some instruments being in a little grotto, hid among the trees, and afterwards rises the *Kyrie Eleison* of one of those beautiful litanies which I think only Italians can compose. I often wonder why I never heard the litany sung in America except at the mountain and St. Joseph's; it seems to be the daily bread of Italian piety, almost always preceding the benediction of the blessed sacrament, and forming with it the favorite, and I think most fruitful devotion the people have. I do not think there is a child seven years old that does not know it in Latin;

if they make a novena, it consists of beads, litany and benediction; if they make an octave, it is the same; if a three days' prayer for rain, or for fair weather; if a festival of a patron saint, or the anniversary of some benefit received, always, always the litany of Loretto. Hence it is also a favorite subject for musical composers, so that there is almost an endless variety. In college here we have a collection of eighty, for every kind of choir, and almost any number of voices, and some of them are esteemed classical compositions. I would like to send or bring you one or two handsome ones. If you will tell me for what voices you would wish to have them, I will try to get them copied or copy them myself. I wish that you had a variety of them and made frequent use of them; for I have heard no other music that pleased the ear with so little distraction, or rather so much assistance to devotion; this year our choir promises us the litany most famous for beauty and devotion, that of Borghi, and I almost wish the vacations to end earlier that I may sooner enjoy that little festival, and hear those beautiful strains resounding among the old oaks, in the serenity and obscurity of the Italian evening. I enjoyed it last year, and anticipate double enjoyments this time. How I wish I had some of you here to enjoy it with me, and catch from it some of the spirit and taste with which Italians make religion the most beautiful ornament of their beautiful land. Two days after we came out, the inhabitants of a little town near us, Monte Porcio, held the festival of their patron saint; we were not able to go to it, but I enjoyed almost as much as a feast, a conversation with two laborers whom we met the day before; they lived in the town. Almost the first words were an invitation to come over and see their grand festival. They would have a bishop to sing mass, and there would be a grand procession and wonderful music, and then in the evening, besides the vespers, there would be an illumination and fire-works. For the former they had erected a miniature representation of the cathedral of Milan; Prince Borghese and all the family were to come over, the largest house in town had been prepared for their reception, "in a word, it will be such a thing as has never been seen before." Though I smiled at their simplicity, still from what they said, and from what we have since heard, it certainly was a festival such as few towns of four times its size could get up in America. We asked who paid the expenses, "one-half is paid by the town, and the other half by us brothers of the sodality." I do not know what an English tourist would say of such a waste of time and money; but for my part, as far as those men were concerned, I do not know what better state of things political economy could wish—hard laborers as their appearance showed, yet able to spend something in enjoyment, and

spending it neither selfishly nor wickedly, but in most innocent amusements, shared by the town and all the neighbors who chose to come, and sanctified by their connection with and immediate reference to religion. Prince Borghese resides during the summer in the villa of his younger brother, Prince Aldobrandini, the villa next to ours. The grounds are covered with handsome woods, and immediately around the palace they are laid out with gardens and play-grounds for the children, fitted up for amusements in the English style. The palace itself has a most imposing look from the plain below, being lofty, and rising highest in the centre, elevated on two high terraces, with stairways ascending from one to the other, and the lower being still far above the plain, to which the descent is by a steep, but smooth grassy hill. In front of the palace, that is, between it and the hill (for in all the villas about here the ornamented front is towards the hill), there is a large yard, bounded by the largest fountain, and of the most beautiful architecture that I have seen; only the front is seen, the back of it supports the hill, it is a large semicircle with two straight wings, the water from the Algidus (also sung by Horace) comes falling down the hill in a straight line for two hundred yards, but broken by a series of varied fountains and cascades, and appears here finally in several beautiful jets d'eau; when the front and back doors of the hall are open, a person down in the plain sees through the palace, and has a view of this whole line of water behind; besides the jets d'eau, the fountain has several large niches, the centre one containing a colossal statue of Atlas, with the globe upon his back, another represents a grove with a centaur, trumpet in hand, a third contains old Pan and his pipes; pilasters, columns, and smaller niches, with a great variety of statues, and some panellings, of mosaic, fill up the intervals. In one of the wings is a hall containing a representation of Parnassus with Apollo, and the Muses and Pegasus. The whole pile viewed together with the steep hill behind, covered with noble trees up to the top of the vista opened through them by the line of cascades, forms a beautiful prospect, but they say that all this is forgotten in astonishment and bewilderment, when the canals are suddenly opened, and new jets d'eau pour out from a thousand different points, and in as many directions. The globe sends out a whole shower, the trumpet of the centaur, and the pipes of Pan do the same, and at the same time you hear the trumpet, and pipes, and the various instruments that Apollo and the Muses had—all their sounds distinctly imitated by some kind of water organ, and a large fountain in the centre of the yard stuns us with a volley of artillery. One wing of the fountain terminates in a chapel, the largest and most richly ornamented private chapel that I have seen. I was in

it a few mornings ago, when they were just preparing for mass; as we left it, the prince and princess came out of the palace to go to church, but the prince was stopped by three or four poor old women, who were waiting to give him their petitions for charity or some other assistance. He took them as if it was a part of his regular daily duty; and a young Irishman remarked to me: "See the Catholic and the Italian in that little circumstance; in England, instead of a beggar's coming into the front yard, and up to the open door, bull-dogs would warn him not to come too boldly even to their kitchen. The moment too which these women select is characteristic; they come when they hear the bell ringing for mass, and intercept him before the church door." I added another reflection, that even among Catholics with us the beggars would have avoided the prince and appealed to the princess. It is a lesson we have yet to learn, that charity bestowed personally, hand to hand, is as great a duty for gentlemen as for ladies. Another thing worthy of remark, and which I cannot help thinking is also to be attributed, if not immediately to Catholic charity, at least to an instinct which owes its origin to religion, is the disposition to throw open to the public the enjoyments obtained by private wealth. This front yard, with the elegant front of the palace on one side, and that beautiful fountain on the other, the yard itself always nicely gravelled and ornamented with a number of large plane trees, is public, during the summer months, to any one who chooses to come and view it; the gates of the villa are open all day, and any workman passing through it for a short cut, can stop there and enjoy the beauty and freshness at his leisure.

There are no less than six large and handsome villas immediately around us, which are always open for any body to walk in them as he pleases, and one of them laid out with peculiar elegance, and kept in beautiful order, is in fact frequented as a public promenade; yet they are all private property. But let me tell you something of the more conspicuous places in our neighborhood. Our palace (for it is really one) stands on the brow of the hill, just where the ridge is broken by a low and broad gap, so that on the right and on the left, but a little to the rear, there is a pretty high peak, while immediately behind us there is only a gentle roll, which does not hide from us another range of hills about four miles off; with the little town of Rocca di Pappa clustering around a steep and pointed rock, like a swarm of bees.

The top of this rock is just at the edge of a large plain, said to have been originally the crater of a volcano; it is called Hannibal's camp, from the opinion of some that that general placed his army there, on his approach to Rome. Above this arises the steep peak of Monte Cave, the ancient

Mons Latialis ; formerly crowned with a temple of Jupiter, a kind of religious centre of union for all the confederated states of Latium. A great part of the ascent is still made along the old Roman road, by which the generals ascended in their minor triumphs.

On the side towards us this peak is not bounded by Hannibal's camp, but descends down to the plain, and in one part down to the classical lake of Albano. The banks of this lake are very high, and towards the edge, they form a ridge, like the edge of a basin, and next to the mountain they are marked by a narrow ledge which breaks the steepness of the descent. Along this ledge and part of the ridge was the site of the famous Alba Longa "*Proca Rex Albanorum*," do you remember it? Back of this lake, divided by a wooded ridge, lies the smaller, but more beautiful lake of Nemi, very deep down its verdant banks, which seem a circular wreath to decorate the clear still surface of "Diana's Mirror." Above lake Albano, on the very steepest part of the hill, is the romantic little chapel, called the Madonna del Tufo ; it is said to have been built during the last century, to accomplish a vow made by a traveller, who, passing along a very narrow path, was surprised just at that point by a large block of stone rolling down with such velocity that escape was impossible. The stone stopped suddenly only a few steps above him ; and he built this chapel and dedicated it to God, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, in gratitude for her intercession. The block itself serves for an altarpiece, unmoved and unhewn, except in one place to receive the insertion of a small picture. Around and beyond these lakes lie Castle Gandolfo, where the pope generally spends a week in summer, and the larger and more elegant city of Albano, with four or five other towns, all within a good morning's walk of us. Nearer to us, on our own range of hills, on our right as we look towards Rome, are the ruins of ancient Tusculum. There are no houses now where the little city stood ; but all around us, and even in our own villa, the ground was covered anciently with the country seats of the Romans, and the whole district was called the Tusculum.

The ruins are found principally on the top of the hill, the site of the city proper. The place of the amphitheatre, for games and combats, is very distinctly marked by the foundations, and some fragments of the wall are still standing fifteen feet high, but all is over-grown with wild vines, and in the centre stands a large fig-tree : below it is an arched passage which runs horizontally into the hill, and probably goes under the whole length of the amphitheatre ; but is only open for a few yards.

The plaster of the ceiling seems uninjured ; the walls, as in many of the ruins around, are finished within, with little stones about two inches square,

arranged in oblique rows ; when taken out they are found to be pyramidal and about three inches long, the points are so well fixed in the mortar, that they seem still as tight as a solid wall. The Roman roads are made somewhat in the same way. The stones (of basaltic lava I believe) are a great deal larger and very irregular in shape upon the upper ends, which form the surface of the road, but below they are long and pointed, and so well wedged together, that after so many centuries they are almost immoveable. Above this amphitheatre, there are several pieces of the road still used for their original purpose, and no doubt there is a great deal more yet uncovered. In one place, close along side of it, are the remains of several sepulchres ; most of them only defaced piles of stones, but one is more interesting. Its form seems to be triangular, and all around the wall is divided into low niches of various sizes, arched over top and filled below with little earthenware pots, firmly fixed in the mortar. These are the vases for the ashes of the dead. It seems to have been a cemetery for the poor : the vases are still there, but their contents have been removed. Probably what we see is only an upper tier, for the wall continues down below the surface of the present ground, and is plastered and painted with a red color, that preserves its brightness after being so many years covered with the damp dirt. Farther up, the road leads into the Forum, of which nothing but a portion of its pavement, covered with broad flags, has been laid open to view ; but at the upper end of it stands the theatre for dramatic representations, which was well cleared and exposed a few years ago, by the queen of Sardinia, to whom the villa which contains it belongs.

There are seven ranges of stone seats, each forming a semi-circle, and rising one behind the other : the floor before the stage and all the stone work of the stage itself, are in excellent preservation, and back of the stage is a large square hole leading to the vaults below. Behind the theatre was a reservoir of water ; the columns of rough stone, with parts of the arches that supported the floor are still seen. Finally, just beyond the theatre rises the high peak on which stood the citadel ; on three sides, the rock has been cut perpendicular to prevent access ; but nothing now remains of the fortifications. Last year the students of the English college, who have their country house not far from this peak, built a tower of the large stones lying about. Three or four of us Americans formed a plan to surprise them, by planting the stars and stripes there : but on the eve of the completion we learned that their intention was to erect a cross upon it, so we abstained from our profaner project. Every year the holders of these lands make excavations, and a great many beautiful objects have been found. The fields are covered with fragments of

earthenware, some of them moulded with beautiful basso-relievos, such as I never would have thought the material was worthy of, or capable of receiving.

EGYPT.—*Spread of Popery.*—By the direct French post office steamer *Alexandre*, from Marseilles, we had the arrival, on the 11th inst., of Monsignor Borghi, the vicar apostolic of Thibet and Hindostan, who returns to Agra, via Suez and Bombay, with a suite of some twenty-five persons, composed principally of nuns of the Congregation of Jesus Maria of Lyons. Besides these, however, there are some priests and brothers of the Community of the Holy Travellers. The object of Monsignor Borghi is to establish new missions in various parts of the Peninsula of Hindostan, and to open schools for imparting education to the natives of that country, and subsequently converting them to the doctrines of the church of Rome. Several of the religious ladies are from Ireland, young and full of health, but all of them are more or less conversant with the English language. They only remained here for three days, and then took their departure for Cairo, to make arrangements with the Egyptian transit company for their comfortable conveyance across the Suez desert. The Roman Catholic missions are evidently increasing rapidly all over the east and in India, with pecuniary means proceeding from Italy and Portugal, but principally from the religious associations in France, with much countenance from his holiness the pope. The present party expects much success in its religious labors, in which case, in a short time its numbers will be increased from Europe.”

—*Presbyterian.*

ENGLAND.—*D'Aubigné's History Reviewed.*—The *London Tablet* thus alludes to Dr. Spalding's *Review of D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation*: “This is a useful little volume, and is one which we should wish to see very generally in the hands of the reading Catholic public on both sides of the Atlantic. Indeed, we think by the quantity of useful information which it compresses into a small compass, and delivers to the reader in a lively, vigorous, anecdotic style, it is calculated to be pre-eminently popular. As an antidote to the false views almost always entertained by Protestants, and too often imbibed by Catholics on the subject to which it refers, it is fitted to do extensive service to the cause of the church. The author appears to be a man of considerable erudition, and he has collected his materials far and wide; but the basis of a great part of his labors has been the materials brought together by M. Audin in his lives of Luther and Calvin. A great deal of the most telling and piquant matter from those elaborate works has been brought together in this moderate volume, so as, without entering into a detail of the mighty events

of the reformation, to impress upon the reader's mind the color and character of those events and of those times. At the present moment, when the history of the reformation is being made the subject of ever-new Protestant volumes and essays, a book of this sort has even more *value* than *merit*—though merit surely is not wanting in this instance. We mean that the utility of such a collection of facts is undeniable—even if there were any doubts as to the ability of the author.”

Puseyites.—We are now, in all probability, on the verge of a considerable secession from our venerable establishment. The fact, we believe to be that Mr. Newman would have gone over to Rome a year ago, could he have carried Dr. Pusey with him. But Dr. Pusey was not ready, and his secession, without Dr. Pusey, would have had comparatively little effect. From the intelligence we have received, we think it probable that about thirty masters of arts, in Oxford, will accompany Mr. Newman, if *Dr. Pusey secedes also*; and we have heard it computed, by those well qualified to form a just opinion of the case, that in Oxford, Cambridge, and over the country at large, there will be, in all, about one hundred of the Tractarians, who will secede to their appropriate place within the bosom of Rome, if Mr. Newman is accompanied by Dr. Pusey.—*London Episcopal Record.*

Mr. Newman.—On the subject of Mr. Newman's alleged letter to Mr. Williams, the *Record* says: “The statement rests on the authority of Richard Ley, Esq., of Brazenose college. He has mentioned Mr. N's letter generally to his friends, and says that he was staying in the same house with Mr. Williams a month ago, and heard of the same letter then and there.”—*Tablet.*

Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman.—We have many inquiries respecting the open adherence to the church as well as the doctrines of Rome, of Mr. Newman, Dr. Pusey, and others. To these inquiries we are scarcely at liberty to make a full reply. Nearly a month since we received information which warranted the intimation we gave last week; and we observe that a London paper, usually well informed, speaks distinctly of a correspondence between Mr. Newman and Mr. Williams, respecting a remove to Rome, the latter gentleman being reluctant, as well also Dr. Pusey. We have also reason to believe that, ten days since, a conference at which the principal Tractarians assisted, was held here, in which the question of Rome in the church, or Rome in and with Rome, was discussed; the least honest being in the majority! So the movement was postponed. It is said, in Tractarian circles, that about twenty, who are now traitors in the church, are prepared to depart to their own place together, when the signal is given.—*Oxford Chronicle.*

BIBLE SOCIETY.—*To the editor of the Tablet.*—*Sir:* The publications of the Bible Society are so noted for falsehoods that no Catholic would be misled by them; not so with many of our Protestant neighbors, who contribute largely to its support, and believe, as Gospel truths, most of what it publishes. In *John Bull* and two of our Scotch papers I read the following paragraph, which it might be very well to have contradicted by the *Univers*, as it could easily obtain the requisite information:—"A letter from D. Pressensu, published in the Bible Society's monthly extracts, states that 600, the whole commune of Villafavard, Haute Vienne, became Protestants lately by reading the Bible." This paragraph insinuates that the Catholics of France do not, or are not allowed to read the Scriptures, which every Catholic knows to be false. Catholics may be forbid in France, as they are in other countries, to read what the Protestants would thrust upon them as the Bible, viz., a part of the sacred volume, and that part translated by royal authority to suit Protestant doctrine. Then granting, what I believe untrue, that the commune of 600 became Protestants, we have nearly as many converts from Protestantism annually in Scotland alone. To become what they call a convert to Protestantism, requires you only to say you are not a Catholic; there are no questions asked, no trouble given. To become a Catholic must be after a regular course of instruction, after humility and trial. V. A.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.—We have just read an article, which appeared originally in the *British Catholic Magazine*, under the caption *Daviana*. The writer alleges many facts and passages in the life of the great English chemist, to prove that he was very partial to the venerable Catholic faith and worship, and that he was deeply impressed with the sublime beauty of Catholicity; but he, at the same time, fears that the report of Davy's having actually embraced the Catholic faith is unfounded in fact. Now we have had occasion to *know* that Sir Humphrey Davy was conditionally baptized, and regularly received into the Catholic church, by the late zealous and saintly pastor of Geneva. We learned this interesting fact from a distinguished and excellent French clergyman, who heard it from the lips of the Genevan pastor himself.

IRELAND.—*The Association for the Propagation of the Faith.*—The monthly receipts by the central committee in Dublin of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith to Monday last, amounted to the sum of 550*l*. It is truly astonishing how poor Ireland so nobly continues to subscribe to every good and generous work. This, however, is first and foremost, as it unites and cheers all Catholic hands and hearts throughout the world.—*Tablet*.

The new Catholic missionary college of All Hal-

lows, Drumcondra, is admirably progressing in every respect. The funds have already amounted to 6,000*l*. of the free and voluntary gifts of the people. In addition to the ecclesiastics already sent to foreign parts and lately to the western part of Scotland, there are fifty-two students in this college. There are eight eminent professors, and the president is most indefatigable in promoting the spiritual and temporal welfare of this celebrated seat of piety and learning, which has already conferred such lasting services on the foreign missions, and such glory on Catholic Ireland.—*Id*.

Episcopal Synod.—The Catholic bishops of Ireland lately assembled in synod at Dublin, for the consideration of several matters of importance, among which the *Charitable bequests act* was the most prominent. Thirteen of the bishops had previously protested against this act, as being "a new penal law of the old heaven, forbidding the dying sinner in his most sincere moments—the time of his last sickness—to redeem his sins by the bequest of a single acre of landed property, for any religious or charitable purpose in our communion." It enacts, also, that Roman Catholics, whether clergymen or laymen, appointed by the crown, shall carry out the penal clause in the *act of emancipation*, which excluded the religious orders from the benefits of this act. It provides for the nomination by the crown of five Catholics, who, if laymen, may be persons of no faith or practical religion; if bishops, they will be called on, as commissioners, to interfere and pronounce in spiritual matters belonging to the jurisdiction of other bishops, which would be a violation of the ecclesiastical canons. Upon the whole, the operation of the *bequests bill* is supposed to have a direct tendency to subject the Roman Catholic church in Ireland to the temporal power. Thirteen of the Irish bishops had protested, as we have said, in a joint address, against the passage of this bill, and in the late synod it was further considered by a more numerous meeting of the prelates. Of the twenty-seven members of the Irish hierarchy, twenty-two were present at the synod, and all were opposed to the bill, either in all or in some of its provisions. "In their anxiety to avoid the appearance of want of concord," says the *Evening Freeman*, "a resolution was agreed to, leaving each prelate to act according to the dictates of his own conscience, with the explicit and unanimous understanding that the agreement does not, directly or indirectly, imply any approbation of the measure, or restrain any prelate from the exercise of his discretion in using every constitutional and canonical means to prevent the act being carried into operation." Sixteen of the prelates are altogether opposed to the bill; eight are in favor of it, with certain modifications, and three have expressed no public opinion on the subject.

FRANCE.—Longevity.—They write from Boulogne on the 10th inst.: "A most solemn ceremony took place in the church of the Lower City on the 7th inst. Madame Sauvage, who was born on the 7th of November, 1744, celebrated on that day her hundredth anniversary, surrounded by her friends, relatives, sons, grandsons, and great grandsons. The officiating clergyman, M. Dufour, was himself ninety-two years of age. The two sons of Madame Sauvage are aged seventy-two and seventy-five. This respectable lady sees four generations of her descendants. She is in the enjoyment of all her faculties, and no infirmity alters her sweet temper."

—*Tablet.*

SWITZERLAND.—Education.—After a long debate in the council of Lucerne, it has been finally resolved to call upon the Jesuits for the important work of public education.

PRUSSIA.—Several restrictions relative to the internal administration of the Westphalian convents have been lately abolished by the government.

SPAIN.—The *Univers* of the 6th inst. gives some particulars about the present state of religious affairs in Spain. It states that M. Alacantara Novarro has been authorized by the sovereign pontiff to act as commissary general of the *Cruzada*, and that M. Tarancon, a senator, and bishop elect of a vacant see, will exercise the functions of vicergerent of the apostolic nunciature in Spain. The question between the vicar and the chapter of Toledo is also on the point of being arranged; and thus have the relations between the holy see and the church of Spain been happily recommenced.

CANADA.—On Sunday, 1st Dec. the Most Rev. Archbishop of Quebec was installed into office, and received, at the hands of his coadjutor and the bishop of Montreal, the *Pallium* which had been sent to him by the sovereign pontiff. Very Rev. Mr. Quiblier, superior of the Sulpitians in Canada, preached on the occasion.

LIBERIA.—We regret to learn, that this mission commenced under such favorable auspices by the Right Rev. Dr. Barron, has suffered materially by the death of many of the clergymen who had generously undertaken to share his labors.

APOSTACY AND FALSEHOOD.—Some of the Protestant papers in America have been recommending a work by *Raffaele Ciocchi*, a Benedictine monk, entitled, "A narrative of the iniquities and barbarities practised at Rome in the nineteenth century." We are glad to perceive that this work is ably refuted in the September No. of the *Dublin Review*, from which it appears that the *Narrative* of Ciocchi is another *Marius Monk* affair, got up for the special exigencies of the times. It would be too great an insult to the intellects of certain editors to say that they recommend such publications for truth's sake. What else then than the blindest bigotry can lead

some conductors of the press thus to sanction the foulest calumnies?

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—Ordinations.—On Saturday, December 14th, the Most Reverend Archbishop conferred the order of subdeaconship on Mr. Ceelos, in the metropolitan church. On Saturday, the 21st, the same gentleman and Mr. William D. Parsons were ordained deacons in St. Mary's chapel, on which occasion also Rev. Charles M. Brennan and Rev. Oliver L. Jenkins, deacons, were raised to the holy order of priesthood. On Sunday, the 22d, Rev. Mr. Ceelos was ordained priest in the metropolitan church.

Spiritual Retreat.—The exercises of a spiritual retreat were commenced in St. Peter's church, Baltimore, on the 8th of December, and terminated on the 15th. We learn that they were attended by a large concourse of persons during the week, and were productive of the most beneficial results. Rev. Father McElroy, S. J., conducted the retreat, and several other clergymen were actively engaged in hearing the confessions of the faithful. About seven hundred persons approached the holy communion, and four converts were admitted into the church. Several others were induced to become more earnest in their preparation for entering the pale of Catholic unity. At the close of the spiritual exercises, in the morning, the Most Reverend Archbishop addressed the congregation, in an impressive manner, on the happiness which the past week had brought to them, and in the afternoon the V. Rev. Dr. Deluol preached on the necessity of perseverance.

Catholic Library Association of Baltimore.—An association having been recently formed in Baltimore, with a view to establish a library more especially adapted to the use of the Catholic community, we deem it incumbent on us to call the attention of the public to this important undertaking. In no country, perhaps, which enjoys the blessings of Christian civilization, are institutions of this kind more needed than in our own; not that we are inferior to other portions of the world in the general diffusion of knowledge, but because the wide spread of religious error on the one hand, and the pernicious influence of the prevalent utilitarian principles on the other, require in the Catholic body a powerful counteraction, which is to be found, not in knowledge of any description, but in that knowledge particularly which, in fitting a man for the usual professions and avocations of life, will at the same time render him a worthy advocate of religion and guard him against the immoral tendencies of the times. This consideration merits more attention than is, we think, generally given to it by the Catholic community; it is certainly one which

would lead to much more profitable results than the mere cultivation of the newspaper and the novel. But it cannot be denied that the sources of useful information are in a great degree closed against certain classes of the community, who either have not the means to provide a sufficient library for this purpose, or whose habits and circumstances cause them to apply their attention to other objects. These obstacles, however, are to a great extent removed by the establishment of circulating libraries and reading rooms, which become places of attraction and useful resort, and open to all, at a very moderate expense, the channels of knowledge. The CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION of Baltimore will no doubt be appreciated amongst us, and be extensively patronized both by those who may promote its ends in the way of donations, as by others who hope to be benefited by the use of the library. The society has been organized by the adoption of a constitution, which requires the holding of annual and monthly meetings, and makes other specifications conducive to the welfare of the institution. The library and reading room will be established at the house adjoining Calvert Hall. At every quarterly meeting, and also at the general meeting of the society, every member shall pay the sum of twenty-five cents. Any person subscribing fifteen dollars, or making a donation of books to the amount of thirty dollars, will be entitled to the privilege of membership for life.

DIocese of PHILADELPHIA.—*Ordination*.—The sacred order of subdeaconship was conferred, on Saturday in Ember week, in the cathedral, on Hugh McLaughlin. On the same occasion the sacred order of deaconship was conferred on John Flanagan and William Jennings, all students of the theological seminary of St. Charles Borromeo.—*Cath. Herald*.

DIocese of CINCINNATI.—*Episcopal Visitation*.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Purcell confirmed thirty-nine persons at St. John's, Glandorf, Putnam county, on the 10th of November last. A new church will soon be commenced at this place. At Fort Jennings, where also a church is to be built, thirteen persons were confirmed on the 13th; at Wappaugkonetta fifty-four, on the 14th and 15th; at New Minster forty-two, on the 17th. This town is illuminated when the bishop visits it to administer confirmation. At St. Gualbert's, twenty-eight received this sacrament; at St. Charles', near Greenville, thirteen. On Sunday, the 24th, eight persons were confirmed at Piqua, four of whom were converts.—*Cath. Tel.*

DIocese of CHARLESTON.—*Confirmation*.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Reynolds dedicated the church at Newbern, N. C., on the 16th of November, under the invocation of St. Paul the apostle. On the next day he administered confirmation to several

persons, of whom all the adults were converts. On the 20th, he gave the same sacrament to such as were prepared, at Washington. On the 26th of November, at Wilmington, N. C., six persons were confirmed, of whom two were converts.—*U. States Cath. Misc.*

DIocese of LOUISVILLE.—*Spiritual Retreat*.—A retreat was held at Lebanon, commencing on the 26th of October, and ending on the 1st of November, during which much good was effected. At the close of the retreat, Bishop Flaget administered confirmation to sixty persons, three of whom were converts.—*Cath. Advocate*.

Ordination.—On Friday, the 18th of October, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Flaget held an ordination in the former cathedral of St. Joseph, Bardstown, when he conferred subdeacon's order on Messrs. Theodore Himann and Francis Lawler. Mr. Himann had received the minor orders on the preceding Friday. Those gentlemen are prefects in St. Joseph's college.—*Cath. Telegraph*.

DIocese of CHICAGO.—*Episcopal Visitation*.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Quarter, as we learn from a correspondent of the *Truth Teller*, recently visited several portions of his extensive diocese, in which the state of religion is very flourishing. He administered confirmation at Quincy, Ottawa, and other places.

Ordination.—On the 30th of November (feast of St. Andrew), the Rt. Rev. Wm. Quarter conferred the minor orders and subdeaconship on Mr. John Faughnan, in the cathedral of St. Mary. On the 1st instant (first Sunday of Advent) the same gentleman received the holy order of deaconship, and on Tuesday, 3d instant (feast of St. Francis Xavier), he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood.—*Id.*

DIocese of MILWAUKIE.—*New College*.—The Rev. S. Mazzuchelli has purchased the delightful residence of Gen. G. W. Jones, known as the Sinsinnawa Mound, with eight hundred acres of land attached thereto. This mound is situate in the south-western corner of the territory, Grant county, a few miles from the important towns of Galena and Dubuque, and is intended for a college for the education of youth.—*Cath. Telegraph*.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.—The Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, are so much in requisition for the direction of asylums and other institutions, that it has been deemed advisable by the superiors of the community to establish a novitiate in the south. The corporation of Donaldsonville, in Louisiana, have granted a tract of land for this purpose, and a subscription has been commenced in the south, in order to raise funds for the erection of the necessary buildings. In this establishment members of the institute will be more easily formed for the missions of the south and west; and being

already acclimated, they will be likely to exercise their benevolent offices for a longer period than if they had come from another part of the country. We learn from the *Propagateur Catholique*, that five sisters had arrived in New Orleans, and would repair immediately to Donaldsonville, to commence the new establishment.

THE PITTSBURG CATHOLIC.—The editor of the *Metropolitan Catholic Almanac* regrets that the *Pittsburg Catholic* was omitted in the list of weekly periodicals mentioned in the Almanac for 1845. This omission was a mere inadvertency on the part of the editor, who, amid the innumerable details of such a work, can scarcely avoid committing a few mistakes. We thank the *Pittsburg Catholic* for having pointed out the mistake in question. But there is one remark in the notice which it has taken of the Almanac that seems to us a little singular. After stating that eleven weekly, four monthly, one quarterly, and two annual periodicals are given in the Almanac as the number of those that are conducted, or intended to be conducted on Catholic principles, it adds :

“Lest the last named should be thought to be something very great, it may not be amiss to state that the two ‘annuals’ are the ‘Ordo’ and the ‘Almanac.’”

Now this sentence appears to us to convey either an ironical sneer at the *Ordo* and the *Almanac*, as if they were annuals of little importance, or a jesting comparison between the small size of the *Ordo* and *Almanac* and their great importance. We leave it to others to decide which of these interpretations is the more natural. For ourselves, we will charitably presume that the latter meaning was intended by the reviewer in the *Pittsburg Catholic*, though, in this hypothesis, he has not used the most felicitous expressions. The reader, we think, would be more inclined to adopt the former interpretation, which in point of fact would be altogether incorrect. The *Ordo* and the *Almanac*, it is true, are periodicals of small dimensions; but, if we consider the nature of their contents, the one being prepared for the special purpose of directing Catholic clergymen in the proper performance of the church offices, and the other, to exhibit the state of Catholicism in the United States; if we consider, moreover, the extensive circulation of these annuals, that the *Ordo* is taken by nearly, if not quite all those for whom it is published, and that the *Almanac* is distributed among forty-five hundred persons, we certainly have reason to say that the two “annuals” are “something very great,” or at least that they are greater than many periodicals of larger form.

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.—One would suppose from the title of this paper that the tone of its articles was in keeping with the meek and charitable spirit which is invariably suggested to the mind

by the idea of the cross and the thought of Him who, in dying on it, prayed even for his persecutors. But the editor of the *Banner*, it seems, is not always mindful of this standard under which he professes to be enlisted. In the last number, December 28th, we read the following :

“*Spirit of Popery.*—From papers received this week by the Acadia, we learn that a large meeting of the Irish Repeal Association was held in Dublin on the 26th ult., at which the infamous O’Connell presided for the first time since his narrow escape from the gallows. His imprisonment does not seem to have abated his rancorous feelings towards this country. He introduced to the meeting the notorious Dr. Moriarty, of this city, who is now on a begging expedition to raise money to rebuild the Romish churches destroyed during the Kensington riots in May last. The origin of the riots, according to O’Connell’s statement, was, that “on the 4th of July the Philadelphia authorities disarmed the [R.] Catholics, under the pretence that they should be protected,” the object being ‘to exterminate the Catholics,’ and then followed all the rest! Dr. Moriarty followed him in a speech, and not only suffered what he, of course, knew to be atrocious falsehoods to pass uncorrected, but heaped additional slanders upon ‘poor Philadelphia’ in particular, and the United States in general; where, as he told the meeting, ‘the number of educated, enlightened and civilized men was few.’ It will be news to our city readers to learn that ‘his own life had been three times attempted in the public streets of Philadelphia.’ ‘The reverend gentleman concluded by commenting upon the ingratitude of the United States, which would venture to exterminate Irishmen, when they had done so much for that country by their bravery and talents’ (Cheers).”

Now, we have nothing to say about Mr. O’Connell at present, except that the *Banner* speaks of him in the most unjust and most unbecoming language. What we desire to notice here, are the logic and charity of the *Banner of the Cross*. His argument is reduced to this: ‘Mr. O’Connell and Dr. Moriarty are supposed to have made incorrect statements regarding the Philadelphia riots: therefore these gentlemen have exhibited the *spirit of popery*!! This is truly a new species of dialectics: it takes for granted what no body admits: it supposes, what is false, that Mr. O’Connell and Dr. Moriarty were the representatives of the Catholic religion at the repeal meeting in Dublin. How could the *Banner of the Cross* stumble upon such an illogical conclusion? Has he a right to infer from the misstatements, or from the imprudences of one or two Catholic clergymen or laymen, especially at a political meeting, and in a particular locality, that the *spirit of the Catholic church* has been displayed to the view of christendom? As well might we say that the spirit of the Protestant Episcopal church is exhibited in the evil course of some one among its highest dignitaries. The editor of the *Banner* must see that such inferences are not consistent either with the rules of sound logic or with those of justice. We have heard the late

speech of Dr. Moriarty commented upon, by Catholic clergymen and Catholic laymen, Americans and Irishmen, and we have not heard a dissenting voice as to the impropriety and inaccuracy of certain remarks used by Dr. Moriarty; and we have no doubt that this is the universal opinion of the reflecting portion of the Catholic community in this country, whether native or adopted citizens, clergymen or laymen. We take the liberty, therefore, of informing the editor of the *Banner*, and he is requested to inform his readers, that the circumstances to which he alludes are no index to the spirit of the Catholic religion. Catholicity had nothing to do with them. If Dr. Moriarty misstated matters, the only conclusion that follows is that his assertions were incorrect; but surely no man of sincerity and education would infer that his religion taught him to make the erroneous statement, or, what is more, that the spirit of the Catholic church in general, is illustrated in such circumstances.

In the remarks which we have made, we disclaim even the slightest disregard for Dr. Moriarty as a talented and zealous clergyman and an amiable gentleman. We know him intimately, and we duly appreciate his many excellent qualities; but when the enemies of our holy religion avail themselves of his public speeches, to cast odium upon the principles of Catholicity, we deem it a duty for the press to vindicate her on this as well as on any other occasion. It has always been a fruitful source of prejudice among our Protestant brethren to look for the doctrine and spirit of the Catholic church in the works of its enemies; but this prejudice may be sometimes fostered by members of her own communion, when they become even unintentionally an occasion of error for our adversaries; and it seems to us that it would be a betrayal of the high trust reposed in the authorized exponents of Catholicity, to allow the acts of irresponsible persons or the irresponsible acts of other individuals, to be palmed upon the Catholic body at large.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We acknowledge the receipt of "*A Chapter on Mobs*," which will appear in February. This is an equally curious and learned paper, which will impart to our readers a great amount of information relative to the history and operations of that ugly offspring of social disorder, called in English a mob.

We thank our fair correspondents also for their valuable contributions. The *Communion of Saints* is a pleasing poetical effusion. *Blenheim Forest*, or *the Trials of a Convert*, is a very interesting narrative, a portion of which has been published in this number.

OBITUARY.

We have to-day the melancholy duty of announcing the demise of the Rev. PATRICK BYRNE, one of the oldest clergymen in the diocese of Boston.

The reverend deceased was for many years pastor of St. Mary's, Charlestown, but officiated latterly in New Bedford. He died in the latter place on Thursday morning, the 5th Dec., in the 52d year of his age. His remains were attended to this city on Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Murphy, of Fall River, and the Rev. Mr. O'Beirne, of Taunton, and were deposited in the aisle of the cathedral of the Holy Cross, from whence they were removed on Friday morning last to the Catholic burial ground, South Boston.—*Boston Pilot*.

On the 1st of November, at St. Charles, Mo., Rev. CORNELIUS HENRY WALTERS, of the Society of Jesus. The deceased was born on the frontier line between Holland and Prussia. In 1829 he entered the ecclesiastical seminary of Bois le Duc, and after the completion of his theological studies was ordained at Munster. In 1833 he emigrated to America, and entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Georgetown, D. C. From this place he was soon sent to Missouri, where he had ever since exercised the holy ministry with zeal and fidelity. Competent as he was to preach in English, German, and French, his loss will be severely felt in the diocese of St. Louis.—*St. Louis Cabinet*.

On the 19th of December, at Baltimore, Sister SERAPHINA, of the order of Mount Carmel, in the 23d year of her age. The deceased, whose name in the world was MARY JANE FARMER, was born in the state of New York of Protestant parents. At the age of seventeen she became a convert to the Catholic faith, and two years afterwards was received into the community of the Carmelite order in Baltimore. Her remarkable conversion, the edification which she gave to all around her during the period of her life in the religious state, and the great devotion which she evinced for our Lord in the sacrament of his love, show her to have been one of those happy souls whom God singles out, from time to time, to make them the repositories of his choicest graces. We may truly say of her in the words of the sacred Scriptures: "Being made perfect in a short space she fulfilled a long time."

On the evening of Saturday, December 14th, of consumption, CORNELIUS McGRATH, student of the theological seminary of St. Charles Borromeo. The deceased, after having gone through the preparatory studies in the seminary of Belfast, Ireland, entered as an ecclesiastical student the seminary of the Rt. Rev. bishop of Pittsburg, and afterwards removed to the seminary of Philadelphia in March, 1844. His mild and edifying conduct and unaffected piety endeared him to his professors and fellow students.—*Cath. Herald*.

On the 23d of December, at Alexandria, D. C., Rev. BENJAMIN A. YOUNG, S. J., who had been for many years a most laborious and useful member of the Society of Jesus in this country.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Two Months Abroad; or a Trip to England, France, Baden, Prussia, and Belgium, in August and September, 1843; by a Rail Road Director of Massachusetts: Boston, 1844, pp. 66.

This is a very agreeable and interesting little work, written in a lively and pleasing style, and abounding with much valuable information. The writer does not merely travel, he *flies* as fast as steam can carry him. In two months he has traversed England, France, Baden, Prussia, and Belgium; and in two months more he might have made the tour of the world. His "trip" seems to have been made with a steady eye to the great business maxim so currently received in this "enlightened" age of dollars and cents: "*Time is money.*"

However, we are not displeased at him for the speed with which he travelled; he went out as a rail road director, and he travelled in that capacity. But, while flying in the steam-cars of Europe, his Yankee shrewdness enabled him to see a great way into the social and moral condition of the countries through which he passed. And we must say we were delighted with most of his reflections. Though he hailed from Boston, yet his mind seems to have been wholly free from all narrow bigotry or sectional prejudice. We have detected scarcely one ill-natured or illiberal remark in the whole book. He speaks of men and things just as they struck him, without reference to religion or country. This is as it should be: his example ought to convey a lesson to all modern Trollopes, whether English or American, male or female.

He prefers the rail road system of Catholic Belgium to that of England or any other country in Europe.

"The whole system of Belgium is the most liberal, judicious and admirably conducted in Europe; contributes most to the social intercourse and innocent amusement of the people, confers inestimable benefits on commerce, has been conceived by philosophic men, independent of and above the influence of narrow and grovelling minds, and popular caprice. It does honor to the country, and deserves the imitation of enlightened nations."—P. 38.

He prefers the scenery and husbandry of Normandy, in France, to any thing he has seen in England, and thinks the French peasantry much more comfortable and happy than the English.

"Occasional avenues of old forest trees appear, leading to ancient *chateaux* or gentlemen's modern mansions; villages substantially built of brick and stone; hedges more luxuriant than any that have met my eye in England, and the crops, which are ready for the sickle, superior to any I have seen between Birmingham and Brighton. The inhabit-

ants reside principally in the villages, and the lower classes appear better housed and fed than the English agricultural population."—P. 16.

He speaks as follows of the husbandry of England, and of the condition of the classes who till the earth: and his remarks will appear new and startling to those who look to England as the *beauideal* of every thing perfect, especially in manufactures and agriculture.

"We are struck particularly with the ploughs, (English,) which are cumbrous, and apparently inferior to our own. Each of these, we notice, is drawn by five horses tandem, with a ploughman and two drivers, one of them mounted. With this force the plough slowly crosses in a field already ploughed, and, as the horses turn, on reaching the boundary hedge, we observe two are able to draw it to the end of the furrow. One American, with two horses, would, in our opinion, do twice the work in a day. The laborers appear dull, and are ill-fed, and if, as we are told, they receive but one shilling a day, it is doubtful if they earn more. *They lack the impulse of education, or of some incentive to elevate them from their depraved condition.*"—P. 44, 45.

Had his tour led him through the manufacturing districts, he would have been compelled to witness and to describe a scene of much more appalling wretchedness and degradation. On his visit to York, he incidentally alludes to the desecration of God's holy places, and to the decay of piety in England, brought about by the boasted reformation.

"The brilliant days of this city (York) are passed. Once a distinguished colony of Rome, it holds the ashes of a Roman emperor; subsequently the seat of religious magnificence, it prided itself, not only on its minster, but on its *seventy-five churches (two-thirds of which have crumbled away)*, and was the resort of countless monks, pilgrims, and devotees," &c.—P. 49.

We must close this rapid notice, and can only find room for one more extract, describing, in a lively and graphic manner, a most annoying scene at the London custom house. To those who may wish to see more of this very agreeable and candid little book, we say, read it for yourselves; its perusal will amply repay you.

"The day is unusually fine and inviting, and we are hurrying away, but find ourselves close prisoners. Every trunk and package must be examined *seriatim*, by a single official and his clerk. A surly porter permits one person only to enter the office at a time, and calls our names from the berth-list of the steamer..... A wearisome detention awaits us, and the barometer of our spirits falls rapidly.

The list is slowly called. When the door opens all press forward with hope, but one only hears his name. Hour passes after hour. At length the H. family are called, and enter the door, followed, to our utter consternation, by their trunk of a carriage. 'What!' exclaims the crowd, 'is that also to be unpacked and scrutinized, while we stand here?' 'O that Sir Robert Peel were here!' cries one; 'O that the Queen, or the Duke of Wellington were here!' says another; 'I wish for Mr. Hume,' cries another, 'for he cuts down the establishment;'; 'O'Connell would not submit to this,' urges an Irish lady, 'for he supports the rights of the people.' Some are eloquent in favor of free trade; others decry Pitt for the national debt, which brings down upon them the excise, the income tax, and the custom house. The men become excited, and the ladies fretful. A rich old gentleman, returning from his travels, tries to console them by urging that the debt has saved England from a revolution. 'Yes,' cries another, 'it is doubly unfortunate; for by a revolution, we should have escaped both from the debt and the aristocracy.'.....Our turn, at length, arrives, and with the day nearly gone, after a detention of about four hours, we escape from our prison."—P. 39, 40.

Metropolitan Catholic Almanac and Laity's Directory for the year of our Lord 1845. Baltimore: F. Lucas, Jr. pp. 208.

This annual visitor has again made its appearance, and, as usual, bearing the evidences of the progress which Catholicity has made during the past year. It abounds in information relative to the present condition of the church in the United States, and contains a variety of other matter which will prove very interesting to the Catholic reader. As a book of reference it is invaluable and even indispensable, as no other work embodies the same information regarding the actual state of religion in this country. It is equally curious and pleasing to compare the successive statements which have been furnished by this work, since its original publication in 1833. At that time there were but thirteen bishops in the United States, and now there are twenty-six. The number of priests has more than doubled itself, amounting at present to about seven hundred. For the other statistical details which it exhibits, we refer the reader to the Almanac itself, which, we take it for granted, will be in the possession of every Catholic family. We will remark, however, in reference to this number of the work, that it commends itself to the attention of the public with greater force than any of its predecessors. The map of the United States which it contains is an important improvement. It exhibits at a glance the extent and relative situation of the different dioceses; most of the places where a church has been erected are marked by a †; the episcopal

sees are plainly indicated; and, in addition to all this, a tabular statement is furnished, showing the chronological order of the dioceses, with their limits, the names of the bishops, and the date of their consecration. It must be observed also that the Almanac of this year is more generally accurate in its statements than it has ever been; the editor having received official accounts from all the dioceses of the union, except one, which was only partially reported.

Dunigan's Illustrated edition of the Holy Bible: N. York.

We have received Nos. IX, X, XI and XII of this beautiful work, containing two splendid engravings of the *Annunciation* and of *St. John the Baptist* in his boyhood.

The Doctrine of Exclusive Salvation explained and proved. Tract No. VII. Balt. Metrop. Tract Society.

No subject being more misunderstood among our Protestant brethren than the doctrine of exclusive salvation as admitted by Catholics, much service would be done to the cause of religion and of truth by the circulation of the above mentioned tract. It is written in a mild spirit, and the question is elucidated in a way which, we have no doubt, will carry conviction to the mind of every reflecting and sincere Christian.

The Cross in its true light, or the utility of sufferings.

By J. P. Pinamonti, S. J. Balt. Metropolitan Press: 32mo. pp. 112.

This volume is of small dimensions; but it embraces a vast amount of useful instruction, and of that kind which is the most frequently applicable to the daily concerns and events of life. As no circumstances can shield the Christian against the approach of trial, it being the common lot of man to suffer, the little book before us will be found at all times a most valuable friend, in soothing the ills of mortality and converting them into sources of virtue and merit. The appearance of this second American edition is an evidence of the increasing estimation in which the work is held among the Catholics of this country. In Europe it has been translated into several languages, and forms one of the standards of Catholic piety.

Catholic Sentinel: New Orleans.

This is the title of a weekly periodical which has recently been started in New Orleans, for the purpose of vindicating the tenets and practices of the Catholic church. The editor and proprietor of this journal is the Rev. J. J. Mullen, pastor of St. Patrick's church in that city, a clergyman whose talents and zeal have been long and extensively known to the Catholics of this country. We wish him every success in his new undertaking. *The Catholic Sentinel* is published every Saturday at \$3 per annum in advance.

THE UNITED STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1846.

A CHAPTER ON MOBS—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Why have the nations raged, and the people devised vain things? He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh at them; and the Lord shall deride them.—*Psalms* ii, 1, 4.

Blessed are you when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake; rejoice and be exceeding glad, because your reward is very great in heaven.—*Matt.* v, 11, 12.



CONTEMPLATING the appalling scenes presented by the late Philadelphia riots, the Christian philosopher is filled with amazement, and is inclined to drop a tear over the sad perverseness of human nature, when its passions are lashed into fury by maddening appeals, and are unchecked by reason and religion. But, however much he may be afflicted at the spectacle, he will not despair. The sacred cause of truth and justice, though trampled under foot, and crushed for a time, will and must ultimately triumph over reckless falsehood and atrocious oppression. The cause of truth, like that of liberty,

"Though baffled oft, is ever won."

The base arts of the slanderer and persecutor sooner or later recoil with fatal effect on their own heads; and the indignation which they have temporarily excited against the innocent and the virtuous, ultimately falls, with a hundred-fold force, on themselves. Truth, obscured and hidden for a time by the dark intervening clouds of prejudice and misrepresentation, always breaks forth again with renewed lustre and brilliancy; even as the

sun breaks forth from the clouds which have for a time concealed his beams. Persecution can no more blot out the truth than clouds can blot out the sun from the heavens.

It has ever been so. The annals of history proclaim the fact, in language not to be misunderstood, that falsehood and brute violence never have yet destroyed a good, nor firmly established a bad cause. Thanks to the wise and benevolent Author of our nature, there is inherent in its constitution a reactive energy, which powerfully stimulates it, when led astray by passion and misrepresentation, to return once more to the right path. And though falsehood, in its fierce and unprincipled grappling with truth, may, even for a long time, seem to retain the mastery, yet truth will, and must, in the nature of things, ultimately regain the ascendancy. Philosophy, religion, and history combine to sustain this position.

The wisest of men has said: "There is nothing new under the sun." Human nature has always been the same in every age; the same in its passions, in its prejudices, in its capabilities, both for good and for evil. If we search the annals of history we will find that recent occurrences, which at first struck us as new and startling, are really neither new nor

startling. Similar events have occurred hundreds of times before, and often, too, under circumstances of much deeper atrocity. The Philadelphia riots were bad enough, but they might have been much worse, of much longer continuance, and much more extensive in their ravages. There are hundreds of instances in the history of the past, in which the efforts of slander and of brute force to crush the truth, have been marked by much greater fierceness and by much more appalling and wide spread ruin. If the Catholic take a retrospective glance at the history of his church, and mark the numerous parallelisms to the Philadelphia riots which that history unfolds, he will not despair of the future, but, on the contrary, his bosom will be filled with hope. His church has in past ages triumphed, again and again, over much more formidable opposition; she has come out unscathed from much more fiery ordeals. She has triumphed over flood and conflagration, over devastation and ruin, over time and revolution, over barbarian incursion and the desperate efforts made for two hundred and fifty years by the all-powerful iron empire of Rome to crush her; and is it likely that the puny efforts of a few paltry bigots, and the burning of a few of her churches in one of our cities, will *now* put her down? No, no. "He who dwelleth in heaven shall laugh at them; and the Lord shall deride them." He whose word can not pass away, though heaven and earth may pass away, hath built this church on a rock, and hath pledged his eternal veracity that "the gates of hell shall *not* prevail against it."

To enable our readers the more easily to take this rapid retrospective glance at the past, is the object of this brief "chapter on mobs." One lesson we will glean, if no other, from this historical retrospect—that we need never despond nor yield even slightly to discouragement under persecution, no matter how galling it may be; no matter how seemingly hopeless, humanly speaking, may be the prospect of escape or redress. Still darker clouds often hung over the pathway of our Catholic ancestors, even at no distant day, and yet they despaired not, and yet those clouds have passed away. What has been will be again. Persecution has ever been the heritage of truth; it was the lot of Him, the pure and spotless Lamb of God, who was himself "the

way, and the *truth*, and the life." And he foretold that it should be the lot of his disciples; he led us to expect it as a thing of course; he consoled us under its anticipated or present pressure with the golden declaration: "The disciple is not above the Master."

The first mob of which we read in the annals of sacred history was that which fiercely clamored for the blood of the Man-God, and made the streets of Jerusalem ring with the maddening and demoniacal shout: "Crucify him! crucify him!!" The first mob in Christian times imbrued its hands in the blood of a God, and was guilty of the monstrous crime of deicide! And be it remembered, too, that those who composed that first mob were goaded into reckless fury by inflammatory appeals made to their worst passions, by men who made a parade of their sanctity, boasted of their superior righteousness, and wore the sacred garb of God's ministers! The awful crime of deicide was committed in the name of religion, for the defence of religion, at the instance of men who were the ministers of religion!

And how was this dreadful result brought about? How was that giddy multitude which had, but five days before, filled the streets of the sacred city with joyous hosannas to the Son of David, so suddenly changed in feeling and sentiment? The change was brought about by the busy circulation of base slanders affecting the character of the Son of God,—slanders as baseless and as wholly unfounded in truth, as they were fatal in their results. What but the shouts of that vile mob, and the pusillanimous fear of displeasing them and of being deemed an enemy of Cesar, induced the weak governor of Judea reluctantly to sign the fatal sentence, the crying injustice of which his own conscience fully testified?

But let the disciple of Christ ever bear in mind, for the strengthening of his faith, and for his consolation under persecution, that though a mob compassed the death of the blessed Jesus, and consigned him, in fiendish triumph, to the tomb, yet it could not prevent his speedy triumph over death, and his glorious resurrection. In spite of all the watchfulness and precautions of his enemies; in spite of Pharisaic spies and Roman guards, he arose again, as he had clearly predicted, on the third day; he arose to die no more; his

triumph was permanent and eternal. In him truth triumphed most signally over error, innocence over slander, virtue over persecution. And his unalterable meekness and patience under suffering and death, and his glorious triumph over his enemies, present a type of what was subsequently to happen to his disciples and to his church. The church might expect to be slandered, to be persecuted, to be nailed to the cross with her blessed Founder and Spouse; like him, she was to bear all these indignities without a murmur; and like him, too, she was to arise again, with renewed life and vigor, from the tomb to which her enemies had thought, in the folly of their hearts, that they had for ever consigned her. As we shall soon see, the history of the church clearly establishes this great leading fact.

The next mob of which we read in sacred history was that which compassed the death of the blessed Stephen, the great Christian proto-martyr. This noble youth was privileged, first of all the disciples of Christ, to drink of the bitter chalice of his divine Master; to show forth *his* meekness and patience under suffering, and to share in *his* posthumous glories. He dazzled all by the splendor of his miracles, and confounded his adversaries by his surpassing eloquence. They were convinced, but not persuaded. Instead of yielding to the truth, they were filled with rage at the triumphant arguments of the young Christian deacon. They were discomfited; they could not answer argument by argument; and hence they summoned to their aid the brute force of an ignorant and excitable multitude.

"They stirred up, therefore, the *people*, and the ancients, and the scribes; and running together, they took him, and brought him before the council. And they set up false witnesses who said: this man ceaseth not to speak words against the holy place and the law. . . . And all they who sat in the council, looking earnestly upon him, saw his face as it were the face of an angel."*

The result is known. The noble eloquence and triumphant defence of Stephen availed him nothing; it mattered not that he had "the face," and the eloquence, too, "of an angel:" the mob whom he addressed, like all other mobs in ancient and modern times, were both

deaf and blind; they were filled with rage at his splendid appearance, commanding eloquence, and unanswerable arguments; and, "hearing these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed with their teeth at him. . . . And they, crying out with a loud voice, *stopped their ears*, and with one accord rushed violently upon him. And having cast him out of the city, they stoned him."† Stephen, with his last breath, wafted to heaven, which was already open to his view, a prayer for his persecutors and assassins: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep in the Lord."‡

We need not dwell on the many fierce mobs which were excited against St. Paul at Philippi, at Ephesus, at Lystra, and in other places. They are all recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and they present almost the same features as the other mobs of which we have already spoken, and as those of which we shall speak in the sequel.

Come we now to the period of the church's greatest trials and sufferings. During the first three centuries of the Christian era, the sword of persecution was seldom returned to the scabbard. From the time that the imperial monster Nero declared a war of extermination against the Christian name, in the year 64, to the close of the persecution under Diocletian and his colleagues, in the year 313, there was but little respite to the sufferings of the Christians. They were hunted down like wild beasts, by day and by night; they were plied with the rack; they were torn by flesh-hooks and by pincers; they were nailed to crosses; they were cast to wild beasts; they were roasted on gridirons. During that period of two hundred and fifty years, ten successive Roman emperors, wielding the omnipotent sceptre of the Cesars, and controlling the destinies of the world, issued edicts for the total extirpation of the Christian religion from the face of the earth. The execution of those bloody laws was entrusted to willing instruments—to proconsuls, prætors, and governors, scattered over the various provinces of the vast empire—to men who panted by their obedience to ingratiate themselves with their imperial masters, and who, besides, often had some private passions of their own, of revenge,

* Acts vi, 12, 13, 15.

* Acts vii, 54, 56, 57.

† Ibid. v, 59.

of bloodthirstiness, or of avarice, to gratify.

Christians were persecuted chiefly in two ways, by legal prosecution and by mob violence. Both methods were as terrific in their results as they were appalling in their cruelty. The attempt to enforce the iniquitous edicts by the forms of law were, in general, but a cruel mockery of even the forms of justice. But, atrocious as it was, this method of exterminating the Christians was too slow in its operation to meet the wishes, or to satisfy the malignity of their enemies. Hence popular violence was invoked, and all who professed the religion of the blessed Jesus were doomed to wholesale massacre at the hands of infuriate mobs. The first persecution under Nero was carried on by a mob, and the last persecution under Diocletian was consummated by a series of mobs. During the intervening period, the most appalling scenes of persecution were precisely those in which ruthless mobs figured as the mad executioners of the imperial edicts. We will present a few facts on this subject to show that we have not misrepresented nor exaggerated in the statements just made.

As Tertullian remarks, with his usual energy and point, it was appropriately permitted by divine Providence, that the bloody Nero, the matricide and the uxoricide, the heartless murderer of his mother Agrippina and of his wife Octavia, should be the first to wage war with Christ and his saints. And we have the authority of the pagan historian, Tacitus, for the fact that Nero began and consummated the persecution by inflaming popular resentment, and by stirring up the ignorant and inflammable Roman mob against the Christians. Rome had been set on fire, and, ere the conflagration could be arrested, a large portion of the splendid marble city of the Cesars had been left a shapeless heap of mouldering and smoking ruins. A band of lawless desperadoes, who openly proclaimed that they acted *on authority*, had, by casting firebrands, greatly contributed to extend the flames.

When the Romans awoke from the first stupor of their astonishment, and beheld their noble city in ruins, the well grounded suspicion crossed their minds that Nero himself had ordered the conflagration! Popular indignation was aroused against the monster, and, to avert it from himself, he immediately re-

solved to turn it into another channel. For this purpose he employed a number of reckless minions of his own, who openly proclaimed that the Christians had fired the city; and, to give additional weight to their testimony, and to cause the multitude to believe in their "awful disclosures," they unblushingly stated that they themselves were Christians, privy to all the dark secrets and truculent purposes of that odious body. The artifice succeeded, and the streets of Rome rang with fierce clamors for the blood of the Christians. The terrible sequel is well known. Tacitus, on whose authority we have stated the above particulars, relates it in the following words: *

"On their information (of the informers above named), an immense multitude (*ingens multitudo*) were convicted, not indeed of setting fire to the city, but of being the enemies of the human race. They were put to the most cruel deaths; their torments were embittered by derision, and turned into sources of sport and merriment for Nero and the mob. They covered their bodies with the skins of wild beasts, that they might be worried and torn to pieces by dogs; they nailed them on crosses, made bonfires of their bodies, having smeared them all over with a mixture of lard and pitch, and fastened them in such a manner on pedestals, or in conspicuous places, that the flames issuing from them served to light up the imperial gardens, and to shed lustre on the games and public entertainments which were blended with the persecution of the Christians. Nero had ordered the imperial pleasure grounds of the vatican to be thrown open for this exhibition, which was set off by chariot races and other sports of the circus on the grandest scale. Those games were also due to the munificence of the emperor, who appeared himself dressed as a charioteer, by turns careering on the course at furious speed, and mingling with the mob on foot."†

The pagan slanderer of the Christians adds that a reaction subsequently took place in popular feeling, and that even the fierce and blood-thirsty Roman mob was filled with compunction and commiseration on beholding the dreadful sufferings of the Christians. But

* We have followed the not inelegant but somewhat free translation by Dr. Miley, in his "Rome as it was under Paganism, and as it became under the Popes," vol. i. p. 191-92.

† Tacitus. *Annal.*, lib. xv, c. 44.

their compassion came too late; the mischief had been done; the fiercest passions of the human bosom had been unchained against the innocent and the helpless; and an *immense multitude* of the latter had fallen victims of blind popular fury. A fire had been enkindled in the bosom of the Roman populace, far more awful and desolating in its ravages than that which had consumed their fair and queenly city.

Scenes very similar to that just described continued to be enacted over the whole length and breadth of the Roman empire throughout the entire period of the persecutions. From theatre and circus, from basilica and forum, the maddening shout went forth: "The Christians to the lions! Death to the Christians!!" The shout was renewed at frequent intervals, and it resounded through the capital and through the provinces, through the towns and the hamlets, through the hills and the valleys of the empire. Every where it was the signal for a furious onslaught on the Christians, for their death and extermination. It was not a mere idle threat; it proclaimed the settled purpose to do deadly mischief. Twice was it raised in the streets of Lyons, and twice did those streets run with Christian blood. On the latter of these two occasions, under the emperor Septimius Severus, about the year 202, St. Irenæus, the illustrious bishop of the city, and nineteen thousand of his flock, were butchered by the mob! Similar scenes occurred about the same time in Africa and the other provinces. They were renewed with still greater fury under Decius, under Maximin, under Valerian, and under Aurelian. As we shall presently see, they became yet more frequent and terrible towards the close of the persecutions under Diocletian.

How are we to account for these astonishing facts? How explain this insatiate fury of the mob? Had the Christians done any thing to merit this treatment, to draw down on their heads this dreadful popular wrath? Was there any thing, either in their principles or in their practice, which tended to make them thus odious in the eyes of the populace? Were not their doctrines pure and holy, their lives innocent and inoffensive? Were they not always good citizens, ready to serve in the armies, and to die for their country? Were they not meek and forgiving, and were they

not in the habit of praying daily for the emperors, and even for their most bitter persecutors? If so, why were they persecuted and hunted down with a fury so abiding and so relentless?

It requires but a glance at the history of that epoch to answer this last question. The persecution of slander preceded and caused that of mob violence. The Christians were first atrociously slandered, and then set on by ruthless mobs. Christ had been thus treated, and his disciples were made to drink with him the bitter chalice of suffering for justice' sake. We have already heard the pagan historian Tacitus denominating the Christians "the enemies of the human race;" and, in the same passage, he calls them "a herd of wretches addicted to flagitious practices." Another cotemporary pagan historian, Suetonius, denominates their holy religion "a pernicious superstition." The most atrocious charges were openly made, and widely circulated against them by their pagan enemies. They were branded as atheists, as enemies of God and man; as "foreigners," and as secret enemies of the Roman empire. They were charged with infanticide, and with banqueting, Thyestes-like, on human flesh in their secret assemblies. According to the testimony of St. Justin, martyr, certain Jewish emissaries, out of deadly hatred to the Christian name, first originated and published this atrocious slander, which was immediately seized on and circulated with avidity by the pagans, particularly by Porphyrius, Celsus, and others.* It was even decorated with all the pretended revolting details of the horrid deed. The Christians were charged with first killing the infant, then drinking its innocent blood, and afterwards feasting on its mangled limbs sprinkled with flour! They were also charged with the commission of the most obscene and revolting crimes in their assemblies; of crimes which their holy religion forbade them even to think of, and which St. Paul would not have named among Christians!

Every circumstance, no matter how trivial, was eagerly seized on to give plausibility and currency to these base slanders. The Christ-

* See St. Justin. Dial., Cum Tryphone, No. cxviii, p. 203. Edit. Venet., 1747. See also, for this and other similar charges, Minutius Felix, Nos. 9, 10, 30, 31, and Athenagoras' and Tertullian's Apologies.

ians were often compelled by imperial and popular violence to abandon the cities, and to fly to caverns and to the catacombs from the face of their persecutors. There, shut out from the light of day, they had to celebrate the divine mysteries in secret and in darkness. This circumstance was greedily taken hold of by their pagan slanderers, to add through it a yet deeper dye to their atrocious calumnies. The catacombs had long been the place of resort and concealment for runaway slaves, for lawless banditti, and for dark conspirators. The Christians, driven by hard necessity and cruel oppression to take shelter likewise in those hideous abodes, were openly stigmatized as the friends and associates of ruffians and outlaws! Mob violence pursued them even to the catacombs. They were branded as a *latebrosa et lucifugax natio*—"a furtive crew, mute in public, but garrulous in holes and corners, ever seeking concealment and shunning the light of day, because their practices were dark, and their worship made up of inhuman and incestuous orgies."*

The shout often went forth from the circus and the theatre: "*Arce non sint!* Let the catacombs be destroyed!" And on more than one occasion the Christians were pursued by the mob to their dismal retreat under ground, and were overwhelmed and suffocated with sand, while engaged in the holy sacrifice, by the filling up of the portion of the catacombs in which they were known to be, while all possibility of egress was precluded by closing up the entrance! The learned antiquary, Aringhi, has preserved, in his splendid work on the Roman catacombs, an inscription which he discovered in the cemetery of Callixtus. With simple and touching pathos, it paints the intense anguish of the Christians, who could not be safe in their holy worship even in the caverns of the earth; and could not even there enjoy the blessed privilege of burying their dead in peace!†

'To inflame still more the popular mind

* See "Rome under Paganism and the Popes," vol. i, pp. 218, 219.

† Aringhi, *Roma Subterranea*. We subjoin the touching sepulchral inscription:

"O tempora infausta!
Quibus intersacra et vota
Ne in cavernis quidem salvare possumus.
Quid miserius vita!
Sed quid miserius in morte,
Cum ab amicis et parentibus
Sepeliri nequeant!"

against the Christians, *forgeries* of the basest and most mischievous character were concocted and circulated throughout the empire. To this class belonged the forged acts of Pilate, replete with horrid blasphemies against Jesus Christ, which were fabricated about the beginning of the fourth century. In order that the tender minds of youth might be poisoned with hatred of the very name of Christian, those infamous acts were spread every where and introduced as a class book into the elementary schools. In addition to all this, the persecutors of the church induced certain abandoned females to forge and circulate certain "awful disclosures," concerning deeds of darkness which they pretended to have witnessed themselves among the Christians!!

Eusebius, the father of church history, bears testimony to all these remarkable facts. We will adduce his evidence on the subject. We need not add that his authority is unexceptionable, as, in addition to its intrinsic weight, the facts he alleges occurred in his own day, during the reign of the tyrant Maximin.

"Having forged, therefore, certain acts of Pilate, respecting our Saviour, full of every kind of blasphemy against Christ, these, with the consent of the emperor, they sent through the whole of the empire subject to him, commanding at the same time by ordinances in every place and city, and the adjacent districts, to publish them to all persons, and to give them to the schoolmasters to hand to their pupils to study and to commit to memory, as exercises for declamation. Whilst these things were doing, another commander, whom the Romans call *Dux*, in Damascus, a city of Phœnicia, caused certain infamous females to be seized from the forum, and threatening to inflict torture upon them, he forced them to make a formal declaration, taken down on record, that they had once been Christians, and that they were privy to the criminal acts amongst them; that in their very churches they committed licentious deeds; and innumerable other slanders, which he wished them to utter against our religion. Which declarations he inserted in the acts, and communicated to the emperor, who immediately commanded that those documents should be published in every city and place."*

* Ecclesiastical History, b. ix, ch. v. American translation—New York, 1842, p. 384.

The same grave historian assures us, a little afterwards, that the imperial edicts against the Christians were inscribed on tablets of brass, which were erected in all the cities of the empire. And he adds :

"The boys also in the schools had the names of Jesus and Pilate, and the acts forged in derision, in their mouths the whole day."*

But there is yet one other consideration, intimately connected with the bitter persecution of slander of which the early Christians were the victims, and essential to a full understanding of the implacable hatred with which they were hunted down by the pagan mob. Under the old Roman empire there was an intimate union of church and state. Superstition and idolatry were closely connected with the affairs of the commonwealth ; they were blended with the arts of peace and the pursuits of war : they were intertwined with the splendid ceremonies of the triumphant pageant in commemoration of victory : they were interwoven with the rise, the progress, the victories, and the glories of pagan Rome. Paganism was ingrafted on the Roman body politic : its superstitions and idolatrous rites were welded into the iron framework of Roman jurisprudence. As Rome advanced in her all-conquering career, and added new provinces to her empire, she adopted also the divinities and superstitions of the conquered. The gods of the newly conquered territory were borne in the triumphal procession decreed in honor of the victorious commander ; and, after they had contributed to swell the pageant, they were by a decree of the senate enrolled among the tutelary deities of the empire, and enthroned in the temples, the forum, or on the capitol. Thus, as St. Leo the Great beautifully remarks, Rome, after conquering the whole world, adopted, and became the willing slave of all the varied errors and superstitions of the whole world. Rome was a kind of pandemonium—a sanctuary for all the false divinities of paganism.

But though pagan Rome was thus liberal in patronizing error, she was rigid in enforcing obedience to the decisions of her senate and the provisions of her ancient laws. One of those laws, inscribed on the twelve tables, strictly prohibited any one from privately worshipping new or strange gods, or any

other than those that the senate might sanction and enroll.* This law was held sacred, and was rigidly enforced.

It bore down with dreadful effect on the Christians, who would not, and could not consent to bow down to the false idols of paganism. For this non-conformity they were represented as the sworn enemies of the gods who had led the Roman arms to victory and the Roman city to empire ; they were painted as atheists, as enemies to the country, as "foreigners," originally from a distant and contemptible province of the empire, "alien" in heart and affection to its political and religious institutions, as traitors nestling in the bosom of society, only that they might inflict a mortal wound on their benefactors, as the causes of the vengeance of heaven, and of all the misfortunes which happened to the empire. "If the Tiber rise, or the Nile do not," says the terse and pointed Tertullian ; "if an earthquake or drought occur, the Christians are still the cause."†

With all these powerful influences at work against the early Christians, with all these bitter elements infused into the persecution and slander directed against them, can we wonder that they became odious and that they fell victims to popular violence ? Can we wonder at the butchery of the Christians in the cities and towns by armed mobs thirsting for their blood ? Can we wonder that this same spirit should have entered into the army itself, carrying proscription and death to those among the brave defenders of the country, who *dared* to worship Jesus Christ, and to refuse adoration to the gods of the empire?‡ Can we wonder at the decimation and massacre of the noble Theban legion, composed entirely of Christians, under the emperor Galerius ? Can we wonder that, when wholesale massacre could not extirpate the Christian soldiers who already filled the imperial armies, these brave men were degraded, and sent to work in the mines and catacombs, like vile slaves and malefactors, and there, amidst taunts and derision, to wear away their lives in incessant toil day and

* This singular law, as quoted by Cicero, de Legibus, runs thus : "Separatim nemo habessit deos ; nove novos, neve advenas, nisi publice adscitos, privatim coluto."

† *Apologia.*

‡ See Eusebius, *Eccles. Hist.* b. viii, ch. iv, pp. 321, 322, edit. *supra*.

* Ibid. ch. vii, p. 365.

night, badly clothed, badly fed, and shut out for ever from the light of day? Can we, indeed, with all those facts in view, wonder at any atrocity perpetrated against the Christian name?

The mob spirit is essentially contagious and progressive. At first it may be only a spark; but, if not speedily extinguished, it will soon become a mighty conflagration, consuming every thing in its progress. The history of mob violence in every age and country establishes this leading feature and fact. The experience of the past proves that a mob is like a menagerie of fierce wild beasts, which, when once let loose upon society, and lashed into fury, may do much more mischief than could have been reasonably anticipated, and may turn their violence on their keepers themselves. Those who recklessly unchain the fierce passions of a mob, raise a storm the fury of which they can not themselves control.

The history of the Roman empire during the latter half of the second, and the first half of the third century, presents a remarkable instance of this fact. The Roman emperors and governors had recklessly excited and kept alive mob violence against the Christians: they had encouraged and cherished this demoniacal spirit, in order through it to crush Christianity: and this spirit once called forth and put in motion preyed upon the vitals, and threatened the very existence of the empire itself! It took possession even of the army; it set legion against legion in a death struggle for the mastery; it made the Roman emperors themselves mere puppets in the hands of the Prætorian guards! During the ninety-two years which elapsed after the death of the emperor Marcus Aurelius, there were no less than *thirty-two* emperors elected, and most of them murdered by the soldiery, besides *twenty-seven* pretenders to the imperial purple! And but for the great conservative influence of Christianity, firmly resisting this all-destructive mob spirit, under the reigns of the great Christian emperors, Constantine, Gratian, and Theodosius, there is little doubt that the empire would have fallen a victim to internal dissensions, even before Goth, Vandal, or Hun ever crossed its frontiers.

* See a graphic passage of the pagan historian, Dio-dorus Siculus, on the hardships endured by such convicts, quoted by Dr. Miloy. "Rome under Paganism," &c. vol. ii, p. 58.

We have already extended our remarks on the leading features of the early persecutions to an almost unwarrantable length; but we must yet solicit the patience of our readers, while we say a few words on the last, most protracted, and most dreadful persecution of all: that under Diocletian and his three colleagues. The eloquent Lactantius says that, during the ten years of its continuance, four fierce wild beasts were let loose on society, and raged with appalling cruelty from one end of the empire to the other. It was the last great death struggle of paganism against Christianity: it was the last desperate effort that was made to crush the religion of Jesus by brute violence.

It was eminently too a persecution of mobs. A Roman mob proclaimed it in the capitol of the empire; mobs scattered through the provinces kept it up and consummated it, every where burning churches, burning the sacred books, burning whole Christian towns and cities, *together with their inhabitants*, and fiendishly shouting and exulting amidst the ruins their blind fury had strewn around them. We will speak of the beginning of the persecution in the language of an eloquent living writer.* The scene he paints occurred in the Circus Maximus at Rome, on occasion of the return of the emperor from a visit to Africa.

"It was on the kalends of May, in the year of redemption 303, during one of those paroxysms of brutal excitement, that the terrific shout, so often heard in circus and amphitheatre before, resounded from the infuriated myriads, as they arose by a simultaneous impulse—'Away with the Christians!' *Christiani tollantur!*' was *twelve* times repeated by a chorus of *four hundred thousand* blood-thirsty voices. This was followed by *ten* rounds of 'death and extermination to the Christians!' '*Christiani non sint!*'"

The emperor willingly listened to a clamor which but embodied his own spirit; was perhaps prompted by his agents and minions. The persecution was accordingly proclaimed; and soon the Roman empire was drenched in Christian blood.

"Nothing was to be heard but the clanking of chains, the mournful and piteous wailing of young boys, aged men, and tender virgins, as

* "Rome under Paganism," &c. sup. cit. vol. ii, p. 70, 71.

they were inhumanly dragged, with blows and with every insulting outrage, before the judges; for these and their ferocious satellites were insensible to every sentiment of respect for either the infirmities of age or for virginal modesty. The prisons were crowded with holy confessors, so that other public buildings were appointed to receive them. How wanton was the cruelty of the heathens towards the martyrs, we learn from one species of torture mentioned by St. Jerome: 'the Christian,' says this father, 'was first stretched upon the rack, and burned with heated hoops or plates of iron; he was then smeared all over with honey, placed with his hands bound around him in the burning sun; and thus left to putrify and expire, exposed to the annoyances and stings of insects.' **

The facts alleged in the extracts just given are confirmed by the great St. Basil, an almost cotemporary writer, in his funeral oration on the holy martyr Gordius. We subjoin the graphic picture of Christian sufferings drawn by this master-hand.

"The houses of the Christians were wrecked and laid in ruins; their goods became the prey of rapine; their bodies of the ferocious lictors, who tore them like wild beasts, dragging their matrons by the hair along the streets, callous alike to the claims of pity of the aged, and of those still in tender years. The innocent were submitted to torments usually reserved only for the blackest criminals. The dungeons were crammed with the inmates of the Christian homes that now lay desolate; and the trackless deserts and the forest caves were crowded with fugitives whose only crime was the worship of Jesus Christ. In these dark times the son betrayed his father, the sire impeached his own offspring, the servant sought his master's property by denouncing him, the brother sought his brother's blood; for none of the claims or ties of humanity seemed any longer to be recognized, so completely had all been blinded, as if by a demoniac inspiration. Moreover, the house of prayer was profaned by impious hands; most holy altars were overturned; nor was there any offering of the clean oblation of incense; no place was left for the divine mysteries;—all was profound tribulation; a sable darkness that shut out all comfort; the sacer-

dotal colleges were dispersed; no synod or council could meet for terror of the slaughter that went on every where; but the demons celebrated their orgies, and polluted all things by the smoke and gore of their victims."

The persecution went for ten long years; it raged with unabating fury throughout all the provinces of the Roman empire except Gaul and Britain; every where it stirred up popular commotions; every where the ruthless mobs burnt down the houses and the churches of the Christians; the whole empire was overspread with smoking ruins, and was reeking with Christian blood; and, after all this work of blood and desolation had been accomplished, the emperors erected monuments commemorative of their triumph, and of the final downfall and utter extirpation of Christianity from the face of the earth!*

Vain and idle boasting of wicked men! That religion which they thought they had already destroyed, was never in a more prosperous condition than it was at that very time: at the very moment that they thought they had extinguished its life, consigned it for ever to the tomb, and erected its sepulchral monument, it was on the very eve of the great and final triumph! Like its divine Author and Founder, it speedily arose from the tomb, filled with new life, and all radiant with new glory! And, like its divine Founder, too, it arose to die no more; its enemies were destined never again to enjoy even an *apparent* triumph over its pretended extinction. The blessed Jesus had remained in the tomb for three days: his church remained in the dark tomb of oppression and persecution for nearly three centuries: both were immortal and indestructible; both triumphed over death.

The proudly boasting persecutors, trembling at the sight of their own iniquities, and bitterly remembering, like Antiochus of old, the evils they had done to the people of God, expired in the most excruciating agonies of both mind and body.† They died, and Christianity still lived! They passed away and were forgotten; and the religion which they thought they had destroyed, was seen emerging from the mountains, the wilderness, the caverns,

* One of those monuments, erected in honor of Diocletian, bore the boasting inscription: "nomine Christianorum deleta."

† See Lactantius, *De morte Persecutorum*.

* Ibid. vol. ii, pp. 30, 31.

and the catacombs; it soon appeared again in public day, invested with renewed life and courage, and soon built up again its ruined temples; and reared again its desecrated and overturned altars, in a style of richness and magnificence till then unknown. Her ministers put off the weeds of mourning, and put on the habiliments of joy. Public worship, till then chiefly confined to narrow chambers and dark caverns, now shone forth with all the dazzling splendor of a rich and magnificent ceremonial. The cross, trampled under foot for nearly three centuries, now appeared encircled with gems in the coronals of emperors and empresses, and was reared in triumph on the loftiest monuments of pagan Rome! The inscription which had appeared on the mysterious heavenly cross seen by Constantine—*AT TUTORI TALL*—"in this sign thou shalt conquer"—portended something more than a mere victory over Maxentius: it foreshadowed the speedy and final triumph of the cross of Christ over the multiplied abominations of heathenism. Christianity and paganism had grappled in a death struggle for the mastery of the world; and Christianity, with every odds against it, won the day and gained the ascendancy. A poor fisherman, without riches, without talent, without influence, without any resources; preaching a doctrine far elevated above the reason, and a morality at war with the most darling passions of mankind, had conquered that proud and haughty Rome, which had itself subdued and crushed the whole world with its iron sceptre!

What then availed all the persecutions that had been set in motion to crush the Christian religion? What availed all the vile slanders that had been circulated to destroy the character of Christians? What availed the unblushing forgeries that had been concocted for the same purpose? What availed the racks, the halters, the flesh-hooks, the gridirons and the crosses which had been employed? What availed the shouts of infuriate mobs, and the ruins amidst which they had revelled with fiendish triumph? What availed all the combined exertions of earth and hell, of men and demons? All availed nothing. The church,

"Strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore,"

was impregnable and indestructible in the for-

trength which her divine Founder had erected for her, and in the panoply of divine strength which he had thrown around her! The "gates of hell" did not "prevail" against her, because he had predicted that they should *not* prevail!

But there is yet one other feature in the history of the early persecutors too remarkable in its nature, and too honorable to the character of the suffering Christians, to be omitted in this place. If Christianity triumphed over paganism, even while the latter was inflicting the most cruel torture and agony on the former, it triumphed, as its divine Founder had triumphed, by cherishing a spirit of unalterable meekness, of unruffled patience, and of sincere forgiveness towards its most bitter enemies. It repaid evil with good, curses with blessings, injuries and insults with prayers. Its numberless martyrs approached death with calmness, and with countenances beaming with heavenly joy. Not a complaint, not a murmur escaped their lips. St. Laurence was more tranquil while roasting on his gridiron, than his persecutors could have been, though reposing on beds of roses or of the softest down. The humble and helpless young virgin Agnes, while exposed to the taunts and insults of a brutal and licentious mob, was more composed and happy than ever was the proudest matron of Rome, though glittering with jewels and leading the dance in a marble banquet room, surrounded by admiring hundreds. Nothing could ruffle the temper, nothing disturb the divine composure of the Christian martyrs. They died, freely forgiving, and fervently praying for those who were inflicting death on them!

The following fact, recorded with generous pride by Eusebius, will show that, even at the close of the fierce persecution under Diocletian, they not only retained no feelings of resentment or rancor against their enemies, but were disposed to return good for evil. At that period a dreadful famine, followed by a still more dreadful pestilence, spread desolation through many rich and populous provinces of the Roman empire. "All places," says Eusebius, were filled with lamentations,—in all streets, lanes, market places, and highways nothing was to be seen but tears, with the accustoméd flutes and funeral dirge." "Such," he adds, "were the rewards of the pompous

boasting of Maximinus, and of his edicts throughout the cities against us!"

Then follows this testimony as to the generous and noble line of conduct pursued by the Christians on the occasion.

"Then, also, the evidences of the zeal and piety of the Christians became manifest and obvious to all, for they were the only ones, in the midst of such distressing circumstances, that exhibited sympathy and humanity in their conduct. They continued the whole day, some in the care and burial of the dead, for numberless were they for whom there was none to care; others, collecting the multitude of those wasting away by the famine throughout the city, distributed bread among all. So that the fact was cried abroad, and men glorified the God of the Christians, constrained as they were by the facts to acknowledge that these were the only really pious and the only real worshippers of God."*

When we began this paper, we intended to treat, also, of some among the more remarkable mobs which have occurred in modern times, during the three last centuries. We had intended to institute a comparison, and to establish a parallelism between the mob spirit which attempted the destruction of the church during the three first centuries, and that which attempted the same object during the three last. And we think that we have before us ample materials for going into this comparison, as well as ample facts to establish this parallelism. We think we can prove that the reformation, *so called*, has employed against the Catholic church the very same weapons which paganism of old employed against Christianity; and with about the same result. After three centuries of bitter denunciation, of studied and systematic misrepresentation, of atrocious calumny, of unblushing forgeries, and of maddening appeals to the worst passions of the ignorant and unprincipled, all threatening her with destruction, the Catholic church is still as vigorous and as flourishing as ever, and the

principle of life is still as strong in her as it was in her palmiest days: while her enemies, especially in Germany, have dropped, one by one, into the ranks of indifferentism, of rationalism, of deism, ignobly deserting the Christian cause, *she* has newly burnished up her armor, and has gone forth to battle against error and vice, with all the vigor of youth, and with the full assurance of that victory which has ever perched upon her banner!

But, as we progressed, our subject expanded so much before us that we can not at present go fully into this branch of the subject, without transgressing all reasonable limits. On some future occasion we may attempt it; at present we must hasten to a conclusion.

To the American Catholic we would say that he has no reason whatever for discouragement or despondency on account of recent occurrences. The history of the past fully assures us that a thousand such riots as those which lately disgraced Philadelphia can not materially injure, much less destroy, our church. She bears a charmed life: though daily "doomed to death," yet is she "fated not to die." What do we now suffer which our forefathers, during the three first ages of the church, did not suffer with a hundred-fold greater violence? If we are misrepresented and slandered, so were they. If we are assailed with "awful disclosures," so were they. If we are branded as aliens and enemies of our country, so were they. If our churches are burned and our altars desecrated by ruthless mobs, so were theirs. If popular fury is constantly invoked against us, so it was against them. And if they were not cast down, so ought not we to be; for as surely as they triumphed, so surely shall we.

Let us complete the parallel by imitating the meekness, the patience, the spirit of forgiveness which characterized our Catholic forefathers. Let us, like them, return good for evil, mild answers for railing, prayers for persecution. Our divine Lord has said: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land."

M. J. S.

* Book ix, ch. viii, pp. 390, 391. American translation.

CATHOLIC VIEWS OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

1. *The Written Word and the Living Witness ; or The Bible Question fairly tested.* New York : Casserly & Sons. 18mo.
2. *Traité de la lecture Chrétienne, par Dom Jamin.* Paris : Victor Lagier. 12mo.



ALL the books that have ever fallen into the hands of men, the sacred volume possesses the highest claims to our veneration. The very title that is given to the collection of inspired Scriptures — the word Bible — shows it to have been considered by the early church as the book of books, and holding the rank of pre-eminence among all the writings known to mankind. It is the great record that has transmitted to us the wonders of the creation, the origin and fall of the first man, the promises of a Redeemer, and all the dispensations by which divine Providence prepared the world for the coming of the expected Messiah. There, too, do we find the history of the establishment of the Christian religion, embracing the life and ministry of its heavenly Founder, the labors of the apostles, and the astonishing success which followed their announcement of the words of life. In short, it is an exposition of what the Almighty has done for man, of the sublime truths which he has been pleased to reveal to us, and of the laws which he has established for the regulation of our course through life to the realms of everlasting happiness. The various portions of which the sacred volume is composed have indeed been written by men, but men who wrote under the special guidance of a heavenly inspiration, and whose words are therefore the oracles of God, and entitled to the profoundest respect and the most unqualified obedience.

Such being the divine and authoritative

character of the holy Scriptures, and their important bearing upon the happiness of men in this and in a future state of existence, it would seem almost paradoxical that they should become an occasion of error and of ruin ; at least is it certain, considering the momentous objects for which they have been confided to us, that no Christian should ever be unprepared to say, with the prophet, "Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my paths." But how different is the state of things which we witness around us ! The gospel of peace has become the ground of dissension, and of the bitterest hostility among Christian sects ! The channels of divine truth have been made the vehicles of the most dangerous and deplorable errors ! The fountains of life have been converted into sources of spiritual death ! For the last three hundred years has the strange spectacle been presented to the world, of men clamoring loudly in favor of the sacred writings, and at the same time pretending to derive from the inspired word the most contradictory opinions. This abuse of the oracles of truth is still witnessed to an alarming extent, and what is more, the word of God is not unfrequently made the pretext for the most antisocial feelings, and a plea for the commission of the most violent excesses ; as if the gospel of Christ, the basis and essence of which is charity, could be a justification of sentiments and actions which tend to the subversion of social order and the fostering of the worst passions of the human heart.

In a country like ours, where reason, intelligence and education have so dominant an influence, and where the people are generally disposed to give to important questions the consideration which they demand, there is good ground for the belief that more accurate views will gradually obtain in reference to the objects and use of the inspired volume. There

are thousands amongst our Protestant brethren who are prepared to examine the subject dispassionately, and to adopt those sentiments which are conformable to the dictates of sound reason. To these, on the one hand, we address the following remarks, confident that they will applaud the wisdom of the Catholic church in the course which she has invariably pursued in relation to the word of God. On the other hand it may not be a useless task to refresh the memory of our Catholic readers on a point which frequently calls for explanation at their hands, and which has also an intimate connection with the advantages which they themselves may derive from the use of the inspired volume. The works which we have placed at the head of this paper, are both very excellent for the sound and practical views which they contain on the use of the sacred writings. The first mentioned consists of three articles which have for their object to exhibit more particularly the doctrinal application of the Bible, the necessity of an unerring and living interpreter to expound its mysteries, and the fatal illustration of its indiscriminate use without regard to the teachings of the church, as shown in the countless sects which have sprung from the Protestant principle. The second is a treatise on Christian reading, and though the greater portion of the work bears no immediate reference to the Scriptures, the author has a long chapter on the superiority that should be attached to the sacred volume over other books, as a source of spiritual instruction, and points out the means by which the reading of it may become for the Christian a profitable exercise.

It can not be denied, as St. Austin has observed, that the inspired volume "is accessible to all, though few are capable of penetrating the depths of knowledge which it contains. In those matters which it plainly discloses, it speaks in the language of friendship to the learned and the unlearned." How sublime the wisdom which it teaches man; and how impressively does it address itself to his heart! He finds in its elevated truths a principle that exalts the soul, that places it on a level with the high destiny for which it has been created, that throws indeed an aspect of uncertainty and change over human things, but substitutes in their stead the bright and lasting realities of a spiritual world, which

alone have the power of satisfying the aspirations of our heart. In the pages of the inspired book the loftiest genius will find matter for contemplation and a source of comfort, while at the same time it conveys instruction and consolation to the least cultivated minds. There are no circumstances of life in which it may not be consulted with advantage, because the heavenly lessons which it imparts are directed to the regulation of our actions according to the law of God, which is a point of daily and constant application. How many powerful considerations does it present to the sinful man for the reformation of his conduct; how vividly does it portray to the worldling the cheating vanity of those objects which he so fondly pursues; how eloquently does it enforce the claims of virtue and the precepts of eternal life! How effectual is the solace which it imparts in the hour of trial and affliction, and how secure the refuge which it offers at all times to those who, tossed about on the stormy sea of life, are in continual danger of spiritual shipwreck! The apostle St. Paul has summed up the benefits which it confers, in these few words: "All Scripture inspired of God is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice, that the man of God may be perfect, furnished to every good work."*

The conviction that the most salutary results follow from a judicious use of the holy Scriptures, has always led the Catholic church to employ them as an effectual means of sanctification among her children, and as an armor of strength in the hands of those who have been appointed to defend the cause of truth against the assaults of its adversaries. In fact, in the primitive days of religion, the sacred writers, although led by particular circumstances to record the truths and facts connected with the establishment of Christianity, addressed themselves to the faithful in general. Such was the object of the four Gospels, and the different Epistles that have been left to the church. Hence St. Paul, in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, chapter first, uses the following language: "To the church of God that is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints, with all that invoke the name of our Lord Jesus Christ in every

* 2 Tim. iii, 16.

place of theirs and ours." It was a common practice also for the early fathers to urge upon the people the utility of consulting the inspired volume. St. Austin endeavored to withdraw their attention from vain and dangerous amusements, by representing to them the happy influence of the word of God, which alone can satisfy the desires of an immortal soul, in the real blessings which it offers in time and in eternity.*

"It is my opinion," says Fenelon, "that many writers have given themselves a very needless degree of trouble to prove what can not be called in question, namely, that the laity were wont to read the Bible during the first ages of the church. To be convinced of this, we need only consult the works of St. Chrysostom. Thus, for example, he says, in his preface to the Epistle to the Romans, that 'he bitterly regrets that many of the faithful do not understand St. Paul as they should do; and that the ignorance of some is so great as not even to know the number of his epistles.' 'The reason of this disorder,' he adds, 'arises from the circumstance of their not assiduously reading the writings of the apostles!' He moreover states that the 'ignorance of the holy Scriptures is the source both of the contagion of heresies and of the corruption of morals. They,' he says, 'who turn not their eyes to the rays of the Scriptures, fall necessarily into errors and into the commission of frequent faults.' These reproaches were addressed to the laity, who attended the sermons of the saint.

"Saint Jerom, instructing Læta respecting the education of her daughter, tells her that, 'as soon as the child is somewhat older, her parents should find her constantly employed in the sanctuary of the Scriptures, consulting there the prophets and the apostles concerning her spiritual nuptials. Let her,' he adds, 'bring back to you, each day, the fruits of her regular work, which will be a collection of flowers culled from the Scriptures. Let her learn first a certain number of the Greek verses, and then instruct herself by the Latin version. Teach her,' he says, 'to love the sacred books in preference to precious stones and robes of silk. Let her learn by heart the Psalms. Let her know the Proverbs of Solomon relating to the rules of life. Let her, from the ecclesiast, be engaged to trample under foot the vanity of worldly things; and, from the book of Job, to imitate the examples of courage and resignation. From these instructive lessons let her proceed to the Gospels, and let these be constantly in her hands. Inspire her with an ardent thirst for the Acts of the Apostles, and for their Epistles. Make her learn by heart the prophecies, the seven

first books of the Scripture, those of Kings, and the Chronicles, along with those of Esdras and Esther. Last of all, and when the thing can be done without danger, let her read the Canticle of Canticles. This precaution is necessary, lest, reading it too early, she might not, under its carnal expressions, comprehend the mystery of the spiritual nuptials with the sacred spouse, and the tenderness of her innocence might thus possibly be wounded.'

"In thus laying down the above plan of education, St. Jerom does not pretend to violate the established discipline of the church at that period. On the contrary, he but followed the general practice which then prevailed in the method of instructing young Christian females. Now, if the saint thus required that a child so young as Læta should not only know, but even learn by heart so many portions of the Scriptures, what ought we not to infer with regard to men of mature age, and to women of tried discretion and distinguished piety?"*

The illustrious doctor of the church whom Fenelon here quotes, wrote to Eustochium that the approach of sleep should always find her with the sacred volume in her hand.

"In those times both the Scriptures and the liturgies of the respective churches were written and used in the vulgar languages.† Thus in the west men all understood the Latin, in which they possessed the ancient version of the Bible, denominated by St. Austin 'the old Italic.' In like manner they enjoyed the liturgy in the same language, which was again the language of the people. In regard of the east, it was likewise the same thing. The public here all spoke Greek; they understood the version of the Septuagint, and the Greek liturgy, just as now we understand our modern translations. Wherefore, without entering into critical discussions, nothing is more

* *The Written Word and Living Witness*, pp. 1-3.

† The original languages of the liturgies have been retained every where in the Catholic church of the east and west, though they are not now generally understood by the respective nations that use these liturgies. Such is the case among the Greeks, the Nestorians, the Armenians, and others, not less than in the Latin church. As the liturgy is, in great part, performed in an inaudible tone by the officiating minister, it is a matter of indifference whether he use a language not intelligible to the people. Luther himself admitted this, and the Anglican church acted upon the same principle in prescribing a form of worship for the Irish people. The wisdom of the Catholic church, in this point of her discipline, is obvious to all reflecting minds; no impartial critic can object to it, when he considers the necessity of guarding the liturgy from the influence of the fluctuations so characteristic of the modern languages. It is but just, too, that a church which is universal in her faith and worship, should possess a universal language. The practical advantages of such a discipline are important, while the objection urged against it by Protestants is altogether removed by the fact, that the laity have the substance or a translation of the liturgy in the vernacular tongue.

* *De vera Relig.* c. 51, n. 100.

manifest than the following facts—that the Christian public possessed each, in their own language, both the Bible and the liturgies, which for their pious education the very children were made to read; that the holy pastors of each church were wont, in their sermons, to explain, regularly and in order, the entire books of the Scriptures; that the sacred text was familiar to the people; that they were continually exhorted to read the holy volume, and blamed, if negligent, for the omission; in short, that the church and its pastors considered the neglect of the Scriptures both as a source of heresies, and as a cause of the relaxation of piety and morals.”*

But if the laity were urged to the perusal of the inspired volume, as a source of spiritual light and comfort, the clergy, who were the guardians of faith and morals, were always more particularly required to study the sacred writings. As in the old law the priests were bound to inform themselves upon every subject relating to the Jewish religion, that they might be able to instruct the people, so under the law of grace the church has always made it incumbent on her ministers to acquaint themselves with the holy Scriptures, for the purpose of explaining their heavenly truths and maxims to the faithful. To establish this point, we have only to refer to the canons of her general and particular councils in every age; they all inculcate the duty of clergymen to study the sacred volume. Copious extracts from it have always formed a considerable portion of her liturgy, and the canonical office which her ministers have, from an early age, been required to recite, is chiefly composed of passages from the inspired volume, distributed in such a way that, in the course of the year, a great part of the historical, prophetic and moral books in the Old and New Testaments necessarily come under their consideration. From the same divine source do they derive the basis of all their instructions to the people under their charge. Who does not know, also, that after the establishment of the monastic life, its members not only employed themselves diligently in transcribing and multiplying copies of the sacred books, which was done for many hundred years, but have ever considered the reading and meditation of the word of God as one of the principal means of acquiring the perfection of virtue to which

they aspired? The same practices universally prevail at the present day throughout the Catholic world. In all its religious institutions the perusal of the sacred volume, particularly the New Testament, forms an important exercise, which is generally performed kneeling, through respect for the divine word.

Among the laity, as we have seen, the study of the Scriptures was deemed important in the early ages of the church, and it has never ceased to be so considered, when conducted in a proper spirit. Before the art of printing was discovered, it was impossible for the sacred volume to be in the hands of all; but it is a well ascertained fact that innumerable copies of it were circulated by the assiduous labor of the monastic orders, while in the schools that were generally established the exposition of the inspired text was one of the regular duties that devolved upon the teacher. Nothing, indeed, is more commonly asserted in modern times, by the advocates of the reformation, than that this period was the dawn of biblical knowledge among the people; but, if this was the case, how did it happen that long before the religious revolution of the sixteenth century, there existed, in almost every nation of Europe, several different versions of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue? Before the appearance of Luther's translation, in 1530, at least twenty-two different Catholic versions had been published, which in the course of seventy years passed through at least seventy editions.*

But our object, in this article, is not so much to show the efforts of Catholic zeal, at different periods, to disseminate the knowledge of the sacred volume, as to exhibit the spirit of the church in regard to the use of the holy Scriptures, particularly among the laity; and from the facts which we have mentioned above, in connection with the actual unlimited circulation of the Bible in all Catholic countries, it is manifest that she desires the word of God to be cultivated by the faithful at large. If they have recourse to it with the requisite dispositions, they can not fail to derive the most signal advantages from its sublime teachings.

* Mr. Maitland, an Anglican divine, in his “*Dark Ages*,” has victoriously refuted the calumnies of Robertson and other writers, who have contended, in opposition to the clearest evidence, that the Bible was scarcely known in the middle ages. See, also, *Dublin Review*, vol. i, p. 367, and vol. v, p. 144, for the Catholic versions of the Bible.

* *Ibid.* p. 3.

But they should never forget that the first and most essential preparation of heart for the beneficial reading of the Bible is a spirit of humility, which will lead them to mistrust their own judgment in all cases of a doubtful or perplexing nature, and to interpret the sacred page in that sense only which is admitted by the pastors of the church. St. Jerom, writing to Eustochium, says: "If you meet with any passage which you do not understand, consult some person whose mature age, virtuous life and purity of faith, may render him more competent to explain it; and if you have not the opportunity of doing this, it is much better to remain unenlightened on the subject, than to extend your investigations at the risk of falling into error."*

To facilitate the understanding of the sacred volume, we will observe that the Scripture, particularly the Old Testament, has frequently two significations, the literal and the spiritual. Speaking of the ancient Jews, and the events which transpired among them, St. Paul says: "All these things happened to them in figure."† "Whatever is related of Abraham," adds St. Austin, "was both fact and prophecy."‡ Abel, for instance, put to death by his brother, foreshadowed the crucifixion of Christ by his own people. Joseph also, who, after having been sold by his brethren, became their benefactor during a time of famine, was a figure of Christ, who was sold by a treacherous disciple to the Jews, and by his death became the Saviour of them and of all mankind. The prophets, in foretelling future events, sometimes make use of language which expresses a past or present time. Thus Isaiah, in alluding to the sufferings of our Lord, employs these words: "Surely he hath borne our infirmities, and carried our sorrows, and we have thought him as it were a leper, and as one struck by God and afflicted. But he was wounded for our iniquities, he was bruised for our sins,"|| &c. It should be observed, also, that every passage of the Scripture which can not, in the literal sense, be referred to matters of faith or morality, should be understood in a figurative sense. This rule is clearly mentioned by St. Austin, and cautions the reader of the sacred text against the literal interpretation of such expressions, as seem to attribute

to God the passions of men, or to suppose him endowed with corporeal faculties. Before entering upon the reading of the Bible itself, it would be well, especially for young persons, to peruse some work which may serve as an introduction to it, by giving a general outline of the subjects treated in the inspired books. Fleury's Historical Catechism and Challoner's History of the Old and New Testament, with Milner's Summary, may profitably serve for this purpose. As to the order to be followed in reading the holy Scriptures, that indicated above by St. Jerom will be found of great utility.

We have remarked that an essential disposition in the use of the sacred books, is a spirit of humility, or of docility and submission to the authoritative declarations of the church. The object to be attained by this exercise is not the formation of our religious belief, or the discovery of new articles of faith, but the confirmation of the truths which the church of God has transmitted from age to age, and an encouragement to practise with constancy the duties inculcated by the Author of Christianity, and which are more specifically defined by its duly authorized ministers. When the sacred writings are resorted to with this disposition, they can not fail to nourish the faith and piety of the Christian, because it banishes all the perplexities which may arise from a spirit of curiosity or a presumptuous confidence in his own lights. The most intricate difficulties will then make no dangerous impression upon his mind, because, as Fénélon observes,

"When men sincerely and piously believe that the word of God is deeply mysterious, and therefore impenetrable to our feeble reason, they in this case listen with docility to their pastors explaining and justifying such passages of the sacred text as are difficult and perplexing; they turn their whole attention towards those principles which serve as a key to the truth; they are diffident in themselves, and even timidly careful not to indulge too far either their curiosity or their reasonings. . . . They read it under the guidance of their pastors, or of their prudent and experienced directors; and they read it also in the spirit of the church itself. Conducted by the same maxims of Christian wisdom, they pray still more than they read, convinced that prayer, beyond every other principle, best opens to us the knowledge of truth."*

* Lib. 2, epist. 17 ad Eustoch.
‡ Serm. ii, c. 6, n. 7.

† 1 Cor. x, 11.
|| Ch. liii.

* The Written Word, &c., p. 30.

That this was the only use of the inspired writings among the laity, ever countenanced or authorized by the Christian church, is plain from all the documents which exhibit its practice in the earlier ages and in subsequent times. 1. The Scriptures themselves distinctly assert that they contain "some things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and the unstable wrest to their own destruction;"* and consequently they suppose the exercise of an authoritative tribunal, to which the faithful may have recourse, for the determination of their religious belief. Without this, it would be impossible for an individual to wrest the Scriptures to his own destruction, because he could not be accountable in the sight of God for errors which he had not the means of preventing. 2. During the primitive ages of Christianity, the Bible, although recommended to the body of the faithful, was withheld from those who were newly converted. They were not permitted to read it until they had been prepared by a due course of instruction to receive with docility the teachings of the sacred book. This term of probation lasted generally for three years, and never less than two.

3. That the Scriptures were not placed in the hands of the laity as a rule for forming their faith, is evident also from the fact that the Scriptural canon was not settled until the latter part of the fourth century, and therefore could not serve as a guide in the decision of so important a matter. Hence many nations, as St. Irenæus of the second century testifies, were converted to the Christian religion, without any examination of the inspired volume. 4. It is undeniable that, upon the appearance of any errors at variance with the faith universally held, it has at all times been the custom of the Christian church, not to refer the individuals who broached these errors to a more diligent study of the Scriptures,—for heretics in every age have pretended to derive their new-fangled doctrines from the sacred writings,—but the consideration of the matter was assumed by the chief pastors, and their decision was looked upon as definitive on the subject: thus were the Manicheans, the Pelagians, the Arians, the Nestorians, and all other innovators, condemned by the church. 5. The in-

spired volume could not have been considered, in the hands of the laity, as the mode of discovering the truths of revelation, because, if such had been the case, it would follow that few, comparatively speaking, before the art of printing was introduced, possessed the necessary means of acquainting themselves with the doctrines to be believed, and ascertaining what doctrines were to be rejected; and, therefore, that Christ had not provided adequately for the communication of religious truth.

It follows from all this that the inspired volume was read by the faithful, not as a necessary means of instruction, but for the purpose of strengthening their religious sentiments, and animating themselves to the more zealous pursuit of spiritual things. They used the holy Scriptures by way of co-operating with the pastors of the church, to whom they chiefly looked for direction in reference to the great affair of salvation. Hence the reading of the inspired volume always went hand in hand with the teachings and explanations of the clergy; the sense attached to it by ecclesiastical tradition was continually pointed out to check the presumption of private individuals and prevent the danger of an erroneous interpretation. It was also customary for the people, when any difficulty arose concerning the meaning of the sacred text, to consult the pastors of the church; and if a person was supposed to entertain opinions at variance with the true sense of the sacred books, the bishops exposed the error, by representing the views which had always been held by the church at large, and frequently recourse was had to the see of Rome, in order to render the decision more authoritative and imposing.

In this state of things, when there existed among the faithful generally a spirit of submission and docility, when the authority of the clergy was duly respected, when religion too had nothing to fear from the dissemination of spurious versions of the sacred writings, no further precautions than those we have mentioned were adopted, to prevent the abuse of the sacred volume, and to guard the deposit of faith from the encroachments of error. They who were well grounded in the doctrines of revelation, were permitted to read without restriction the books of the holy Scripture. But when, at a later period, the existing defences of religious truth became less effectual,

* 2 Peter iii, 16.

and especially after the storm of the reformation, when the fundamental principles of Christianity were most violently assailed; by proclaiming every individual an authorized interpreter of the Bible, and corrupt and partial translations of the sacred volume were disseminated on every side, the church deemed it necessary to interfere, and to curtail the privilege which under other circumstances had been salutary in its effects, but which now had become dangerous. Not until the flagrant abuses of the word of God in the sixteenth century, did she introduce any change in her discipline regarding the general use of the holy Scriptures. But at that time it became her duty, as guardian of the faith once delivered to the saints, to defend it at those points where it was most furiously assailed, and as the prevailing error of the period to which we have alluded was the setting up of private opinion against the authority of the church, and the circulation of corrupt versions of the Bible, the only protection left to the truths of Christianity was to be found in the more rigid adherence to the teachings of the chief pastors, whose special office it was to transmit and explain the doctrines of religion. For these reasons it was required by the holy see that the reading of the sacred volume should be permitted to those only among the laity who were judged fit for it by their pastors, and who would receive no detriment from its use.

Protestants have taken occasion from this rule of the *Index* to denounce in the most unmeasured terms the Catholic church, as the enemy of the Bible, as aiming at a tyrannical sway over the rights of conscience, as wishing to set aside the word of God and substitute in its stead the vain traditions of men. But do not Protestants themselves act upon the same principle? They do not indeed prohibit the circulation of the Scriptures among the laity; but are not the different sects which spring from the indiscriminate use of the Bible always at war with and condemning each other? In what then are they really opposed to the discipline which they ascribe to the Catholic church? And which is the more consistent, to allow all persons whatever to form their faith from the Scriptures, and then to denounce them as heretics, to hold no spiritual communion with them, to consider them in deadly error; or to prevent these errors by cutting off

the cause that leads to them, and directing the Christian to a more rational mode of preserving the purity and integrity of his faith? The reformers and their adherents have always virtually admitted the wisdom of the Catholic church, in their bitter denunciations of the various and extravagant systems which their own principles engendered; and in the time of Cranmer such were the disorders arising from the unrestricted use of the Bible, that even a *reformed* parliament, with the approbation of the *reformed* archbishop just mentioned, prohibited the reading of the Scriptures among those of the laity who were supposed incompetent to understand and explain it.

It must be observed also that, as the use of the Bible among the people generally is not essential for the formation of their religious belief, or for the regulation of their morals, the restriction of this use is far from depriving them of any necessary means of salvation. They still possess the true and the only sure method of acquiring the knowledge imparted by Christ and his apostles; the method of tradition, without which the Scriptures themselves would be of little or no avail. This was the method by which Christianity was originally established; and in the same way is it to be maintained among those who now profess its doctrines. The teaching of the church, or the authoritative declaration of its pastors, has always been, and still is an indispensable guide to the Christian. To set this aside would be at once the shipwreck of his faith, whatever may be his biblical knowledge; because he is at all times under the obligation of hearing the pastors of the church as the representatives of Christ himself; while, on the other hand, he may not have read the inspired volume, and still receive from its duly authorized interpreters the doctrines of eternal life. Thus does the church become a living and infallible Scripture to the laity;

“A Scripture distributed amongst them, in a way of all others the best adapted and proportioned to their capacities and wants. It is under the impression of these feelings that St. Austin says to the faithful, ‘attend to the Scriptures; we are your books.’ Men do indeed read the Scriptures, when they listen to the voice and instructions of their pastors who explain them, and who inculcate and deliver to them those parts of the sacred volume,

which are adapted to their respective duties and obligations.”*

The idea that every individual should study the sacred volume as a matter of necessity or obligation, has no foundation in the constitutional form which Christ gave to his church; but entirely subverts it. When he commissioned his apostles to preach the gospel, he appointed them teachers of mankind: “Go, teach all nations;” he established them and their successors in the ministry, witnesses of the truths which he had revealed: “You shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth;”† or, in other language, their office is to watch over the deposite of faith, to guard it from error, and this testimony which they are bound to give in reference to the doctrines of Christianity, necessarily supposes in them a judicial authority. But this authority vanishes at once; it has no meaning, if the laity are also to be judges of the faith. This hypothesis, however, is not only opposed to the express declarations of the Scripture, it is at variance with the practice of the Christian church from its very origin to the present day. Hence, even were the inspired volume possessed or read by few individuals, they would still be amply provided with the sources of religious knowledge, and with all that is necessary for the purity of faith and of morals. These means are furnished in the teaching of the church, and it is therefore plain that, although for prudential reasons she were to restrict the use of the holy Scriptures among the laity, she could never be justly charged with hostility to the word of God or with a design to keep the people in ignorance of the Bible. It might with equal reason be alleged against the constitution of our country, that it is tyrannical in its character, because it does not suffer every man to interpret the law according to his own views. The explanation of the law belongs to the judicial authorities; so in the church of God does the interpretation of Scripture devolve upon its duly appointed pastors: and as the body of the people consider it perfectly unnecessary that they should go through a course of legal study, so in the church which Christ has established, the study

of the inspired volume is by no means essential to the laity, though it may be very beneficial.

We have thought it useful to place before our readers some remarks in relation to the prohibition of the church regarding the indiscriminate use of the sacred writings, though this discipline no longer exists. At a time when the storm of religious innovation threatened a serious injury to the faith of Christendom, by the diffusion of false versions of the Bible, and the proclamation of principles diametrically opposed to the conservative authority of the church, she raised her voice in defence of the sacred deposite confided to her keeping, and regulated the use of the Scriptures among the laity by a salutary restriction; but as it was only a disciplinary enactment, and designed to take effect under particular circumstances, it was not universally adopted; and now, there being comparatively little cause for apprehending the evil consequences which gave rise to this discipline, it has become obsolete in the church, and the faithful are no where prevented from using the authorized translations of the sacred books. The enemies of Catholicity have, indeed, discovered in the recent encyclical letter of the pope, sufficient matter for the indulgence of their hostile feeling, and have not failed to sound the alarm, as if a new assault had been made upon the Bible by the chief pastor of Christendom. But, as usual, it turned out that the only real ground of apprehension lay in their own misrepresentations. The sovereign pontiff has merely guarded the faithful against the efforts of certain Bible societies, whose editions of the Scripture are not acknowledged by the Catholic world, and has directed their attention to the great principles of Christian orthodoxy, which must always serve as the protection of their faith.

From the observations we have made, it follows, in the first place, that the Catholic church has always desired to see the holy Scriptures in the hands of her children. Secondly, she has placed no restriction upon the use of the Bible among the laity, if we except a short period subsequent to the reformation, when the circumstances of the times imperiously demanded some such regulation. Thirdly, this disciplinary restriction was only adopted in some countries, and at the present

* *The Written Word*, &c. p. 8.

† *Acts*, ch. i.

day it no longer exists. The only requirement now on this point is, that the version used by the people be approved, and illustrated by commentaries from the fathers and other Catholic writers.

But, in sanctioning the reading of the sacred volume by the faithful in general, the church has at all times expressly avowed, and acted upon the principle, that the Scriptures, independently of an unerring guide, are not adapted to the discovery or the preservation of religious truth; and she might appeal, for the accuracy of this principle, to the admissions of Protestants themselves. They have, ever since the period of the reformation, deplored the lamentable divisions which the liberty of private interpretation produced; but in vain have they endeavored to remedy the evil, which will always be exhibited among the sects consisting of as many judges of the faith as there are members belonging to them. When Luther had once opened the flood-gates of error, he contemplated with dismay, but he could not check the ravages of the impetuous torrent. "Men are now come to such a pitch of disorder," he says, "that they stand no longer in need of any teachers. Every man now gives the law to himself." Mosheim relates that, in certain parts of Germany, fanaticism had been carried to such an extreme as to invoke the interference of the civil power, which forbade the reading of the Scriptures. Melancthon acknowledged that "the whole Elbe could not supply water enough to bewail the dissensions of the reformation." Such was the language, too, of Calvin, Dudith, and of all the leading men who contributed to the religious revolution of the sixteenth century. Many of the most distinguished Protestant writers have gone much farther than this, and with a strange inconsistency have acknowledged the impracticability of discovering revealed truth or maintaining it in its purity, without resorting to the Catholic rule of faith. "The ignorant and the simple," says Jurieu, "are not only incapable of finding out the truth by reading the Bible, but I allow that such means of finding out the truth is absurd and impossible, and utterly beyond the reach of the public."* The celebrated Claude has expressed the same

opinion. As to the use of the Scriptures without a guide, Archbishop Bramhall observes that "the unrestricted liberty of reading the Bible is more injurious to religion than all the restraints of the Catholics." The learned Selden declares that "those two words, 'scrutamini Scripturas' (search the Scriptures) have undone the world;" and for the same reason have several learned members of the Anglican church avowed their unequivocal opposition to the efforts of our modern Bible societies, convinced, as Dr. Norris remarks, that they are "fraught with danger to the best interests of truth and unity, throughout the world." We shall conclude these hasty observations with the following extracts, one of which is from a distinguished Protestant minister, and the other from one of the brightest luminaries of the primitive church.

"If it be the wish of men that the Bible should not become useless and even dangerous; if on the contrary it ought to be a fixed rule of faith and conduct; it ought then essentially to be accompanied by a tribunal, established to fix and decide its sense. And this tribunal, in order to perform such office, should be invested with an INFALLIBLE authority. Such has, in all ages, been the opinion of the most eminent and distinguished members of the church of Christ."*

"Disputes must necessarily be endless, where men appeal only to the Scriptures to decide them. In this case each party may grant and deny, and deny and grant for ever. The victory in all such contests must remain always doubtful; and the effect will be that each side will claim it equally, and even continue each the more fixed in its own opinion. And what therefore is the method which, on the occasion of such contests, men ought in their prudence to adopt? Why, let them look for that AUTHORITY—for those pastors to whom the depositum of faith has been confided, and to whom the Scriptures themselves belong. It is from these that we receive both the true Scriptures and the true sense of the Scriptures."†

W.

* Starke.

† St. Austin. See various other authorities and citations in *The Written Word and Living Witness*; a volume which should be widely circulated, and will be found highly interesting both to Protestants and Catholics.

* *Vrai Syst.*

THE RUINED CASTLE.

A POEM.

(THE following lines were called forth by the contemplation of the ruins of a very large old feudal castle, standing on the edge of the Roman Campagna, not very far from the hills of Tusculum, and of which no historical trace can be furnished by those who reside in the neighborhood, though from its extent, and the appearance of the walls still standing, it seems to have been once a place of wealth and strength. The original poem was kindly furnished for insertion in the Magazine.)—EDITOR.

"Mors etiam saxis nominibusque venit."—*Rudolfus.*

FULL many a name emblazoned on the scroll
Of Fame has shone, which now forgotten sleeps;
Full many a breast has panted for the goal
Where Glory's power her brilliant record keeps,
To learn that Death e'en Glory's laurel reaps.
Ambition yet one useless name would save,
Where thousands moulder in unhonored heaps;
While bowing still beneath the fatal glaive,
Man and his little works sink in a common grave!

Behold the mass of grey and broken walls
That sadly deck yon solitary hill.
There mantling ivy rustles in the halls
Which festive groups were often wont to fill,
Ere yet the pride of feudal times was chill.
There from its lance the flaunting standard hung,
The mellow bugle smoothed the forest rill;
Or louder peals of martial music rung,
And, suddenly, to arms a thousand warriors sprung.
When from the neighb'ring heights, in martial pride,
Rank after rank upon yon meadow poured,
And quickly drawn in bright array, defied
The warriors of the castle and their lord,
'T was then the fiend of battle wildly roared;
The tramp, the shout, the groan, and haughty mock,
In dread confusion, to the welkin soared:
And now they pause! and now a mighty shock!
And hosts are broken there as waves on ocean-rock!

Who knows how often, with a swelling heart,
The chieftain paced his towering battlement,
Defying time, or warfare's rudest art,
To shake the pillars of his tenement?
He fondly dreamed, though ages should be spent,
'T would still be sounded by the trump of Fame,
How lithest in the gaudy tournament,
How first where hotter grew the battle's flame
Was he, and the bold knights, whose watchword was his name!

And where is he! the chief who, once so proud,
Bespoke renown that never was to die—
His blithe retainers, and his warrior crowd?
Entombed beneath a sunless soil, they lie—
The leader with his meanest vassal nigh—
Without a stone to grace his narrow bed;
Without a token of his memory,
Save, thrown up by the astonished rustic's spade,
Some mouldered bone, void helm, or old rust-eaten blade.

Go ask what ranks his lordly standard led,
 When was it borne in triumph o'er the meads.
 Who were the brave that 'neath his falchion bled ;
 What minstrel's lute rehearsed his mighty deeds ;
 And boast, when finding who thy riddle reads !
 Go ask who bade this princely mansion grow,
 Whence brightest glory to its name proceeds ;
 Who was the traitor—friend—or vengeful foe
 That shook its massy walls, and laid its towers low !

Proud mansion ! who may tell how great a mind
 Devised the beauties of thy noble plan ;
 What treasures, to upraise thee, were resigned :
 How, while the stranger lingered still to scan
 Thy ornaments, the hours unheeded ran.
 What proofs of art and labor met his view,
 Sublimest essays of ingenious man ;
 What forms arose, so fair in limb and hue,
 That breath or speech was all they wanted to be true.

Methinks I see upon the spacious floor,
 Or nobler wall, the polished marble shine
 That told the day when some high lord of yore
 Had, with his presence, graced those halls of thine ;
 Or bore the hero's well remembered sign
 Whose falchion laid some famous vaunter low ;
 Or which, mayhap, was chiselled to consign
 To each succeeding age, as time should flow,
 The feats of knight or bard, whose ashes slept below.

And while I listen, through the brilliant hall
 Methinks enchanting strains are swelling yet ;
 Upon mine ear the mingling voices fall
 Of ladies fair, and knightly galliards met,
 In yearly mirth, for some gay festival.
 Below, the captive, from his living tomb
 Now listens—and now turns him to recall
 His own delights, ere life had lost its bloom ;
 How weeps he for his spouse—his babes—his distant home !

How sweetly, 'neath thy casement's high survey,
 The scene its rich variety displayed :
 The distant hills, the hamlet, by the way,
 And princely villa, round the walls outlayed,
 Where nature's simple views the eye delayed
 With wood, and lawn, and grazing herds of deer :
 Where gentler scenes, by tasteful art portrayed,
 With fount, and bower, and gaily dressed parterre ;
 Nor were such charms alone war's grim abode to share.

When over bushy hill, or spacious park,
 The rival huntsmen struggled for renown,
 How glad at even, 'midst the neigh, the bark,
 The crowd's encircling hum, and tale made known,
 Each token of their hardihood was shown !
 Or, when returning from the toils of war,
 Victorious ranks rode 'neath the portal's frown,
 With foraged spoils their castle home to store !
 O long forgotten feasts, and honors now no more !

For, of the pride of that sublime abode,
 Whose towers o'erawed the humble plains, around
 Which, for so long, the alternate pageant showed
 Of camp, and court, what — what may now be found?
 Ah! lacking e'en a title's empty sound,
 Though once held sacred to undying fame,
 Here, from their ancient lords' sepulchral ground,
 The traveller's glance these hoary ruins claim,
 To tell all he may know, where stood the giant frame.

The stately tower has fallen to the ground,
 The solid ramparts yield to slow decay,
 And seedy nettles cluster where his round
 The vizored guardian trode in ancient day. . . .
 In every breeze rank pensile vine-shoots play
 Across the unsheltered top. The viper now
 Feeds in the vault where first the prisoner lay,
 And through the turf that once, mayhap, did glow
 With not ignoble gore, the rustic drives his plow. . . .

And yet, when hither from some distant hill
 You turn your eye at twilight's pensive hour,
 You start to see how fitting hazes fill
 The gap of ages — how the broken tower,
 The sunken arch, and fallen portal, lower
 In sullen grandeur, through the deepening gloom;
 Until, deceived by fancy's magic power,
 While musing on the warrior's ancient home,
 You half neglect to mourn his long forgotten tomb.

For, now, alas! the wind, through hall and room,
 Unheeded, moans, and through the lowly cell;
 And lightnings glimmer, 'mid the tempest's gloom,
 Upon the drenched hearth, whence often fell
 O'er mirthful groups around, with soothing spell,
 The fagot's blaze! Else to no sound ye hark,
 Save the bat's flit athwart the moon-lit dell,
 Save the echos waked by guardian mastiffs' bark!
 Or melancholy owl complaining through the dark!

Oh! thou, whoe'er this lonely way may'st tread,
 Pause: turn thine eye upon those silent heaps;
 Each stone could tell a legend of the dead!
 All here the soul in sacred stillness keeps;
 No rumbling wain along the highway creeps,
 No din of cities wakes the encircling wold;
 And sober contemplation here, where sleeps
 In his cold tomb the mighty one of old,
 May hear in words like these, the worth of glory told.

"From those who tenant this deserted earth
 Yet burned erewhile with chivalry's proud flame,
 Learn that the vauntings of ancestral worth,
 The crested helm, and shield of feudal fame,
 But serve to gild the tinsel of a name,
 A frown may blot as could a smile illumine.
 Learn, ever though to touch the goal you came
 Undimmed the lustre of your laurel's doom,
 Its light will not dispel the shadows of the tomb.

"Then let a nobler pride exalt thy mind
 Than such as cold ambition can bestow :
 Know that his fame who benefits his kind
 Alone is not defaced by death, and know
 Virtue alone is greatness here below !"
 These useful truths 'neath fancy's magic sway
 In softly pensive numbers seemed to flow,
 Blent with the whisperings of yon wavy spray
 With the low murmuring breeze that sighs along the way.

J. W. C.

THE STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Continued from p. 57.

CHAPTER IV.

The Closet and its contents.



COLONEL Clavering noticed the change in the conduct of his son, and was almost undignified in the expressions of his joy, which occasionally found vent in certain confidential hints to him and knowing glances at Isadora, who, fully conscious of their import, could only reply with eloquent blushes and downcast eyes. He fancied that matters were now progressing with auspicious and delightful certainty, to the consummation of his wishes, and so sanguine was the old gentleman as to their final result, that he had drawn up documents and plans relative to marriage settlements, large expenditures for bridal presents, and costly equipages. These papers were signed, sealed, and ready to be placed in his lawyer's hands the very day when his son should inform him of the conclusion of this, to him unnecessarily long and tedious courtship. Clavering, although much preoccupied with his polemical difficulties, could not affect to misunderstand his father's wishes, or remain blind to the conscious blushes of Isadora ; and when he thought of the consequences which might result to her delicate and shrinking nature, from a misunderstanding of his sentiments toward her, he was undecided how to act, and perplexed with the most painful misgivings. His attachment did not extend

beyond a generous appreciation of her almost faultless nature, and, independent of this, there was a reserved and secret vow, known only to himself and heaven, which he had determined to make, if he found that peace and security in the Catholic religion for which he ardently and devoutly prayed, and which would have prevented his giving a secondary thought to matrimonial projects, even if his chivalry and high sense of honor had, under other circumstances, dictated it. In this painful position he scarcely knew what course to pursue ! He could not, without an apparent assumption of gross vanity, have voluntarily schooled his manner to a cold civility towards Isadora, and if he continued the attentions which were really dictated by his fraternal affection, the error might become incurable ; so he determined to preserve a frank and kind demeanor, and the most polite manner towards her, in all the necessary little attentions which he might be called upon to show her ! The colonel had gone to Fredericksburg on urgent business, to dispose of some valuable property which he wished to get rid of on account of its locality, or he would, in his almost childlike impatience, have brought matters to a rapid and decisive crisis. Clavering dreaded this anticipated interference with a pang which he was careful not to acknowledge, for he well knew the stern and unbending nature of his father. Notwithstanding his systematic resolutions, his manners, unconsciously to himself, assumed a

shade of reserve, and gradually, very gradually he again almost forsook the social family reunions, and devoted himself exclusively to his books and pen. Isadora, with woman's un-failing tact, soon discovered the change, and although it fell over the sunny portals of her heart like bars of ice, she displayed no flashes of unwomanly resentment, or airs of defiance, but her face became paler, her step was more quiet, and, perhaps, her mien was a degree more proud and stately than before; but this was all; her place was never vacant in their little circle, and her voice was still heard amidst the happy words of those who gathered beneath the roof tree as her aunt's guests. There was the same quiet smile, though shorn of its beams, still nestling in the dimples of her cheeks, and the fever at her heart, so absorbing, so intense, withered the blushes that might have suffused them, when Clavering, rousing at intervals from his selfish studies, extended kind attentions towards her, and, forgetful of the past, uttered gentle and kindly words!

"Mother," exclaimed Clavering one morning, entering her apartment with a flushed and excited countenance, "here is a letter which I have this moment received from a Catholic clergyman of Baltimore, which tells me that my books will be here to-morrow. Listen now, he writes thus: 'If, after a candid investigation of the doctrines of our faith, you should still feel undetermined, I earnestly hope that you will come without delay to Baltimore, and see the practical illustrations of it among a numerous and exemplary body of Christians, ere you give up the important subject.'"

"Oh! my dear Louis," cried Mrs. Clavering, agitated, "you know not into what an abyss you are falling! I do not refer to this faith after which you so earnestly run, but your father! Oh heavens! try, if possible, and rest satisfied with the doctrines of the church in which his family have all lived and died!"

"Mother, mother," he answered in a deprecating tone, raising his hand with impressive gesture, "would you have me yield up, for earthly motives, the work of my eternal salvation? No, I can not believe it."

"But, my son, try and work out your salvation without flying to the Roman Catholic church—a church detested by your father, with a settled and determined hatred!"

"Never, mother! Light has dawned upon

me, and I should be unworthy of heaven's grace, did I now close my eyes to it."

"Alas!" said Mrs. Clavering, while tears streamed down her cheeks, "is not this some fantasy, conjured up by the arch tempter, to cheat you with mad speculations?"

"Do you recollect, my mother—do you recollect a small golden crucifix which, some few weeks ago, I saw hanging on your bosom?"

"Oh, heavens! do you not fear?"—interrupted his mother, pale and anxious.

"Nay, nay, my mother; the writhing and agonized form of the expiring God-man, though represented in senseless metal, is not calculated, methinks, to awaken mad speculations in the heart of man! Something whispers me that this beacon will guide me right at last!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Clavering, "you forget that all Protestant Christians found their hopes on the cross of Christ!"

"Aye, mother! but who among them cherishes it as the visible mark or sign of those hopes? None; unequivocally none, if you except a few Episcopalians. By all others it is rejected, and sneered at as savoring too much of popery; they exclude it with jealous care from their churches and ceremonies! But among those same abused papists I find it prized as a sign above all others, marking every rite with its sacred impress; from the brow of the wailing infant, to the last agony of decaying nature, it stands a perpetual remembrance of Him who suffered for our transgressions! The time is past when I placed implicit faith in the truthfulness of those histories in which the ancient faith is so misrepresented; I find that they have, like an angry wind, swept away the chaff from its granaries, and left the ripe fruits behind!"

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Clavering, clasping her hands, "thy retribution, oh heaven! is at last gathering around my faithless and erring heart."

"Retribution, mother?" asked Clavering, astonished; "what means this?"

"Ah, my child, you know not! but it may yet open for me the portals of heaven—leave me, leave me, my son—but return this evening, ere you retire to rest."

Clavering left his mother with a heavy heart, and wondered at her painful and unusual emotion, until his mind became too much agitated for reading or repose; so, snatching up a book,

he left the house to seek among the thoughtful solitudes of the "Forest" a refuge from himself.

At the appointed time Clavering was with his mother, who, with a veil wrapped around her, and the golden crucifix exposed on her breast, and holding a lighted taper in her hand, told him in a quiet voice to follow her. Traces of tears were lying heavily on her cheeks, and her face wore an expression of deep emotion. He walked by her side in silence, until they came to an apartment in a distant part of the house, which, being never used for ordinary purposes, had been converted into a receptacle for all the dilapidated heirlooms of the family. Within this was an inner room or closet, which had never, within the memory of Clavering, been opened, and he now recollected how he had, when a boy, literally worn his curiosity out in useless endeavors to see what it contained; but there was no crack or crevice through which he might penetrate its mysteries. After carefully locking the outer door, Mrs. Clavering paused before the mysterious spot, and touching a spring, the door slid back into the wall, revealing to the astonished eyes of her son an *oratory* most exquisitely fitted up; tapers blazed on its long forsaken altar, lighting up with a star-like radiance every object on it. Mrs. Clavering knelt, and her son bowed beside her, gazing in wrapped and solemn admiration on the impressive scene. There hung, in finely wrought ivory, a representation of the death of Christ; here stood a statue of the holy mother, bearing on her bosom the "child Jesus." Against the draperies of crimson and gold which hid its walls hung two or three superb paintings in oil—one an *Ecce homo* by Guido Ren , a Magdalen, and a Madonna, by some of the old masters. Vases of flowers decked with living beauty and pure incense the little shrine, and from their midst the holy face of Madonna seemed to smile in sweetness on her wandering lambs, inviting them, with irresistible persuasiveness, to repose their cares, their doubts and anguish, at the feet of her divine Son.

"Mother," said Clavering in a low voice, "explain this mystery! Oh, my God! can it be that *this* is one of the traits of that church which I once looked on as abominable? This, this scene of holiness!" cried he, stretching forth his hands in uncontrollable emotion. "It is not yon finely carved ivory, or cunningly

wrought marble, the breathing colors of those holy pictures, or the blending of earth-born flowers and starry lights; it is not these that move me thus. Mother, think not that I rave, for, believe me, there are deeps stirred in my soul as if by the hand of an angel, which have never been breathed on before."

Mrs. Clavering wept in silence.

"What a scene," exclaimed he, "for holy contemplation! What sweet drops distil from eternal founts, and fall gently on the troubled soul, while reposing in humility at the foot of the cross! And thou, holy mother, acknowledged of God as most 'blessed among women,' found worthy of bearing on thy breast his Son, clothed in thy flesh, can not I, a sinful creature, gaze on thee whom the great and eternal God thus honored, with love, and prayer, and veneration, without robbing him of a single beam of his ineffable glory? But, my beloved mother, you weep; why is this—you weep?"

"Ah, Louis!" said Mrs. Clavering, rising, "tears can not wash away the remorse of my heart; I will—it is not yet too late—make all the restitution in my power."

She lifted the drapery from the front of the altar, and disclosed underneath a shelf well filled with books. The dust and damp of years had moulded their covers and mildewed their leaves, showing that they had long lain neglected and unopened. There were the "*Lives of the Saints*," besides many books of Catholic devotion, by a Francis of Sales, an *Augustin*, an *  Kempis*, and a few which bore on their title-page the names of the pious and venerable Challoner, and the gifted and powerful *Beausuet*. Among these, Clavering saw a little book which bore the unassuming title of "*The Papist Misrepresented and Represented*," and, hoping to find within its pages some definite and conclusive proofs, selected it for his next day's reading.

Mrs. Clavering now extinguished the lights, and, instructing her son how to manage the spring which opened the door of the oratory, accompanied by him, left the room, carefully locking it and placing the key in his possession. Clavering's whole countenance was flushed and irradiated. The hope of being safely guided into a haven of repose; the indistinct view he had of the promised land; the indefinable sensation of calm which pervaded his soul gave him a sincere earnest of future consolations.

"My son," said Mrs. Clavering, as she entered her apartment, "bear with patience, until to-morrow, the mysteries of the last few hours; then I will tell you of some passages in my past life which will explain all. Give me an hour to-morrow morning."

"Thank you, mother," said the young student; "thank you, from my heart of hearts, for the revelations of this night. I will be true to my trust."

Then, while he pressed his lips to her hand with the tenderest affection, she replied —

"Yes, come, as soon as you please; meanwhile, go to rest with my blessing, and pray for your mother."

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Clavering's secret.

Mrs. CLAVERING was seated by a window which opened on the garden and presented a view of the noble river, on whose bosom the morning sun now beamed, transfusing with his glory each little ripple into waves of liquid light. Sweet odors rising from white bosomed flowers and roseate blossoms, which still bore in their modest chalices treasures of dew, ascended upwards, and, as the wind in playful dalliance shook the branches of the sweet scented "pride of China" and the broad leaved *catawba* trees, myriads of lilac and snowy blossoms fell from their branches to the earth, making the air literally oppressive with their fragrance. It was a lovely scene spread out in fair panorama around her, and she had only to look from the window to behold, stretching away as far as eye could reach, their vast possessions. Broad, fair acres, and richly cultivated land, forests of timber and fields of waving grain, miniature prairies of the cotton shrub, looking as if fleeces of snow had fallen among their dark green leaves, were there. There also were her slaves, well clad and happy, chatting cheerfully, or singing in loud sonorous chorus as they plied the hoe or followed the plough in the cultivation of the fields. Yes, it was all hers, with the elegant mansion in which she resided, all its well chosen appurtenances of splendid furniture, massive silver and gold and jewels, obedient and attached vassals, a family who worshipped her, and, above all, a husband who still looked on the mother of his boy with proud and happy eyes, although time had spun white threads among her raven hair and stolen from her face the delicate tints of youth. And

last, though not least, among her possessions was that son who from his birth had been the garner spot of all their most cherished and blessed hopes! But with all, oh! perverse human nature! *she was not happy*, for her soul had long fretted and beat its wings in bondage. Mrs. Clavering was looking with some interest on the joy-inspiring scene, when a light tap at her door admonished her of the presence of her son.

"I have come, dearest mother," he said tenderly, "as you requested—perhaps too early?"

"No, my child," she answered, kissing his pale forehead; "but what is this? you are not well—if you feel ill, do not, I beg of you, conceal it from me." In truth, his large beautiful eyes were heavy and languid; but he smiled away the fears of that tender parent, and throwing himself on a couch near her, said: "Now, my mother, if you will indulge me thus, and be kind enough, if the task is not too great, to gratify the curiosity you have so much excited, I am at your service."

"I have but little to say, Louis," she answered, "but that little comprises matters of some importance to me. As you already know, my lineage is ancient and respectable; but that they were all Catholics and numbered among them illustrious and holy men and saintly women, is a fact of which I believe you are ignorant. My father was the youngest son of a noble house, and at an early age made propositions of marriage to my mother, but in consequence of the great opposition from his family, who were staunch Protestants, and hers, who were devoted Catholics, a formal interdiction was laid on a union which, had their religious sentiments agreed, would have been highly gratifying to both parties. After the lapse of a few years, during which time many tears had been shed, much unnecessary misery experienced, harsh words and prohibitory sentences uttered, it ended, as all other affairs of the kind do, with the marriage of the refractory couple, who, with ample means afforded by my mother's family and a good legacy bequeathed to my father by an aunt of his, emigrated to America, and, purchasing a rich plantation in Maryland, settled themselves happily on it. About this period the most intolerant acts characterized the legislative power of these provinces towards the Catholics, who, though persecuted and brow-beaten, had talented and powerful advocates and followers, who, unwavering in their

faith and loyal in their sentiments, commanded the admiration and respect even of those who would have inflicted scourges and penalties on them. Among these my mother stood pre-eminent, and her blessed example, aided by the prayers and instructions of the apostolic and saintly Carroll,* induced my father to inquire into, and at last embrace the faith which so adorned the character of his wife, and made great and illustrious by its divine influence the life and actions of the zealous clergyman. In a beautiful and secluded spot, shaded by the surrounding forest trees, on their own land, my parents had a little chapel erected, in which sometimes the holy mysteries were celebrated. Ah, Louis! well do I recollect that rude though beloved chapel! Its altar of rough boards, which were concealed by draperies of fine and costly embroidery, covered with flowers, and radiant lights which gleamed like stars among the rich and glowing tints of dew-gemmed blossoms, and the little niche, containing a small statue of 'our Lady of the forest,' to whom the chapel was dedicated, over which boughs and branches of the fadeless arbor vitæ and shining holly were so entwined that they formed a perfect Gothic arch. Well do I remember the floor, which, in place of mosaic marble or polished oak, was thickly strewn with tender blades of the graceful and odorous pine, over which soft carpet I have seen the young girls of the neighborhood, on festivals, strew bouquets and wreaths of the rarest and brightest flowers, and with beautiful affection, hang festoons of the pure lily and delicate roses around the shrine of our Lady. But why linger thus?" said Mrs. Clavering, wiping a truant tear from her cheeks; "I was the only child of my parents, one of whom, my dear and honored father, died before I had attained my twelfth year, soon after which sad event I was sent to be educated at a convent in France. Here no pains were spared by the pious sisters of the *Sacré Cœur* in my education; and, above all, my devotional feelings were so carefully trained, and every pious wish and religious sentiment so cherished, so encouraged, that, in comparison with my present sentiments, I can say it truly, Louis, I am fallen; my heart was filled with the most angelic hopes, and in heavenly aspirations I forgot the world into which I was again to enter. In those cloistered

* Subsequently bishop and archbishop of Baltimore.

walls I shed tears, one of which to contrite hearts would be worth the wealth of Golconda, as morning and evening before the holy sacrament, or altar of our Lady, I offered up with pure and undivided heart my simple devotions. What music will ever sound so sweet to me as the blessed chaunt of the *matin lay* or *nocturn office*; or what earthly pageant ever presented such charms as the scenes of many a twilight hour, when all the community and many of those committed to their charge, after preparing by confession to receive on the following morning the 'food of angels,' assembled in solemn and devout order, gliding through the dim aisles of that lofty chapel to their respective places, like spirits veiled in white, chaunting in heavenly tones the litany of the Mother of God, and ending their prayer for aid by the thrilling strains of the *Agnus Dei*! Then," said Mrs. Clavering, clasping her hands, "at that moment I would close my eyes and almost imagine myself on the confines of an eternal and seraphic land, listening with calm though blest emotion to the songs of the redeemed! I was young and sinless then, and if it had pleased God to take me to himself—but it is well: I have been tried and not found worthy of passing through earth's ordeal unscathed and not feeling the anguish of its flames. I was so in love with a religious life that, under the pretext of attending more closely to my music and painting, I determined to remain two years longer after my education was pronounced complete; but the Abbé D'Harville, my director, to whom I explained my wishes, gave me no encouragement to embrace a religious life, advising me by all means to return, at least for a season, to the world whose allurements I so much dreaded, saying: 'My dear child, you have no vocation, I think, for a conventual life; but, if God calls you to it, and you are faithful to his grace, your wishes will be ultimately realized.' About this time came a peremptory summons from my mother to return home immediately under the protection and care of a Mr. Clavering, an old friend of hers, who had been spending the winter in the south of France for the benefit of his health. She informed me that she had purchased a house in Baltimore, and now resided there altogether. Ah! I could detail all the tender incidents of my departure from this home of my soul, but it is useless.

The night before I left the place where the most tranquil and happy moments of my life were passed, I spent several hours in the chapel before the Holy of holies, where so often I had received the bread of life; and as I knelt in prostrate supplication, watering the marble floor with my tears, I implored fervently and sincerely for aid and succor in my coming temptations. The next morning, before the stars had faded from the sky, I arose and descended to the convent garden to bid adieu to its shaded walks. I there plucked clusters of orange blossoms and lilies of the valley, and hastened up to make my last prayers and offerings to our Lady. I laid them in silence and tears on her shrine, reserving two or three as precious mementos of a place which my own presentiments told me I should never behold again." Mrs. Clavering took from her dressing table a small fillagree case, and pressed a spring on the top, which flew open, and revealed, not jewels or trinkets of gold, but a few faded orange blossoms and lilies of the vale! They were withered and yellow with age, and shorn of their freshness and beauty; but a faint perfume lingered around them, still imparting a touching and tender sacredness to this little memento. Clavering kissed the relic respectfully, and returned it to his mother.

"The final adieu between the beloved nuns and myself has never been forgotten! My last act was to throw myself at Father D'Harville's feet and implore his blessing. Our voyage was unmarked by any unpleasant incident, and favorable and gentle winds soon wafted our vessel to her destination, when Mr. Clavering, whom I had found to be a quiet and gentlemanly man, with kind paternal manners and an elegantly cultivated mind, conducted me to my mother's residence in Baltimore. I was then in my nineteenth year, tall, well formed, and you can see traces on my face which plainly indicate that I was then beautiful. I at first shrank from the world and its fascinations as from contagion, and in devotion to my mother and the quiet exercise of my religious duties, my time was well and happily filled up; but alas! the world followed me with its bewitching whispers—its pomp, its display and pride, until at last I began to look and listen and ~~and step by step~~, along the borders of the vortex, and beheld with pleased and dizzy brain its changing pageantry. Oh, my God!

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didst thou then forsake me, or leave me only for a season that I might return to thee with an humbled and broken heart! The illusion was too beautiful; I heard myself praised, and my sayings and doings repeated as choice *bon mots* or graceful examples. I found myself courted, sought after and caressed, and spoken of always as the most beautiful of our select *coteries*; so at last, with a heart divided between heaven and earth, I yielded myself gradually up to the charm of earthly vanities! Among my most frequent visitors was Captain Clavering, one of the most elegant and accomplished men in the United States army, on whom, though some years my senior, I had in secret bestowed the first and sole affection of my heart; this, however, he never in the slightest manner understood, as my whole conduct towards him was characterized by a cold and dignified air. I forgot to mention that he was the son of my mother's friend, and as such was received in our family with the greatest cordiality; but again I must ask, of what use are the reminiscences? To a noble and elegant person he united an intelligent and cultivated mind, and withal was conscientiously pious, I believe, though a member of the church of England. He sometimes accompanied me to my own church, more, however, through courtesy than devotion; for, from certain observations which he occasionally made inadvertently, I was well convinced that he looked on the creed I professed as a perversion of Christianity; but, as he was too perfect a gentleman to obtrude his sentiments openly in my presence, I had no direct opportunity of finding them out until it was too late for me to retract. He declared his sentiments of affection for me most unexpectedly, and after a short delay on my part received a favorable answer and permission to ask the approbation of my mother. I suspected too truly his stern and uncompromising principles of dislike against the Catholic religion, and though this should have been warning sufficient, I chose rather to place my faith in the way of sacrifice, than sacrifice for it the endearing hopes of earthly love. My mother was much dissatisfied at the result of this friendly intimacy; but, finding all opposition useless, gave at last her reluctant consent to our union, requesting Captain Clavering at the same time, and in the most solemn manner, to allow me the privilege (if I ever became a

mother) of educating my children in the Catholic faith. After endeavoring in every way to change my mother's decision, he most unwillingly consented to this condition. Ah! my child! I—I, traitor as I have been to heaven and my religion, confirmed him in his errors by my indifference and apparent forgetfulness of all its most sacred obligations. Is it then strange or wonderful that, when I could so lightly break my oft-repeated promises and vows to God, he should forget a promise which had been extorted from him by a mortal? Oh! the long years of concealed anguish! the hours—but I will hasten to conclude, as I have already said more than I intended. Captain Clavering was of course opposed to our being married by a Catholic clergyman; but finding my mother inexorable also on this point, he yielded with an expression of irritation and displeasure on his usually calm features, and I afterwards heard muttered something about bigotry, prejudice, and devotees, which she did not deign to notice, for duty and religion, like piety and charity, are the twin-sisters of heaven, and she felt that to separate them would be sinful. The wedding gaieties passed off as all festivities of the kind do, and the time soon came, too rapidly, for us to leave Baltimore and take up our residence at Mr. Clavering's seat in Virginia. The day before I left home my mother took me aside, and, showing me a large box already packed and nailed up, laid her dear arms around me, and said, with sighs and tears: 'Ah, Josephine! God grant that this union may be happy! You are going where you will neither see nor enjoy any of the privileges of your religion. God grant, my dear child, that you may not forget and at last forsake it!' 'Never! never! my beloved mother,' I exclaimed, clasping her in a loving embrace. 'I hope not, my darling; but there is a fickleness of purpose about you, Josephine, which alarms me with sad anticipations. Rather, oh! rather would I with my own hands deck this darling head and perfect form with the cerements of the grave, and see it laid in the forgetful earth, than live to know that you had betrayed the Lord in his faith. In this box you will find some books of devotion, and every thing necessary to fit up an oratory in your far off home, which I have after much delay and difficulty prepared. I charge you do it, and never let a day pass

without going thither, to bend your knees in humility, saying at the same time the prayers of the church, that you may be delivered from temptation. Here,' she continued, 'is a gold crucifix, which you must always wear; never for a moment let it leave your breast, and our Mother of grace shield you from the snares of the enemy; our Lord bless and go with you, my child!' Louis, I never saw that beloved mother again. We were received by the neighboring gentry with rapturous welcome, and, in fact, such were my engagements in this perpetual routine of kind civilities, and the reception of visitors with whom, for one year, our house was continually thronged, that I had scarcely time to think whether or not I had a soul, and of course my box lay untouched and almost forgotten. In the course of two years you were born. Before your birth gloomy anticipations saddened my heart, and, depressed and repentant, I would have given worlds to have knelt in the sacred tribunal of penance, and received once more the rites of that church which, amidst my infidelity, I still loved; but this was impossible, and I bethought myself of my oratory. Selecting the room it is in as the most distant and unfrequented in the house, and consulting with an ingenious workman whose family were under some obligations to me, we invented the sliding door and spring, known only to him and myself, and there, unseen by mortal eyes, I whiled day and night until it was complete. There I often spent hours, trying to propitiate heaven by contrition and prayer. Although your father never spoke in direct terms of ridicule of my religious belief, there was a quiet scorn expressed in his countenance whenever I made the least allusion to it, and a contemptuous pity, blended with a supercilious air, which was more terrible and dangerous to me than the most open opposition would have been: Occasionally a polished though biting sarcasm was thrown out, and books, with certain passages marked, left open on my table, and eloquent defences, written by distinguished divines of the church of England, read aloud to me with all the graces of a sweet and beloved voice and good elocution. I listened at first in silence and sorrow, and one day ventured to say 'Ah, why—why is this?'—when your father answered quickly, and with emotion—'Because I love you,

Josephine, with an affection that is stronger than death; I thus try to win you from error, and unite your heart to mine in the bonds of the same faith.' After this he read aloud more frequently, and still continued his indirect attacks on the cunningly devised fables of Rome, as he was pleased to style them, until indistinct thoughts began to enter my mind of making a compromise between his doctrines and my own imperishable creed. When it was known through the house that an heir was born—a boy—nothing could equal the rapture of the family, and I, in the abandon of my new joy, forgot its penalty, which made my first born an alien from the true fold of Christ. And your father!—oh, it was a moving, a touching sight, to see the proud man kneeling—matured in mind, majestic and not lightly moved, by the side of an unconscious babe, his first born child, and with tears baptizing its cherub brow in silent joy, while the venerable form of his father standing over them, whose silvery hair floated like moonlight shadows around his face, finished the blessed picture, as he raised his eyes heavenward, and spread out his trembling hands in benedictions over them. I was a proud, a happy mother, and, in the circle of my tranquil home joys, cared not for the world. The time appointed for the christening was some months distant, when the amiable Bishop M . . . was expected to give confirmation in this quarter of his diocese, it being the season of his annual visitation. One day seeing you look pale and languid, my child, and finding that you refused nourishment, I became much alarmed, and recollecting the practice of the Catholic church regarding baptism, I seized an opportunity when we were left for an instant alone, and while my heart bled with anguish, I poured water on your head, baptizing you in the name of the adorable Trinity, giving you the name of Louis Celestin. I was now comparatively at rest! Your indisposition wore off entirely in the course of a few days, and with a thankful and subdued heart, still clinging with love to my ancient faith, I determined to offer you, at the foot of my little altar, to our Lord, under the patronage of his holy mother!—“It was a quiet and lovely morning, such as we as this, and after adorning the oratory with the richest blossoms and purest flowers, and lighting up its tapers, until it looked like

a mass of beautiful glory, I bore you in my arms, all clothed in white, and knelt before it, almost happy; and, Louis, it was not fancy; at that moment, when I offered you with my contrite heart as a holocaust to the Lord, you stretched with your little arms towards it and smiled! I received that little act and happy smile as angelic assurances that my offering had been accepted. When Bishop M . . . arrived I accompanied your father for the first time to the Protestant church, as you were that day carried thither to receive at his hands the rite of baptism. With painful interest, and in tears, I watched the ceremony, and after it was over, received you in my arms, and, pressing a kiss on your innocent face, felt that through my fault, my grievous fault, my child had been made an outcast from the true paths of salvation. Captain Clavering must have divined my thoughts, for, approaching, he said hastily, in an under tone, ‘Why these tears, and this sadness, Josephine?—they are out of place. Oh, how unkind!’ Time passed—years, happy years—although the spectre of my forsaken faith, in my moments of solitude, was always before me with sad and reproachful mien, and in the course of time you were sent to William and Mary’s college, where every thing has been done to confirm you in the Protestant religion. You know the rest! The overruling hand of Providence is over you and me for good, and yet your father, Louis! if, after a candid investigation of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church, you enter its folds, prepare your mind for sacrifice, for I tell you it will be required of you. Go now, my child! my heart is heavy and sad; I would be alone! Leave me a while.”

CHAPTER VI.

The Student's Journal.

AMONG the books so kindly and promptly sent by Father Francis, Clavering found “*Milner's End of Controversy*,” “*Amicable Discussion*,” the book of the Council of Trent, and a volume from the persuasive and elegant pen of Dr. Challoner on the sacraments, ceremonies, and observances of the church. These would have been sufficient in themselves to confirm facts, the knowledge of which seemed almost instinctive, without the aid of the profound Bossuet, the powerful arguments of L'Abbe Fleury, and the learned and clear

views of Dr. Lingard. The young student's journal, now in the possession of a friend, who has allowed certain extracts to be made from it, will give more distinct indications on the subject of Catholic doctrine than any description, no matter how well written, possibly could. As those who feel sufficient interest in his progress may, perhaps, read this chapter, they will perceive that it is written in all simplicity and truth, and very evidently without the remotest idea that any eye except his own would ever behold it.

"September 1.—In all the creations of God I behold a beauty and perfection of system, extending in grand and majestic harmony from the ineffable glory of their great first Cause, down to the veriest mite that glitters in the sunbeam, the same principle uniting the golden links, rendering the fact that he is a God of the most consistent order indisputable. He can not be at the same time a God of order and disorder, for by the one the objects of the other would be made useless and nugatory. . . . As all nature, animate and inanimate, in their minutest gradations, plainly declare the divine origin, which is the cause of their creation and order, can I for an instant doubt that in the unparalleled plan of man's salvation, his purpose has been *without* system or order? Or that the cause for which he descended, and took upon himself the form of man, under which form his humanity suffered death that the sons of men might inherit eternal life, was one unworthy of its origin? Would the beautiful perfection of order, exhibited in those things which must perish for ever in the 'wreck of matter and the crash of worlds,' be inferior in that system of faith and polity which makes the church militant on earth and the church triumphant in heaven one, by the communion of saints, having, for their common Father, God? Ah, no, my soul! with St. Paul we must exclaim, as there is but 'one Lord,' so can there be but 'one faith,' and 'one baptism;' and as he also is a God of unity, it is evidently not his will that his followers should be carried about, like children, by 'every wind of doctrine,' running after those of whom the Lord hath said, 'I sent them not, and they ran; I spake not to them, and they prophesied.'—*Jerem. xiii, 21.* That there can be but one church, in the union of one faith, under the government of one

head, is a fact which the words of Christ himself do not allow me to doubt,—a church which, he tells us, is built on a rock, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail;' for the very plain reason that the Holy Ghost, the spirit of truth and fortitude, has been given to it for a guide and protection, with the express promise that he himself would remain with it all days, even until the consummation of time. Christ declares, and I have the authority of the Scriptures for it, that he came to gather all nations together, to bring back those who had been dispersed, that there might be but one 'sheepfold under one Shepherd;' and it seems so contrary to the spirit of unity which he constantly taught, that his followers, or their successors, should be divided into many and contradictory communions, that he constantly prayed that, in the spiritual kingdom he came to establish on earth, his disciples should be *one*, as he and his heavenly Father were one, united in the same worship, the same hope and love, which can alone promote this great and important object. The heavenly doctrines which he taught he delegated his apostles to preach to all nations, giving them the same miraculous powers which characterized his own teaching, that unbelievers might acknowledge their divine mission, while they preached to them the same Christ, or Redeemer, and administered to them the same baptism. Their divine commission extended not to a limited period, but to the *end of time*, showing most plainly that those who were to follow after them, in the ministry of the faith, were recipients also of the same authority and apostolic functions, and as the same rule of faith was laid down by Christ for them to follow and to teach, it naturally tended to unite all in the same religious sentiments, making in its unity one 'fold,' of which Christ is the Shepherd, and 'one body,' of which he is the head. . . . Innumerable are the references in the sacred writings, to the 'church,' 'its unity,' the authority of its pastors, and the promises of Christ that it should be guided by his Holy Spirit in all truth; all of which I have examined, and find that they, like those which I have quoted for my own edification, bear most abundant proofs that this church of God, which he in his wisdom and love established, still exists, or that he is shorn of the brightest

attribute of Deity, his truth; and, if so, consequently all religion must be a fable. But dost thou not, my soul, shrink affrighted from a theory which indirectly accuses the Lord God of prevarication? Can I believe it possible for a north, south and west wind to blow from the east at the same time? Just as impossible is it for me to believe that the contradictory opinions of opposing sects emanate from an unchangeable and perfect God, or for me to believe that the promises of the God-man will ever fail. That the church of Christ does not exist among any of the Protestant sects is a very evident fact, from the simple circumstance that not one of the various and contradictory creeds now known as the fruits of the English and German reformations, can be traced beyond a period of three hundred years, while I learn from the writings of her own illustrious theologians, contemporary evidence and historic facts, that the Roman Catholic church was the same in faith and practice eighteen centuries ago that she is now; that the same rule of government under the same visible head still exists, unchanged and imperishable as it did then. . . . 'Should any one object,' says St. Ambrose, 'that the church is content with one Head and one Spouse, Jesus Christ, and desires no other, the answer is obvious; for us, we deem Christ not only the author of all the sacraments, but also their invisible minister; (for he it is who baptizes; he it is who absolves, although men are appointed by him the external ministers of the sacraments;) so has he placed over his church, which he governs by his invisible Spirit, a man to be his vicar, and the minister of his power; a visible church requires a visible head, therefore does the Saviour appoint Peter head and pastor of all the faithful, when in the most ample terms he commits to his care the feeding of all his sheep, desiring that he who was to succeed him should be invested with the very same power of ruling and governing the entire church.' I find the succession of these, the head pastors of the Catholic church, unbroken, reaching from Peter 'the prince of the apostles,' in beautiful order, down to the venerable pontiff who now fills the chair at Rome, while the rules of government and faith of those new sects which have filled the last three centuries with divisions, contradictions and turmoil, can be traced up to their

respective founders, and there, of necessity, must cease, because their origin extends no further back than the era in which they broke off from the holy and venerable communion of Rome. . . . Beautiful spouse of Christ! emblem of that happy eternity which he has promised to those who believe his word, how majestically dost thou glide on unmoved through the mutations of those storms of the reformation which planted their prolific seeds in the whirlwind and tempest! How unchanged art thou amid changes! How serene and unmoved amid the wrecks of empires and the downfall of great nations, and the wild destruction of human institutions and inventions! I see, without the shadow of a doubt, that to thee, and thee alone, the promises of Christ to his church apply; I find that thou alone canst claim with truth the inspirations of the Holy Ghost from all ages! As a fountain is always pure and refreshing at its source, so do I find those days immediately succeeding Christ rendered splendid and sublime by those illustrious martyrs of God, who made the sterile wastes of heathen soil holy with their shed blood, and by the glorious confessors who, by their endurance of torments and persecution, sealed their faith in Christ! Oh! out for ever on the epithets of popish and idolatrous with which these ages are branded, for branded they are with these most contemptuous terms, inasmuch as he who bestows them now on the true church of Christ, which holds now precisely the same faith, the same precepts and observances, that it did then, inflicts them on those ages of the glory of God! . . . And can it be that the primitive and holy Christians of those days did not depend on the private interpretation of the Scriptures for salvation! Can it be possible that, in the beginning, some parts of the New Testament were not written, and even when they were, several hundred years elapsed before its precise limits and authenticity were defined and established by the church? Without the aid of biblical readings and scriptural discussions, on what did these early Christians rely? How were they taught? What guides directed their course in the ways of faith? By hearing, and submitting to the teaching of the apostles and their traditions, for, as St. Paul says to the Thessalonians, 'Stand fast, and hold the traditions you have learned, whether by

word or by our Epistle,' and to Timothy, 'The things which thou hast heard of me before many witnesses, the same commend to faithful men who shall be fit to teach others also.' What mean these traditions? 'How are they defined by the Catholic church? Not the arbitrary laws imposed by the traditions of the Jews, but the unwritten word of God transmitted by Jesus Christ to his apostles, and by them to their successors. Tradition that can not be traced to this sacred source, has neither value nor authority in her eyes.*' Long ago had I anticipated these conclusions, without the assistance of abstruse disquisitions or profound thought, although in an undefined manner, and I felt quite sure that some rule besides the authority of the Scriptures, marked its infallible source. The sacred volume, supported by traditions and discreet explanations of things 'hard to be understood,' by duly authorized teachers, aided by the inspirations of the Holy Ghost, have preserved, beyond doubt, that union of faith in the Catholic religion which astonishes and fills with wonder the heart of infidelity itself." . . .

These simple, though important facts, relative to the truth and authority of the church, established in his mind by scriptural references, tradition, and history, and the more elaborate arguments of profound theologians, the young student glided, without a shadow, on the bright current of its imperishable doctrines! His mind was at rest as he wrote in his journal, "I acknowledge the pre-eminence of the Catholic church above all others; and its sacramental institutions preserved so faithfully by its authority and truth, present in magnificent and grand order, a consistent and perfect harmony with its divine origin unequalled in time, because its eternal principles defy all changes or distractions! Here, then, will I rest; within this fold will I enter, and repose the weary wings of my soul; and on that bosom where the martyred saints are sleeping, and in those arms where the rescued from life's weeping rest, I will confidently lay my head."

CHAPTER VII.

Another extract from the student's journal.

"September 19.—Reflections on the holy eucharist.—Protestants as well as Catholics profess a firm belief in the self-existence of an all-wise, omniscient and omnipresent God!

* Bishop Baines.

What so incomprehensible as this mystery, accompanied as it is by the wonderful numerical difficulty of the union of three persons in one God-head! They profess also with unshaken faith their belief that this great and supreme God humbled himself by uniting in one person the human and divine natures, under the form of a helpless infant born in the stable of Bethlehem. These mysteries, the self-existence of a God, the trinity, the incarnation, the greatest and most astounding to human reason that have ever been presented to the principle of faith, are received and defended without the shadow of a doubt, while the mystery of the eucharist, of little difficulty when compared with these, is rejected. And what is the eucharistic mystery? That great and incomprehensible Being whom we believe to have been born an infant in a stable and to have died as a malefactor on the cross, we are told, is present under another guise, to complete the work of love and mercy which suggested his first concealment.* St. Basil says that about the things that God has spoken there should be no hesitation or doubt, but a firm persuasion that all is true and possible, though nature be against it. *Herein lies the struggle of faith.* Let me, however, turn with more certain confidence to the express and reiterated words of Christ himself and his apostles, concerning this wonderful and most consoling mystery. In the sixth chapter of St. John, I find that Christ prefigured the mystical feast of the eucharist, by feeding, in a miraculous manner, five thousand men with five barley loaves and two fishes, which insignificant quantity, being multiplied most mysteriously by his divine power, satisfied the hungry crowd with a plentiful repast, while fragments were left, which, when gathered up, filled twelve baskets 'over and above what they had eaten.' Who doubts this miracle, and yet who can comprehend it? Is it one subject to numerical or logical rules, that any given quantity or substance should be divided into numberless portions, and thus consumed, while, at the same time, three times as much over and above the original quantity remained? Who among those hungry men, thus miraculously fed by Christ, doubted the evidences of this miracle? None! So far from it that, awestruck and admiring, they would have made the meek and lowly Jesus a king, had he not

* Bishop Baines.

left them and 'gone into a mountain.' Was this miracle-wrought merely to astonish the multitude, or prepare the minds of his true followers for the reception of a truth in which was comprised the unequivocal promise of the legacy of 'his body and blood,' which was soon to be ratified at the new paschal feast, and sealed by his shed blood and his death on Mount Calvary? But many of this multitude who had been fed by his miraculous bounty, like the unbelievers of our day, eager only after the 'the things of the flesh' which profited them nothing, rejected with scorn the promises of the divine Saviour who declared unto them that they were the 'spirit and the life.'—*V. 64.*

"Then Jesus said unto them, amen, amen: I say to you, Moses, gave you not bread from heaven, but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven.'—*V. 32.*

"And Jesus said to them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall not hunger, and he that believeth in me shall never thirst.'—*V. 35.*

"Amen! amen! I say unto you, he that believeth in me hath everlasting life.'—*V. 47.*

"I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE.'—*V. 48.*

"Your fathers did eat manna in the desert and are dead.'—*V. 49.*

"This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that if any man eat of it he may not die.'—*V. 50.*

"I am the living bread which came down from heaven.'—*V. 51.*

"If any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever, and the bread that I will give is my flesh for the life of the world.'—*V. 52.*

"Then Jesus said to them, amen, amen, I say unto you, except you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you.'—*V. 54.*

"He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day.'—*V. 55.*

"For my flesh is meat indeed and my blood drink indeed.'—*V. 56.*

"He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood abideth in me and I in him.'—*V. 57.*

"As the living Father hath sent me and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me the same shall live by me.'—*V. 58.*

"This is the bread that came down from heaven! Not as your fathers did eat manna and are dead. He that eateth this bread shall live for ever!—*V. 59.*

"Imagining in their carnal apprehension that he referred to flesh separated from the spirit, which would thus be dead, they rejected these splendid promises as profiting nothing; not discerning the 'spirit and life' which was proposed to them in this heavenly sacrament whereby they might have gained eternal life, 'many of his disciples went back and walked with him no more.' Some sophists might declare from this that the flesh of Christ himself profited nothing; but, if so, would he have assumed flesh for us, and died in the flesh, to consummate the plan of our redemption? Let us not, oh, my soul! accuse the Lord of prevarication, as did those separatists at Capharnaum, by turning a deaf and unbelieving ear to his divine sentences! Hear what the apostle St. Paul says when he speaks of this mystery to the Corinthians: 'Therefore whosoever shall eat this bread or drink this chalice unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and of the blood of the Lord.' Awful sentence! 'But let a man prove himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that chalice. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord!'

"The sublime simplicity of the words of Christ in instituting the eucharistic feast can not possibly be tortured from their literal meaning. For whilst they were at supper Jesus took bread and blessed it and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said: 'Take ye and eat: THIS IS MY BODY.' And taking the chalice he gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying: 'Drink ye all of this, for THIS IS MY BLOOD OF THE NEW TESTAMENT SHED FOR MANY UNTO THE REMISSION OF SINS.*' With these indisputable references from Scripture, I shall insert one more in my journal for the purpose of consoling my spirit if the lightest shadow should ever fall over its unwavering faith. Hear what the Spirit says to the churches: 'to him that overcometh I will give the hidden manna, and will give him a white counter, and in the counter a new name written which no man knoweth but he that receiveth.†' As a sequel to these, I will also write a few extracts from the ancient fathers, and quotations from the history of the church, for my present and future edification. 'Perhaps,' says St. Ambrose, 'you will say, why

* Matt. xxvi, 26—28.

† Apocalypse ii, 17.

do you tell me that I receive the body of Christ when I see quite another thing? We have this point therefore to prove. How many examples do we produce to show you that it is not what nature made it, but what the benediction has consecrated it, and that the benediction is of greater force than nature, because by the benediction nature itself is changed. Moses cast his rod to the ground and it became a serpent; he caught hold of the serpent's tail and it recovered the nature of a rod. Thou hast read of the creation of the world; if Christ by his word was able to make something out of nothing, shall he not be thought able to change one thing into another.* St. Gaudentius of Brescia writes: 'In the shadows and figures of the ancient pasch not one lamb but many were slain, for each house had its sacrifice, because one victim could not suffice for all the people, and also because the mystery was a mere figure and not the reality of the passion of our Lord. For the figure of a thing is not the reality, but only the image and representation of the thing signified. But now the figure has ceased, the one that died for all immolated in the mystery of bread and wine gives life through all the churches, and, being consecrated, sanctifies those who consecrate . . . He who is the Creator and Lord of all nations, who produces bread from the earth, of the bread makes his own proper body (for he is able and he has promised to do it), and who of water made wine and of wine his blood.† St. Maruthas says: 'Christ did not call it the figure or species of his body, but he said 'this truly is my body and this my blood.‡ I find in the ancient liturgy of Jerusalem, or of St. James, as it is sometimes called, this prayer: 'Have mercy on us, O God! the Father Almighty, and send thy Holy Spirit, the Lord and giver of life, equal in dominion to thee and thy Son, who descended in the likeness of a dove on our Lord Jesus Christ, who descended on thy apostles in the likeness of tongues of fire, that coming he may make the bread the life-giving body, the saving body, the body giving health to souls and bodies, the body of our Lord God and Saviour Jesus for the remission of sins and eternal life to those who receive it, amen. Wherefore we offer thee, O Lord! this tremendous and unbloody sacrifice for thy

* De Mysteriis.
† Com. in Matt.

‡ Tract ii, de pasch.

holy places which thou hast enlightened by the manifestations of Christ thy son.' Bishop Baines writes thus: 'It is a fact which admits of no dispute, that the whole Catholic church, in the four quarters of the globe, professes at this day to offer up to God in the mass a true, proper and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead. (Council of Trent.) She professes that in this sacrifice the divine Redeemer offers himself through the ministry of his lawfully ordained priests, as a victim of propitiation to his eternal Father, thus renewing, in an unbloody manner, the sacrifice of the cross, and completing the mystery of our redemption by a sacramental union with his children. It is also equally certain that the whole schismatic Greek church, situated in Grecian provinces, and throughout the vast empire of Russia, as well as every individual of any ancient sect scattered through the continents of Asia and Africa, believe in and worship God by the very same adorable sacrifice as the Catholic church, so that on this subject there is not the slightest difference between her and those separated churches. Is it possible that churches which have been separated from each other for so many ages should all agree in this doctrine if it were not the primitive and original doctrine of Christ? That the same was the belief of all England from the period of its conversion in the sixth century, until the reformation in the sixteenth, is matter of equal notoriety. Our most ancient churches still exhibit marks where once the altar stood—where the wine and water used in the sacrifice were placed, and where the communicants received the bread of life! Are we lightly to assert that all our Christian ancestors for a thousand years worshipped God by a false and idolatrous creed?'

"I hail thee, O church of God! and thy divine, imperishable doctrines, as the traveller in a 'weary land' hails the shadow of a great rock, or the hunted deer spies with joy a safe shelter from his pursuers beside a refreshing fount."

If any, like the young student, who are inquiring the way to truth, should read this little narrative, which contains no fiction, it is hoped that they will without delay procure those books which produced such happy and decisive results in his mind, and investigate prayerfully and impartially this important matter for themselves.

THE SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Number for October, 1844. Article VII. Spalding's Review of D'Aubigné.



WRITER in this young, but vigorous periodical, offers some remarks on Dr. Spalding's late Review of D'Aubigné's Reformation. He considers D'Aubigné's book "weak, defective, injudicious, and ill timed." Of

Dr. Spalding's Review of it he speaks as follows:

"We are truly gratified to record the publication of the present withering invective against D'Aubigné; and we heartily concur with Dr. Spalding in his wish 'that when another cheap edition of M. D'Aubigné's History of the Great Reformation will appear, in three volumes, duodecimo, this Review of it will also be published, as the fourth of the series.' But, be that as it may, it is to be hoped that even its present publication may serve to open the eyes of Protestants to the utter futility of the 'History of the Great Reformation,' as a text-book, or an authority. And we do trust that, as its weakness has been so thoroughly exposed by the trenchant blade of a keen and envenomed adversary, the task of exhibiting the reformers and the reformation, in the true Protestant spirit, will be undertaken by some one qualified to execute it with sufficient learning and ability, and with the due discretion."*

He is of the opinion that the champion of Protestantism, when he furbishes his weapons, and plants firmly his spear, for the onslaught against Catholicism, should not, "in the hour of danger, rely for one moment on such a bruised and broken reed as 'D'Aubigné's History of the Great Reformation;'" and he adds, with what we take for withering sarcasm,

"D'Aubigné may do for the Sunday school, but for the student, the scholar, the theologian, the polemic, he is utterly useless; nay, he is worse than useless; he is positively pernicious."†

He regards "Dr. Spalding's Review as an able and searching criticism, uniting with the exposure of D'Aubigné an attempt at a systematic refutation of Protestantism."‡ While

he thinks that the reviewer has fully succeeded in the former object, the exposure of D'Aubigné, he believes that he has failed in the latter, the refutation of Protestantism. He opines that the reasoning adopted by Dr. Spalding for this purpose is inconclusive and sophistical. We propose, at present, rapidly to glance at, and briefly to examine, the reasons he alleges in support of this opinion.

His first objection to Dr. Spalding's line of argument is contained in the following passage:

"We must be permitted to admire the singular logical dexterity which is displayed by the Roman Catholic champions in using or refusing a particular line of reasoning, according as it is employed by themselves or their adversaries. That course of argument which is unfair and unsound, if turned to the discomfiture of Catholicism, becomes suddenly righteous, if brought as an engine of war against Protestants. The depravity, the corruption, the moral deformities of popes and cardinals, saints (!), bishops, and priests, have by no means tainted, say they, the purity of that church, through which alone, by the law of the apostolic succession, has (*have?*) been transmitted the inviolate and inviolable doctrines of Christianity. But the comparatively trivial offences of Luther and Zuingle, of Carlostadt and Ecolampadius, of Bucer and Knox, utterly defeated the possibility of any pure Protestant faith."*

This is, it seems to us, entirely too strong a coloring, if it be not a totally unfair statement, of the case. The leading reformers were, nearly *all* of them, either very bad men, or men of very doubtful morality; and the reviewer of Dr. Spalding's work himself admits this, when he says, "to attribute any very great excellence to *the most* of the reformers would be preposterous; it would indicate the highest degree of ignorance, of folly, of blind and wilful fanaticism, or all combined."† On the other hand, the Catholic popes, bishops, &c., were, most of them, very good men, as all candid persons acquainted with history will readily admit. Take, for instance, the long line of popes, reaching from St. Peter to Gregory

* Page 446-7.

† P. 447.

‡ Ibid.

* P. 448.

† Ibid.

XVI; out of nearly two hundred and sixty, only *five*, or *six* at most, can be pointed out, who were men of immoral lives; and most of these were foisted into the holy see in times of trouble and anarchy, and in a manner little conformable to the canonical mode of election. The great body of popes was composed of men unexceptionable in their moral conduct, or eminent for their sanctity; many of them sealed their faith with the blood of martyrdom. Besides, the cases are not parallel. The popes labored to maintain the established order of things in religion; the reformers sought to overthrow this order. The popes struggled earnestly to maintain inviolate "the faith once delivered to the saints;" the reformers sought to subvert this faith, and to establish their own crude novelties on its ruins. Even the worst of the popes, Alexander VI, attempted no innovation in religion; he left the church just where he found it; he rejected no old doctrine or usage; he adopted no new one. His private immorality could not vitiate, because it did not affect the church. Not so with the reformers. Their immorality originated, and left its mark upon, the religious systems they founded. The reviewer of D'Aubigné did not confine himself to the mere exposition of the vices of the leading reformers; he showed that their distinctive doctrines, as avowed and set forth by themselves in their own writings, were essentially evil, and fraught with the worst consequences.* He proved that the moral disorders consequent upon the pretended reformation were the natural results of those vicious doctrines, and of the vicious manner in which the reformers carried them out.

A deep, clear, and limpid stream, which has already flowed for hundreds of miles from its source, is not tainted by a few buckets of foul water cast into it; but if the source itself be foul and tainted, the whole stream will partake of the same qualities. The broad and clear stream of Catholicism, which had flowed in a constantly deepening and widening current, from the days of Christ and his apostles, could not be tainted by the vicious defilements of a few popes and bishops; the narrow and foamy rivulets of Protestantism, on the contrary, were muddled at their very source, or, rather, sources, and they have not become clear to this day!

* See chapter iv of the Review.

The divine Founder of Christianity laid down the very distinction we are contending for. He taught obedience to the established order of things, even when the lives of those in authority were wicked and immoral; he uttered a warning against disobedience and innovation, and indicated the test by which the innovator should be tried. Even when the Mosaic law was verging to its fall, or rather to its absorption by Christianity, he wished that its teachings should be heard with respect and obedience, however depraved the teachers might be. "The scribes and Pharisees have sitten in the chair of Moses. *M*, therefore, whatsoever they shall say to you, observe and do; but according to their works do ye not."† Speaking of innovators, on the contrary, he uses this strong language of warning: "Beware of false prophets, who come to you in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly they are ravenous wolves. *By their fruits you shall know them.*"‡

Dr. Spalding did nothing more than apply this divinely established test. He was the more justified in his course by the fact that M. D'Aubigné, whom he was reviewing, had attempted to paint the reformers as men of exalted sanctity and apostolic fervor and holiness. They boldly inveighed against the alleged abuses of the Catholic church, and set themselves up as reformers; and it was natural to ask whether they had reformed themselves, or whether the new systems they broached offered any thing better than that which they attempted to overthrow. It was natural especially to ask whether, as they were confessedly wicked men, it was likely that God had selected them as reformers of his church.‡ We defy any one to point out to us, in the whole range of sacred history, *one single example* to prove that God ever appointed a wicked man, either to promulgate a new system of religion, or to reform an old one. This is contrary to the order of the divine economy. Christ predicted that scandals should come in his church, but he never predicted that they should be removed by scandalous men. One of his own apostles, reared under his own eye, apostatized, and betrayed him; but we apprehend that, if Judas had survived his treason, and had attempted to found a new sect, he

* St. Matth. xxiii, 2, 3.

† Ibid. vii, 15, 16.

‡ See the Review of D'Aubigné, p. 65 seq.

would have had few followers; at least his labors would not have been sanctioned by the divine approval.

So much for the writer's first objection to Dr. Spalding's train of reasoning. The second is not more valid, if it be even so plausible. It is set forth in the following passage:

"Dr. Spalding maintains that the influence of the reformation on society was prejudicial to civil and religious liberty, to literature and to civilization. If we could rest satisfied with his mode of argument, we might be seduced by him into the belief that the reformation was truly such in its effects as he has represented it, notwithstanding all that history declares to the contrary. But with Dr. Spalding's course of reasoning we can not be content. He himself reprehends, as a shallow sophism, all syllogizing after the formula, '*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*;' yet his whole disputation rests on this figure, and another equally illogical and more deceptive, '*ante hoc, ergo propter illud*.' Whatever has happened since the times of Luther, to convulse society, or to injure the nations of Europe, has been the consequence of the reformation; whatever good existed in previous times, no matter when, where, or how arising, is to be attributed to the Roman church."

We beg his pardon, but we humbly think that he has totally misapprehended, and, no doubt, unconsciously, very unfairly stated Dr. Spalding's argument. The argument was this. The advocates of the reformation boast, with M. D'Aubigné, that almost all improvements in the social condition, and in literature, are to be attributed to the reformation. To refute this broad assertion, it was surely competent for Dr. Spalding to show that many, if not the most of those very improvements, belonged to a period long previous to the reformation. The reformation could not surely originate inventions and improvements which had been already in existence for centuries before its dawn. The establishment of *magna charta*, the invention of the mariner's compass, of gunpowder, and of the art of printing, to say nothing of many other improvements, shed a broad light on Catholicism; they reflect no glory on Protestantism, which certainly had no part or lot in them. Where is the sophistry of this line of reasoning?

Nor did Dr. Spalding fall into the other sophism indicated by the writer in the *Southern Quarterly*. If he ascribed the social disorders

and the literary desolation consequent upon the reformation to the reformation itself, he furnished ample evidence to sustain his position. He exhibited, as his vouchers for this opinion, the high names of Frederic Schlegel, Henry Hallam, and Leibnitz. He proved, by abundant evidence from the original documents themselves, that the reformers, while they boasted their love of freedom, were themselves the most deadly enemies of liberty, both civil and religious. He proved that the Protestant governments on the continent of Europe are, and have been since the days of the reformation, *without one single exception*, absolute and despotic, with union of church and state; and that this change in their constitution, and this wanton trampling upon all the popular rights, and eschewing of all the democratic elements of government, recognized in the "dark" ages, were the result of that blind policy which made the early reformers throw themselves, body and soul, together with their respective religious systems, into the arms, or rather at the feet of the secular powers. He proved that Germany, for nearly two hundred years after the boasted reformation, was cursed with a literary drought and desolation, which drew tears from the eyes of the great Leibnitz; and that this desolation was caused by the Vandalic spirit of destructiveness exhibited and carried out by the reformers. He proved that the reformation burst, like a wild and destructive storm, upon the blooming garden of European literature and civilization, scattering its fruits and blighting its plants; that it overspread Germany especially with literary and moral ruins which it required two centuries to clear away; and that if literature was still saved, it was more in *spite*, than in *consequence* of the reformation. All this he proved, and the writer in the *Southern Review* would have done much better to answer his arguments, than merely to prefer the vague charge of sophistry.

This writer thinks* that little reliance is to be placed on statistical estimates, which are often necessarily inaccurate or conjectural; and that Dr. Spalding has been guilty of another sophism by attaching too much importance to the statistics furnished by such writers as Cobbett and Laing. While we freely agree with him in admitting that statis-

* Page 450.

* Page 450.

tical tables are not infallible criteria for judging of the literary or moral condition of a country, we incline to the opinion that they furnish about as good evidence as the subject will possibly admit. Had Dr. Spalding relied solely on the authority of flippant, prejudiced, and Trolloping travellers, his course might have been fairly open to censure. But when he judged of Protestant countries from statistics furnished by Protestant writers, his course was so obviously fair as to be above all exception or reasonable cavil. The estimates, where they exhibited the dark side of the picture, were naturally presumed to be rather under than above the mark. And if the *facts* exhibited by the latest and most accredited Protestant travellers, Bremner and Laing, represent the moral condition of Prussia, Norway, Denmark, and especially Sweden, as far more deplorable than that of any country in Europe, it must have been only because the stern evidence of truth extorted the admission.

The writer still thinks that "the Protestant states of Europe are decidedly superior, *in all respects*, to Catholic France and Italy, Dr. Spalding's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding."* And as for Spain, he shrewdly suspects that Dr. Spalding very "prudently" omitted all allusion to that degraded and semi-barbarous country.†

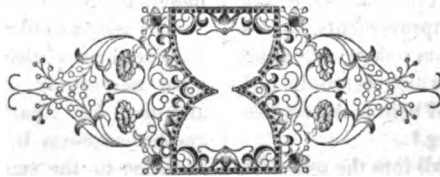
Well, all that we have to say on the subject is, that we entirely differ from him in opinion; and that we are borne out by the mass of evidence spread out in the Review of D'Aubigné.

* Page 451.

† Ibid.

As the writer gives us no proof whatever for his assertion, it will not be necessary for us to go into any additional details to establish our position. In regard to Spain, the Reviewer is surely aware that, for about two hundred years after the reformation, she was the first country in Europe; that she escaped the civil commotions and the other social disorders which followed the reformation wherever it made its appearance; and that her subsequent decline and present feeble condition, are owing to other causes altogether, than to her having been deprived of the light and invigorating influences of the reformation.

There are a few other matters of smaller moment upon which the writer in the Southern Review differs from Dr. Spalding; but those we have already noticed are the principal; and we must here close our remarks. It is needless to say that they are made with no unkind feelings whatever towards the writer in the Southern Quarterly, who, we understand, is one of the ripest scholars and, withal, one of the most accomplished gentlemen of the chivalric Palmetto state. Should these strictures ever meet his eye, may we take the liberty, in conclusion, to entreat him to examine again more fully the whole ground of the controversy between Catholics and Protestants, and to do it, if possible, without remembering that he was reared up under Protestant influence. May we also venture to direct his attention to the luminous arguments and to the conclusions lately reached, on the subject of religion, by that bright literary ornament of the north—Orestes A. Brownson. E.



ON SACRIFICES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNT JOSEPH DE MAISTRE, FOR THE U. S. CATHOLIC MAGAZINE,

BY EUGENE LYNCH.

CHAPTER I.

Of Sacrifices in general.

CAN not consent to adopt the impious axiom that "Fear first brought the Gods into the world."* On the contrary, I am pleased to observe that, in giving names to the Supreme Being, describing his greatness, his power, and his benevolence, mankind have chosen such as would seem rather to express feelings of love and veneration, than those of terror; and the titles "Father," "Lord," and "Master," show conclusively that their ideas of the Deity could not have been the offspring of fear.

This is confirmed by the fact that music, poetry, the dance,—in a word, all the agreeable arts were called in to the aid of their ceremonies of religion, and the idea of rejoicing has ever been so intimately connected with that of *festival*, that they have become every where synonymous terms.

Equally do I reject every other theory which attempts to date the commencement of the idea of Deity for the human race, or, in other words, which would make that idea of less antiquity than man himself. And yet, the question of orthodoxy once settled, we are forced to acknowledge the mournful truth, which history teaches us, that man, in every age, has been persuaded of the terrible truth *that he lived beneath the hand of an irritated power, which could be appeased only by sacrifices.*

It seems difficult, at first sight, to reconcile ideas apparently so contradictory; but, upon mature reflection, we will readily comprehend the principle of their harmony, and understand

* "Primus in orbe Deos fecit timor." This passage, the real author of which is not known, is found amongst the fragments of Petronius. It is worthy of the place it occupies.

how the two opposite feelings of joy and fear have at all times existed, side by side, in the human heart, without ever being able to destroy each other.

"The gods are *good*, and all the good we have we hold from them; to them, consequently, our gratitude and praise are due: but the gods are *just*, and we are guilty; they must be appeased, and our crimes must be expiated; the most effectual means to regain their favor and our innocence is *sacrifice*."* Such was the belief of antiquity, and such still, under different forms, is the belief of the whole universe. The primitive men from whom the entire human family has received its fundamental opinions, believed themselves guilty. Institutions of a general character were all based upon this dogma,—so much so that in all times men have acknowledged a primitive and universal fall from innocence, and have said *with us*, though not so explicitly, "Our mothers have conceived us in iniquity." I say *with us*, because there is not a single dogma in the Christian religion which has not its foundation in the intimate recesses of man's nature, and in a tradition as old as man himself.

Having thus established the existence of a general belief, in antiquity, of a fall from a primitive and more exalted state, we will proceed to show that the root of that fall, the guiltiness of man, resided in the *sentient principle*—the *life*, the *soul*; each of these terms being used, indiscriminately, to express an idea which the ancients, with the utmost care, distinguished from *mind* or *intelligence*.

This distinction is recognized in innumerable instances, both by their prose and poeti-

* It was not solely to appease the wrath of the evil genii, nor was it only in times of great national calamities that the sacrifice was offered; it was always the basis of every species of worship, without distinction of place or time, of circumstances or opinions.

cal writers. The animal, according to Juvenal, has only a *soul*; man has been endowed with a *soul and a mind*.*

Amongst them, the idea of an immediate connection between the body and the mind, was never admitted.† On the contrary, the *soul*, or *sentient principle*, was considered by them as a kind of *proportional mean*, or intermediate power, in which the *mind* reposed, as, in its turn, the *soul* reposed in the *body*.

Lucretius, in an ingenious illustration, compares the *soul* to the eye, and the mind to its pupil; ‡ in another place he calls it the "*soul of the soul*;" § and Plato, following Homer,

* Immisitque (Deus) in hominem spiritum et animam. (Josephus. *Antiq. of the Jews*, lib. i, ch. i, p. 2.) The note of the English translator, on this passage, is worthy of observation. "We may observe here that Josephus supposed man to be compounded of *spirit*, *soul*, and *body*, with St. Paul, 1 Thess. v. 23 ('that your whole *spirit*, and *soul*, and *body*, be preserved blameless for the coming of our Lord Jesus'), and with the rest of the ancients, Josephus tells us in another place, 'he (Moses) entirely forbade us the use of blood for food, and esteemed it to contain the *soul* and *spirit*.'"—See lib. iii, ch. ix, sec. 2.

"Mundi
Principio indulsit communis conditor illis
Tantum animam; nobis animum quoque". . .
Juvenal, *Sat. xv*, 147, 150.

The lines immediately preceding the above passage are worthy of observation.

"Separat hoc nos
A grege mutorum, atque ideo venerabile soli
Sortiti ingenium, divinatorumque capaces,
Atque exerceendis capiendisq. artibus apti,
Sensum a celesti demissum traximus arce,
Cujus egent prona, et terram spectantia."

† "Intelligentiam autem ulli rei adjunctam esse sine animo, nefas esse; quocirca intelligentiam in animo, animum conclusit in corpore." (Timæus, seu de Universo inter fragm. Ciceronis, pag. 1175. in edit. stereotypâ, folio. Lipsiæ. 1827. Plato in Tim. opp. tom. ix, p. 312. A. B. p. 386, 11.) Farther down, in the same fragment, these passages below occur:—"Ex materia, quæ individua est, et quæ semper unius modi, siquæ similis, et ex ea, quæ corporibus dividua gignitur, tertium materię genus ex duobus in medium admiscuit, quod esset ejusdem naturæ et quod alterius; idque interjecit inter individuum et id quod dividuum esset in corpore." Again: "*Animum* igitur quum ille procreator mundi Deus ex sua mente et divinitate genuisset, tum denique omne, quod erat concretum, atque corporum, substernebat animo, interius quæ faciebat; atque ita medio medium accomodans copulabat."—Idem. cap. vii. and viii.

‡ "Ut lacerato oculo circum, si pupula mansit
Incolumus," etc.

Lucretius de *Nal. Deo*. iii, 409 et seqq.

§ "Atque anima est animæ proporro totius ipsa."
Ibid.

terms it the "*heart of the soul*,"* an expression which Philo repeats after him. †

In Homer, when Jupiter determines to render a hero victorious, he is represented as weighing the matter, like a god, in his mind; he is one; in him, consequently, there can be no conflict. ‡

Thus, too, when placed in a difficult situation, an individual perceives where lies the path of duty, and, without hesitation, resolves to pursue it,—that man has viewed the matter, like a god, in his mind. §

But when, on the other hand, in similar circumstances, an individual, after wavering for a long time between the dictates of reason and the suggestions of passion, is on the point of committing an inexcusable wrong, that man has weighed the subject in his *soul*, and in his *mind*. ||

How often does the *mind* chide the *soul*, and bid it blush for its weakness? How often does it address it in the words of Ulysses, "Cheer up, my soul, thou hast borne greater misfortunes than this?" ¶

By another poet, the conflict of these two contending principles is made the subject of a humorous dialogue: "I can not, O my soul," the mind is represented as saying: "I can not grant all your desires; remember, you are not the only one to desire what you love."**

"What is meant," says Plato, "when we say that a man has overcome himself? that

* In Theæt. opp. tom. ii, p. 261, c.

N. B. The word *animus* is frequently misemployed by the Latins, but always in such a manner as to leave no doubt in the reader's mind. Cicero, for instance, employs it as synonymous with *anima* and as opposed to *mens*; and Virgil uses it in the same sense, in *Æn.* vi, 2, "Magnam cui mentem animumque Delius inspirat vates;" while by Juvenal it is used as synonymous with *mens*, and opposed to *anima*.

† Philo, de Opif. Mundi, cited by Justus Lipsius, Phys. Stoic, iii, disser. xvi.

‡ ἄλλ' ὅγα μὲν ἰσχυρὴ κατὰ φρον. —*Iliad.* ii, 3.

§ Αὐτὰρ ὁ ἔγνω ἦσαν ἐνὶ φρεσιν. —*Ibid.* i, 333.

|| Ἐως ὃ ταῦθ' ὁρμαίνει κατὰ φρον καὶ κατὰ θυμόν. —*Ibid.* i, 193.

¶ Τέτραδι δὲ πρᾶδι, καὶ πύκτον ἄλλο πύτ' ἔτλακ. —*Odyssey*, xx, 18.

Plato has cited this verse in his *Phædon*, Opp. tom. i, p. 215, &c., and in it beholds one power addressing another, "Ὡς ἄλλα οὕσα ἄλλα πρῆγματι διαλογούμενα." —*Ibid.* 161, B.

** Οὐ δύναμαι σοί, θυμὸς παρασχέει δόμνα πάντα, Τέτραδι, τῷ δὲ καλῶν ὅστι σὶ μοῦνος ἦρας. —*Theog. inter vers gnôm.* ex edit. Brunckii, v. 72, 73.

he has shown himself superior to himself?" We evidently affirm that the same individual is, at one and the same time, stronger and weaker than himself; for, if it be *he* who conquers, it is *he* also who is vanquished; who is superior and inferior at the same moment, since we affirm these two diametrically opposite attributes of the same subject. If we consider the will a single principle, it would be as impossible for that principle to act in opposition to itself as it would be for a material body to move at the same moment in two opposite directions; * for no subject can unite in itself, at the same time, two opposite attributes.† "If man were one," Hippocrates has well remarked, "he never would be sick;"‡ and the reason is obvious: "for," adds he, "we can not conceive disorganization in a simple subject."§

We are told by Cicero, that "when we are directed to govern ourselves, it is meant that reason should govern passion."|| In this interpretation he must either have considered passion as something distinct from reason, or he did not understand himself. Pascal had, no doubt, the ideas of Plato in view when he said, "This duplicity of man is so visible that it has led some to believe that we have

two souls; a simple subject seemed to them incapable of such great and sudden changes."*

But, with all the respect due to such a writer, it is plain that he has not examined this subject thoroughly, for it is not solely the difficulty of understanding "how a simple subject is capable of such great and sudden changes," but how a simple subject can unite in itself, at the same moment, two contrary and opposite movements; how it can love good and evil at the same time; how it can like and dislike, desire and abhor the same object; how a body can move towards two opposite points at the same time; how, in a word, a simple subject is not in reality a simple subject. The idea of two distinct powers is very ancient, even in the church. "Those who have adopted it," says Origen, "consider these words of the apostle: '*The flesh lusteth against the spirit*' (Galat. v, 17), as meaning not the *flesh* properly so called, but that *soul* which is really *the soul of the flesh*; for, say they, we have *two souls*,—the one good and celestial, the other inferior and terrestrial; and it is of this last that it is said that '*its works are manifest*' (ibid. 19); and we believe that this *soul of the flesh* resides in the blood."†

Origen, however, who was as remarkable for the modesty with which he expressed, as for the boldness with which he formed his opinions, does not insist upon this point, but leaves his "reader to think for himself." It is evident, however, that he was not able to explain in any other manner these diametrically opposite movements in the same simple subject.

What is in fact that power which contradicts *man*, or, to speak more accurately, his consciousness? What is that principle which is not *himself* or *all himself*? Is it material like the stone or the block? If so, it could not think, it could not feel, and consequently could not interfere with the mind in its operations. In fear and trembling I hear the threats denounced against the flesh; but I ask, what is it? Descartes, who doubted nothing, is not at all embarrassed when contemplating this duplicity of man's nature. There is not, according to him, in us a superior and an inferior portion, a rational and a sensible

* Pensées iii, 13.

† Origen, de Princip. iii, 4; opp. edit. Ruæi, Paris, 1733, in folio, tom. i, p. 145 et seqq.

* Plato de Rep. opp. tom. 5, p. 349, E. A. et p. 360, c.

† Οὐδὲ (τῷ ὄντι) οὐδὲ ἀπὸ τῶν ἁπάντων ἰσχυροτέραι. Aristotle Calveg. de quantitate, opp. tom. 1.

‡ Ἐγὼ δὲ φησὶ αἱ ἐν ἡμῶν ψυχῇ οὐδὲ πῶς δὲ ἄλλω. Hippoc. de Nat. hum., t. 1, cit. edit. cap. ii, p. 265.

§ Οὐδὲ γὰρ ἂν ἦ ὅπο τοῦ ἀλλοτρίου ἐν ἡμῶν.

|| This profound maxim has as much force in the moral as in the physical world.

|| "Quum igitur præcipitur ut nobismetipsis imperemus, hoc præcipitur, ut ratio coerceat temeritatem." (Tusculan Disput., lib. ii, cap. 21.) Whenever there is a necessity of *resistance*, there must be *action*; and wherever there is *action*, there must be a *substance*. Who can understand how any thing can seize itself?

[Immediately preceding the above passage from Cicero, we find the following: "Quamquam hoc nescio quomodo dicatur, quasi duo simus, ut alter imperet, alter pareat, non *inscite* tamen dicitur. Est enim animus in partes tributus duas; quarum altera rationis est particeps, altera expers." It is evident that Cicero felt the difficulties that were involved in the strict reading of the precept, "to command ourselves;" and while he is unwilling to admit that "we are two," in order to solve the problem he divides the soul into *two parts*, each clothed with different attributes, and each, in fact, of different natures, the one being inferior to the other. The explanation is more obscure and perplexing than the original question.]—Note of the translator.

principle, as is commonly believed. The soul of man is *one*, and the same subject is both rational and sentient at the same time. That which deceives us in this respect, says he, "is that the volitions produced by the *soul*; and those occasioned by the vital spirits conveyed by the body, excite contrary movements in the *pineal gland*."*

Antoine Arnaud is much less amusing. He proposes to us what he terms an inconceivable but at the same time undoubted mystery, viz. "that the body, being material, and consequently incapable of committing sin, can nevertheless communicate to the soul that which it does not and can not possess, and that from the union of these two subjects, incapable themselves of sin, there results a whole capable of committing it, and which is, therefore, *very justly*, the object of God's anger."†

It would seem as if this sour sectarian had philosophized but little on the notion of the body, since he thus voluntarily entangles himself, and in giving us *nonsense* for a mystery, betrays his inattention or negligence in having taken a mystery for nonsense.

A modern physiologist considered himself justified in stating expressly that the vital principle is a *being*. "Call it," says he, "*power or faculty*—the immediate cause of all our movements and of all our sensations; that principle is *one*; it is absolutely independent of the *thinking soul*, and even, in all probability,‡ of the body: no mechanical cause or law is receivable in the phenomena of living bodies."§

On this point the Scriptures also seem to agree with the philosophy of ancient and modern times, since they teach us that man is double in all his ways,|| and that "the word of

* Cartesii Opp. Amst. Blæen, 1785, in 4to; De passionibus. Art. xlvii, p. 22. I have nothing to say to this explanation. The respect due to men like Des Cartes is in the inverse proportion of that which we owe to all baleful usurpers of a reputation not their own. I only request particular attention to the substance of this thought, which is clearly this: "That which occasions the popular belief that there is a contradiction in man, is that there is a contradiction in man!"

† Perpétuité de la foi, in 4to. tom. iii, b. xi, Cap. vi.

‡ It seems these words, "*in all probability*," are merely introduced in complaisance to the age; for why should that which is *one*, and which may be termed a principle, not be distinguished from matter?

§ "Nouveaux éléments de la science de l'homme," par M. Barthez. 2 vols in 8vo. Paris, 1806.

|| "Homo duplex in viis suis." James i, 8.

God is living and effectual, and more penetrating than any two-edged sword, and reaching unto the division of the *soul* and the *spirit* . . . and discerns the thoughts and intents of the heart."* And St. Augustin, confessing to God the dominion which some of the phantoms of former days, recalled in dreams, still had upon his soul, exclaims, with the most touching simplicity, "Lord, am I still *myself*?"†

Indeed it was not *himself*, and no one knew it better than *himself*, who tells us in the same passage, "so great is the difference between *myself* and *myself*;"‡ he who so well distinguishes the two powers of man when, in addressing himself to God, he cries out; "Oh! thou mystical bread of my *soul*, spouse of my *intelligence*! did I not love thee!"§

Milton has put some beautiful verses in the mouth of Satan, when, in despair, he views his terrible degradation:

"O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrained
Into a beast, and mixed with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of Deity aspired!"

Paradise Lost, book ix, l. 163.

Man, in a measurable degree, might apply with justice these words of the archfiend to his own fallen condition. Whence comes the conceit of representing the angels around the objects of our worship by groups of winged heads?|| I am well aware that the doctrine of *two souls* was condemned in ancient times; but I am by no means certain that the condemnation was pronounced by a competent tribunal: after all we have only to

* "Pertingens usque ad divisionem animæ et spiritus (he does not say of the mind and body), et discretor cogitationum et intentionum cordis."—*Hebrews* iv, 12.

[In addition to the authorities adduced by the author in the foregoing pages to prove how carefully the ancients distinguished the mind or *intelligence* from the *soul* or *sentient principle*, although many are at hand, I shall only quote a very remarkable one from Lactantius, in which the distinction is clearly and accurately defined. "Non idem est mens et animus, aliud enim est quo vivimus, aliud quo cogitamus. Nam dormient mens non animus sopitur; et in furiosis mens exstinguitur, animus manet."—*Lactantius*, I.]—*Note of Translator*.

† "Numquid tunc non Ego sum, Domine Deus meus." (*St. August. Confess.* X, xxx, 1.)

‡ Tantum interest inter meipsum et meipsum.—*Ib.*

§ Deus . . . panis oris intus animæ meæ et virtus marianens mentem meam . . . non te amabam!—*Ibid.* I, xiii, 2.

|| Too many persons unfortunately know in what part of his works Voltaire has called these figures, "chubby-cheeked angels." There is not in the garden of intelligence a single flower which this caterpillar has not soiled.

understand the question. That man is a being the result of the union of *two souls*, that is to say, of two intelligent principles of a similar nature, one of which is good and the other evil, this must have been the opinion anciently condemned, and such an opinion I condemn with all my heart. But that the intelligent can be the same as the sentient principle, or that this principle, which we also call the *vital principle*, and which is *the life*, is material, deprived entirely of knowledge and consciousness, is a belief to which I can not subscribe until I am told that I am wrong by the only power which has legitimate authority over the faith of men. In such case I would not hesitate a moment, and instead of having, as I now have, the moral certainty of being right, I would then possess the firm faith that I am wrong. Were I to profess other sentiments than these, I would act in direct opposition to the principles which have dictated this work, and which, as far as I am concerned, are sacred.

But whatever difference of opinion may exist with reference to this subject of the *duplicity* of man's nature, it is upon the *animal power*, the *life*, the soul (for all these words signified the same thing in the language of antiquity), it is upon this principle that falls the malediction of heaven, a malediction the reality of whose existence has been acknowledged in every land and by every people.

The Egyptians, who were considered by learned antiquity "the only depositaries of the secrets of heaven,"* were thoroughly persuaded of the truth of this doctrine, and were in the daily habit of renewing their belief in it by a public ceremony; for when embalming bodies, after having washed the intestines, the soft parts, in a word, all the organs of the *animal functions*, in palm wine, they placed them in a box. Then, elevating this box with its contents towards heaven, one of the officiating priests, in the name of the dead man, pronounced the following prayer: "Sun! sovereign master, from whom I derive my existence, deign to receive me to thyself! I have practised with fidelity the worship of my fathers; I have always honored my parents; I have never refused to return a deposit, nor have I ever taken life. If I have ever com-

mitted other sins, I was actuated not by *myself* but by *these things*."† And immediately *these things* were thrown into the waves as the cause of all the faults which the deceased had committed during his life time, after which they proceeded to the embalming.‡

The Egyptians, in this ceremony, can not but be regarded as the timely precursors of that revelation which has denounced its anathema against the *flesh*, which has declared it to be the enemy of intelligence, that is to say, of God, and which has expressly told us that those "who are born of blood, or of the will of the flesh, to them is denied the power to be made the children of God."‡ The *flesh*, the *life*, the *sentient principle*, being the principle of guilt in man, the anathema fell upon the *blood*; § for the blood was the principle of life, or rather the *blood was life*. And it is a fact not a little remarkable, that these old traditions of the eastern world, to which men no longer paid the least attention, have been revived in our days, and received the support of the most distinguished physiologists.

The theory of the *vitality of the blood* was maintained by the Chevalier Rosa in Italy.‡ In support of this doctrine, he performed some

* Ἀλλὰ διὰ ταῦτα. (Porphyr. *De Abstin. et usu animal*, IV, i, 10.)

† Ὡς αἰτίαν ὑπάρχοντων τῶν ἐν ὁσθρατοῖς ἡμαρτιῶν. Διὰ ταῦτα, (Plut. *De usu carn. Orat.* II.) cited by Larcher in his valuable translation of Herodotus, lib. ii, §. 85. I can not, however, see why this eminent hellenist has translated "διὰ ταῦτα," by, "it is for these things," instead of, "it is by these things."

There is a striking coincidence between this prayer of the Egyptian priests and that which is pronounced by the Catholic church at the bed-side of the dying. "Licet enim peccaverit, tamen . . . credidit, et zelum Dei in se habuit, et eum qui fecit omnia, fideliter; adoravit," etc. "For, though he hath sinned, yet he still believed; he hath had the zeal of God, and faithfully adored him who made all things."

‡ John i, 12, 13. When David said, "renew a right spirit in my bowels" (spiritum rectum innova in visceribus meis, Psalm i, 12), it was not a vague and indefinite expression: he pronounced a precise and fundamental dogma.

§ "You shall not eat of the blood of animals, which is their life." (Genesis ix, 4, 5.) "Because the life of the flesh is in the blood, and I have given it to you that you may make atonement with it upon the altar for your soul, and the blood shall be for an expiation of the soul!" (Leviticus xvii, 11.) "Only beware of this, that thou eat not the blood (of animals), for the blood is for the soul; and therefore thou must not eat the soul with the flesh. But thou shalt pour it upon the earth as water."—Deuteronomy xii, 23, 24.

|| A beautiful analysis of this system will be found in the works of Count Gian Rinaldo, Carli Rubi, Milan, 1790, 30 vols. in octavo, tom. ix.

* *Egyptios solos divinarum rerum conscios.*—(Macrobius, Sat. I, 12). We may say that this writer speaks here in the name of all antiquity.

very interesting experiments, and has left some very curious remarks on the knowledge which the ancients possessed on this point; but I am able to cite an authority *better known*,* that of the celebrated John Hunter, the greatest anatomist of the last century, who revived and explained the eastern dogma of the vitality of the blood. "Our ideas of life have been so much connected with organic bodies, and principally those endowed with visible action, that it requires a new bend to the mind to make it conceive that these circumstances are not inseparable. . . . But I shall endeavor to show that *organization* and *life* do not depend in the least on each other; that organization may arise out of living parts, and produce action, but that *life* can never rise out of, or depend on organization.† An organ is a peculiar conformation of matter (let that matter be what it may), to answer some purpose, the operation of which is mechanical; but mere organization can do nothing, even in mechanics; it must still have something corresponding "to a living principle, namely, some power." And in another place he says: "When all the circumstances attending this fluid are fully considered, the idea that it has life within itself may not appear so difficult to comprehend, and indeed when once conceived, I do not see how it is possible we should think it to be otherwise; when we consider that every part is formed from the blood, that we grow out of it, and if it has not life previous to this operation, it must then acquire it in the act of forming, for we all give our assent to the existence of life in the parts when once formed."‡

It would seem that this opinion of the celebrated Hunter has become popular in England. "It is an opinion" (we find this passage in the Asiatic researches), "it is an opinion as old at least as Pliny, that the blood is a living fluid; but it was reserved for the distinguished physiologist, John Hunter, to elevate this opinion to a place amongst those truths which no longer admit of doubt."§

* I do not say *more decisive*; for the works are not at hand, and I can not, therefore, compare them. Besides, admitting Rosa's claims, what will they avail him? The honor of having introduced the system of the vitality of the blood will not be accorded to him. His country has neither fleets, nor armies, nor colonies; so much the worse for her, and so much the worse for him.

† A truth of the first order, and highest evidence.

‡ See John Hunter's Treatise on the blood, inflammation, and gun-shot wounds. London, 1794, in 4to.

§ Vide the Memoir of William Boag on the poison

The vitality of the blood, or rather the identity of the blood with life, being laid down as a fact, of which the ancient world was convinced, and which has been revived in our own times, we next find another idea equally ancient and equally prevalent, viz. "*that the anger of heaven, kindled against flesh and blood, can be appeased only by blood,*" and all nations have believed that in the effusion of blood there existed an expiatory virtue. The mere existence of this belief is a proof of its truth. Neither *reason* nor *folly* could have originated, far less could either have succeeded in causing it to be almost universally adopted. It has its origin in the intimate recesses of man's nature, and upon this point history is always and every where uniform and consistent.* The whole theory rests upon the dogma of reversibility. Man believed (as he ever did and ever will believe) *that the innocent can make amends for the guilty*; from which the conclusion is drawn that, as the *life* is the guilty principle, a *life less precious can be offered* and accepted in place of another. Hence the blood of animals was offered up, and the life or *soul* thus offered up in place of another, was by the ancients called *vicaria anima*, or, as we might express it, a *soul for a soul*, or a *substitute soul*.† By means of this doctrine of substitution, the learned Goguet has done much to explain the annual prostitution of unmarried females, which it is so well known (although Voltaire has ridiculed of serpents, in the Asiatic Researches, vol. vi, in 4to. p. 108.

Pliny lived at a period long after the opinion of the vitality of the blood had obtained. He says: "*Dum grandes venæ . . . per alias minores omnibus membris vitalitatem rigant . . . magna est in eo vitalitatis portio.*" (C. Plinii *Sec. Hist. Nat. curis Harduini*, Paris, 1685, in 4to. tom. ii, lib. xii, cap. 68, 70, pag. 664, 665, 583.) "Hinc sedem animæ sanguinem esse veterum plerique dixerunt."—Note, Harduini, *ibid.* p. 583.)

* It was a general and every where prevalent opinion that the remission of sin could be obtained only by blood, and that some should die for the happiness of others.—Bryani's *Mythology explained*, vol. ii, in 4to. p. 465. The Talmudists decided, moreover, that sins can be effaced only by blood. (Huet, *Dem. Evang. prop.* ix, cap. 145.) Thus the dogma of salvation through the blood is found every where and at all times. It braves time and space, it is indestructible, and yet its origin can be traced to no antecedent reasoning, nor to any assignable error.

† Lami, Appar. B. i, 7.

"Cor pro corde, precor, pro fibris accipe fibras; Hanc animam vobis pro meliore damus."

Ovid, *Fast.* vi, 161.

lously attempted to disprove it) was legalized in some countries of antiquity. Firmly persuaded of the existence of an irritated and malevolent divinity, whose attacks were directed against the chastity of their wives, these people annually presented victims to his lust, in the hope that, satiated with the prey thus voluntarily offered, he would not attempt the honor of the marriage tie; somewhat in the same manner as we throw a lamb to the lion in order to divert his attack from ourselves.* We should also remark that, in the sacrifice properly so called, carnivorous animals, or such as were stupid and untameable, as the deer, the serpent, fish, birds of prey, &c., were never immolated.† Those, on the contrary, were selected which were most gentle, innocent, and useful to man, and more closely resembling the human family in their habits and instincts. Not being able to immolate one human being to save another, they chose from the animals, if I may be allowed the expression, the most *human* victims. The thing sacrificed was also *burned* entirely or in part, to show that the natural punishment of crime is fire, and that the *substituted* was burned in place of the *guilty* flesh.‡

There is nothing in ancient history better authenticated than the *Tauropolium* and *Criobolium* which were derived from the oriental worship of Mithra. These two species of sacrifices were thought to operate a perfect purification, expiating all crime and effecting a thorough spiritual regeneration. A ditch was made, at the bottom of which the initiated was placed: over him was placed a platform pierced with an infinite number of small holes, and upon this the victim was immolated. The blood trickled down in drops, like rain, upon the penitent, who received it upon all parts of his body,§ and it was believed that by this

* Vide "La nouvelle Démonstration Evangélique de Leland. Liege, 1768, 4 vols. in 12mo. vol. i, part i, chap. vii, p. 352.

† With some few exceptions where other principles operated.

‡ For as vicious humors produce in the body the fire of fever, which purifies or consumes, without burning them, so vices produce in the soul the fever of fire, which purifies or burns, without consuming them. (Vide *Origen De Princip.* ii, 10. *Opp. tom.* i, p. 102.

§ Prudentius has transmitted to us a detailed description of this disgusting ceremony.

"Tum per frequentes mille rimarum vias,
Illapsus imber tabidam rorem pluit;

singular baptism a spiritual regeneration was effected. A number of basso-relievos and inscriptions leave no doubt of the existence of this ceremony and of the universally received dogma to which it owes its origin.* Again, in examining the law of Moses, nothing is more strikingly manifest than the continual solicitude it displays, to differ, in the ceremonies it prescribes, from those of the idolatrous nations around, and to separate the Hebrew people from all others by the peculiarity of its religious rites; yet the sacrifice is an exception to the general rule, and in this point and in this alone it conforms to the fundamental rite of all nations; nay, more, it enforces it again and again, at the risk of giving to the national character a harshness which it by no means needed. Amongst all the ceremonies prescribed by this famous legislator, and more particularly when a purification is intended, even of the body, there is not one which does not require the shedding of blood. The origin of a belief so extraordinary, and yet so general, can not but have a deep foundation. If it possessed nothing of reality or mystery, for what purpose did God himself preserve it in the old law? Whence did the ancients derive the idea of spiritual regeneration by blood? How is it that a ceremony which man's reason never could have originated, and from which his feelings shrink with horror, how is it that such a ceremony should have been selected in all ages, and by all nations as the best means of honoring the Deity, of obtaining his favor, and of turning aside his wrath? We must necessarily have recourse to some secret cause to explain this phenomenon, and that cause we will find to have been very powerful.

Defossus intus quem sacerdos excipit,
Guttas ad omnes turpe subjectum caput
Et veste et omni putrefactus corpore.
Quin os supinat, obvias offert genas,
Supponit aures; labia, nares objicit,
Oculus et ipso proluat liquoribus;
Nec jam palato parcat, et linguam rigat,
Donec cruorem totus atrum combibat!"

* Gruter has preserved one which is very remarkable, and which Van Dale has cited at the end of the above passage from Prudentius.

DIS MAGNIS
Matri Deum et Attidi
Sextus Agesilaus Edisius
. . . . Taurobolio
Criobolioque in æternum
Renatus Aram Sacravit.

Ant. Van Dale, Dissert. de Orac. æthnicorum
Amst. 1683, in 8vo. p. 223.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.



THE last (January) number of his *Quarterly*, Mr. Brownson has undertaken to refute the assertions of a writer in the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, who contends that the Catholic church has been hostile to the liberty of the press, to literature, to science, and to religion and revelation. We give below Mr. Brownson's remarks, only in reference to the liberty of the press; for information on the other subjects of his able refutation, we refer our readers to the second and third volumes of the Magazine, which contain a variety of articles on the important services which Catholicity has rendered to science and literature, and which show that without its faithful guardianship neither religion, nor literature, nor civilization, such as we possess them, would be witnessed amongst us at the present day.

"The *Review* charges the church of Rome with having ever waged a deadly warfare upon the liberty of the press, and promises to exhibit the proofs which sustain it; but these proofs it seems to have forgotten. The editor has apparently presumed his readers prepared in advance to believe any thing which can be said against the Roman church, and therefore ready to take the assertion itself for proof. He does not adduce a single fact to prove his assertion, and, more than all that, he can not. We deny his assertion, and defy him to lay his finger on a single act of the Roman Catholic church which indicates the least hostility on her part to a free press. He tells us, and he enters into a long and labored argument to prove that the church is now what she always was, and always was what she is now. For this we thank him. We not only concede, but we contend, that she is now what she always was, and always was what she now is, and always will be to the end of time. We hold the church to be immutable, like Him

whom she represents. Will it be pretended that, prior to the sixteenth century, the church, as the church, ever waged war upon the liberty of the press? Prior to the invention of printing there was no press, in the modern sense of the term; how could the church, then, be said to be hostile to its freedom? Is the Methodist reviewer acquainted with the writings of the fathers and monks of the middle ages? Does he find in them any want of freedom of thought or of expression? Prior to the invention of printing, the office of the modern press was mainly supplied by the pulpit. Did ever press speak freer than the old Catholic pulpit, when the humble priest dared address the monarch on his throne as a man and a sinner, and the cowed monk feared not to reprove (admonish?) even the pope himself? But the church has not changed, and therefore, if it was not hostile to the freedom of the press then, it is not now.

"Printing itself was invented before the reformation, in good old Catholic times, and by a Catholic. Its glory belongs to Catholics, not to Protestants. And who were the first to welcome it, and to sustain the first printers? The dignitaries of the Catholic church. The first printers in Italy, companions of Faust, were received and protected by the pope. The earliest patrons of Caxton, the first printer in England, were Thomas Milling, bishop of Hereford, and the abbot of Westminster abbey, and it was in Westminster abbey that he established his first printing office. It was by the aid of the bishop of Holun that Mathieson was enabled to introduce printing into Iceland, and whoever knows any thing of the subject knows that the church of Rome has always encouraged literature and the free multiplication of books.

"But the *Review* adduces the instance of expurgatory indexes, &c., as proof of hostility on the part of the church of Rome to the liberty of the press. The existence of such

indexes we of course admit; but so far as they concern merely the pope's own temporal dominions, they come not within the scope of our present argument. The temporal court of Rome is to be judged the same as any other court, and the church is no more responsible for its acts than it is for the acts of the court of France, of Spain, or even of England. The expurgatory indexes concern us, as members of the Roman Catholic church, only so far as they are designed for the instruction of the faithful throughout the world. But what, after all, are these expurgatory indexes, about which we hear so much, and which are such frightful monsters to our Protestant brethren? They are simply matters of discipline, prepared by the highest pastoral authority in the church, not to encroach on the liberty of the press,—for no book is likely to find a place in the index, if not published,—but to guard the faithful against the destructive effects of the licentiousness of the press. This is all.

"No body, we presume, no matter of what religious persuasion, can recommend to all persons the indiscriminate reading of all manner of books and tractates which may be published. There are books, and books even not without some value when read by persons prepared to profit by them, which a prudent parent would put into the hands of his children. It is not every book that is suitable for every person's reading. A full-grown man, well grounded in his principles, and strengthened and confirmed by divine grace, may perhaps read without injury almost any publication; but what Christian father would not tremble to find his son, some eighteen or twenty years of age, reading Paine's *Age of Reason*, Volney's *Ruins*, or Baron d'Holback's *Système de la Nature*? or what Christian mother would willingly see her daughter reading Wolstoncraft's *Rights of Woman*, or the novels of Paul de Kock, Sir Lytton Bulwer, George Sand, or Eugene Sue, before experience and maturity of thought and sentiment had secured her against the subtle poison they contain? Books are companions, and bad books are as dangerous as any other species of companions. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and we may be corrupted by reading bad books as well as by frequenting bad company. Every body knows this, and every father of a family, if he deserve at all the

name, has virtually an *index expurgatorius*, which he does his best to enforce on all entrusted to his care. All admit its importance, so far as concerns children and young persons. Would the Methodist bishops and elders tolerate Universalist, Unitarian, *papistical*, or infidel books in their Sunday-school libraries, or recommend them to the members of their flock for family reading? Do not the American Sunday-school Union alter, expurgate, or amend the books they publish, to make them conform to their standard of orthodoxy and propriety? Do not the laws of Massachusetts, New York, nay, of every state in the union that has a public school system, institute an expurgatory index, by prohibiting all sectarian books from being used in the schools, or introduced into the common school libraries? And so far as relates to common schools in this commonwealth, what is our board of education, with its learned secretary, but a 'congregation of the index'?

"In all communities there are large numbers who are children as long as they live. Every clergyman, no matter of what denomination, can point to not a few in his congregation, who are by no means qualified for reading with profit, or without detriment, all manner of books or publications which may be issued; and we know no clergyman that does not use his utmost influence to prevent the members of his flock from reading such works as in his judgment may prove injurious to them. Indeed, we see not how he could answer it to his conscience and to his God, if he should not. Is he not, by virtue of his office, set as an overseer, to watch over, guard, and promote their spiritual welfare? Our early acquaintance with the Methodists, with whom in a good measure we were brought up, has led us to believe that their ministers are by no means remiss in this duty. Indeed, all the sects, unless we must except Unitarians and Universalists, do their best to prevent their respective members from reading publications hostile to their peculiar tenets. The Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists are as strict in this respect as Catholics themselves. Each denomination has an expurgatory index, as much as the church of Rome,—only it does not publish it,—and an index equally exclusive, to say the least. What, then, but rank hypocrisy, is this out-

cry against the Catholic church? Wherein is her peculiar offence? Is it in the fact that she publishes her index for the guidance of the faithful throughout the world, and does not profess one thing and do another?

"But, as we have said, the index is merely an affair of discipline, and simply points out the books not approved by the church, which are not sound in the faith, or which can not be read without danger to piety or morals. Yet the reading of the books placed in the index is not absolutely prohibited; it is simply remitted to the discretion of the bishops or pastors, and may be allowed to any one, when any good reason can be assigned why it should be.

"But we are told, or may be told, that the church of Rome establishes a rigid censorship of the press. Not the *church* of Rome, but the *court* of Rome; and not for the church universal, but for the pope's temporal dominions. How rigid this censorship may be we know not, nor does it concern us, who are not temporal subjects of the pope, to inquire. The pope, as temporal prince, is an independent sovereign, and is at liberty to govern his subjects in his own way, as much so as any other temporal prince. But it must be remembered that this question of the censorship of the press has two sides, or at least has something to be said in its favor; for there is no country on earth that tolerates the unlimited freedom of the press. There are some Protestant countries in Europe—Prussia, for instance—which subject the press to the most rigid censorship; so rigid that the censors have been known to erase the word liberty as 'treasonable.' England, indeed, boasts that her press is free; she establishes no censorship; and yet she restrains its liberty by treating as blasphemous libels the publications which contain certain doctrines. George Houston, at present, we believe, one of the editors of the *New York Herald*, was imprisoned two years and a half in London, for publishing an infidel work, entitled '*Ecce Homo*.' Robert Taylor, also, was long imprisoned in Oakham jail for writing certain infidel works. We in this country claim to have a free press, and yet Abner Kneeland, a few years since, was imprisoned in Boston for writing a certain newspaper paragraph; and one Dr. Knowlton was, also, a short time before, imprisoned for publishing a certain infamous book. There are publications which

no civilized people can tolerate, and which no Christian people can suffer to circulate freely. All have their *index expurgatorius*. Some place more works in it, others fewer. The question between them is not one of principle, but one of more or less. The only difference in principle, too, between those nations which profess to have a free press, and those which have a censorship, is that the latter endeavor to prevent the mischief from being done, while the former only seek to punish the authors of it after they have done it. Which is the wiser course we shall not undertake to decide. But one thing we will say, the licentiousness of the press should alarm every one who regards the moral and spiritual health of the people. The floods of obscene and corrupting novels and other cheap publications, which have of late inundated the country, are not to pass off without leaving terrible waste and destruction behind; and unless the moral portion of the community, especially the clergy, in the bosom of their several flocks, use their utmost endeavors, and exert all their pastoral authority, to prevent these works from being read by the young, the unsuspecting and the impressible, the most frightful corruption of morals and manners will soon spread over the whole land. The *Methodist Quarterly Review*, instead of bringing false charges against the church of Rome, would do a much greater service to God and the country, if it would use its influence to guard our young community from the blasting effects of the recent licentiousness of the Boston and New York presses. Here is an object worthy of all its holy zeal.

"But the *Review* seeks to establish its proposition by alleging that the church of Rome wages a deadly war upon liberty of mind and conscience. That the church of Rome teaches that conscience needs to be enlightened by the word of God, before it can be followed as a safe guide, we freely admit; and that she also teaches that private judgment in interpreting the word of God or articles of faith, should yield to the church, is by no means denied. Every Catholic believes the holy Catholic church infallible and authoritative. He believes that Christ has instituted a ministry which is competent to teach by authority, and competent because Christ is always with it, enabling it to teach the truth, and preventing

it from teaching error. So far as submission to this authority is a restriction on freedom of mind, the Catholic church undoubtedly restricts it. But this no Catholic feels to be any restriction at all; for to him the decision of the church is the highest conceivable evidence of truth; and it therefore guides him to the truth, instead of restraining him from embracing it. He feels it his blessed privilege to have an authority which can not err, to decide for him, and set him right, where his own reason might lead him astray.

"But must not this yielding to authority make one a mental slave, destroy all mental vigor, and tend to reduce or retain one in intellectual imbecility, in the most brutish ignorance? Certainly, if the authority be human, or that of any one of our sects. The full force of this reply can be understood by none but a Catholic. The Catholic church is divine, it is a supernatural institution, and supernaturally sustained and protected. It teaches all truth, that is, all truth pertaining to religion and morals. It decides positively on no other subject. It leaves then, necessarily, the human mind free to discover and defend the truth on all subjects; and both truth and *error* on all subjects, but the fundamental principles (admitted doctrines?) of religion and morals. Is not this liberty enough to satisfy any sober friend of freedom? If you run athwart these fundamental principles, you are unquestionably arrested; but why arrested? Because the church will not tolerate your truth? Not at all. For all truth is homogeneous, and therefore, so long as you follow the truth, you can not run athwart her decisions. You are arrested, then, because the church can not tolerate your error. You are free to advocate *all* truth, but not free to advocate *all* error. Here is all the restriction placed upon you; and surely this leaves ample room for the freest thought, and the fullest investigation of all subjects.

"But any such restriction, imposed by any one of the sects, would, we grant, have the effect supposed, because no sect is Catholic; that is, no sect teaches all truth, and the authority of the sect is confessedly human. There are many religious truths which the Methodists, for instance, do not accept; and they have, moreover, no promise of the continued presence of the Holy Ghost to lead them into all truth. They do not even pretend

that their decisions on matters of faith are the result of any but human wisdom. In subjecting us to them, they would subject us to *human* authority in matters of faith and conscience, which is the grossest tyranny; they would also debar us from entertaining and defending all truth not embraced within their defective symbols. We should then be really reduced to slavery and brutish ignorance, and mental imbecility would quickly follow. The government of God is freedom, that of man is tyranny.

"But why all this clamor against the Roman Catholic church as to freedom of mind? To hear our sectarians, one would think that they were the friends of freedom of thought and conscience. They talk of the right of private judgment, as if they really recognized it, and suffered every man to be his own judge of what is or is not true. All delusion! There is no religious denomination on earth that allows unlimited freedom of mind, or the unrestricted right of private judgment. The Protestant rule is deceptive and self-contradictory. All Protestant sects professedly recognize the right of private judgment, but all in the same breath deny it. They affirm the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the word of God, and the sole rule of faith and practice. Now, here is an authority set up at once above private judgment, for no private judgment is permitted to decide against the word of God.

"But 'private judgment is free to interpret the word of God.' No such thing. The written word does not interpret itself, and is no rule till interpreted. Each sect puts its own interpretation on it; and that interpretation each member of the sect must accept or acquiesce in, on pain of heresy and excommunication. The Methodists excommunicate from their communion the member who lapses into what they call heresy, and so do all the other sects. We ourselves, many years ago, were excommunicated, and without even a hearing or a notice, by the Universalists, for having embraced views not quite in harmony with theirs. Even the Unitarians, who have, with us, no written creed, if they do not formally disfellowship the member of their denomination, who interprets the word of God differently from the interpretation which they tacitly adopt, excommunicate virtually, by

turning the cold shoulder, by refusing ministerial intercourse, by nods, winks, hints, suggestions, private denunciations, &c. &c. Is it not so? That it is, many of our friends have had experimental proof. Nothing is more false than this hypocritical cant of Protestants about the right of private judgment. It means ever only that 'you are free to judge what I believe is true, and what I disbelieve is false.' Nothing more. Every Protestant sect has persecuted those of its members who attempted to exercise practically the right of private judgment, and in every country where any one Protestant sect has been strong enough to establish its faith by law, it has done so. The first instance on record, we believe, of absolute civil liberty in regard to religious faith, is the Catholic colony of Maryland, founded by Lord Baltimore; and the Protestants no sooner gained the ascendancy in that colony than they established the Pro-

testant religion by law. The Puritans were notorious for their intolerance, and we have heard of their banishing, branding, imprisoning, and hanging persons, for presuming to exercise the right of private judgment. The Anglican church has been from the first a persecuting church, and her history in this respect is the blackest page in the whole history of humanity; and even the evangelical bishop of the diocese of Vermont has recently proposed the establishment of a council, one part of whose duty it shall be to exercise a censorship of the press. Surely, Protestants, who are notorious the world over for their intolerance and their hostility to freedom of thought and conscience, should not talk about mental slaves and the liberty of the press. Let them give some proofs that they themselves comprehend and love even the first elements of freedom, before they bring railing accusations against others."

INVOCATION OF THE VIRGIN.

[THE subjoined stanzas were addressed by a Catholic lady, a convert, to a Protestant lady who had sent her a short poem, to prove that the invocation of the Virgin is idolatrous, and to criticise the sentiment contained in the following lines of a new-year's address composed by the Catholic lady.]

"Sweet mother! blessed virgin! our ship, oh! defend!
And shield us from peril, as homeward we tend;
Bright star of the ocean! wherever we roam,
Watch over and guide us to heaven our home."

NE'er tell me again
We've no mother in heaven;
That to Mary in vain
Our tribute is given;
That *she* has no power
To shield or to save,
In sorrow's dark hour,
Or when tossed on the wave:—
'Tis false! *She's* triumphantly honored above,
Bright queen of archangels, sweet mother of love.

Chosen daughter of earth,
Overshadowed by God,—
Did *she* not give birth
To that Monarch whose nod
Bade the waters be still,
And who walked on the sea;
Whose omnipotent will
Rules eternity;
Who said, Let there be light, and the radiance of day
Burst forth, chasing darkness for ever away?

Oh! tell me no more
That 'tis dangerous to seek
From *her* aid, or implore
Her protection; that weak
And unsafe it would be
To invoke *her*; that *she*,
Whose Son conquered the grave,
Has no power to save;
That God, who vouchsafed her his highest behest,
Will refuse to respond to her ev'ry request.

Did not Gabriel say
That the glory of heaven
On her bosom should lay?
That a Son should be given
To *her*, whose proud name
The whole world should proclaim?
At his feet bending low,
That all nations should bow?
And shall we not honor and reverence that mother
Who gave to us mortals a God for a brother?

To thee, Mary, all hail !
 " Blessed," peerless, and pure !
 Though all earthly friends fail,
 Thy kindness is sure !
 Though exalted above us
 On thee we will lean,
 For we know thou dost love us ;
 Our frailties thou'lt screen,

With thy mantle of mercy, from that searching light
 Of justice, for us erring mortals too bright.

We honor, we bless thee,
 We cherish thy name ;
 With devotion we praise thee,
 Thy power proclaim.
 Highly favored of heaven,
 Spotless spouse of that Dove,—

As our comforter given,—
 Bright mirror of love !
 Intercede for and shield us, as onward we're driven
 O'er life's stormy ocean, to meet thee in heaven !

To Jehovah alone
 As omniscient we bow,
 His omnipotent throne
 No compeer can allow.
 Yet the morn borrows light
 From the sun's brilliant ray,
 And illumines the night
 At the close of the day :
 So the God of all splendor, the Almighty King,
 O'er that virgin, so humble, a halo did fling !
 S. R. T.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

VILLA MONTALLO, NEAR FRASCATI, }
 August 31, 1844. }

DEAR B—

I wish you to draw attention to the conduct of our American Protestant missionaries in the Persian province of Ourmiah, who for some years past have been laboring hard to make our American name there both odious and ridiculous. It may be that notice has been taken of it, but I have not yet seen it mentioned in any paper, and I doubt whether any one has taken pains to gather the information that might perhaps be found indirectly given by the accounts of the missionaries themselves. I first heard of it from a young Chaldean here, who had it in a letter directly from the Catholic patriarch of Babylon, that the American missionaries in the province of Ourmiah had raised a persecution against the Catholics, and driven out the priests (Lazarists), who were engaged in great part in keeping schools for those poor ignorant people. From a meagre allusion in an English paper, it seems that some Catholics have even lost their lives ; one of the Lazarists, with great difficulty and risk, succeeded in reaching the British envoy, who protected him as a subject of a friendly nation ; and it seems that, later, the French representative in Persia had taken the affair into his own hands, with great spirit and a determination to have atonement made and the damage repaired as far as possible. The punishment will fall most probably upon the Mahometans and Nestorians, who will find in this the first

fruits of their practice of the gospel, as taught by our American missionaries.

For all that we have heard, though not giving the details of names and means, agrees in attributing the whole affair to the intrigues of these unworthy representatives of American liberty and generosity ; and what I have to say will very fairly confirm it, by showing the disposition of those gentlemen. From the conversation of this young Chaldean I was led to look for the letters and memoirs, written in those parts, about five years ago, by Eug. Boré. I think you must already have heard of this gentleman. At all events you may know that he is a young Frenchman, who to fine talents and great study, which have made him of the first orientalists in France, unites a noble soul that not only makes him honorable and generous towards men, but makes him look on the glory of God as the only end worthy of his labors ; this he seeks directly, both by works of charity, and indirectly by works of science. When he started on his half scientific, half religious expedition in 1838, the royal academy of France, of which he is a member, gave him most honorable encouragements, which they have since renewed with acknowledgments of the value of the researches he has made. A Lazarist priest from Constantinople accompanied him in order to see the state of religion ; and when they reached Ourmiah, and saw the pitiable ignorance of the Christians and Mahometans there, the priest returned to obtain a body of missionaries, and Boré suspended indefinitely the completion of the most interesting part

of his intended travels; and, while he saw the field lying open for discoveries that would have made his name most famous in the academy, and to the whole scientific world, he turned from the prospect of these honors to teach reading and writing to these poor people. Pushing forward the quickest, till they could act as underteachers, he succeeded in opening several schools in different places. The fame of his little university reached the king, who sent him pompous letters of approbation, and the mother of the heir presumptive to the throne promised to put her royal son under his instruction.

And now this work of charity was interfered with by our Americans, who, if their profession at home be sincere, ought to have been heartily glad, and given a cordial welcome to any one who came to assist in such a work of charity. I am sure that I, as a Catholic, find no fault with them for their conscientious efforts to spread the gospel, and in this case Boré was glad of the efforts they were making to teach science to a people whose greatest misery is ignorance: I am confident that he would rather have helped than impeded them. Now, though the affair is nearly five years old, yet it confirms so well the accusation made against the gentlemen now,—and it seems their impunity from exposure at home in that case has emboldened them,—that I will run the risk of telling a tale you may possibly have seen in Boré's book, rather than run the risk of leaving the thing still unknown to those zealous Protestants at home, whose charitable contributions are so shamefully abused for intolerance, and their name made a proverb of cruelty among those they wish to convert to the meekness of the gospel. Ourmiah is the same province (you will find on any map of Persia the lake of the same name that bounds it on the east) from which came the Nestorian bishop, Mar Johanan, who was carried around to all our Bible societies two or three years ago. Of him individually I do not know any thing; nor do I know whether they professed to present him as a convert, or only as one whose church was in communion with theirs; but I know that generally and almost universally the Nestorian bishops of that neighborhood, unless they be converted, are not to be boasted of as Christians. They are under no obligations in virtue of their office, except those of not marrying, of *never* eating meat, and of saying mass two or three times a year; for the rest, hunting, hard drinking, common cursing, and all amusements that their money can procure them, form their common life; and even public opinion has learned to look on these rather as privileges than stains of the episcopacy. Of these bishops there are, I believe, four in the province of Ourmiah. Whether by fair conversion, or by other means, I can only guess from their subsequent conduct, three of these were soon induced to join our Protestant missionaries. The

fourth, Mar Gabreel (Mar is a title still prefixed to a bishop's name, like Mgr. in French), bishop of Ardicher, a young man, had held serious conferences with our two Catholic travellers, and soon expressed his determination to reunite himself to the one Catholic church; but it was necessary to secure to him some means of subsistence when he should lose his revenues by his flock's deserting him. This demand gave some suspicion, but in itself was reasonable enough, and not to leave an obstacle to his salvation, and to the good effects which his reunion might have upon his people, for a mere suspicion, they wrote to Europe to procure a suitable pension for him, and in the meantime he gave Boré a written approbation of the school he hoped to open in his diocese. After some months, Boré came to Ardicher to begin his school accordingly. The day before his arrival, our Americans went to the bishop and prevailed on him to join them, *at the price of a silver watch and a thousand francs*. Poor fellow! even in a worldly way his new friends did him no good; for soon after Boré received the expected letters for giving him a larger and permanent pension. He thanked God for having found out in good time the man's insincerity, and proceeded to fix his school. See now the sincere love for the poor heathens and ignorant Christians entertained by these representatives of our land of enlightenment and public schools.

They got Mar Gabreel to forbid this generous enterprise for the instruction of his own people; Boré however simply showed the king's firman of approbation. Persons were sent then to warn him that he would not be safe if he staid all night in the town. The unexpected idea of suffering persecution or even martyrdom for the cause of charity, filled him with a new spirit. He went up on his roof (the usual *chamber* of the Persians), and slept there all night, with the starry heavens for his covering, and God and his guardian angels for his companions: On getting up in the morning he learned that his firmness had disconcerted his enemies for the present.

Some time after they tried another plan, and summoned him to answer their complaints before the divan: three bishops were there to accuse him. Mar Gabreel began with alleging the opening of the school in his diocese. Boré replied that he had equal right with the Americans, and even more, on the written authority of the bishop, which he showed in court, and the bishop was silenced. The second declared that these "children of the Messiah" (Catholics) were *Franks*, which means foreigners and idolaters. For the first accusation, it seems that, in the selection of the means, bigotry has a kind of miserable instinct that guides it in different times and places. Five years ago, away off in Persia, to destroy the Catholic works of charity, a cry of no-

sive Persianism was raised by men, citizens of a country five thousand miles away, who had not a single native of their own religion, unless converted within a very few years, while of Catholics there were thousands of original inhabitants. It is a pretty fair commentary on the absurdity of another *nativism*. For the second, if these bishops were really converts to the missionaries, behold the first lessons of their new teachers; to tell falsehoods of their fellow Christians, and this before a Mussulman tribunal. "By this shall all men know that you are mine, if you love one another." If they still professed their Nestorian doctrine, then much greater was the bad faith, both of the bishops and the missionaries; for the followers of Nestorius, even to this day, consider our Saviour to be mere man, with the Deity dwelling in him, but still separate from him, as in a temple, and consequently they call idolaters *all* those who pay the worship of absolute adoration to Jesus Christ. Now, I presume these missionaries pay this worship; at least I am sure their contributors at home think they do; so that if they are not deceivers of those who send them, they were urging an accusation against Catholics, which, in the sense of those who preferred it, was equally valid against themselves!

The answer was given by * * * * * a Mahometan lawyer! Would that the teachers of some of our Philadelphians had studied charity and sound policy from this follower of the Koran. "We have in our country Jews, Armenians, Fire worshippers, Devil worshippers, and Lennies (Mahometans of another sect), the curse of curses be upon their heads, but still we tolerate them all."

In America I think the list might be lengthened without injuring its force. The last accusation it would seem hard to guess, and it would seem rather a fable if Boré did not testify to it: "these Catholics eat pork." It might seem hard to give a suitable answer to a thing so absurd; but Boré replied that if Mar would search his memory, he might recollect having seen pork on the tables of the missionaries, and that during lent. This answer, and also the decision of the divan below, I wish you to notice; because in the absence of direct proofs, which Boré does not expressly lay down, that this whole attempt at persecution was the work of our American missionaries, these two points are quite convincing, since otherwise the answer could not have had any connection with the accusation, and still less would it have silenced the bishop, as it did; the same holds good of the decision.

The third bishop offered a compromise if Boré would put Nestorian masters over his schools. The Mahometans saw the unreasonableness of the request, and put an end to the process, by declaring that Boré had an entire right to open

schools, seeing that there were many Catholics in the community, while the Protestants had opened so many without having any natives of their persuasion. The divan broke up, and Boré, after receiving some compliments from the judge, repaired to the house of a Catholic widow, whose son, by a rare exception, enjoys high offices in the royal army. He found all the Catholics of the town assembled there, reciting the rosary for his success. From this day the Catholics dated the completion of their emancipation throughout the province.

Since twenty-five years ago, when they could not give public signs of their faith, without endangering their lives, religion and tolerance have been slowly gaining ground; from after this trial, the latter was as complete as could be hoped for in a Mahometan kingdom. The blow given to it this spring will not have a permanent effect upon these poor people, but upon our American name it has had the miserable effect of coupling it with bigotry, intolerance, and tyranny less relenting than those of Mahometanism itself. There is some remedy, though late, even for this, if those who have the power will visit with the merited indignation this abuse of their money and favor. Notwithstanding the terrible scenes in one of our cities, I am still sincere in the belief that the great mass of our Protestant fellow citizens are lovers of liberty to all, and haters of oppression, and that a well grounded suspicion that their emissaries are making the American name odious, by tyranny over a helpless people, would induce them to examine jealousy into the facts. In those countries America is scarcely known, except through these missionaries, and already the poor Catholics, judging from these only specimens, look upon it as a school of tyranny. To give you an idea of the merits of these poor people, and of the effects of our holy religion upon them, I will mention one remarkable example: the little village of Cosabat was entirely Nestorian, and the vices particularly of cursing, perjury, &c., were not uncommon; within the lasty fifty or sixty years it was entirely converted to Catholicity, and the naturally good dispositions of the people, under the prudent direction of their saintly apostle, have been so happily cultivated, that they now never take an oath of any kind. When one makes a contract, he says to the other party, "believe me," and their integrity is so well established, even among the Nestorians and Turks, that it is sufficient for them to know that the person is "a believe me;" a name they have given to the inhabitants of the village, and they take his word for any thing; this was the case ten years ago; since the death of their pastor, I do not know whether his successor has been able to keep up so perfect a tone of public morals. Well, it is men, if not equal to these, at least like them, that have now been taught to be disgusted with America. Is there

no remedy for it? in spite of church burning and papist shooting, I am still an American; not indeed with much boasting, but with sincere thanks to God; and our calumniators and persecutors, in the name of republicanism, I hope will never triumph so far as to make me not love my country and not feel keenly every reproach, merited or unmerited, upon her name; above all, that most disgraceful to a great nation of oppressing the weak and suffering. Let better missionaries be sent there, who practise the gospel that they teach, and who will repair the evil by proving that American Protestants can be zealous without being tyrannical.

Turin.—Letters dated Turin, November 14, mention a new conversion to popery. It is said that on the previous Sunday Miss Louisa Cambridge abjured Protestantism in the convent of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Genoa, and entered the cloisters as a novice.—*Times*.

Rome.—On the 18th ult. was celebrated at Rome, with great solemnity, the anniversary of the dedication of the basilica of St. Peter's, which took place for the first time in the fourth century, and was renewed by Pope Urban VIII. in 1626, when that illustrious pontiff concluded the works that have rendered the new basilica the most august of the wonders of the world. Cardinal Mattei, arch-priest of St. Peter's and bishop of Frascati, officiated at the solemn mass, at which his holiness, surrounded by the cardinals and pontifical court, was present.—*Drario di Roma*.

A letter was received in Rome, informing his holiness of the conversion of one of the most considerable of the Druses of Mount Lebanon.—*Free-man*.

BELGIUM.—The Jewish writer, Lombroso, who resides at Turin, has just embraced the Christian religion. This is undoubtedly one of the most important conversions that have occurred for many years.—*Journal de Bruxelles*.

ENGLAND.—It is said there are eighteen public gas establishments in London, to supply the great metropolis with light, a capital of fourteen millions of dollars is employed, yielding a net income of more than two millions of dollars per annum. One hundred and eighty thousand tons of coal are used, producing nearly fifteen hundred millions of cubic feet of gas.

IRELAND.—*A Relic.*—We have learned that within these few days part of a stone cross of a very ancient date, bearing an inscription in the Irish language, has been dug up from a considerable depth beneath the Protestant church of Tuam, at which the Rev. B. J. Roche, P. P., Galway, was present. Another portion of it was discovered as a head-stone to some grave, and we are told an arm of the cross was found forming a pillar, or some sort of a support, in the market house of that town. His

grace, the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, has had the precious fragments—precious, from the pious use to which they had been consecrated originally, as well as the religious antiquity attributed to them—carefully put by until the remaining portions have been discovered, when he means, we have heard, to give them some appropriate place in the cathedral.—*Galway Vindicator*.

PRUSSIA.—Several journals, says the *Ami de la Religion*, having lately announced that a Catholic parish in eastern Prussia demanded, through the medium of its curé, the communion in both species, the abolition of ecclesiastical celibacy, and that of auricular confession, without ceasing to form a part of the Catholic church, the curé of the parish in question has come forward with a formal declaration, contradicting such rumors.

A letter from Berlin states that much attention was attracted in that city by the public conversion to Catholicity of eight Protestants, who made their abjuration at Potsdam on the "feast of the reformation."—*Tablet*.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—*Guatemala.*—We mentioned in the first volume of this periodical that the Belgian Jesuits had commenced a new mission at St. Thomas' in Guatemala, and that Father Walle, the superior of the mission, after having visited the ecclesiastical and civil authorities of that republic, had returned to Europe. The object of his return is thus given in a late number of the *Nouveliste des Flanders*: "It is not at St. Thomas, but in Guatemala, the chief city of the republic, that a college is to be founded. The city of Guatemala has forty thousand inhabitants, and no college has yet been established there. It is at the request of the government of Guatemala and the reiterated applications of the worthy archbishop of that city, that Father Walle returned to Belgium, and afterwards went to Rome, to confer with his superiors on the establishment of the college in the republic of Guatemala. The establishment of a college is only the secondary object of Father Walle; the principal is the establishment of a new mission. Among the members of the society already selected to form part of this mission, there are two Italians, one German, and three Spaniards; all the others are Belgians. The necessary preparations will not allow the missionaries to sail in less than two or three months."—*Cath. Cabinet*.

NOVA SCOTIA.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh has been appointed by the pope to the exclusive administration of the western portion of New Brunswick, or Halifax district, his diocese including also the island of Bermuda. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Frazer is to be the bishop of the eastern part of the province, including Cape Breton, by the same authority. Dr. Walsh has arrived in London, on his way to America.—*Ami*.

STATISTICS OF LARGE LIBRARIES.—The number of volumes claimed to be possessed by the twelve greatest libraries of Europe, is as follows: The Bibliothèque du Roi, in Paris, 650,000; Munich, 500,000, of which one-fifth, at least, are duplicates; Copenhagen, 400,000; St. Petersburg, 400,000; Berlin, 330,000; Vienna, 300,000; the British Museum, 270,000; Dresden, 250,000; the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, in Paris, 200,000; the Bibliothèque de St. Genevieve, in Paris, 200,000; the Brera library in Milan, 200,000; Gottingen, 200,000.

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Annual Report of St. Mary's Female Orphan Asylum, Baltimore.*

RECEIPTS OF 1844.

Annual and monthly subscriptions, - - -	\$ 604 03
Donations by various persons, - - - - -	285 17
Sewing Society, for work and interest of money, - - - - -	69 85
Charity box, - - - - -	73 39
Orphans' work and press, - - - - -	100 94
Contributions from parents of Children, -	44 00
Legacy—Mrs. Luke Tiernan, - - - - -	114 33
Do. " Edward Jenkins, - - - - -	351 52
Do. " Mitchell's annuity, - - - - -	200 00
Proceeds of fair held by Sewing Society, - - - - -	\$ 690 32
Proceeds of orphans' table at fair, - - - -	305 66
	995 98
Charity sermon at cathedral, - - - - -	205 00
Interest collected on money invested or loaned, - - - - -	75 00
	\$3,119 21

EXPENDITURES OF 1844.

Groceries, provisions, &c., - - - - -	\$ 939 04
Clothing and shoes for Sisters and children, - - - - -	468 92
Fuel, coal, &c., - - - - -	193 42
Repairs, house and incidental expenses, - - - - -	228 48
	1,829 86
Number of orphans in the Asylum, - - -	41
Do. half orphans, - - - - -	17
Do. orphans placed out, - - - - -	7
Do. orphans received, - - - - -	7
Do. day scholars, - - - - -	100 to 150

Donations left at the Asylum.

A friend presented, by Rev. J. Randanne, \$ 20 00	
Mr. McKenna, - - - - -	20 00
A friend, - - - - -	50 00
Mr. John Heward, - - - - -	20 00
Through Mrs. Chatard, Mr. Black, - - - -	5 00
For fuel, from day scholars, - - - - -	20 00

Besides the above, five pieces of muslin were presented by Mr. Pittman, and medicines, when

required, were gratuitously furnished by Mr. La-roque, druggist. The managers beg leave to return thanks for these and other donations, as well as for the sums regularly paid by subscribers.

From the annexed statement it will be seen that, although the receipts and collections for the past year are unusually large, only a small proportion of the amount is derived from the regular and legitimate resources of the house. The whole amount of contributions and subscriptions would be insufficient to meet the current expenses of the year apart from the amount realized by proceeds of the fair held last May, besides considerable legacies devised to the school some years since, and recently paid into the treasury.

It were desirable that the support of the orphans might become independent of resort to extraordinary means of raising money, inasmuch as there are other important objects connected with the welfare of the asylum, which will require considerable outlay, besides exhausting the remaining balance in the treasury. In order to keep pace with the growing usefulness of this excellent institution, the lady directresses contemplate making some valuable and necessary improvements, besides the erection of an addition to the main building of the asylum. To raise means for this purpose will require renewed efforts on their part, seconded by the hearty co operation of their many friends and patrons. As soon as a sufficient amount will have been subscribed, the work, which is now under contract, will be commenced. Therefore do they embrace this occasion to make another appeal to the liberality of the public, who heretofore have ever responded to their most sanguine expectations. Let every friend of the orphan contribute his aid in a cause which concerns the honor and duty of each one in particular. Let him remember that, in promoting the welfare of these little ones, he adds a hundred-fold to his own happiness both here and hereafter. Encouraged by these considerations, and fully relying upon the assistance of divine Providence, the managers of the asylum cheerfully look forward to a speedy completion of the proposed work.

Subscribers to St. Mary's Asylum, 1844.

Most Rev. Dr. Eccleston \$10, Very Rev. Dr. Deluol 5, Rev. Mr. Coskery 5, Rev. Mr. Hickey 5, Rev. Mr. Raymond 3, Rev. Mr. Randanne 5, Rev. Mr. Fredet 3, Rev. Mr. Verot 2, Rev. Mr. Knight 2, Rev. O. Jenkins 5, St. Mary's college 20, St. James' college 10, Mr. Wm. Kennedy 5, Mrs. Wm. Kennedy 5, Mr. M. W. Jenkins 5, Mr. J. W. Jenkins 5, Mr. J. H. Hunter 5, Miss R. H. Hunter 5, Mrs. John Hunter 5, Mrs. R. Hillen 5, Mr. Thomas Hillen 5, Mrs. B. Sanders 5, Mrs. S. Hillen 5, Mrs. Charles Williamson 5, Messrs. T. Kelly & Son 5, Joseph W. Jenkins (donation) 20,

Mr. Thomas Meredith 5, Austin Jenkins 5, Alfred Jenkins 5, Edward F. Jenkins 5, Thomas C. Jenkins 5, M. Courtenay Jenkins 5, Robert Jenkins 5, Mrs. Z. C. Lee 5, Col. Wm. Thompson 5, B. R. Spalding 5, H. A. Spalding 5, Mrs. M. L. Ford 5, Miss Ellen Ford 5, Mrs. John Howard 5, Mrs. Bujac 5, Mr. P. McKenna 5, B. I. Saunders 5, a friend 5, Mr. Ambrose White 5, Mrs. Dr. Stewart 5, Mrs. Dr. Aikin 5, Mrs. Barrett 5, Mrs. F. Lucas 5, Mrs. George Carroll 5, Mr. Stillinger 5, Mrs. B. S. Elder 5, Mrs. Juliana Jenkins 5, Mrs. John Daley 5, Mrs. Caton 5, Mrs. Harper 5, Mrs. MacTavish 5, Miss Harper 5, Miss Landry 5, Mr. V. Ward 5, Mr. J. Pike 5, Mrs. Maher 5, Mrs. C. Tiernan 5, Mr. Buonaparte 5, Mrs. W. Tiffany 5, Mrs. Henry Tiffany 5, Mr. George Tiffany 5, Miss Chateaudan 5, Mrs. John O'Donnell 5, Mrs. Elizabeth Welsh 3, Mrs. Wm. Howard 3, Mrs. Walbach 3, Mrs. Wm. Bose 3, Mr. Wm. Lucas 3, Mr. Martin 3, Mr. T. P. Scott 3, Mrs. T. P. Scott 3, Mrs. Davis 4, Messrs. Charles and John McColgan 3, Mr. F. Croy 3, John Murphy 3, Henry Pike 3, a friend 2, Mrs. Connor 2, Lieut. Chatard 3, Mrs. Dr. Chatard 3, Mrs. Gegan 3, Mr. Charles Mareau 5, Isaac Hartman 2, David Stewart 2, Henry Staylor 2, Terence Kelly 2, Jonathan Mullen 2, Richard McConn 3, Dr. Waring 2, J. Wagner 3, E. Boyle 3, Mrs. Heuissler 2, Mr. Rosensteel 2, Mrs. Hitzelberger 2, Mr. Sarsfield 4, Col. Bensinger 3, Mrs. Myers 1.50, Mr. J. Servary 2, Mrs. Wilson 3, Miss Jackson 3, Mrs. P. Gould 3, Mr. Laroque 2, Mrs. S. Conolly 2, Lorenzo Dorsey 2.50, F. W. Elder 3, Mrs. S. Moale 3, Rev. Mr. Randanne 1, Alexandrine Saynier 3, H. Brady 2, Mrs. Breidemeyer 1, Mr. J. White 1, J. Shannessy 1, J. Noel 1, J. Victory 1, M. Doyle 1, Mrs. Abel 1, Mrs. McKenna 1, Mrs. Salsburg 1, Miss S. McCole 1, Mr. J. Concannon 1, Daniel Coonan 1, A. Keenan 1, Mrs. Griffin 1, Mrs. King 1, Mrs. Foley 1, Mrs. Robert Hickley 2, Mrs. Hickley 1, Mrs. Goddard 1, Mrs. Chase 1, Mrs. Servary 1, Mr. G. Ennis 1, Louis Gross 1, Edmund Butler 1, Mrs. Magraw 1, Mrs. Anderson 1, Rose McCann 1, Mrs. Thompson 1, Mr. Baker 1, Owen Donnelly 1, Miss R. McGwiken 1, Mrs. McMullan 1, Mrs. Menzies 1, Mrs. Murphy 1, Mr. P. Magers 1, Mr. Clautice 1, Mrs. Murray 2, Mrs. Rodewald 1, Mr. F. Rodewald 1, F. Von Kapff 1, Mrs. Baugher 1, Mrs. Dutch 1, Mr. B. Coe 1, P. Laurenson 1, Mrs. G. Sanders 1.50, Mr. G. W. Walter 1.50, Mrs. Mary Walter 1.50, Mrs. T. Dunlevy 1, Mrs. Sturm 1, Mrs. Lusby 1.50, Mrs. Wall 1.50, Mrs. Wells 1.50, Mrs. E. McGreevy 1.50, Miss Sarah Ann Smith 2, Mrs. John Carrere 2, Mrs. Dr. Carrere 2, Mrs. Stapleton 1, Mr. Francis McAvoy 1, Mr. Coyle 1, Mr. Barnacue 1, Fielding Lucas 2.50, Mr. Webb 1, J. Murray 1, E. J. Saunders 2, Mrs. Seche 1, Miss Cottringer 1, Mr. McSherry 1, Mr. C. Simon 1.50, Dr. Maguire 1,

Mrs. McKew 2, Mr. J. H. Jenkins 1.50, James Holland 1, Mrs. Fortune 1, Mrs. Dickehut 1, Mrs. Boardley 1, Mr. Shetel 1.50, Mr. M. Jennings 1, Miss M. Norris 1, Mr. Whiteford 1, M. Conry 1, J. Conry 1, M. Roan 1, Martin Mohler 1, Mrs. P. Lyons 75 cents, Mr. P. Conry \$1, Mr. James 1, Miss E. O'Brien 75 cents, Miss M. Hurner 75, Miss F. Howard 75, Miss M. Howard 75, J. Wilcox Jenkins 75, Mrs. Raphael 75, Miss Delmas 75, Mrs. Ann Ryley 50, Miss K. Quigley 50, Mrs. O'Neale 50, Mrs. Ryley 50, Miss Cornprop 50, Mrs. Rodolph 50, Mrs. Eisler 50.

Some of the above named persons have not paid their subscriptions for the past year.

DIOCESS OF CHARLESTON.—Clerical Appointments.—The following changes have been made by the bishop in the stations of several clergymen of the diocese.

The Rev. William Burke transferred from St. Mary's, Hasell street, Charleston, to be assistant pastor of Savannah, Ga.

The Rev. P. N. Lynch, D. D., appointed pastor of St. Mary's, Hasell street, Rev. J. A. Corcoran, D. D., assistant in the same church.

The Very Rev. John Barry has been appointed vicar general of the diocese, first assistant in the cathedral, and superior of the seminary. He will retain the charge of the church of Augusta, Ga., which he will visit on the fourth Sunday of every month.

The Rev. Timothy Birmingham has been transferred from Columbia, S. C., to Columbus, Ga.

The Rev. Edward Quigley from Newbern, N. C., to Columbia, S. C.

The Rev. P. J. Coffey from Macon, Ga., to Newbern and Washington, N. C.

The Rev. Thomas Murphey from Columbus, Ga., to Wilmington, N. C.

The Rev. J. J. O'Connell from Savannah to Macon, Ga.

The Rev. P. McGowan from Fayetteville, N. C., to Charleston, as general assistant for the city and neighboring mission.

The Rev. J. F. Kirby from Charleston, to be second assistant to the pastor of Augusta, Ga.—*U. S. Cath. Miscell.*

DIOCESS OF CINCINNATI.—Ordination.—Messrs. Michael Byrne, James Cahill, James Kearney, Timothy Farrell, students of the diocesan seminary, were ordained deacons last Saturday, in St. Peter's Cathedral, and the three last named were, on the following Sunday, raised to the holy order of the priesthood.—*Cath. Tel. of Dec. 28.*

DIOCESS OF MOBILE.—*From a Correspondent.*—"As soon as we had crossed the Chattahoochee which forms (in part) the line of separation between Georgia and Alabama, we were in the diocese, and pursuing our journey to the city of Mobile. The first ninety

miles of our route lay through a fertile and rich country, abounding with the varied scenery of wild and rude nature, interspersed with the highly cultivated plantations of the prosperous planter, with here and there the rough log cabin of the new settler, around which, for acres, the axe had been laid at the base of the sturdy trees, which were still standing in their decayed state—their trunks stripped of their bark and the branches shorn of their leaves, they no longer shaded the soil from the influence of the sun, but, standing in dreary waste, their bare limbs stretched out like the arms of so many spectres, waiting only the last hold of remaining strength to break until they would tumble tottering to the earth. Forging a stream at one time, we would lose sight of the wheels—then, ascending a rough steep hill, we would fear for the strength of the traces, but all this was pleasure in the extreme compared with the shaking and jolting of the ‘corduroy roads,’ over which we have no desire ever again to travel. This stage terminated at Montgomery, which is a flourishing little city, situated almost at the terminus of navigation, on the Alabama river. Montgomery contains a Catholic population of about one hundred persons. The church, which is under the patronage of St. Peter, is small, but sufficiently large for the congregation—being built upon a hill, the cupola and cross are seen for some miles around. This mission, and the other stations attached to it, were formerly attended by the clergyman of Columbus, Ga., but latterly they have been attended by a clergyman of the diocese who resides in Montgomery.

“The remaining four hundred miles, which occupied about three days, were continued by the river route. This was our first introduction to a high-pressure steamboat, a mode of travelling with which we can not find the least fault. One little circumstance which came under our observation, during this time, we will briefly notice, for it is worthy of note, and perhaps in no place could it be more appropriately related than on the pages of the *Catholic Magazine*. It was on Sunday morning, between 10 and 11 o'clock, the captain observed a signal about half a mile ahead. As soon as the boat neared the place, he gave the order to ‘round too and land,’ and, on inquiring what was wanted, was informed that there were fifty bales of cotton to be shipped to Mobile. The hands were immediately ordered out to take it in. While this was being done, a number of the passengers (we amongst them) ascended the bluff. The only buildings to be seen were the ware house, a log house for the workmen, and a small cottage at a short distance off, enclosed by a paling, and surrounded by a neat little garden full of peach trees and flowers. We approached this house, and found the occupants to be a Creole family (which in this

part of the country means mulatto or quadroon of French or Spanish descent), consisting of the father, mother, and four daughters, who were seated on the piazza, reading. The old man arose and invited us to a seat, which we accepted, and then, thinking that a glass of spring water would be a luxury after our use of the *river liquid*, requested one of his daughters to bring some. We glanced into the dwelling and there beheld the emblem of the Catholic faith—the crucifix—besides other emblems which told plainly the creed of their owners. These persons were a Catholic family who, though situated many miles distant from a clergyman and church, were not ignorant of their faith nor unmindful of the injunctions of the church. They were unable to be present at the holy sacrifice, but they visited it mentally with true devotion, for they were then engaged reading the prayers at mass. When we reflected upon this scene, we could not help thinking upon the sublimity of our religion, and the charity of the church in providing for the various circumstances of her children. Creole and colored as they were, we felt deeply the force of the example. After staying out our time in agreeable conversation with the old man, we bade this pious family a good morning and returned to the boat, more than repaid for our trouble in ascending and descending the rough bank of the river.

“Of the Catholic population of this diocese we received no estimate farther than that of the city of Mobile, which is set down at five thousand. The new cathedral which is now in progress will be a magnificent edifice when completed. Hopes were entertained that the walls would be nearly ready for the roof before the close of the year. The plan is of the Grecian (Doric) order. The dimensions are one hundred and sixty-two feet by ninety. The walls will measure in the clear fifty feet in height; the ceiling to be arched will give the building a still more lofty appearance. It is to have two towers, one hundred and forty feet high, with a portico in the centre, supported by six columns, the base of which, as also of the pilasters, are of Quincy or Boston granite. To give your readers a more correct idea of the plan we will refer them to the building represented in the background of the portrait in the January number of the *Magazine*, 1844. The foundations were laid about six years ago at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars, the whole of which was defrayed by the worthy bishop from his own means. At the beginning of this year the work was again resumed, and although the Catholics of Mobile, as a body, are not wealthy, they have manifested, by their contributions, a zeal worthy of the cause to which this church is to be dedicated. They have, however, been greatly assisted by the munificent donations of their Protestant brethren, many of whom have become annual donors.

"Of the charitable institutions none is more popular, nor more deservedly so, than the Catholic orphan asylum. Mobile is one of those cities which annually witness the ravages of the yellow fever, which in its course suddenly leaves many a child an unprotected orphan and entire families without the means of subsistence. After witnessing for years scenes of such painful distress which were depending for relief upon individual charity, the ladies of the cathedral determined to form themselves into a society which would insure some permanent provision for the future. Having first attended the divine sacrifice of the mass offered up by the right reverend bishop specially for their intended society, they assembled in the vestry room on the 4th of January, 1838, and organized themselves under the title of 'the Female Charitable Society of Mobile,' having for its object 'the relief of indigent families or individuals reduced to want by sickness or other inevitable misfortunes.' A society thus commenced, and having so laudable an object in view, was sure to prosper. It would seem too that Providence had directed its formation at that time, for the next year, 1839, the fever raged with a fatality scarcely ever before witnessed. The orphans left this year were so numerous the society determined to open an asylum. To aid them in this undertaking the bishop furnished them with a house, and soon after they were further aided by a large donation from a worthy individual.

"In 1840 the society was incorporated by the legislature, and is one of the few female societies existing in the United States under an act of incorporation. The act grants to them all the rights and privileges incident to bodies corporate instituted for similar purposes, with a proviso, however, that the property of the society shall not exceed *twenty-five thousand dollars*. The asylum was governed by a matron until December, 1841, when it was taken in charge by four Sisters of Charity from St. Joseph's. At that time there were twenty-nine orphans, at present there are seven sisters and eighty-four orphans, besides a female free school of about sixty children. Since the Sisters took charge of it the building has been greatly improved and enlarged. We visited and went through the entire establishment in company with the Rev. Mr. McGarahan, who is the director of the asylum's society, and never were we more pleased with any institution than we were with this. Every thing was neatness, order and comfort, while the healthy and cheerful appearance of the children bespoke the kind and maternal care of the Sisters. It is divided into two distinct departments male and female. Sister Martina is the sister servant, and under her judicious management it has arrived at its present prosperous condition. The principal revenue is derived from an annual fair, which is patronized

alike by Protestants and Catholics, and yields generally from four to five thousand dollars. At this time a report is published in the several papers, and thus the public is made aware of the operations of the society, both for the orphans and the poor in general.

"*Spring Hill College*.—This establishment is situated within seven miles of the city, in a remarkably healthy locality, so much so that many of the merchants of Mobile have selected the neighborhood as a place of residence during the sickly season of summer. The building is a splendid pile, of the Doric order, and has been much admired by visitors. The garden and grounds attached to it are extensive, but the soil is not productive, owing to its sandy nature; to this cause, however, may be attributed its healthy qualities. One of the sources of enjoyment to the students is that of being organized as a military company under the name of the 'College Guards.' The young gentleman who holds the office of captain was formerly a student of West Point, but, having surrendered the science of war, he is now the student of theology. The day on which we visited Spring Hill was holiday with the students, and one of camp duty with the guards. The ground selected for their military exploits was called 'Camp Michael,' in compliment to the bishop. The invited guests were numerous, but the arrangements made for their accommodation were of a corresponding extent. In the afternoon the Guards were reviewed by a military gentleman from the city, when they went through the various evolutions in a manner that would have done credit to a veteran corps. One circumstance connected with this college is remarkable. For several years, during which the number of students was never less than one hundred and twenty, not one death, nor a single case of bilious fever, occurred amongst the students or professors. The Rev. C. Rampon is the president.

"The Convent and Academy of the Ladies of the Visitation, at Summerville, is most pleasantly situated about half way between the college and city. There are eleven sisters in the community. The academy is progressing with great rapidity, and will, ere long, be one of the most popular of the southern institutions for young ladies. A neat little Gothic chapel, which has been recently erected, adds much to the appearance of the buildings.

"The Association of Young Men for the support of a library, reading room, and Sunday school, is a society which is very creditable to the young men, and useful to those for whose benefit it was intended. This society, as also the Sunday school, is under the direction of the Rev. Mr. McGarahan, a clergyman whose virtues can never be overrated. Besides the Sunday school a numerous catechism

class assemblies once a week for instructions from the Very Rev. Mr. Bazin, who is also a most indefatigable clergyman. The missions on both sides of the bay are attended by the Rev. G. Chalon, who also visits Apalachicola and Tallahassee. We crossed to New Orleans by the lake route, of which city and its Catholic institutions in our next. O. O'B.

The works on the new cathedral of Mobile, which have been suspended for many years, have been resumed with much activity. The celebrated college of Spring Hill, near this city, is now in the hands of a society of religious priests, called the Endists, which congregation of priests likewise direct the Gabriel college of Vincennes, Ia.—*Cath. Cabinet*.

DIOCESS OF ST. LOUIS.—*Statistics of the city of St. Louis*.—Bishop and secular clergy, 8; Jesuits, 9; Lazarists, 5. Total number of priests, 22.—*Ib*.

New establishment.—A new religious establishment has been opened in this city, on Third, between Poplar and Almond streets, by the "Sisters of St. Joseph," for the benefit of the most abandoned and most miserable class of society. These sisters, three in number, are a branch of the well known house of their order at Carondelet, in St. Louis county, where they direct an academy for young ladies, an asylum for female orphans, and an institution for deaf and dumb females, which is chartered by the Missouri legislature. The mother house of this association of "Sisters" is at Lyons, France, and owes its origin to the zealous Abbé Cholleton, who not long ago died vicar general of that archdiocese. Every where the members devote their humble services to the most miserable classes of society, and often share their bread with the objects of their charity. This infant institution truly deserves the sympathies of the benevolent.—*Ib*.

Appointments.—The Rev. F. Cellini, formerly pastor of Fredericktown, Mo., has been appointed vicar general of this diocese. The Rev. P. J. Verhegen, S. J., late pastor of St. Charles, Mo., has been appointed provincial of the Jesuits of the Maryland province.—*Ib*.

Fire.—We learn with regret that in the commencement of last month the well known institution of Carondelet, in this county, under the charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, was partly destroyed by fire; the upper stories of the central building and of the northern wing, likewise most of the trunks belonging to the young ladies, boarders at the institution, and all the clothing of thirteen destitute orphans, became a prey to the flames. A collection was taken up in the cathedral of the city on Sunday, the 22d of December, for the relief of that institution.—*Ib*.

Fair.—A fair has been held in this city, during the third week of Advent, for the benefit of the Female Orphan Asylum, under the charge of the

Sisters of Charity. The net proceeds amounted to \$1,322 06.—*Ib*.

DIOCESS OF VINCENNES.—The Indiana legislature has lately chartered two Catholic institutions. "The University of Notre Dame du Lac" (our Lady of the Lake), situated at Southbend, St. Joseph's county, for the education of boys, under the direction of the priests of the cross, and a manual labor school, in which the most useful trades and arts are taught by the Brothers of St. Joseph, situated in the same county.—*Ib*.

Notre Dame du Lac.—The above is the title of a new university established in the midst of a large forest, by the priests of the Holy Cross, and chartered by the legislature of the state last winter. On the 28th of August, last year, the spot where the university and all the surrounding buildings now stand was a complete wild, but now large and elegant buildings are erecting, and the surrounding forest resounds with the sound of the axe, saw, and anvil, while the shores of the adjacent lakes re-echo the matin and vesper bells, and dull solitude is startled with the regular sounds of the new clock. What a change in seventeen months! Out of six hundred acres, of which their farm consists, one hundred and forty are cleared, grubbed, ploughed, and ninety-six are now in wheat; a spacious college, of four stories; seven work-shops for mechanical trades; a noviciate, two stories, forty-one by eighteen feet, erected! The face of the whole country changed; the savage wilderness giving place, in that short space of time, to civilization, and a seat of learning, of the first class, in full operation, where a few months ago the savage denizens of the forest sought their midnight prey. We talk of modern enterprise, but what is there that can compare with this? And yet all this has been performed by men who boast not of their deeds, but who, on the contrary, shun praise, and seek to do good, as it were, by stealth, caring for nothing but what tends to the welfare of their fellow creatures, the sanctification of their own souls, and the glory of God. Such is the object of the religious community that have founded the university of "Notre Dame du Lac." The community is composed of two distinct branches, viz., the "Priests of the Holy Cross," and the "Brothers of St. Joseph." The priests of the Holy Cross were founded by the celebrated and Rev. B. Moreau, who is also the founder of the monastery of the Good Shepherd, and of the Sisters of Notre Dame des Douleurs, a branch of which was lately established at Bertrand, Michigan, five miles from the University of Notre Dame Du Lac. The Brothers of St. Joseph were established about twenty-four years ago by the excellent Dujarie, a canon of the cathedral of Mans. They now number at least two hundred members, a third of whom have made their

perpetual vows. The great object contemplated by the establishment of this order, was the education, the *Christian education* of the poor and humble; and to this one object they are faithfully devoting all their energies, and bringing all the talents into requisition with which God has blessed them. As none of these brothers are priests, or can become such, they have associated themselves with the priests of the Holy Cross, under whom they serve their noviceship, and under whose direction and instruction they remain until they are found fully competent to teach the poor the Christian religion. One of these humble and devoted brothers, when he is pronounced by his superiors qualified, issues forth on his humble mission; goes where the bishop of the diocese directs him; opens his school, collects about him the poor and neglected, the abandoned and profligate, perhaps one hundred in number; works for their good during the day, and prays for their salvation before his crucifix at night. They will succeed, for God will never forsake such men, who leave, willingly and cheerfully, every worldly consideration, to promote his honor and glory. They will prepare the children for their first communion; cause them to attend to morning and evening prayers at home, avoid vulgar, immoral, and profane language, and thus place an example before the irreligious, heedless, or indifferent parent, which has always been found effective, and thus the child will be reclaimed through the Brother, and parent through the child. The Brothers will, also, whenever they meet with a child of good qualities, and promising talents, cause him, if possible, to be sent to the colleges or universities (they have as yet but one in this country) conducted by the priests of the Holy Cross, where he will receive a full, thorough, finished education, in all the departments of art, science, and literature, and thus it will be where the Brothers of St. Joseph flourish *the poor will be educated*, and no

"Flower will be left to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But they do not even stop here. Their objects are still more comprehensive! They contemplate to teach trades to poor children, as well as secular learning, and for this purpose they have already erected seven mechanical shops around the university, viz., carpenter, shoemaker, tailor, blacksmith, locksmith, cooper, and stone-cutter, and all are supplied with able masters (Brothers) and good apprentices, no other reward being asked but the fruit of their labor; and thus the dangerous season of youth is passed under their care, the character has been formed. Is it not to be hoped that virtue and religion, in a man so taught, will be always triumphant—that he will be a credit to society, an honor to his religion? Any person coming here

and seeing with his own eyes all that has been done in so short a space of time, will think it only a dream; a large college, the most of which is finished in the best style; two new chapels, a noviciate for the Brothers, one hundred and forty acres of forest land, a complete stock of every thing necessary for a farm, seven trade shops organized, and an orphan asylum started, and all done in less than two years, by the monks of St. Joseph! I say nothing of the daily and arduous exertions which must have been used to establish the college in its present flourishing state—the missions among the Indians, the spiritual retreats, the great good done to religion in every way—this being the work of the fathers.

The order was brought to this country as follows: the great good they were doing in France had been witnessed by the pious bishop of Vincennes, before being appointed the first pastor of that diocese; he had applied to their mother house in Mans, two years elapsed before any of them could be spared; but in August, 1841, six of them left France for America under the direction of their superior, the Rev. E. Sorin, and were located by the bishop near Washington, at St. Peter's, where they remained until they removed to their present location, in the northern part of this state. The year after their arrival they received twelve more from France, and in 1843 a new colony, composed of three priests, one Brother, and four Sisters, and again last fall, one father, two Brothers, and three Sisters. The Sisters are established in Bertrand, Berrien county, Michigan, diocese of Detroit, and will open a large school as soon as the necessary buildings are erected. Here is, then, a system of education which embraces all classes of society, male and female, rich and poor, high and low—a system so extensive that, while it presides in the persons of the priests of the Holy Cross over the most distinguished universities, the poorest hovel will not escape the Brothers of St. Joseph. No society or order ever attempted so general a system of education. It is true, the Jesuits did infinite service to science, truth, and religion, by their powerful abilities and great success in educating youth, but this was altogether, at least in civilized countries, in the halls of colleges and universities, frequented by the titled, able, and powerful, but where the low, poor, and miserable were strangers. Error and unbelief had seated themselves in high places; the Jesuits ascended the battlements, held higher the torch of truth, and hurled them to the abyss whence they issued. Now, error has dropped its false assumption of superior wisdom, and crawls along the earth, corrupting the poor and humble, when, behold, the providence of God calls forth an humble band of disciples, with no other arms than the spelling-book and catechism, to come to the rescue of his favored poor; and who will doubt

their success, when it is proclaimed by eternal Truth: "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world?" What a service would it be to religion, if every priest had with him a Brother of St. Joseph, to attend to those essential duties which it is impossible for himself to perform! But this can not be done without establishing other noviciates, and these are far more necessary in the east than in the west. The reverend superior would be most anxious to extend the services of the Brothers in the east, but any of those educated here can not leave this diocese whilst one of them is needed, hence the necessity of some of the eastern dioceses establishing noviciates of their own, if they wish to partake of the blessings arising from the labors of these humble and devoted men. I had almost forgotten to add that the legislature has chartered their "Manual Labor School," by which they will teach these orphans a trade suited to their taste and disposition, or take others from the public streets and do the same to them.

As to the priests of the Holy Cross, their objects are entirely similar to the Jesuits, the rules, regulations, and even the exercises (St. Ignatius') of the latter being adopted by the former; and those who visit this place will be happy to see that the zeal, energy, and success that marked the course of the early Jesuits, shine forth clearly in the labors and fruits of the Fathers of the Holy Cross. Pass through the spacious halls of their new university, and observe how every thing leads to the comfort, convenience, and instruction of their pupils. Pass into the dining apartments, and observe them at their meals; see that little fellow ascending the reading-desk to read while the rest are eating. Hear how distinctly he speaks, how correct his pronunciation, how nicely he marks each emphasis, tone, and pause. How long has he been here? Five months! Grace being said, see the looks of love and attachment each has, as he passes, for the superior, and the one of affection and tenderness given in return. Go through the spacious dormitories, and mark the care, elegance, and comfort with which they are provided; and observe, especially, that every range of beds is under the eye of one of the professors, who, by moving a little slide at the head of his bed, can see and hear every thing that passes, and in an instant prevent an impiety, or attend to the least want; and, after observing all this, consider that the care, labor, and anxiety for these little ones, is not prompted by any selfish consideration, the charge being only sufficient to maintain the institution; such a thing as receiving a salary, more than the bare necessities of life, not being thought of by any of the professors, who are all priests. After considering all this, ask yourself if there are not still in this world, corrupt as it is,

some men who show, by their works, that they "love God with all their hearts." Their labors among the Indians, and other Catholic settlements, as well as at home, where a very large congregation is being formed, are truly laborious. I arrived at the college the day before Christmas; every one of the fathers that remained at home was engaged in the confessional, and continued so until ten o'clock at night, when they had to leave it to commence the offices of the night. The congregation was really large for so wild a place, composed of Indians, Americans, English, Irish, French, and Germans, many of whom were Protestants, numbers of them having come over thirty miles to go to their Christmas duty. The midnight mass was sung by the reverend superior, at the conclusion of which five converts from Protestantism received the habit of the order of St. Joseph from his hands. The scene, at times, during the celebration, was overpowering; the wildness of the place, the varied composition of the worshippers, the glorious and majestic appearance of the high priest, the splendor and effulgence of the altar, the rich vestments and curling incense, the severe, plain, bold notes of the Gregorian chant, poured forth at times by priests, attendants, and choir; the time, the place, the occasion, all conspired to make it one of those heavenly scenes which can never be witnessed on earth, but in the church of God. Numbers approached the holy communion, among whom I was happy to see many Indians. I left the church at half past three, when the service ceased for a short time, the superior having concluded his third mass.—*Cath. Herald.*

AN OBJECTION ANSWERED.—A Protestant being once asked, "Where was your church before the reformation?" answered, more wittily than solidly, by asking the question, "Where was your face before it was washed?"

We propose to answer the argument implied in this last question, and we trust our answer will be at least as good as the argument itself. We respond in two ways.

First. When a face is washed, it is not the usual process to wash off the skin and nose, or to obliterate any of the features. Now, the reformers did precisely this. They were not content with merely washing the face of the church, they wished to take off the skin, and to obliterate the features. They were not content with washing away the dirt of abuses; the church would have cordially united with them in this, and she *did* precisely this, in the council of Trent; but they also strove to wash out the features of distinctive doctrines and institutions.

Second. In the process of washing the face is left clean, and the dirt, separated from it, is mixed with the water in the basin. Now, it *may* be that the reformers washed the face of the Catholic church,

leaving that face cleaner than it was before, by separating from it the dirt, and depositing it safely in the basin of the reformation! This process would be precisely that indicated; under a different figure, by the witty Dean Swift, in his well known ejaculation, "I do wish that, when the pope weeds his garden, he would not throw the weeds over the wall in our way!"—*Cath. Advocate*.

DIOCESS OF DUBUQUE.—A new academy for the education of boys has been opened at Dubuque, conducted by the Brothers of St. Joseph, from Indiana, under the direction of the Very Rev. J. Cretin. The Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin have lately opened an academy for young ladies in the flourishing town of Davenport, on the Mississippi.—*Cath. Cath.*

DIOCESS OF MILWAUKIE.—The Catholic congregations already organized in Wisconsin territory number twenty-five thousand and ninety souls, including fourteen thousand five hundred and thirty-eight Irish, English, Scotch, and Americans; five thousand six hundred and twenty-eight natives of Wisconsin, of French descent; two thousand seven hundred and seventy-six Germans, and two thousand one hundred and forty-eight Indians. The Catholics have already built two stone, one brick, nineteen frame, and four log churches in this territory, and they are now erecting seven more places of worship. Their new church of St. Mark, at Southport, is considered one of the best and most tastefully constructed buildings in Wisconsin. It is built of brick, in the pure Gothic style of architecture, measuring eighty by fifty feet, and is designed to be ornamented with a Gothic steeple and spire of one hundred and eighty feet in height. It is understood that the bishop of Milwaukee intends to commence the erection of a splendid cathedral next summer, the estimated cost of which is nearly forty thousand dollars. The Catholics of Madison intend building a church next spring.

The first Catholic church in the territory was built by the French Jesuits, at *Rapids des Peres*, near Green Bay, more than one hundred and sixty years ago, and subsequent to that period the Catholics of Wisconsin and Mackinac were at one time twenty-seven years without seeing a priest of their religion.—*Bost. Report*.

TEMPERANCE AND TAXES.—A striking exemplification of the relations which temperance bears to the pauperism of the country is shown in the experience of the state of Massachusetts during the last year. According to an estimate of Mr. Williams, the temperance agent, the pauper tax of Massachusetts amounted a few years ago to two hundred thousand dollars, eight-tenths of which was ascertained to be the result of ardent spirits. Two years ago this tax was reduced to one hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars; and the last

year it amounted to only forty-one thousand dollars. This great reduction is to be accounted for by the cheering fact that within these few years there have been thirty thousand drunkards reformed.

Mr. W. also states that in the town of Worcester; within three years, the number of inhabitants of the poor house has been reduced from four hundred and sixty-nine to eleven by the operation of the same cause—a reformation so strikingly and obviously beneficial, that the town voted at its annual meeting to contribute five hundred dollars a year to the treasury of the Washingtonian society. Money could not be better laid out.—*Epis. Rec.*

DIOCESS OF CHARLESTON.—We announced in our last No. that the right reverend bishop of Charleston had dedicated a church at Newbern, N. C. "Newbern's Catholic congregation is the oldest in this state, and dates from the time of the revolution. The first Catholic who settled here was Mrs. Gaston, who was of the respectable Catholic family of Sharpe, in the north of England, and who lost her husband in Newbern during the revolution—he being killed by a shot from the British while the patriots were evacuating the town. After the recovery of the town and the success of the heroes of freedom, she was permitted to remain with her two children, the late Hon. W. Gaston of N. C., and Mrs. Taylor, consort of the eminent chief justice of the supreme court of that state, at the place of her former residence, where she was almost the only member of the Roman Catholic church; yet she had been so well instructed in its tenets and its principles, that she never wavered for a moment; and as soon as the minds of her children were capable of receiving the divine word, she was careful to implant it. When the Rev. Mr. Kearney of Norfolk, Va., visited Newbern in 1819, this pious mother of the Catholic religion in this place had just been called, it is hoped, to a better world. A little chapel erected in the house of this lamented lady was the first church in the state, in which, as early as 1784, the holy mysteries were celebrated by the Rev. P. Cleary, an Irishman by birth, and a canon of the church of Funchal, in Madeira. The congregation of Newbern, at present, is in a flourishing condition.—*Catholic Cabinet*.

CATHOLIC POPULATION OF THE U. STATES.—In reference to this subject there appeared, in a recent number of the *Pittsburg Catholic*, among some judicious remarks, others which seem to us rather unsupported by fact. We would observe, in the first place, that although the editor of the Almanac based his calculation in this matter principally on the estimate of Dr. England, he was also assisted in it by the well known proportion of Catholic emigrants who at that time were seeking the American shores; but the calculation was not based in any degree upon the

supposition that the number of Catholics increased "in the same ratio as the rest of the population." This would indeed have been a very false method of computation. With regard to the accuracy of Dr. England's estimate, which carried the Catholic population, in 1838, to one million two hundred thousand, it could scarcely have more than doubled the real number, as the *Pittsburg Catholic* thinks; because in this hypothesis the official statements furnished in the Almanac of this year would, in all probability, far exceed the truth, which, as we shall endeavor to show, is not the case.

Our cotemporary has adduced no positive proof of their inaccuracy in any degree; he merely considers them doubtful, because he is not aware of any means having been adopted for the computation of the number of Catholics. But is it not reasonable to suppose that the prelates who furnished the statements had recourse to some method of ascertaining, at least approximately, the Catholic population of their dioceses? Do not the pastors of the different congregations know, with a tolerable degree of accuracy, the number of persons that frequent their churches and stations? And do not the bishops, in the course of their episcopal visitation, inquire into these matters, and thus obtain sufficient data to form, we do not say a very correct, but, at least, an approximate estimate of the true state of things? In the absence of any positive evidence, therefore, to disprove the accuracy of the "official statements," as published in the Almanac, we have strong reasons to consider them a correct indication of the number of Catholics in the United States; at all events, an indication not materially erroneous. These statements, as far as they extend, show a population of eight hundred and eleven thousand eight hundred, embracing fourteen dioceses; to the remaining seven, with the apostolic vicariate of Oregon, we assigned a Catholic population of two hundred and fifty thousand; and in doing this we paid a due attention to the data furnished in previous numbers of the Almanac, as well as to the diminished extent of those dioceses from which others have been formed. The number which we have given may be too great, but we wished to be rather above than below the mark; and we think that, if there has been any deviation from the truth, it is far from being so important as the *Pittsburg Catholic* supposes. We cordially unite with him, however, in the suggestion that the pastors of the different congregations may endeavor to ascertain the number of those under their spiritual charge by actual computation.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.—We have received a well written and valuable article on the *Canonization of Saints*; another on the *Papal Government*, containing some remarks in reply to a writer in the *Democratic Review*; a third, which enters critically into the merits of volume I of *Mr. Brownson's Quarterly*, viewed under a religious aspect. These papers, with a variety of others, will be published in our next number, and will present to the readers of the Magazine a rich collection of instructive and interesting matter.

A poetical effusion from Moína is accepted with many thanks, and we hope that the *Invocation* may be an introductory to a series of dulcify strains from our western muse.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the beautiful lines on the Blessed Virgin in this number of the Magazine. They are from the pen of a lady who resides in the west, and is a great grand-daughter of the celebrated Patrick Henry, one of the most distinguished on the list of American patriots and orators. It is easy to perceive that the fire of genius which has thrown an immortal halo round the memory of this illustrious champion of liberty, is far from being extinct among his descendants. Mrs. S. R. T. is a convert to our holy faith, and in devoting her superior endowments to the vindication of its tenets and practices, she displays not less of enlightened zeal than of fervent piety. We shall always be pleased to receive her contributions.

Our readers are aware that Eugene Lynch, Esq., the esteemed author of the translation, page 109, died twelve months ago in a foreign land, whither he had accompanied his brother, who soon followed him to the grave. Had his days been prolonged, our Magazine would have been frequently enriched with the efforts of his pen. The translation, commenced in this number, was kindly transmitted to us by his family, and we publish it with pleasure, both for the sterling value of the article, and for the gratification it may afford the friends of Mr. Lynch to possess this memorial of his zeal and ability in the cause of truth.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 18th of December, 1844, at the Orphan Asylum, New Orleans, Sister MARY ANN (KENNY), aged twenty-two years. The deceased had been only two years on this mission, whither she had been sent, after her noviciate, from the mother house at Emmitsburg.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE ENSUING LENT IN THIS DIOCESS.

1. All the faithful who have completed their twenty-first year are, unless legitimately dispensed, bound to observe the Fast of Lent.

2. They are only to make one meal a day, excepting Sundays.

3. The meal allowed on fast-days is not to be taken till about noon.

4. At that meal, if on any day permission should be granted for eating Flesh, both Flesh and Fish are not to be used at the same time.

5. A small refreshment, commonly called *collation*, is allowed in the evening; no general rule as to the quantity of food permitted at this time, is or can be made. But the practice of the most regular Christians is, never to let it exceed the fourth part of an ordinary meal.

6. The quality of food allowed at a collation is, in this Diocese, bread, butter, cheese, all kinds of fruit, salads, vegetables, and fish, though not warm, but fish previously prepared and grown cold. Milk and eggs are prohibited.

7. General usage has made it lawful to drink in the morning some warm liquid; as tea, coffee, or thin chocolate, made with water, to which a few drops of milk may be added, serving rather to color the liquids, than make them substantial food.

8. Necessity and custom have authorized the use of hog's lard, instead of butter, in preparing fish, vegetables, &c. &c. &c.

9. The following persons are exempted from the obligation of fasting: young persons under twenty-one years of age, the sick, pregnant women, or giving suck to infants, those who are obliged to hard labor, all who through weakness can not fast without great prejudice to their health.

10. By dispensation, the use of flesh-meat will be allowed at any time on Sundays, and once a day only on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, with the exception of the first four days, and all Holy Week, including Palm Sunday.

† SAMUEL, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*

GIVEN at BALTIMORE,

On the Feast of *St. John Chrysostom.*

DIOCESS OF RICHMOND.

To the reverend clergy of the diocese of Richmond.
Reverend and beloved brethren:

To secure in external rites and discipline that unity which characterizes the faith of the Catholic church, we shall in the regulations of Lent conform our practice to that of the archdiocese of Baltimore. You will, therefore, be guided by the directions of the Most Rev. Archbishop which appear in the present No. of the Magazine. Need I exhort you, while the faithful of every clime are united in doing violence to heaven by fastings and prayer, to add if possible to your zealous efforts for the conversion of sinners, whether of those whose faith is dead without works, or of those who, alas! have been hitherto deaf to the voice of God's spouse

upon earth! Yet trust not to human efforts, but rather to the efficacy of fervent prayer, and the protection of that Blessed Mother, through whom Providence seems to have manifested a peculiar desire in these latter times to make us partakers of every choicest gift. To her prayers and protection I commend you and your flocks, and in turn I most earnestly demand of my beloved children their united prayers, that God may enable me fittingly to discharge the sacred duties imposed upon me. May the divine Author of our faith bless and comfort you, and render you rich in all spiritual gifts.

† RICHARD VINCENT, *bishop of Richmond.*
ST. VINCENT'S SEMINARY, }
Richmond, Jan. 23, 1845. }

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Primacy of the Apostolic See Vindicated. By Francis Patrick Kenrick, bishop of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: M. Fithian. 8vo. pp. 498.

The increasing interest which the present state of religious controversy gives to the question of the papal supremacy, is sufficient of itself to make every Catholic hail with pleasure the publication of Dr. Kenrick's work on the primacy. This consideration also will no doubt cause it to circulate among our Protestant brethren, many of whom admit no other ground of difference with the Catholic church, than the article of faith which requires us to acknowledge a pre-eminence of jurisdiction in the bishop of Rome. But the manner in which Dr. Kenrick has executed his task has invested it with an interest which will always place it among the most valuable works that we possess on this subject; being an extensive repertory of information in regard to all matters connected with the temporal and spiritual power of the pope. Our readers are well

aware that some years ago Bishop Kenrick addressed some letters, on the spiritual supremacy, to the Rt. Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Protestant bishop of Vermont. To these no reply was made; but the letters in question being out of print, Dr. Kenrick has been induced to remould his former work, to enlarge it by considerable additions, and to render it in every respect more interesting to the general reader. He says in his preface:

"I have allowed myself free scope, and treated of whatever appeared to me useful for the elucidation of my subject. It would have been more in accordance with my own wishes to confine myself to the vindication of the dogma, and leave the reader to entertain his own views as to those acts of the popes which are least in accordance with the polity and public opinion of our age; but on perusing the works of Barrow, on the supremacy, I perceived that the skill of the adversaries of the apostolic see was displayed in holding up to view the temporal supremacy which was once exercised by the popes, and confounding it with the spiritual attributes of their office; and that every vindication of the dogma

must be unsatisfactory, which left the impression unremoved, that it had been abused for ages, to raise on it a system of usurpation, extortion and cruelty."—P. 6.

With these views, the learned prelate has not confined himself to the proof of the spiritual pre-eminence of the pope; he has passed to the consideration of various other topics, which, having been accidentally connected with it by circumstances, have caused it to be much misrepresented by the adversaries of Catholicity. He has therefore placed before his readers valuable data in relation to the patrimony of St. Peter, the civil influence of the pope, the exercise of the deposing power, ecclesiastical censures, the part taken by the pontiffs in the crusades, their connection with the inquisition, their services to literature, to the arts and to civilization, the ceremonies of the papal election and coronation, a succinct biography of the different popes, &c. &c. It will be readily perceived that Dr. Kenrick has adapted his work to the peculiar wants of our country, introducing into it the examination of all questions that are raised amongst us in reference to the holy see, and furnishing in regard to all an amount of information that must prove eminently satisfactory to the Protestant and the Catholic. The former will be enlightened by the perusal of it, on subjects which he is accustomed to contemplate only behind the veil of prejudice and misrepresentation; while the latter will find it to be an armory of strength, and supplied with all the necessary weapons for defending the prerogatives and vindicating the character of the holy see.

We recommend this able work to all; for we verily believe that it is one of those volumes which are of the utmost practical utility, and which ought to be found in every Catholic family. It is, moreover, handsomely printed.

St. Ignatius and his first companions. By the Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, D.D., author of *History of the Church, Father Rowland, &c.* New York: Edward Dunigan. 12mo. pp. 361.

Mr. Dunigan has given us another beautiful volume under the title just mentioned, and he seems determined that no outward attraction shall be wanting in his publications to render them worthy of an extensive patronage; for it may be truly said, and not invidiously, that the works which he has issued are equal to any other Catholic publications in point of mechanical beauty; and this is no trivial consideration with the reading community. Fine paper and good type have no little influence in arresting and captivating the attention. As to the intrinsic merits of the work, we are of opinion that Dr. Pise, in this production, has rendered a service to the cause of truth and of Catholic piety. His principal object, as we learn from the preface, was to exhibit so much of the lives and

actions of the first members of the Society of Jesus as would suffice to place their character and that of their institute in its true light, and to refute by evidence the calumnious imputations that have been heaped upon those distinguished men. To the sincere inquirer after historical truth, Mr. Pise's work offers what is necessary for the accomplishment of this purpose. He has drawn his facts principally from Orlandinus, whose history of the company of Jesus, in two folio volumes, is equally distinguished by the accuracy of its statements and the elegance of its latinity. Mr. Pise's work is also written in his usual felicitous style, and upon the whole he may be said to have produced a volume which is sufficient to vindicate the character of the early Jesuits, and to afford much edifying matter to the Christian reader. We must confess, however, that we should have preferred to see the work in rather a more extended form. Considering the importance of the subject and the superabundance of materials at hand, the volume we think should have been made more comprehensive. Much ignorance prevails in relation to the society of Jesus, and perhaps there never was a more active warfare carried on against its members by the advocates of error and infidelity than at the present day. It would have been better, therefore, if the author had entered more fully into the subject, presented it in greater detail, and thus more plainly displayed to view the spirit of that noble institute, which has rendered such stupendous services to religion, to science, to letters, and to civilization. By allowing himself a greater scope, the author would also have avoided that want of connection which is observable in his sketch of the early society. The facts in the life of St. Ignatius are too scattered; there appears to be something wanting, a filling up, in order to conduct the reader from one stage to another of the glorious career of Loyola. We looked in vain for a graphic account of the solemn dedication at Montmartre which itself speaks volumes in favor of Ignatius and his companions. This defect is evidently the result of too studied an aim at reducing the materials of history to a limited compass. A little wider field for the author would have placed before his readers an additional number of facts, which would have contributed in no small degree to the value of the work, both as a vindication of the Jesuits and a source of edification for the Catholic.

The Lenten Monitor; or Moral Reflections and devout aspirations on the Gospels, for each day, from Ash-Wednesday to Easter-Sunday. By the Rev. P. Baker. With the approbation of the Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: F. Lucas, jr. 24mo. pp. 313.

The season of Lent is now approaching, when the faithful are called upon by the church to be more assiduous than usual in the exercises of pe-

nance, recollection, self-examination, and the meditation of the sufferings of Christ; and there is certainly no book that will be found more useful in the hands of a Christian, for promoting these sentiments of piety, than the *Lenten Monitor*, which presents the Gospel of each day in Lent, accompanied with excellent reflections and aspirations, such as are best calculated to awaken and cherish in the soul a spirit of devotion. We consider the republication of this work at the present time, and in so convenient a form, as most auspicious.

Devotions of the way of the cross. Baltimore: F. Lucas, jr. 32mo. pp. 71.

This is an extremely neat and convenient little volume, containing the prayers and devotions which are used in performing the stations of the passions. We have no doubt that it will be extensively circulated among those who practise this devotion.

The Poor Man's Catechism; or the Christian doctrine explained, with short admonitions. By John Mannoek, O. S. D. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press. 12mo. pp. 276.

This is the third edition from the Metropolitan Press of a work whose merits we noticed not long since, and which is universally known among the Catholic community as an excellent instructor and monitor in the faith and morality of the Gospel.

The Catholic Christian instructed in the sacraments, sacrifice, ceremonies, and observances of the church, by way of question and answer. By the Rt. Rev. Dr. Challoner. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press. 12mo. pp. 247.

We are glad to perceive that this standard work has already passed through a second edition at the Metropolitan press.

Think well on't; or reflections on the great truths of the Christian religion. By the Rt. Rev. Dr. Challoner. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press. 32mo.

The wide circulation of this excellent collection of meditations shows how much it is valued by the members of the Catholic church. The present is the second edition from the Metropolitan Press.

Dunigan's Illustrated edition of the Holy Bible. New York.

Parts XIII and XIV of this elegant publication have been received. The latter contains a beautiful engraving of Christ receiving the little children that were presented to him.

Communion under one kind. Tract No. VIII. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press. pp. 12.

In this number of the tracts the reader will find the vindication of the practice of lay communion under one kind. Besides the arguments drawn from Scripture and the doctrinal views of the church on the subject of the eucharist, the following facts are well worthy of consideration.

"1. *Communion of children.* The historians Evagrius (lib. iv, c. 36) and Nicephorus (lib. xvii,

c. 25) relate that, after the communion of the faithful, it was customary in many places to give to young children what remained of the consecrated bread, without any mention being made of the other kind. On the contrary, if the children were very young, communion was administered to them under the species of wine, by making them swallow some drops of the consecrated chalice, as St. Cyprian testifies in his *tract. de lapsis*.

"2. *Communion of the sick.* It was commonly administered to them in one kind, as may be gathered from a variety of occurrences. Eusebius (Eccl. Hist. lib. vi, c. 36) relates, from a letter of St. Dionysius, bishop of Alexandria, that an old man, called Serapion, sent for the holy viaticum, and that the priest, being sick himself and unable to go, entrusted a small particle of the eucharist to a youth, recommending him to moisten it, and thus put it into the mouth of the dying man; this was no sooner done than Serapion expired. We read likewise in the life of St. Ambrose, written by his deacon Paulinus, that this holy archbishop, being near his death, received the body of our Lord from the hands of St. Honoratus, bishop of Vercelli: after which he immediately died. The last moments of St. Basil are thus described by the ancient author of his life: 'Our great Father Basil received the consecrated bread; then he dismissed his clergymen, and, lying in his bed, gave up his soul to our Lord.' In fine, Amalarius, in his book *De officiis eccles.* (lib. iii, c. 35), and the Micrologue *De rebus eccles.* (c. 17), testifies that it was an ancient custom to divide, during mass, the consecrated host into three parts, the one to be put in the chalice, the second to be taken by the priest before taking the precious blood, and the third to be reserved for the sick.

"3. *Private communion.* We learn from several among the most learned and ancient fathers,* that the holy eucharist was given to the faithful, especially in times of persecution, to be carried by them to their homes, in order that they might there receive communion. But it is certain that this private communion allowed to them by the church, was made under one kind only: for they received, indeed, according to the discipline of those remote ages, the body of Christ in their hands; but they never received the consecrated chalice in this manner, as St. Cyril of Jerusalem testifies (Catech. Mystag. 5), nor had they any sacred vessels at home to contain the precious blood of our Lord, as clearly appears from the second apology of St. Athanasius against the Arians."

For other facts equally interesting, we refer the reader to the tract itself.

* Tertull. lib. ii. ad uxorem.—Clemens Alex. lib. i. Strom. S. Cyprian, *Serm. de lapsis*.—S. Basil, *Epist. ad Cæsariam Patritiam*.—S. Ambrose, *Orat. de obitu fratris sui Satyri*.—S. Jerom, in *apol. pro libris contra Jovinianum*, etc.

THE UNITED STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

MARCH, 1845.

CANONIZATION OF SAINTS.

Sagesse de L'Eglise Catholique dans la Canonization des Saints, par M. Henri De Bonald. Publiè par Mr. L. F. Guerin. Paris, 1839.

(*Wisdom of the Catholic Church in the Canonization of Saints*. By H. De Bonald. Paris, 1839.)



THE Catholic church has displayed in all her acts the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and by its presence and activity, proved the divinity of her origin. Guided by the unfailing hand of her heavenly Spouse, she has led her children through every doubt and difficulty and trial and danger upon earth, and when, at length, the triumph of their struggles and their faith has been final and complete, she has never ceased to honor them with the tribute of her love and veneration. She has watched over them in life, and in death she has sanctified their virtues, and held them up to the world as models of piety, humility, and zeal. She has proved her claim to the title of *holy* Catholic church, and she need advance no stronger argument to support her right, and the character arising from that right, than the continuous veneration which she has ever loved to bestow upon those who have lived and died in her communion in the odor of sanctity. A superhuman influence

has moved her, a divine wisdom has guided and directed her, and in the guidance and direction of that divine wisdom, she has departed from the measure of greatness and worthiness which mere humanity has every where and in all times assumed. The world has always meted out honor and renown to its sons in proportion as they have been great, and learned, and powerful, and veneration and esteem as they have been successful. Its heroes have won their glory by shedding human blood, by the ruin and devastation of cities, and provinces, and empires. Its great potentates are too often only remembered for their crimes, and renowned for their tyranny and oppression; these it immortalizes with its hate. The benefactors of their kind, the humble and unobtrusive philanthropist, it consigns to oblivion. It is the memory of the mighty, the terrible, the magnificent alone, that the world condescends to perpetuate; for it is only that which strikes the mind of man with force and potency that is remembered, while a thousand more useful but less astounding things are forgotten. The blaze of the burning cottage is seen in the darkness afar off, while the humble light of the faithful lantern that guides the steps of the weary wanderer on his dim and unknown path, is lost and dissipated by distance.

Not of such are the heroes whom the church has delighted to honor; not of such

are her mighty and powerful; no such lurid light of destruction do they cast upon the present from their ages past; but the calm, clear flame of their pure charity, and burning love, and holy life, sends forth upon the whole world its wondrous light, caught and reflected back upon the author and centre of such light, the Saviour of the world. She has not looked to the great ones of earth for her heroes, nor to the wise for her sages, nor to the rich, and brave, and powerful, for the patrons and protectors of her children. Had human motives, or worldly wisdom, or earthly policy entered into the councils of the church, and been the moving principle in the veneration and canonization of her saints, she would doubtless have followed out the example which had been set her by the world in all ages. She would have selected for her heroes and great ones the powerful of earth, the high in rank, the dignified in place and station. These are the titles and possessions that win this world's honor and respect. By this policy she might, perhaps, have gathered around her the influential of earth—its sovereigns and its rulers. Had she sought to accumulate power and influence, these she would have made her remembered ones. Human motives would have resorted to human means, and the desire of power and profit would have induced her to confer exclusive honor upon those from whose favor power and profit might be expected to flow. She would have cast the halo of human glory round the name of saint, and the title to its possession would have been wealth and dominion. But the dim halo of human glory only lingers round the names of the stern conqueror and crowned king, the legislator, patriot, statesman, and philosopher. And to none of all these did she turn. If among her saints there are to be found the names of kings, and warriors, and sages, and dignitaries, it is because in their power they were just, in their success they were merciful, in their prosperity they were pious, in their elevation they were meek and lowly of soul; because they were great as if they had not been great, rich as if they had been poor, powerful as if they had been cast down, and wise in the simplicity of their hearts; because they were meek in spirit, patient under every trial, submissive to the will of the Most High; because, in deed and in truth, they were like to the humblest of the

children and servants of the church. Many of them, too, had cast aside their vain distinctions and unmeaning earthly rank, to clothe themselves in the garb of the beggar, and renounced the splendor of their stations to endure the mortified life of the pilgrim or the hermit. Not then for their rank or station, or their earthly deeds, were they revered, but because, in spite of all these, they had been true and humble followers of Christ. Not one of these, perhaps, would the church have selected for her honor, had her motives been human; and, after all, these were not the most favored or successful among the children of the world. Their virtue, their piety and humility, too often rendered them despised and scorned, even in their high station, by the careless and the indifferent,—by the scoffer at religion.

Not such was the object of the Catholic church in the canonization of the saints. A high and holy principle, elevated and purified from earthly feelings and motives, inspired her; no hope, and no desire of worldly profit or worldly power, mingled with and adulterated her exalted purpose. No mere human gratitude affected her; no temporary prospect, but “a great law of duty, high as these two infinitudes, dwarfing all else, annihilating all else.” It was in obedience to the spirit that was in her. Her object was solely the greater glory of God. The God whom she worshipped was a God of holiness; the distinctive mark of her own truth was holiness, and the holiness of her children was the richest incense that she could offer to the pure Saviour of the world, her Spouse and her Lord. She was established to guide the souls of men in the way of salvation, to teach them all truth, and to prepare them for heaven by a holy life upon earth. Holiness of life was what she sought for all in her communion. She commanded it. It was to be a mark of her true children, as it was a true mark of herself; she therefore venerated those who lived in that holiness and died in its sweet odor, leaving behind them an example pure, bright, and glorious, to all those of her children who still lingered in the shadows of the valley of death.

Whilst thus paying due honor and respect to those who by their lives had proved their piety to God, their submission and self-devotedness to his divine commands, the church

was wondrously proving the universal love of sanctity which pervaded her children, and the reality of her title of holy. It is not wonderful, indeed, that the mother of the Saviour should have been venerated by the true followers of her divine Son; nor is it strange that Christians should have cherished the name and fame of the chosen twelve, who clung around him in life, catching the awful words of eternal truth and wisdom as they fell from those mysterious lips, who gazed upon that wondrous presence, whose like human eye had never before rested on, and never again shall behold as then, in the sublimity of its grandeur and its inconceivable humility,—the incarnate Word, the living God, the true man,—who wept over his death and rejoiced over his resurrection, who beheld the consummation of so many prophecies, and went forth to preach the glad tidings of redemption to the world. It is not incomprehensible that great martyrs and pious kings should have been remembered for a time; their rank and station, and the cruel circumstances of their deaths, might well throw a halo of glory round their names; and even this is not seen out of the Catholic church. But it is incomprehensible to human reason, seeking truth by the light of mere human motives and human ends, that this brilliant halo of immortal glory should have been cast round the heads, not only of the Blessed Virgin, of the chosen twelve, or of pious kings and heroic martyrs, but of the humblest and lowest in the estimation of the world. Certainly, if not a miracle in itself, it is wonderful, and far above the reach of human wisdom, that this universal feeling of veneration should have been conferred upon men who had, on this earth, been unknown, perhaps despised; who had buried themselves in deserts, or in caves and mountain solitudes, or had clad themselves in the garb of the poor servant, to watch at the bed-side of death, to smooth the pillow of affliction, to kiss the sores of the beggar, and minister to his wants. It is certainly extraordinary to see, elevated far above the thrones of kings and princes, and immortalized with true glory in the undying memory of the whole world, the poor virgin who toiled on earth in the humble rank of a servant, or wore the coarse habiliments, and submitted to the laborious life of the lowly and unknown shepherdess. It is cer-

tainly wonderful to behold, as patrons of mighty kingdoms, the humble monk whose days were passed in the obscurity of his narrow cell, the pilgrim who toiled to the sacred places sanctified by the footsteps of the Redeemer, or the holy martyr who won his heavenly crown at the fearful price of a cruel and ignominious death. Yet more than all this is the honor bestowed by the church upon her saints, more than the patronship of kings and kingdoms, more than the superiority of fame over conquering hero and renowned sage, more than the surpassing glory of a deathless record on the pure pages of her history; more than all this are the cherished love and gratitude and veneration of her countless millions, living in every heart, breathing on every tongue, in every clime, and in all ages. The monarch on his throne, and the peasant in his field, the rich man in his gorgeous palace, and the houseless, wandering beggar, he who rules and he who serves, old and young,—all, all who hold communion with the *holy* Catholic church, all who are her children, under the burning sun of the tropics, or beneath the frozen skies of regions of eternal snows—all look upon them with a high and holy love, all hold them up as models for purity of life, all venerate them as the friends of God, and all invoke their intercession in the hour of need. And whilst these meek and lowly souls are thus exalted and renowned, and their names cherished in the memory and enshrined in the hearts of myriads, how many thousands of the great, the learned, and the powerful are forgotten, and for ever. In their own days, they were mighty and renowned, but revolving centuries have swept most of them from history, and all, perhaps, from the common memory of man. Some few and very great, perchance, survive to furnish themes for school-boy declamation; the rest are all forgotten, as these greatest too are, by the multitude of earth. Thus it has ever been with human pride and earthly glory; they are fleeting like all earth's gaily painted flowers. They bud, and bloom, and glad the eye awhile, and fade; and the eye that gazed upon them closes too; and other flowers spring forth to gladden other eyes in turn, to bloom and ripen for forgetfulness. They bow beneath the iron law of earth, the unchanging law of mortal things,

the law of change ; that law which bounds all human hopes and limits human enterprises ; that law which sweeps its resistless tide across the fair face of empires, and carries them down the tide of oblivion ; which touches the glorious city, thronging with busy, beating hearts, and active hands, and flowing and ebbing with the mighty tide of human love, and hope and fear, and every throbbing passion, and stills the tumult, driving back the mortal wave, until dry desert sands alone appear, and ruins without name. Palenque and Uxmal, and a thousand such, have felt the destructive power of this iron law. In their vast palaces great monarchs ruled, perhaps, and victorious leaders won triumphal hecatombs of human victims for their sanguinary festivals. The very names of the people who reared those palaces are lost ; the titles which these ruins bear are modern appellations. Fame, name, and power, all are gone. Mighty monarchs ruled, and conquering heroes fought before Agamemnon, of whom, perhaps, some long forgotten Homer had sung ; yet bard, and king, and warrior have alike been buried in oblivion. The pyramids have long outlived the names of those to immortalize whose fame their massy piles were reared. Zenobia and her Palmyra are more than half forgotten. Every where fame is departing, like the light of the receding comet, till it disappears in the distance and for ever. Thus is it with mortal things, and thus must it ever be.

Not so with those that are immortal, that are spiritual, that are elevated above earth and all earthly motives. The fame of the spiritual hero is as lasting as the enjoyment of the glorious meed of his victory ; his renown and the veneration of his name are as eternal as his triumph. They are the manifestation of the glory of God. While the great and powerful of earth descend, one by one, into the deep waters of oblivion, the humblest of the saints seems to shine with a brighter and a purer light as ages roll along, for passing ages but add new laurels to his chaplets, increased veneration to his holy name, and glorious miracles as proofs of his power in prayer and intercession before the throne of the Almighty. For him there is now no death, and therefore there is no ceasing of that fame which clings around energy and life and great achievement. His life is spiritual and eternal, and his deeds

and his fame are undying, immortal. The lapse of ages can not dim the brightness of his glory ; the hand of time is powerless for him ; change, or ruin, or oblivion, can not reach his fame. The history of his holy life, his mortifications, his humility, his sufferings, his death, is recorded indelibly by the church ; it is written in ineffaceable characters upon the heart of every Catholic, even the very humblest and most ignorant. To the humblest and most ignorant of her children the names of the mighty chiefs of olden times, their deeds of good or evil, and their fate, may be all unknown. No tale of old Rome's imperial grandeur, or of classic Grecian splendor, or of barbaric Persian pomp, may have ever reached him ; the names of science and philosophy may strike with unmeaning sound upon his ear, and all other history be to him a mystery unfathomed ; yet the history of the saints of God is as familiar as an oft told tale, as dear as household names. At his mother's knee, in childhood, he heard their names pronounced with reverence and affection, and their holy lives described and held up before him as the models of his future years ; and most of all, the virtues and the trials of him, the patron saint, whose name he bears. He believes them to be in the fruition of eternal happiness before the throne of the Most High, and he invokes their intercession daily in his behalf. The history of the saints is no mere dull narration to him ; to him, as to all others in the fold of the true church, it is practical religion. Their invocation is no mere prayer for intercession, but a motive and a means of imitation of their virtues.

Thus the temporal glory of even the humblest saint never dims nor fades. For them, it would seem, a perpetual moral miracle is wrought. All human fame but theirs grows faint, and in time expires ; all human glory disappears, and veneration ceases, but for them ; and for them this law of change would seem to have been suspended.

Inexplicable as seems this imperishable temporal glory of the saints, when its causes are sought for in human means and motives, it becomes clear and easy of explanation when we turn to its true source—the sanctity of the Catholic church. She is the *holy* church ; she loves holiness, and one of the proofs of the divinity of her origin, and the purity and

holiness of her doctrine, is her constant veneration of those who have lived and died in holiness, of those whom she has enrolled among her saints. Her eyes are lifted above earth; her honors and rewards are the thrones and crowns of immortal bliss, reserved for the faithful children of God. Humility is the noblest pride of her true followers; docility and submission to the laws of God and his church their dearest ambition; and sanctity of life is the impersonation and fulfilment of all these. Sanctity, to her eyes, is more glorious than all the victories of man over his agonized and dying fellows, more precious than all the riches of the fabled treasure-house of Caucasus, more ennobling than high blood, and rank, and station; more acceptable to her than power and influence, because powerful with the All-powerful, and winning the favor of the Father of mercies. It is the religion of Christ reduced into practice. There are many sects or denominations that claim to be true churches, some that would fondly solace themselves with the name of Catholic; nay, of *holy* Catholic! Where is the distinguishing mark of holiness, of love for the departed saint, of veneration and respect? No where, but in the Catholic church. If they are holy, why do they not love holiness in the departed, and hold up to their people the lives and actions of *their* saints for admiration and imitation? Thus much might the coldest and most rationalistic Protestant do; thus much does he to worldly heroes; thus much does he to the warrior, to the statesman, to the poet; to him who has been great on earth, who has ruled men by the power of his intellect, or led them on in his path by the honeyed influence of an eloquent tongue; thus much for all earthly qualities, which he admires, which he reveres. But never does he point his child to the virtues of meekness and humility, and voluntary poverty, to sanctity of thought and life; never does he enlarge upon its beauty, and upon the veneration due to those who have died in the odor of sanctity. There may have been pious and humble men among his people; men who were sincere, yet blind. Is it to them that he turns his eyes? Are they the models he selects for his future life? Ah, how rarely! And if it may occur with a few individuals, it only happens because they are Catholic in that feeling, and different from the spirit of their brethren.

Where are the public demonstrations of honor and respect? Where are the festivals in these days of festivals over even cold foundation stones? None, not one, over those who are to be supposed stones in the temple of the living God. No holy memory of past trials, no joyous meditation on present bliss, no abstraction from earthly things and contemplation of heavenly; no fond, brotherly reunion with those who are rejoicing in heaven over the triumphant mercies of their God, over their gained salvation; no consoling thought of never-ceasing, unforgetful mediators before the throne of the Most High,—mediators of love and prayer; no constant, heartfelt invocation; no veneration, producing necessarily imitation of the venerated holiness. Nothing of all this is to be found out of the Catholic church. These cold abstractionists have destroyed, among themselves, all feeling, and energy, and life, and even the reality of religion itself; for surely piety, sanctity of life and acting faith, are its reality. They have no saints; they claim none; and they offer veneration and respect to the virtues and good works of no departed one; for they believe good works and virtues, on the part of man, to be of no merit; sanctity has no merit; and they esteem them not as they should. Their desires are fixed to this earth, and they bid a sad adieu, almost like the atheist, for ever to the parting brother, the moment that the hand of death falls cold upon his brow. They leave him to his damp and narrow grave,—dreary, silent, unremembered. Ah! for them there is no communion of saints. Truly doth the icy hand part them asunder. They may weep, alas! but they know not the holy consolation of prayer for the departed, of communings in spirit with those who have only gone before them. They have lost a friend or brother, but they have not gained an interceding friend or brother before God. Truly they are severed, and coldly severed. Over them death has a fearful power. They have no miracles, and miracles are the proof of the truth of religion. They are only to be found in the true church, and, when wrought at the intercession of the departed, are the evidences of their perseverance in sanctity through life and through death, and of their fruition of the eternal joys of heaven. The Catholic church alone of all those who claim the name of Christians,

honors and reveres the departed saint; she alone pays true honor and glory to the chosen children of God, reflecting their honor back to the great Giver of all honor. She alone holds up the sanctity of their lives as models for the imitation of her children, and sets apart days for their peculiar honor; days on which, particularly, should be remembered their history and their death, their humble virtues and the glorious reward of their trials upon earth; days on which her children should invoke their intercession, and prepare themselves to imitate them as they have been imitators of their divine Master; days on which the love of God, and the practice of his precepts, should be revived and should catch a brighter glow from the holy contemplation of the piety and sanctity, and the happiness of his saints.

Thus has she proved her right to the distinguishing title of *holy*. Thus has she, by the inspiration and guidance of the divine Spirit, been enabled to render that title practical; to inculcate the beauty of holiness upon her children, its glory, and the final and eternal happiness which perseverance therein must obtain. Thus has she been able to turn aside from the memory and fame and greatness of the saints, the common law of change and forgetfulness, which sweeps away all other memory, all other fame, all other greatness. Thus has she wrought this perpetual moral miracle. She remembers their piety because she is pious; she consecrates their zeal because she is zealous; she cherishes their faith and their humility, because faith and humility are the virtues which she admires; she venerates their sanctity, because sanctity is the life and soul of her communion, an attribute and proof of her existence; she canonizes them, because the finger of God has marked them as blessed before his throne. The Catholic church does not speak until the voice of the Most High has announced it; she does not decree until the hand of her heavenly Spouse has written and recorded that decree in unequivocal characters. She is silent till the Spirit of God, manifested in his wondrous works, commands her to send forth to the wide earth the tidings of the sanctity, and the beatification of the faithful servant of heaven. She knows that thousands have lived and died in sanctity, who are not numbered by name upon her calendar, that countless myriads have won their immor-

tal crowns, for whom no miracles have been wrought. In her love of sanctity she has not forgotten them; she has cherished them in her constant memory of her departed children. For them, for the celebration of their virtues and their perseverance, for the invocation of their prayers, for the contemplation of their humility, and to encourage among her children the hope of being numbered with them, she has established one great, common feast, the feast of All Saints. On that day her glad tongues break out in glorious strains of thankfulness and praise, of hallelujahs over those who sit enthroned in heaven with the Lamb, who have conquered, who are saved. For them there is no more of trial, no more of suffering and of sin. Her children are triumphant over death and hell; with them and for them she rejoices; and, rejoicing, demands their intercession for those who are still struggling and toiling through this valley of tears. After she has rejoiced over her children triumphant, she turns and weeps over her departed children who may still be expiating their sins, yet with the prospect of heaven at the end of their sufferings. She prays and offers sacrifice—the holy sacrifice of the Lamb upon the altar, the sacrifice of the merits, the blood, the passion, and the death of the Redeemer, in the one great sacrifice of the mass—for the suffering and the atoning; and she dries her dimmed and mourning eyes, casts off the robes of sorrow, hushes the sad voice of lamentation, and bids her children look forward with hope and consolation, to learn of the one and of the other. Oh, good mother, how dost thou speak to the heart in all thy actions! How dost thou cherish in thy bosom the remembrance of all thy children! Death can not sever them from thee! Thou followest them with thy prayers beyond the dark portals of the tomb, embalming them in thy fond, faithful memory for ever. No time can erase their remembrance, no change can sweep over it, no forgetfulness destroy it; it must continue to exist till time shall be no more.

In this spirit the church has appointed a day for "all saints," and in the happy and tender wisdom which has marked all her actions, she has made it followed immediately by that set apart for the commemoration of "all souls"—a day of joy followed by a day of sorrow; a day of glorious thoughts, of hea-

venly and eternal happiness, of contemplation of the final triumph of her blessed children, succeeded by a day devoted to the contemplation of the last scenes of mortal struggle and suffering and expiation before the heavenly crown is won, warning her sons that, in the midst of their joy over the just made perfect, and their awakened hopes and desires, there are trials and difficulties still before them; that there is danger, and that nothing but final perseverance can win for them the crown they look for. She wishes to recall them from hope and anticipation to the solemn contemplation of the means of obtaining the fruition of their desires.

She is thus careful to honor and invoke those blessed souls who have won their immortal crowns, but of whom she has never pronounced the decree of beatification or canonization. She invokes them not by name, but she honors and invokes on that day all the blessed in heaven, whom it has not pleased God, by the irresistible evidence of miracles, to declare to the world as sanctified in his sight. These the church does not beatify or canonize, nor does she offer honor to any particular person who might, perhaps, justly be supposed, from his pious and exemplary life, to have gained his salvation; she does not pronounce upon such evidence or suppositions. It is not sufficient that men should have been pious in life and persevering in death, that they should have won the reputation of sanctity, that they should have left behind them the odor of a good and just life. Something more tangible than all this she requires; something capable of demonstration; something which can be proved by evidence, which would be irresistible and overwhelming in any human cause,—the evidence of miracles wrought through the instrumentality of the departed one, and these miracles, too, so substantiated and authenticated as to render doubt impossible, and denial or disbelief, wild skepticism. She requires the evidence of miracles wrought during the life of the person to be beatified or canonized, at least of miracles wrought after death by his intercession, and repeated, too, after the first step in the course has been concluded.

If the church has carefully protected and cherished the fame of her faithful servants whom she has canonized, she has also unwonderingly watched and guarded the process

by which that canonization is to be obtained. She has made it long, and tedious, and difficult,—long enough and tedious enough to tire out interested suitors, to see them, the first petitioners, descend to the tomb, in many cases, before the first decree can be obtained, and so difficult that none would undertake it but those influenced by the invincibility of Catholic fervor, and faith, and love. She has thrown obstacles in its course, which in any human matter would be insurmountable; she has made the process, the most solemn, and thorough, and patient investigation of facts that the world has ever witnessed. She has thrown around her tribunals more perfect guards against fear, favor, or affection, than any human tribunal has ever possessed. The process of a court of chancery and the forms and special pleadings in the courts of law, are said to be the perfection of human wisdom in the investigation of truth; but the process of chancery, and the severe scrutiny of the law, are nothing to those which are required in the sacred Congregation of Rites.* Human wisdom never invented a mode so well adapted for the certain discovery of truth, as that which the church has established, in carrying out the processes of beatification and canonization.

No description can be so full and so complete, as to impress upon the mind of the reader a perfect idea of the difficulties of that process. No man, unacquainted with forms of law, and who has never seen the trial of a cause, could gather from the meagre and technical description of books of practice, any idea of the difficulties, of the sudden turns and unexpected developments, the fierce contest of argument, the long, and earnest, and indefatigable examination and cross-examination of witnesses, the searching scrutiny of every written piece of evidence, the suddenly started point which may "throw the case out of court;" in a word, he would have but a faint conception of the long and eager battle of a hotly contested trial. Books can tell him little of all this; they would tell him of a jury to be empanelled, of witnesses to be sworn and examined, of the principles of the law of evidence, of criers and clerks, and all the skeleton

* The committee of cardinals at Rome, for the consideration of questions regarding the liturgy of the church. Eo.

machinery, but he must go to the hall of justice if he would see it in life and activity. He would scarcely recognize the dry, withered *skeleton*, in the busy, active, stirring body that he sees contending there. Thus it must necessarily be in all narrations of forms and modes of procedure in investigations such as these. Yet faint and indistinct as it necessarily must be, we shall give a short abstract of the process in the causes of beatification and canonization before the tribunals at Rome, trusting to our readers to fill up the dry details of simple forms, in their imaginations, and clothe the skeleton, which we lay before them, with the flesh and life and motion, the fair proportions of the reality; to gaze, as it were, upon the assembled councils, to glance through the mountain piles of authenticated testimony; to listen to the sudden doubt, the unexpected difficulty; to catch the eloquent argument; in one word, to look upon the solemn and protracted investigation.

The most ancient form of proceeding was that relating to martyrs. In the primitive ages, veneration was decreed to the martyrs, who were honored "as disciples and imitators of the Lord," and whose relics were collected and reverently treasured up, "as being more precious than gems and more pure than gold."* St. Clement and his successors, St. Fabian and St. Anterus, established seven notaries, one in each district of the city of Rome, to collect the acts of the martyrs; and St. Fabian appointed subdeacons to scrutinize their proceedings. After the collection of the acts, a strict examination was entered into, whether the motives of the martyr had been pure, free from vanity; if he died in communion with the church and for the faith. The bishop of the diocese pronounced the sentence that followed this examination, though, in the earliest ages, it was usual to request the papal approval of the veneration which the petitioners were desirous of paying to the saint. Many other methods were subsequently in use, and many improvements made in the forms of examination and procedure. But to prevent the abuses that might occur in a matter of such importance, the holy see thought proper to reserve to itself the authority to decide such questions. The first instance of a solemn canonization pro-

nounced by the pope, was witnessed towards the end of the tenth century.

The Congregation of Rites was originally established by Sixtus V, in the sixteenth century, and afterwards slightly altered by the addition of new rules so as to insure the most rigid and scrutinizing process; and, as it now exists, it is a monument of wisdom which can not be surpassed. The Congregation of Rites is composed of a cardinal prefect and a body of cardinals, one of whom is appointed by the pope *reporter* of the case. They are the judges of the first order, and take an oath to keep secret their proceedings. Two theologians are allowed them, who take the same oath. The judges of the second order take the name of consultors. The officers of the congregation are, a prothonotary, secretary, the promoter and sub-promoter of the faith, advocates, physician, surgeon, an archivist, and interpreters of the processes, if in a foreign idiom. The secretary prepares reports of each case, submits them to the pope, and publishes his decrees. The promoter of the faith resembles in his duties the state's attorney in our courts: he appears for the public and opposes the beatification. The sub-promoter is of course with him: both are sworn to perform their duty. The notary prepares the authentic acts and has charge of the ancient archives in the Vatican. The consistorial advocates treat of questions of law. The physician, surgeon, &c., examine the nature of alleged miracles.

We shall here only treat of the most common form of introducing causes—*per viam non cultus*. The first processes are prepared by the ordinary of the diocese from which the cause is brought to Rome. The first declares that the person sought to be canonized enjoys the public reputation of eminent virtues and miracles. The second is an exact and strict inquiry to ascertain that no public veneration has been paid him, for the holy see refuses to entertain any cause unless these facts be first established beyond doubt. These examinations, and the judgments pronounced upon them, are then carried to Rome and deposited with the notary of the Congregation of Rites. The postulants of the cause (appointed by the parties seeking the beatification or canonization) then petition the congregation that the processes may be opened. The promoter of the faith is summoned, the witnesses, to prove

* Letter of the church of Smyrna recording the martyrdom of St. Polycarp, 2d century.

the signature and seal of the diocesan prelate attached to the processes, are examined by the notary, and the processes are opened in presence of the cardinal prefect. Next the pope is petitioned to name one of the cardinals of the congregation reporter, and to appoint interpreters if necessary. The writings of the servant of God are then carefully scrutinized, and, if they are pronounced free from reproach, the pope signs the commission to the congregation to take up the cause, *provided ten years have elapsed* since the processes and decrees of the diocesan prelate have been sent to Rome. Thus three distinct trials in a course of ten years are passed through before the cause is regularly instituted, in either of which an unsound cause must fail. Remissorial letters are now addressed to three bishops whose dioceses are in the neighborhood of the place where the investigation is to be made, directing them to take testimony of the reputation of the deceased for sanctity and miracles in general. If these processes, thus drawn up, are approved, they are again directed to take testimony of each virtue and miracle in particular. If the whole is satisfactory, the congregation proceed to examine doubts proposed upon them in detail, provided fifty years have elapsed since the death of the person. For this purpose three different sessions take place. The first is called the *ante preparatory*, and is held in the palace of the cardinal reporter. The consultors alone vote. The *preparatory* takes place in the pope's palace. The *general* congregation is held in presence of the pope, and both cardinals and consultors give their votes. In each of these the reported virtues of the deceased undergo a thorough and searching examination. If the pope, after having implored the assistance of divine light, and having received the votes or opinions of the congregation, pronounces favorably upon the virtues of the deceased, the same process is gone through in regard to his reported miracles. If the cause is again successful, the pope, after invoking the aid of the Holy Spirit, pronounces a decree approving of one or more miracles. Two miracles must be proved before the cause can proceed. Another general congregation decides whether it is safe to proceed to beatification. In each case two-thirds of the votes must be in favor of the cause, otherwise it can not be proceeded with.

All the investigations are conducted with extreme rigor: nothing is admitted as evidence which would not be evidence in a court of justice, and always under oath. The promoter of the faith is sworn to fill his office with fidelity, and it is his duty to start every possible objection, and raise every conceivable doubt at each step of the cause, to account for the alleged miracles if possible by natural causes, or as merely extraordinary facts, and, if he can succeed in creating a doubt which can not positively be set at rest, the miracle or virtue is rejected. Absolute demonstration is required. They who have heard an acute lawyer sifting testimony in a cause may form some idea of the business of the promoter of the faith, which has given him at Rome the *sobriquet* of "the devil's advocate." The evidence and proceedings at each step of the cause are printed with notes and arguments, and distributed among the congregation. After the final sentence of the congregation, the pope appoints a day for the solemn beatification to take place, and the servant of God then receives the title, "*beatus*," "blessed." The veneration of the beatified is now permitted to the particular diocese or order or province which has sued for his beatification, but it is not enjoined upon others till canonization.*

As soon as new miracles have been wrought since the beatification, the cause is reopened at the instance of the postulators, and the same long and careful and scrutinizing process gone through—the same numerous examinations and the same final general congregations are held; and when the determination to proceed is announced, *three more* consistories are held, one secret, one public, and one semi-public, and at length the day for the solemn canonization is announced.

On the morning of that day goes forth from the Vatican a solemn procession winding its gorgeous way around the colonnade to the great

* For the further information of the reader, we will state the difference between beatification and canonization. The former is merely a permission granted by the sovereign pontiff to give the title of *blessed* to a deceased individual, in virtue of which he may be religiously venerated by some particular nation, church, or family. Canonization is a solemn decision of the church relative to the sanctity of a deceased individual in consequence of which we are bound to venerate his memory. The former therefore implies a mere permission; the latter contains a precept: the one is commonly restricted to a particular locality, and has not the force of a final decision; the other regards the whole church, and is a solemn and definitive sentence.—ED.

entrance of St. Peter's. Lighted tapers blaze in every hand, and rich banners, commemorative of the new saint or saints, sweep proudly over the long line of bishops, priests, and cardinals. As the procession approaches the great entrance, it pauses and divides into two lines to permit the passage of the pope and his attendants: a portion range themselves within the church to the altar of the blessed sacrament. In the meanwhile the pope in the Sixtine chapel intones the "*Ave Maris stella*," and, vested in cope and mitre, ascends the chair of state and is borne forth, bearing in his hand a veiled waxen taper, and surrounded by his guards of nobles and of faithful Swiss, preceded by mitred abbots, bishops, and archbishops, in their copes and mitres, cardinals in dalmatics and chasubles and copes, according to their order, officers clad in cloth of gold, the censer-bearer surrounded by acolytes with blazing torches, and followed by the governor of Rome and the officers of state. A proud day of triumph is it for the humble servant of God, who was perhaps despised upon earth in his life, but in whom, after death, the power and honor and glory of the Most High are manifested. The glorious temple, dedicated to the first of the apostles, the mightiest edifice in all the earth, gorgeous as it is, on that day is still more gorgeous with sweeping banner, blazing torch, and rich vestments, and mitres and croziers, sparkling with gold and jewels, with costly hangings that glow with the flash of torches, and catch the shadow of the waving plume, while the light of countless tapers gleams around, brightening on the steel of the warrior, on the gay attire of the noble, on the gold and jewels of surrounding shrines, dazzling the light of day. In the sanctuary behind "*the confession*"—the tomb of the apostles—are seen, high in air, pendant from the splendid roof, the banners of the new saint or saints, whilst, from the magnificent dome above, the apostles and the sainted early popes and angels, bearing the implements of Christ's passion, seem to look down with holy joy upon the glorious triumph of their divine Master in the triumph of his humble disciple and servant. The statues of countless saints, and of her, the most venerated of all saints, the immaculate Virgin, are there below, joining, as it were, in the glorious festival.

At length the pope descends from his throne,

and the whole multitude bow down in silent prayer, while the full sound of voices, chaunting the litany of saints, swells forth upon the air. As the last solemn sounds die away, the sovereign pontiff again ascends his throne, and the consistorial advocate thrice petitions, with increasing earnestness, that the beatified may be enrolled among the saints. As if overcome by the oft-repeated solicitation, the holy pontiff then declares by his secretary his or their canonization, "to the honor of the holy and undivided Trinity, to the exaltation of the Catholic faith and increase of Christianity, by the power of the Lord Jesus Christ and of the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Then, standing up, the pope intones the anthem, *Te Deum laudamus*, while the choir bursts out into a gush of glad and glorious song to the might and goodness and majesty of God. Over the joyous multitude, weeping in their joy, the sound of trumpets ascends, and the shrill roll of drums, while the pealing bells ring out from every turret and tower in the holy city, and the loud thunders of artillery break from the castle of St. Angelo.

Thenceforth are the beatified declared saints—saints by the evidence of miracles wrought in their behalf—saints by the power and goodness of their God. He has been pleased to indicate to the world, by his wondrous works, performed at their intercession, that they are in the enjoyment of immortal and eternal bliss before his throne. He has spoken in no ambiguous terms, and the church announces to her children what has been declared by her God: she announces that they are sanctified, that they are now in the fruition of the rewards promised to the faithful follower of Christ. She commands her children to revere them because God has loved them, to honor them because God has conferred honor on them, to invoke their prayers because their prayers have been proven powerful and efficacious with heaven—proven by the irresistible evidence of miracles.

With Protestants the performance of miracles in these days is matter of ridicule—with few is it a matter of sober, earnest, reflecting disbelief. They dare not meet the question in all its aspects, or perhaps the result would be different; perhaps they would cease to be Christians or they would cease to be Protest-

ants. They deny the existence of miracles because they know there are no miracles among themselves, and, if they admitted the existence of miracles in the Catholic church, they feel that they would admit their own condemnation. They can not believe that miracles are wrought at this day without ceasing to be Protestant. If they disbelieve in the possibility of miracles now, they can not well continue to be Christians. The question of miracles is solely a question of evidence, and on that question, as has been seen, the tribunals of the church are most eminently qualified to act, coolly, carefully and dispassionately. The scoffer who goes beyond the question of evidence must raise the question of power, must make the impious doubt of omnipotence in God—must deny the very existence, by denying the greatest attribute of God. They who believe in the almighty and eternal God dare not raise that question; they who claim the name of Christian, who believe in Christ, who believe in the holy Scriptures, dare not hesitate on that point. The most hardened skeptic alone would deny the miracles of Christ and his apostles as recorded in the inspired volume. But the hand of God is not shortened now. It is as powerful now as when he spoke and the widow's son bounded from his bier, the lepers were healed and the blind saw and the lame walked and the sick were cured—it is as efficacious now as when he stilled the troubled waters, or trod upon their sparkling surface. His power has not departed, nor has his all-seeing eye closed upon earth. His spirit is still guiding and directing, still protecting, still inspiring the church which he founded to last till he should come—to exist under Peter, who, spiritually, was not to die, but was to continue to rule in the persons of his successors to the end of time. He who would deny the possibility of miracles is bold indeed—he must deny Christianity itself.

Then, if miracles are possible in this age, the question as to their existence, just as the existence or occurrence of any other fact, is a matter to be decided by evidence. But the strength of the evidence is increased by destroying the objection of the improbability and the want of motives or necessity for the performance of miracles; for these are the most specious arguments which the skeptic and the

scoffer advance against belief in their performance, and which many consider of sufficient weight to overthrow the strongest array of human testimony. The probability of the performance of a miracle, after its possibility is admitted, like the performance or existence of any other act or thing, must consist in the degree of its departure from the laws of nature—its unusual character, or the want of sufficient assignable motive. There is another case, too, which does not properly come within the range of our subject—that of a fact in which it may be doubtful whether the cause is supernatural or natural, whether it is a miracle or not: we assume the fact to be such that, if proven to be true, there can be no doubt of its miraculous nature. In this case it is evident that all these objections resolve themselves into the last—the want of assignable motive; for, however strong in mere human actions may be the objection that the thing asserted is very unusual in its character and a departure from the common course of human affairs, it is of no weight when applied to the works of God. The power of man is finite; his wisdom is short, his acts are bounded and limited, and in them the question of probability, from the *nature* of the fact, may and must have weight, because there are things which man of himself *can not* do. But, when the question is of the works of God, wrought at the intercession of man on earth or the saints in heaven, the objection of improbability from the nature of the act can have no effect; for there are no laws to limit his power, nothing is impossible or improbable for him. Another form of the objection of probability is the exploded one of “experience”—that miracles are improbable because they are contrary to experience. And this objection, like many others brought against Catholic doctrines and Catholic practices, has a specious appearance of *reality* about it, cast, like a veil around it, to hide its weakness and absurdity, which, torn aside, displays the folly of the skeptic and the unbeliever, and overthrows him at once by exposing the emptiness of his defences. He is compelled to rely upon reiterated denial, or rather simple assertions of disbelief, without reason, without assignable cause, without pretext—mere sheer skepticism. Miracles are not wrought now because they are contrary to experience; but to whose experience? To the experience of the objector?

Grant it. It is as valid as would be the objection raised against the certainty of death by him who had never experienced death or seen it in others. He has heard assertions of the existence of death, and so has the skeptic heard of the existence of miracles; and they each disbelieve the one and the other on the same ground—because they are contrary to experience. Life is his experience, death is the suspension of the law of life—it is contrary to *his* experience—he will not believe it. The man who would reason thus would be declared a madman by universal consent. But there is a difference, it will be said by some disbeliever in miracles, between the two cases; in the one, death is natural, in accordance with the laws of things, while, in the other, miracles are the suspension of those laws. If there is any meaning in this distinction, or any position assumed in it, it is the position that the God who established the law that all men should die, who promulgated all laws that govern the universe, is unable to suspend those laws—it is the impious position that God is *not* omnipotent. And yet this poor and untenable ground of distinction can not avail him; for in the case supposed life is the experience of the man, death contrary to his experience, and, therefore, contrary to the laws of nature, as far as he can know, with the rules of evidence he has adopted. He rejects all human testimony.

Is the performance of miracles in this age contrary to the experience of *all* men? For such must be the extent of the objection, because, if there be any one man to whose experience it is *not* contrary, the fact of the existence of miracles is established, and the objection is futile. To assert that miracles in this age are contrary to the experience of all men, is merely to reassert that they do not exist, and assertion is no argument—it is but the reiteration of disbelief. It may be met by assertion as unsupported. But miracles are not contrary to experience. The experience of the Catholic world, the faith of the Catholic people, the unswerving, the unceasing testimony of the Catholic church prove it. Miracles have been and are now wrought as they were wrought in the days of the apostles, in the days of their first successors, in all ages of the church—miracles, not doubtful and obscure, but clear, certain, and unmistakable—they

have been wrought in public, before the world, before thousands of eye witnesses, have been attested by them, and have been received and believed on their testimony by myriads who have not seen.

The objection then is narrowed down to the want of sufficient assignable motive; and yet, were it granted that human wisdom could assign no motive for the performance of miracles in these days, it would place the objector in no better attitude, on no more reliable ground. Who can tell the ways of the Almighty? who can fathom the depth of his counsels? who can read the designs of the Mysterious? who can measure the wisdom of the All-wise? His ways are hidden and his purposes known only to himself. Who hath made man the judge of his motives, the arbiter of his acts, the controller of the exercise of his power? If no motive for the performance of miracles could be assigned by man, it would only prove the blindness of the creature and the surpassing wisdom of the Creator, the *wonder* of his works, not that those works do not exist.

But it is not true that there are no motives, that there is no longer any strong reason for the performance of miracles. Almost the same reason exists now that has existed in every age, subsequent to that which witnessed the passion and mysterious death of the God-man. Similar motives can be assigned by even weak blind man. They who contend that miracles were no longer required when Christianity was once established, and that miracles ceased when their absolute necessity no longer existed, if they mean by established, when Christianity was first promulgated and satisfactorily proved, must deny all miracles subsequent to the time of the apostles; nay, they would go far towards denying all miracles except those of the Saviour. Miracles were necessary to establish the divinity of our Saviour, to prove that he was the Messiah foretold by the prophets, the long expected of nations; and signs and wonders were wrought through his life and in his death, and, the greatest of all these, his resurrection from the dead. These were facts, facts to be proved by human testimony; and facts which were in the knowledge of, and capable of being attested by thousands who had seen with their own eyes and heard with their own ears. The proof of

these facts would have been sufficient to satisfy the mind of the hearer that Christ was the Messiah, that he was the Son of God, that he was God. And, if the proof of eye witnesses who had seen and heard, would be insufficient to persuade the heathen, how would the assertion of a missionary, born eighteen centuries after they had taken place, be sufficient?

In preaching the gospel to the heathen and the benighted savage, in these days, may not the case occur in which it is very difficult to adduce any sufficient evidence, convincing to the hearer, of the miracles even of the Saviour? The heathen who receives them may be called upon to receive them from a man who believes them because he has been educated in their belief—who preaches to him of strange doctrines which, he asserts, were authenticated to those who first heard them, two thousand years ago, by wondrous miracles—he may assert this, with no sufficient evidence, without even the corroborating testimony of another like himself. Upon this testimony he asks the savage and the infidel to believe incomprehensible dogmas, articles of faith above the light of reason, which may seem absurd to his unenlightened mind. Is there no motive here, no necessity for miracles? Is not this infidel, this darkened savage, for all the world, in the place of him for whose conversion, two thousand years ago, in the age of the apostles, miracles were necessary?

“Where is the evidence of what you assert?” might one of those untutored men exclaim to the Protestant missionary, proclaiming the teachings of the gospel, and demanding their attention and belief. “Where is the proof of your divine commission? You ask me to believe that God became man, and that his creatures put him to a cruel and ignominious death. You tell me of God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, which are three and yet one. You tell me that the Son existed from all eternity, and coeval with the Father. How can the Son be coeval with the Father? And yet you say that the Son is born of woman—a virgin. This is incomprehensible, your reason has gone astray. These things are the wild dreams of a madman—the disconnected and contradictory wanderings of insanity. Where is the proof of these strange and improbable things? You say that your

Master wrought miracles to prove their truth to those to whom he first preached them: that he raised the dead, that he healed the sick: surely, if it was necessary for your God to do this for them, it is necessary that you, by his power if he has sent you, should do as he has also done. Prove these things to us and we will believe.”

Alas! the Protestant missionary would stand aghast. Perhaps he would hold forth the sacred Scriptures or some mutilated portion thereof, and bid the infidel submit. And what would be the response? “You tell me it is the word of God spoken upon earth, but you have not shown me that God came upon earth. You say that you preach what it contains, then, if you can not prove what you have preached, you can not prove the truth of what it contains—you can not prove it, as, by your own confession, your Master thought right to prove it to those who first heard it. I am no wiser than they were—that book is not the evidence which he produced to them. You bring the book, it rests on your authority—I might as well believe your preaching at once. Give me the proofs which your Master gave.” He would be compelled to retire, covered with shame and confusion. He believes not in the possibility of miracles in these days. He *dares* not call God to witness the truth of what he preaches—he shrinks from the trial proposed by the apostle of old with Simon the magician. This is indeed a significant fact. Does he feel that he is not of those *true* believers in the divine Saviour, of whom he has foretold that they will work greater wonders than he has wrought? Does he feel that he is out of the communion of the *true* church, cut off from the divine power which gives divine evidences of the true communion? Does he feel that he is the false shepherd who has stolen into the fold? He dare not call the hand of the Most High to witness the doctrine which he preaches.

And how would a Xavier have answered these natural inquiries? He would have exclaimed: “Listen to me, Oh! man: I am not mad. No wild dreams are these things which I announce to you—no disconnected wanderings of a disordered mind. I come to you to preach the gospel of Christ who was crucified. I come to you, the humble son of the true church, to enlist you under her banners. You

scoff at the mysterious doctrines which I preach—you will not receive that which to your darkened mind is incomprehensible. Bow down, Oh! vain man, to the omnipotent power of thy God and Master! Behold the evidence of his truth and his church!" and he would have gone to some new made grave and bidden the hearers toss aside the cold, damp sod, exhume and bring to light once more the withering form of the departed. He would have knelt and prayed—he would have prayed to that divine Master who had raised Lazarus from the dead, that now, by the same power, he would give to this darkened people the same evidence of the truth of his mysterious revelations. This the apostle of the Indies *did*, and he who had been dead leaped up in life and health and vigor before the astonished multitude, who looked upon the wondrous work, and attested its reality by their conversion—by their sudden and unhesitating belief. "This man comes from God. Never before hath the dead arisen, in our sight, to life and health. He preaches incomprehensible doctrines, and he declares that the evidence of those doctrines are the miracles of the God-man who first announced them. He proclaims that he is the messenger of those tidings, and he calls down the power of God to prove it. He prays, and the dead return to life! surely *this man* is sent of God—we believe—we believe!"

We do not pretend to say that, in our age, miracles are absolutely *necessary* for the conversion of the heathens. They have now a motive of credibility which did not exist in the primitive days of Christianity, viz., the countless number of believers in the doctrines of revelation; but we have no hesitation in affirming, first, that cases may occur in which the honor of God and the propagation of divine truth may call as imperatively for the display of miracles as in *some* circumstances of the early church; secondly, that in similar circumstances the Catholic missionary would not shrink from the privilege which his divine Master has accorded to his church for such emergencies. This point could easily be established by the whole history of religion, from its commencement to the present time. Beyond all doubt the gospel has seldom if ever been preached to any infidel people by Catholic missionaries without the confirmation

of miracles—without overwhelming evidence of their divine mission to teach *all nations*. Perhaps this fact may partly account for the wonderful success of all Catholic missions, and the fruitless labors of Protestants. The one is without evidence, the other has the irresistible evidence of the works of the Most High—the one is the unauthorized adventurer, the other the commissioned ambassador of heaven.

Surely then there is much reason for miracles in manifesting the gospel to the heathen: surely there is motive sufficient to satisfy the most incredulous skeptic; and no where is there a miracle asserted to have been performed for which there is not sufficient assignable motive. Is there no motive for, no benefit to be derived from miracles in our midst—aye, among the educated, the refined, and the learned? Are they not wandering, many of them, in the darkness of error and perhaps of infidelity, with their blinded reason stricken by the power of prejudice? Have they not souls to save? and have they not, perhaps, looked in vain upon the recorded evidences of Christianity, when they would bow down awe-stricken before the manifestation of the finger of God? Are there not thousands of believers who are cold and callous—whose hearts are lukewarm, upon whom the history of a new wrought miracle would descend like the dews of heaven, making them fruitful in good works? Are there not suffering children of humanity to relieve? Are there not saints whom God, in his love, would honor by the performance of miracles at their intercession? In one word, do they not always display the majesty and power and goodness of God?—a motive in itself sufficient to account for the most wonderful works that infinite power could perform? How was it that miracles should have been performed in all ages of the ancient world—under the Jewish dispensation? That they should be recorded in all the sacred writings of the Old Testament, as occurring in each successive age, under each successive patriarch, and wrought by each successive prophet, as well by Moses in his first departure from the land of bondage, when the arm of the Egyptian was impending over him, as by Joshua, when the sword of the pursuer had rusted for a generation in the waters of the Red sea; as well in the bright hour of glory and prosperity

as in the darkness and gloom of difficulty and danger? And why should the holy ones of the old imperfect law, the law of *types* prefiguring the *realities* of the new law—why should they have possessed power, before the throne of God, which the saints of the new and perfect law do not possess? Why should the stiff-necked Jew have been more favored in his day than the believing, pious, humble, patient, Christian in this our age? Let the assigners of motives and the discourses on probabilities answer this.

Amid the thunders of Mount Sinai the law had been delivered to them. It had been sanctioned by tremendous prodigies: its breach had brought down upon them awful and miraculous chastisements. They had seen the earth open to receive within its bowels the disobedient and rebellious; the sword of their brethren had swept their tents, fiery serpents had spread desolation amongst them. Enough and more than enough had been performed to prove to them that God was their leader and their guide—that they should bow down in humble submission to his word. And yet long after miracles continued—even long after the chosen people had become powerful and triumphant in the land which God had given them—miracles continued, wrought at the intercession of the just.

If they who assert that the necessity for miracles ceased when the church was established, mean by its establishment, that it had spread over the nations—then the time has not yet come for miracles to cease. More than one half of the population of the world is still bound to its idols; over scarcely more than one-third of the human race have the light and influence of Christianity extended. For two-thirds of men Christianity is not yet fully “established”—for them, by the showing of the disbeliever in miracles, the necessity for miracles exists. The command was given to the apostles to go forth and teach all nations. It is still, spiritually and really, the age of the apostles, and it will continue in the Catholic church to be the age of the apostles—in the succession of the apostles—until the command of her Spouse has been fulfilled—until the heathen is gathered into the fold—until ALL nations have been taught—until the consummation of time. Talk not of apostolic ages; they have not ceased, they can not cease while

there are successors to the chosen of Christ, while the power of God is with his people. It is folly then to speak of motives and probabilities in the consideration of this question: the motives of God are inscrutable to man—his works are not bounded by the narrow limits of human probabilities.

But to pursue farther this question, so intimately connected with, and forming the basis of the doctrine of the church concerning the canonization of the saints, it would be well to start the inquiry—at what point of time miracles ceased to be performed. If the skeptic admits miracles after the days of the apostles, after those recorded in the holy Scriptures, he must admit them upon the testimony of the historians of the church, of the men who heard and saw these things, of the records and declarations of the church. Upon this testimony nearly all Protestants admit miracles to have been performed at least to the time of Constantine. And yet, posterior to the time of Constantine, a long catalogue of miracles, reaching down to our own days, into our midst, are attested by the same evidence, and in greater degree and frequency. If he denies all miracles subsequent to the apostles, he must deny facts that are attested by pagans and believed by infidels—he must deny the wonderful interruption of the rebuilding of the Jewish temple in the reign of Julian, of which Gibbon himself *dares* only seem half doubting; he must deny a thousand others not less authenticated. But, more than that, he must charge all Christians subsequent to the apostles with fraud and imposture. He must charge with forgery and deceit the early fathers and the later fathers, whose piety he admits, whose zeal he is compelled to admire, but whose faith he will not imitate. He must charge this too upon the whole Catholic world—in all ages—for the Catholic world in all ages has borne testimony to these facts. Every ancient monument, every olden record, every church and altar stone, bears witness to them. Miracles have been attested in all ages by the same evidence which has attested and handed down the record of apostolic miracles—if, therefore, that testimony is insufficient to prove these miracles, it is insufficient to prove those of the apostles, of Christ—to authenticate the holy Scriptures to the Protestant—there is no certainty to such a skeptic that they have not been

altered, erased, or added to—there is no certainty of their genuineness—nothing certain which depends on human testimony.

Every objection then against the performance of any asserted miracle in these days, must finally narrow itself down to the sufficiency of the testimony produced to substantiate it. And this no skeptic could scrutinize more severely than the Catholic church in her tribunals, before she gives her sanction to the authenticity of miracles by founding upon them a decree of beatification or canonization. If there can be any doubt, any possibility of accounting for the fact by natural means, any chasm in the chain of evidence, any unsound link, she rejects it at once and for ever. Her very love of sanctity insures it—the veneration of her saints and the honor which she pays

them, redoubles the strictness of the examination which she makes, before admitting as miracles facts which are proposed as such. But that examination once made and favorably decided, she is satisfied. She is satisfied, because she knows that miracles decide “between the pagan and the Jew, between the Jew and the Christian, between the heretic and the Catholic: because they have been manifested in all the contests of truth against error—in the contest of Moses against the magicians of Pharaoh—of Elias against the false prophets—of Christ against the Pharisees—of St. Paul against Bar-jesus—of the apostles against the exorcists—of the Christians against the infidels—of Catholics against heretics.” Because she knows “that truth has always triumphed by miracles.”

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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HAT Orestes A. Brownson is one among the first men of the age, few, we think, will venture to deny. That he is the very first magazine writer in our country, many have asserted with Lord Brougham.

Without claiming to be sufficiently acquainted with the productions of our national writers to pronounce on the correctness of this latter opinion, we think we may yet, without much hazard, declare our conviction that Mr. Brownson, in the species of writing to which he has for some years devoted himself, has no superior in the country, and few, if any equals. His style is as clear and forcible as is the train of thought and reasoning of which it is the expression. It does not consist of a mere collection of words tastefully selected and elegantly strung together; of mere sentences, melodious in their cadence, and pleasing in

their harmony; it is the embodiment of living and breathing and glowing truths and realities. It is not a mere empty, fanciful casket; it encloses the rich and priceless jewel of thought. It reminds us of a clear and limpid stream, flowing on gently, because it is deep, and constantly widening as it flows on. In looking on such a stream, you admire, not merely the ripple on the surface, but the smooth and graceful motion of the whole volume of water itself.

But what pleases us most in the style of Mr. Brownson, is its familiar eloquence and kindling fervor. He does not address ~~his~~ readers from a tripod; he intermingles with them, takes them warmly by the hand, and converses with them on terms of cordial amity and perfect equality. He communicates to them his thoughts, feelings, and convictions, just as they rise spontaneously in his own mind; he warms them up just in proportion as he himself becomes warmed by his subject; he rivets their attention and awakens their interest, more and more, even to the end, by continually unfolding to their view new and

more expansive fields of thought; without flagging or faltering for a moment, he leads them on to the bright goal which he has in his own mind, and when they have reached it, he makes them admire its beauty, and wonder at the ease with which the intervening space has been traversed, and at the pleasure which the journey has afforded them. Whoever enters on this intellectual journey, in such company and with such a guide, can scarcely fail to pursue it even to the end, and also to take that precise direction, and to reach that precise termination which the skilful guide has pointed out.

Mr. Brownson writes with clearness and force, because he thinks clearly and forcibly. He writes with boldness and independence, because his habits of thought are bold and independent. His pen, like his spirit, knows no trammels, save those of reason and truth. He is willing "to captivate his understanding unto obedience," but he must see clearly what or who it is, that lays claim to his submission. But, if he hesitate before he has clearly ascertained, or been fully convinced of the truth, he is bold and fearless in avowing it, when he has once ascertained it. He knows no human respect; he quails before no opposition; he trembles before no adverse clamor. Whatever he believes, that he openly avows and strenuously defends, regardless of consequences. There is nothing crouching, nothing time-serving, nothing sycophantic, in his whole mental or moral composition. Candor is the distinctive trait in his character. No matter how odious to popular ignorance or prejudice may be the conclusion to which his stern logic leads him; no matter how many old friends it may lose him, or how many new enemies it may raise up against him; he *dares* candidly avow and boldly maintain his position. He has an earnest and tender heart, deeply susceptible of the finest emotions; his friends are dear to him, but the truth is dearer still. Nay, more; when, upon more mature investigation, he ascertains that he has been wrong, he has the moral courage,—so very rare in our enlightened age of time-serving, and of compromises between truth and error,—openly to acknowledge and discard the error, and to embrace and defend the truth! He has fully appreciated and reduced to practice the old adage: *Sapientis est mutare consilium*.

With the political or philosophic opinions of Mr. Brownson we have, at present, nothing to do. Such as may wish to become acquainted with them are referred to the articles on these subjects in his Review. On these, as on other topics, his position is clearly defined; and it requires no wizard to find out his opinions. In politics, he is a democrat, but an independent one, unfettered by party tactics; in philosophy, he is somewhat of an eclectic, without, however, embracing the absurdities of the modern French school, and he is entirely opposed to the transcendental and rationalistic school of Germany. He is more of a realist than he is of a nominalist; he prefers the philosophy of spirit and of life, to that of mere matter; he places little faith in the splendid nonsense and gilded vanities of what, in our day, is often dignified by the name of philosophy.

The religious opinions of such a man are much more interesting, and much more entitled to our attentive consideration. The interest which attaches to these opinions is greatly enhanced by the fact that, during the last year particularly, Mr. Brownson has been steadily and rapidly progressing in the path of religious truth, and has, at length, reached in safety the venerable temple of truth itself. In the volume of his Review under consideration, he acquaints his readers with every stage of his progress; he furnishes them with a detailed and eloquently written journal of his religious mind; of his thoughts, reasonings, desires, emotions, and convictions. The series of his religious articles constitutes a kind of guide and hand-book for the religious traveller who wishes to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of truth,—a sort of *iter ad veritatem* for the sincere inquirer. Those who enter on the holy journey with him can scarcely fail to reach the very goal which he has reached, and to reap the blessings which he has reaped.

During the past year Mr. Brownson has progressed from doubt to certainty; from the dimly glimmering twilight to the full and radiant day of truth. His giant mind, illumined and strengthened by divine grace, has broken the trammels of early prejudices, as though they had been so many cob-webs, and has nobly asserted its independence. He has "learned the truth, and the truth has made him free." He has emerged from the dark

and cloudy atmosphere of previous false theories, into the brilliant sun-light of true Christian philosophy. This religious progress had been going on for years in his mind; and during this whole period he reminds us strongly of the blind man of the gospel gradually recovering his sight.* He did not embrace the truth until after long and earnest investigation; until after many long and painful struggles with himself; until the conviction that flashed on his mind was so clear and so vivid that he could no longer resist it without resisting God himself, and blaspheming the Holy Ghost by impugning the known truth. No human motive, no worldly interest *could* have induced his conversion; and if he is now a Catholic, it is solely because he could not help becoming one, without being at open war with his strongest conscientious convictions.

Mr. Brownson thinks that he has not *changed* so much as he has *progressed*. In all his writings he has had the same purpose steadily in view; the same unquenchable love of truth, the same earnest endeavors to find it out, the same frank and bold independence in avowing it when found out, "without conferring with flesh and blood." He believes that, in his previous writings, will be found "the germs, at least, of the doctrines and sentiments," which superficial readers "suppose that he has but recently come to entertain."† He continues:

"Yes, I deny that I have *changed*, though I own that I seem to myself to have *advanced*. I am looking the same way, and have continued on in the same direction; but I believe that I am farther along than I was. When I first began speaking to the public I was young, inexperienced, ignorant, though perhaps not remarkably modest; my views were in the process of formation, rather than formed, and my mind, if not void, was at least in a chaotic state. I would fain hope that years and constant study have, in some degree, reduced the primitive chaos to order, and ripened what was crude. My views have, in general, become more fully developed and systematized; I seem to myself to understand myself better, to know better what I would effect, and what means I must use to effect it. The young dreamer, the visionary speculator, let me hope, has ripened into the sober, practical man. If this be to change, I doubtless have changed; but in this I have only changed as all change who are

not incapable of profiting by experience. But, in all else, I seem to myself to be what I was."*

During the five years that he was editor of the Boston Quarterly Review, closing with the year 1842, his views were still crude, and "in a state of formation."

"The greater part of my essays were conceived and written with the view of promoting liberal inquiry and philosophical investigation, not with the view of teaching any regular system of doctrines on any subject whatever. My great and leading design was to awaken the public mind, and to prepare it for the reception of profounder and more kindling views of the destiny of man and society, than those I found generally embraced by my countrymen. The community appeared to me to be asleep, overcome by a mental *vis inertiae*; and the first thing they needed was to be aroused, by bold and startling appeals, to a sense of their danger, and stimulated to new and more vigorous efforts for their salvation, moral, intellectual, and social."†

During the last two years that he conducted the Boston Quarterly, he ventured to discuss, in a practical manner, the great question of social regeneration; but he did it "timidly, and with many misgivings, for he was not yet quite sure of his public, and still less of himself."

"It was not till the last half year of its continuance," he adds, "that I succeeded in working myself into the clear light of day, and became able, in my own estimate of myself, to pass finally, in my public communications, from the inquirer to the teacher. Then only could I feel, that the fetters which had bound my soul, and against which I had struggled in vain for twenty-five years, were broken, and that I was free; then only was it that the scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and that I could see where I stood, and what must henceforth be my direction. The mist vanished, and I could see men in their due proportions and proper forms, not merely 'as trees walking.' Then commenced with me a new intellectual epoch, which must, to some extent, give a new phase to my writings."‡

His Quarterly Review is the expression of this new intellectual epoch. The articles on religion display the various phases of his religious mind during the last year. They exhibit the various steps by which he advanced from an obscure and imperfect, to a clear and perfect knowledge of religious truth. The four numbers of his Quarterly, if we may be pardoned the illustration, remind us somewhat of

* This figure is his own, as we shall presently see.
† Review, page 3.

* Ibid. pp. 3, 4.

† Ibid. p. 5.

‡ Ibid. p. 6.

the four seasons of the year at which they were respectively published; so far, at least, as they discourse on religious subjects.

In the January number Mr. Brownson, though healthy, vigorous, and active, seems to be somewhat under the influence of the chilly and dreary season of winter. The atmosphere in which he moves, though bracing and wholesome, is still charged with mist and vapor. The sun of truth breaks forth upon him only occasionally and fitfully, from the heavy clouds which dim its radiance; and even when these clouds have cleared away, the luminary sends down its rays obliquely, and with diminished brilliancy and warmth.

In the April number, the mild and fertilizing genius of spring is upon him, and has already inspired him. His mind is filled with renewed energy, his spirit kindles with renewed fervor, his heart is filled with a new joy. Flowers spring up along his pathway, delighting the eye with their brilliant hues, and filling the air with their charming fragrance. He has discovered not only much of the substance, but also many lovely traits in the beauty and the poetry of truth. His bosom swells with pleasing emotions, and he seems ready to break forth with the Spouse in the Canticles, "Winter is now past; the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land."* He scatters his seed with a steady hand, and with a bosom filled with hope.

In the July number his soul seems to glow with the additional light and heat of the season. The seeds which he has planted have already sprung up, and the plants have grown apace, and are already fast approaching to maturity. The blossom has fallen, and the fruit not only discloses itself, but is already beginning to ripen.

Finally, in the October number, his spirit is chastened, matured, and subdued like the season; and the seeds, which he had sowed with much labor and weeping, have already produced abundant fruits, which he now gathers with joy and thankfulness. He had been a seeker, and he has now found; he had knocked, and it has now been opened to him; he had asked, and he has now received.

To vary somewhat the illustration: in January he caught a glimpse of the glorious temple

of truth, from afar off; it was a beautiful and charming prospect; but the distance seemed so great, and the obstacles intervening so numerous, and even insurmountable, that he appeared to have almost given up in despair all idea of approaching it, and to be satisfied with remaining where he was. In April, however, he found himself much farther on; the intervening distance had greatly decreased; many obstacles had already disappeared, and the temple rose up before him with renewed grandeur and beauty, as if inviting him to approach still nearer, and to examine leisurely, and in detail, its noble form, its stately proportions, and its lovely ornaments and fairy tracery.

In July he has already approached the temple, has traversed its portico, knocked at its very portals, and caught a glimpse of its interior. After a brief hesitancy, as if awestricken by the transcending beauties which decorated and gemmed the interior of the temple, he finally entered in, in October; he knelt in humble thankfulness to the God who had watched over him during his long and arduous pilgrimage after truth. He fell down reverently before the altars at which his forefathers had worshipped for centuries, and there pledged himself to continue, through weal and through wo, during his whole life, faithful to that temple, and an humble and fervent worshipper in its inner sanctuary!

Such are the various interesting phases through which the religious mind of Mr. Brownson passed, while he was writing the first volume of his Review; such was the important result which he realized at its close. It can not but be interesting to trace the religious progress of such a man; to behold his ingenuous and mighty intellect struggling with and overcoming difficulties, breaking the bonds of prejudice and error, casting away darkness, and yielding to the guidance of that light "which enlighteneth every man coming into this world." At a period when a dark cloud of slander and persecution is overhanging our church in this country, and when Catholics are bitterly assailed, not only in their religion, but in their very person and character, it must be consoling that such a man as Mr. Brownson has thought proper, after a long and mature investigation, to embrace our holy religion. The testimony of one such man for us is for

* Canticle ii, 11, 12.

more weighty than that of a thousand fierce and unmitigated bigots against us; for *his* testimony is disinterested and founded upon an enlightened judgment; *theirs* is often the result of mere blind passions, and of the grossest ignorance and prejudice.

We design, in the remainder of this paper, to present a very rapid analysis of the various stages of Mr. Brownson's religious progress, and of his thoughts, views, reasonings, and conclusions at each stage. Our analysis will be necessarily very brief and imperfect. It is, in fact, next to impossible to condense Mr. Brownson; for he has already brought his thoughts into the most compact form; and the one who attempts to abridge him, runs the risk of either mistaking his meaning himself, or of giving a very partial or erroneous impression of it to his readers.

The great characteristic of Mr. Brownson's mind is progress; he sometimes moves faster, sometimes slower; the stages of his thought are sometimes longer, sometimes shorter; but he always progresses. To keep up with him, you must take his own gait, move when he moves, and stop when he stops. We will, for the present, consider each of the numbers of his Review as so many stages in his religious progress, and will, accordingly, make a few remarks on the characteristic traits of each.

I. In the first article of the January number he thus speaks of his past and actual theological opinions.

"In theology, six years ago, I had worked my way up to a considerable distance above zero, where I found myself in 1829; but I still retained, unconsciously, some traces of former naturalism and pantheism. I believed that I was a believer. . . . I accept with my whole heart, without any prevarication, mystification, or mental reservation, the gospel of Jesus Christ, in the ordinary sense of the Christian world; and I hold the church to be the depository of the sacred traditions, and the medium through which the divine life of Jesus, or the Holy Ghost proceeded forth from the Father and the Son, is transmitted from generation to generation, and communicated to the world for the redemption and sanctification of sinners. I hold that the church is a divine institution, an inspired body, founded on the Rock of Ages, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; that it is the ground and pillar of the truth, and the authoritative representative of the will of God upon earth."*

* Pp. 9, 10.

One would think that this profession of faith is ample enough to cover the whole ground of orthodoxy. But it appears certain that, though Mr. Brownson has already succeeded in getting rid of many previous errors and false theories, he was not yet blessed with the full light of religious day. He beheld the beautiful form of truth enveloped in a mist. He had as yet but a glimpse of the true nature and offices of the church. He saw "through a glass, and in an obscure manner," the glass of erroneous or defective theories, which, he persuaded himself, he had already abandoned.

In his theory of the church, if we have rightly caught his meaning, he seems to apply his favorite doctrine of human progress to the church itself, and to maintain the progressive *perfectibility* of this divine institution, keeping pace in its development with the wants and progress of mankind. Thus he says,

"The true *theory* of the church is, I believe, that through all the successive stages of its existence, it is apostolic, retaining always, and every where, the same authority over faith and discipline, which the apostles themselves had, and that its mission is not merely to preserve the *memory* of a work done, *completed*, but to *continue*, and carry on to perfection, a work *commenced*. It has, indeed, received the law, from which it can in no wise depart, but a law which it is to develop and apply, by virtue of its own continuous inspiration, received from the indwelling Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, to all new questions that come up, and to all old questions coming up in new forms, or under new relations. ITS MISSION IS THE CONTINUED EVOLUTION AND REALIZATION IN LIFE, OF THE TRUTH CONTAINED IN THE PRINCIPLES OF THE CHRISTIAN DISPENSATION, which continued evolution and realization constitute the continued progress of mankind."*

He thinks that the church has asserted this theory of progress with "too much feebleness and timidity," and that, "instead of boldly asserting it to be her right, and her duty to develope and apply the truth, according to the exigencies of time and place, she has left it to be believed that the gospel, instead of being given her merely in germ, to be subsequently developed and applied, was given her as a perfect code drawn out in all the minuteness of detail, and that her sole mission is to preserve the original deposit unaltered, unenlarged, undiminished;" and "he looks upon this as a fundamental error, and one which

* Pp. 10, 11.

has had, and can not but have, the most disastrous consequences.”*

He even goes still farther. He believes that the Roman Catholic church yet “suffers her rights to lie in abeyance, is too Protestant, and not sufficiently Catholic;” that “she does not fulfil the conditions of her own theory,” and that “the great doctrine of progress, owing to her neglect, has in some measure been wrested from her, and is now sustained by individuals not within her pale.”† For these reasons, he declares that he has no intention of joining that church.

“There is no truth in the report that I have joined, or am intending to join, the Roman Catholic church. I am free to confess, that I accept the general theory of that church as the true theory of the church of Christ, but that theory itself prevents me, *in the present state of the religious world*, from seeking to unite myself to the Roman Catholic communion.”‡

We need not occupy much space in pointing out the fallacies which lurk under this theory. Mr. Brownson himself subsequently discovered them in the course of his religious progress, and with that noble candor which marks his character, he has altogether abandoned whatever might be deemed objectionable in the theory itself. It is, however, but justice to him to say that, in an answer to a letter addressed him on the subject from Philadelphia, he explained his theory of church progress as referring, not to doctrines or divine institutions, but “solely to the outward *form* and *discipline* of the church.”§ The theory, thus explained, is wholly unexceptionable; for “no man will venture to say that the outward form, the usages, and the discipline of the Catholic church, have remained unvaried since the times of the apostles.”||

But if the theory of continual religious progress and development was meant to imply that the church, by virtue of her “continuous inspiration,” had the power to make *new* doctrines of faith, in addition to those taught by Christ and his apostles, or that she had any power to change, either directly or indirectly, or to add any thing to the sacred deposit entrusted to her by her divine Spouse, the theory is obviously fallacious. It would presuppose that the original Christian revelation was incomplete or defective, and that the church was

established to supply its deficiencies! Who that admits the *fact* that Christianity is the work of a God, is prepared to subscribe to this view?

If, on the contrary, the theory was intended merely to maintain the position that the church was empowered by her divine Founder to be an authoritative witness and expounder of the revelation left as a sacred deposit in her care; to declare, in cases of doubt or controversy, what is faith, and what is not faith, what was revealed by Christ and taught by his apostles, and what was not so revealed and taught, then is the theory itself entirely correct. Without having this judicial power, the church could not have been an adequate witness and secure guardian of the faith; her voice would have been powerless to proclaim the truth, to proscribe errors, or to settle controversies. Men would not have been bound “to hear the church,” for her voice would have been uncertain, unauthorized, unofficial,—the mere echo of her own peculiar views, and not the voice of Christ speaking through her, as his specially appointed organ of communication with mankind. But, in this view of the subject, the term *divine assistance* would have been more appropriate to designate the co-operation of God with his church, than that,—*continuous inspiration*,—employed by Mr. Brownson. The church is not, at present, properly speaking, *inspired*, as were the apostles and sacred writers; she is only *divinely assisted* in fulfilling her mission to the world. This divine assistance secures her from error in her *official* communications to the world, and it is amply sufficient to enable her to carry out, fully and safely, the high purposes of her divine Founder and Spouse.

We suppose that, while writing out the religious papers contained in his January number, Mr. Brownson was not yet quite “sure of his public or of himself.” Absorbed with the great question of the church, and burning with an earnest desire to impart his own fervid and exalted conceptions of its importance to his countrymen, torn by conflicting opinions, and divided into discordant sects, he stooped to conquer; to conquer sectarianism, he descended, for a time, almost to the level of sectarianism. His theory on the nature and offices of the church, and on the most effectual means of removing the evils of sectarianism, is as novel as

*P. 11. †P. 15. ‡Ibid. §April No., p. 254. ||Ibid.

it is ingenious. We must, however, do him the justice to say, that the theory seems to have been broached and defended by him, more with a view to stimulate inquiry, than to advocate definite and positive propositions; more as a *temporary* expedient to heal the evils consequent on the anomalous condition of the religious world, than as a settled and permanent system. He seems to have thought better of human nature, and to have augured more from human progress, than sober facts or a sterner philosophy would justify.

He starts out,* by boldly avowing and strongly maintaining the unity and Catholicity of the church. He proves that the church must be one and Catholic; one in her essence, in her doctrines, in her government, in her institutions; Catholic in her extension through all time, and through all space. By applying these undoubted principles, he proves that the Puseyite leaders have signally *failed* to establish their favorite position, and shows that the Anglican is not "*the Catholic church*," nor, "in the Catholic sense, even a church at all."†

"We must not," says he, "forget the *unity* of the church. There is no reserve to be made in favor of *national churches*, as if the church existing in a given nation were an independent church, subsisting by itself, and holding communion with the church existing in other nations, not as the necessary condition of its own vitality, but as a mere act of Christian and ministerial courtesy; for this would be to deny the unity and the Catholicity of the church. It were a real rending of Christ's seamless garment. The church of Christ knows no geographical boundaries, no national limitations, no national distinctions."‡

Still he maintains, as his next step, that no church should unchurch any other that "maintains the Christian principles and spirit in the lives of its members."§ He adds:

"The great question of the *church* should be looked at from a higher and a broader point of view than that of particular communions. The outward form of our Lord's body has been broken into fragments, but it was an *immortal* body, and each particular fragment, however small, or however far the adversary may have cast it abroad in the earth, is still quick with its original life, and can not die. Instead then of contending that this or that particular fragment is the whole body, and contains all the

life, the real friends of the unity and Catholicity of the church, imitating, as Milton says, the careful search of Isis after the scattered fragments of the torn body of the good Osiris, should seek them in every place of opportunity, and bring them *all* together, to be moulded anew into one homogeneous and lovely form of perfection."*

This passage may be said to contain the gist of that strange theory which maintains that "the true church, the holy Catholic church, does still exist, and has never for one moment ceased to exist, *but exists at the present moment in a fragmentary state.*"† Each of the fragments is still instinct with life; no one of them is the *whole* church of Christ. To bring them together, and to compact them again into one unbroken body, should be the ardent wish, the constant labor of all who love Christ and his church. To accomplish this great purpose, Mr. Brownson recommends three things: first, that "all discussion on the claims of rival communions should be waived;"‡ second, that Christians should not abandon their own particular communion, but should "*stay where they are*;"§ and third, that, meantime, the great question of the church should be constantly agitated, and the importance of unity and Catholicity inculcated, earnestly and eloquently, from every pulpit. He thinks that these means would prove efficacious in healing the evils of the religious world, and bringing back Christians to unity.

He illustrates the proposed gradual reunion of Christians under the operation of this system, by the process of nature in healing a wounded body.

"Nature carries on her curative process by throwing off the bruised flesh, and forming new flesh, simultaneously, and by one and the same operation, by virtue of the *vital principle*, which is in the broken body, and equally, though it may be in unequal degrees, in the several parts. The restoration of unity, and the absorption of all particular communions, must go on simultaneously, and be effected by virtue of the *living principle* still in the broken body of the Lord, and in all the fragments into which it has been broken."||

After the question of the church shall have been thus fully and sufficiently agitated, he proposes a kind of general council, composed of delegates from all the different communions, to arrange the preliminaries of a permanent

* Article III of the January number, on "the Church Question," being a review of "Tracts for the Times," page 57 seqq. † P. 59. ‡ P. 58. § P. 60.

* Ibid. † P. 77. ‡ P. 76. § P. 78. || Ibid.

reunion of all Christians in the one Catholic church.*

Such are the outlines of Mr. Brownson's theory. It is evidently very inadequate and defective, as he himself subsequently discovered. The experience of three hundred years has fully proved, that no reunion of Christians can possibly be effected without a return to the good old Catholic paths, in which our forefathers walked, before the self-styled reformation had severed unity and scattered division and distraction throughout the Christian world. There is, there can be, no compromise between truth and error; error must yield, and truth must conquer. Were the human body broken up into separate fragments, according to Mr. Brownson's type of the church, we doubt very much whether any curative process would ever approximate the parts, or effect a healing. To use the more appropriate illustration of our blessed Lord himself, branches separated from the vine must wither and die, and can certainly bear no fruit, unless and until they be again grafted on the vine. The mere agitation of the church question will not do. That question has been agitated, sincerely and earnestly agitated, for three centuries; and it has not yet brought about the desired result. The discussion has rather separated than united the conflicting creeds.

The Puseyite movement, so far at least as regards any general reunion of Christians, may be pronounced, and it has been pronounced by Mr. Brownson himself, a complete failure; though it was certainly not for want of agitating the church question. This agitation is very commendable, and may be very useful; of itself, it has ever proved, and must still prove, totally inadequate to effect a reunion among Christians. Isis could not reanimate the scattered fragments of the torn body of Osiris; so, neither can any other earnest seeker after the disjected fragments of Christ's torn body, succeed in reanimating the fragments he may find; even if, according to Mr. Brownson's theory, they should turn out to be *real* fragments of that body, when found.

But we are not disposed to dwell any longer on a theory, which, however ingenious it may have been, was abandoned by its illustrious author, so soon as fuller and a clearer light

* P. 82.

broke upon his spirit in his onward progress towards Catholic truth. The theory itself may be pronounced to have been a mere tentative process, a mere experiment on a vitiated public opinion, made with the benevolent object of setting that opinion right, by forcibly awakening attention to the great subject of the unity and Catholicity of the church.

II. Such was Mr. Brownson's religious position when he began his Review in January. He saw the church at a distance; he admired her splendid architecture and beautiful proportions; but he was not yet prepared to enter in at her portals, and worship at her altars. In April, he is much farther on. Though he does not yet make a specific declaration of his intention to become a member of the Catholic church, yet he does not, at least, declare the contrary. He has much clearer and more accurate views on the whole subject, than he seems to have had in January. He is now quite sure of his ground; he speaks with confidence; his theories have ripened into a settled system of belief; he seems already to have taken his stand in the religious world.

"On this question of the church," he says, "we are sure of our ground, for we are attempting no innovation. We see very clearly the end to be reached, and the road that leads to it; but we must be allowed to proceed at our own pace. We can not be tempted to turn aside, either to the right hand or to the left, to please, or to avoid displeasing, friend or foe; to engage in any discussion which we hold to be premature, or not likely to be profitable to the cause of unity and Catholicity."*

This number contains two religious articles; one "on the Nature and Office of the Church,"† and the other, entitled "No Church—No Reform."‡ In the former, he explains or modifies his theory of the church, as developed in the January No.; in the latter, he proves, by an elaborate and conclusive course of reasoning, that there can be no social amelioration without the intervention of the church. Our narrow limits will not permit us even to attempt an analysis of these two papers. Yet we must say a few words on that named in the second place, as it is the first of a series of very interesting articles on the same subject, to which we will scarcely be able even to allude in the sequel.

Long and ardently had Mr. Brownson sought

* P. 256.

† P. 243 seqq.

‡ P. 175 seqq.

to solve the great social problem of the age : to mitigate or remove the evils of our social system, and thereby to promote social amelioration and human progress. This seems to have been for many years the darling project of his benevolent and ardent soul. He candidly acknowledges his wanderings on this subject, the different phases of opinions and theory through which he successively passed, and the total inadequacy of all his previous methods to solve the great problem.

He had tried the system of Fourier, with all its cumbrous machinery of *phalanges* and *series*, and with its exclusion of religion from the sphere of social improvement ; and it had signally failed of its object. Based on selfishness, it could not raise up the poor who were precisely the victims of selfishness ; it could not bring down the rich, and thus equalize the social system ; for selfishness had made them rich, and it would prevent them from sacrificing their riches for the general good ; in fine, it left the masses where it found them, cold, listless, lifeless ; it had no genial warmth to impart, no balm for the "healing of the nations." It positively excluded the only effectual remedy for social evils ; the only panacea for healing the wounds of humanity, for bringing down the proud and haughty, and raising up the humble and meek, and for pouring consolation into the crushed and bleeding heart ; divine religion, with its balmy hopes, its softening and humanizing influences, and its sweet and soothing principle of disinterested love.

Disgusted with Fourierism, Mr. Brownson next turned to Unitarianism. Fascinated by the beautiful and seductive eloquence and the flowing periods of Channing, he believed that he had already discovered the solution of the great social problem, and that all that was required to solve it, was to preach to mankind the duty of universal and disinterested love, after the example of Christ. But who would hearken to the voice of the preacher ? Who would be ready, under the influence of his eloquent appeals, to renounce comforts and riches, in order to promote social improvement ? Who would take from the bosom of men their cold, stony hearts, and give them hearts of flesh beating with warming emotions of disinterested love ? And without this, what would or could all the preaching avail ?

This was the insuperable difficulty which met him at this stage of his progress. To solve it, he was compelled to take much higher religious ground, and to admit the necessity of supernatural aid and grace. God only, who created man, could raise him up *from* his social degradation. The organ of God's communication with the world, and the divinely appointed channel of his graces, is the church. Therefore the church is the only sure basis of social progress. Mr. Brownson beautifully illustrates this argument, as follows :

"Man can not raise himself, nor construct, without going out of himself, a machine by which he can raise himself. Archimedes said he would lift the world, but only on condition of having a stand-point outside of it. The fulcrum of your lever must rest on another body than the one you propose to raise. This is as true in morals as in mechanics, for one and the same dynamic law runs through the universe. If we have no stand-point out of man, no point of support in God himself, then have we no means of elevating man or society. Then, there is already existing the divine institution, the church of God, or there are no means of reform."*

We have room for barely one more brief extract from this interesting article ; it is the concluding passage.

"Then, if the church be essential to individual salvation, so is it essential to social salvation. But does the church of God still exist ? Doubt it not. Is it still living, and in a condition to do its work ? Yes, if you will return to it, and submit to it. You may have abandoned the church, but it still exists, and is competent to its work, and all that reformers have to do is, to cease to be 'come-outers,' and to return to its bosom, and receive its orders."†

III. In July we find Mr. Brownson standing on the very threshold of Catholic truth, and, heedless of the clamor which is raised behind him, knocking confidently at the door of the temple for admittance. The straight path of investigation and reasoning, upon which he had entered, had conducted him to this point, almost in spite of himself ; and now that he had reached in safety his journey's end, he was too candid a man and too consistent a logician, to think of being ashamed of his position or of retracing his steps.

The four religious articles contained in this number all indicate progress. Mr. Brownson already feels himself clad in the panoply of

* P. 193.

† P. 194.

truth ; he issues forth confidently into the field of battle, wields his weapons with a strong and steady hand, and fears not a thousand foes. In his paper on "Cfurch Unity and Social Amelioration," he takes up again, and more fully developes, the argument on the same subject commenced in the preceding number ; and he proves, by a train of reasoning which it will be difficult to answer, that, without the intervention of the church, there can be no social reform. In the articles "Bishop Hopkins on Novelities," and "Sparks on Episcopacy," he shows the utter inconsistency of the Anglican system,—half Catholic and half Protestant,—proves that the reformation can not be defended on Oxford principles, and establishes the proposition, that Anglicanism can not satisfy a mind panting for unity and Catholicity. He concludes the paper on Novelities in the following bold strain :

"But we shall be told, if we adopt the Oxford theory, we must go to Rome. Well, if we must have a church, and can not have one without returning to the Roman communion, then let us go to Rome. Either accept no-churchism, and say no more about it, or have the courage to accept and avow principles on which a church is defensible. It may be a great humiliation to return and submit to the church which we have been for three hundred years warring against, and many of us may not yet be prepared to do so ; but it is far better to return and submit to Rome, than it is to remain under the dominion of absolute individualism, the real man of sin, the very anti-christ, dragon, old serpent, the devil, who was to be let loose against the saints, and who would, if possible, deceive the very elect. We own that we are waiting for our Episcopal friends to show us some ground on which we may defend the reformation, or rather, the reformers, in separating from the Roman communion ; but we must tell Bishop Hopkins, and we do it with all becoming respect, that to Rome we certainly ought to go, if his is the only ground of defence his church has to offer."*

But, perhaps, the strongest and most stringent argument in the July number, is that on Come-outerism, a strange and uncouth name, given by some one to a new sect of seceders in the east, and applied by Mr. Brownson to denote every species of dissent from the established order of things. In this paper he discusses, in a masterly manner, the great questions of order and anarchy, of authority and dissent, of legal reform and of lawless

revolution. He shows that there is a ruinous radical tendency pervading the age, and extending to politics and to society no less than to religion. The effects of this "satanic" spirit on religion, he graphically traces in the following passage :

"In regard to religion, the case stands still worse. Religion, in any high and significant sense of the word, hardly exists amongst us. We have no church, no faith ; we have only miserable sectarianism, indifference, hypocrisy, or fanaticism. We have no memories that go back to the founding of the Christian church. Our religious establishments date from 1517. All before that we virtually disown. Our sects are mainly preoccupied each with the struggle for the ascendancy. They generate very little piety, command very little religious zeal, and sustain themselves, for the most part, either by leaguings with mammon, or by the application of artificial stimulants, and cunningly devised revival machinery, which produces now and then a sort of galvanic motion, but no genuine religious life."†

He shows that there are two great and all-pervading principles constantly struggling for the mastery in this lower world : truth and error, light and darkness, order and anarchy, obedience and rebellion. God is the author of one, the devil of the other. To deceive mankind, Satan clothes himself as an angel of light, boasts of his patriotism, and makes literature and liberty his watchwords. He makes himself all to all, to deceive and ruin all.

"This (satanic) spirit," says Mr. Brownson, "has taken full possession of modern literature. All our popular literature is Titanic, and makes war on the divinity. It is profoundly revolutionary The watchword of the whole party affected by this spirit, whatever its Protean shapes, is LIBERTY. This is the angel of light, whose disguise the devil has chosen, and in which he walks abroad to and fro in the earth, seeking whom he may devour."‡

Between the two great conflicting principles just referred to, Mr. Brownson has taken his choice.

"For ourselves, we have made our choice. We began our career with the radical tendency. We accepted it in good faith, and followed it till we saw where it must necessarily lead. We recoiled from its consequences, and sought by an impotent eclecticism to reconcile the two principles, to harmonize authority and the independence of the subject, till we found our speech confounded, and saw that the attempt was as idle as that of the builders in the

* Pp. 366-7.

* Pp. 368-9.

† Pp. 373-4.

plain of Shinah, who would build a tower that should connect earth with heaven. Nothing remained but to take our stand on the conservative side, and submit ourselves to authority, and take the ground that reforms are never to be attempted in opposition to established authorities; that is, on individual responsibility alone. We abandon no love of progress, we give up no hope of improvement, but hold that improvement must come from high to low, not from low to high. It is God that descends to man, the Word that becomes flesh; not man that ascends to God, not humanity that becomes divinity.*

We have room for but one more extract from the July number, which fearlessly exhibits the religious stand Mr. Brownson already felt himself compelled to take, if he wished to be consistent with his principles, and did not choose to recoil from the conclusions flowing clearly and irresistibly from the premises he had laid down. In this passage he openly avows his opinion, that either the Roman Catholic church is the true church, or that the true church does not any longer exist on the face of the earth.

"We have no wish to disguise the fact,—nor could we, if we would,—that our ecclesiastical, theological, and philosophical studies have brought us to the full conviction that, either the church in communion with the see of Rome is the one holy Catholic apostolic church, or the one holy Catholic apostolic church does not exist. *We have tried every possible way to escape this conclusion, but escape it we can not.* We must accept it, or go back to the no-church doctrine we put forth in our somewhat famous, or rather notorious essay on the laboring classes. Our logic allows us no alternative between Catholicism and Come-outerism. But we have tried Come-outerism to our full satisfaction. We are thoroughly convinced in mind, heart, and soul, that Christ did institute a visible church; that he founded it upon a rock; that the gates of hell have not prevailed, and can not prevail against it; and that it is the duty of us all to submit to it, as the representative of the Son of God on earth."†

IV. In the October number we find Mr. Brownson standing on the highest Catholic ground, and maintaining his elevated position with singular courage and ability. He exults "like a giant who has run his race," and already reached the desired goal. He breathes a new atmosphere, is irradiated with a new light; he is clothed with new "strength from on high,"

and his soul kindles with a new fervor. The true Catholic spirit vivifies, and lends enchantment to his writings. He is not only himself, but he is raised above himself. He has now, after all his painful wanderings, fully realized that security and peace for which his spirit had so long and so ardently sighed; he has reached in safety the ark of God, and floats in it triumphantly amidst the overwhelming deluge of conflicting errors. He now finds realized in himself all that he had panted for in the beginning of the year, and, like the dove, he has found shelter in the ark.

"Let loose, like Noah's dove from the ark, ere the waters had abated, we have found no resting place for the soles of our feet; and weary with our endless flight over the wild and weltering chaos, produced by the deluge of rationalism and infidelity, we return, and beat against the windows of the ark, impatient till the patriarch reaches forth his hand and takes us in."*

The two religious articles contained in the October number, evince signal ability and rare polemic powers. That on "Fourierism repugnant to Christianity," concludes his argument on the church as the basis of all social amelioration, and proves that the system of Fourier is not only totally inadequate to supply the pressing wants of society or to heal its many crying evils, but that it is also directly opposed to the Christian system. But the most able article of the number, and the one which struck us more forcibly, in fact, than any paper in the whole volume, is that which proves "the Anglican church Schismatic." It furnishes one of the very best specimens of close and cogent reasoning that we have ever chanced to meet with. It is a perfect gem in its kind. We can not attempt to analyse it; it is already reduced to the lowest analysis. It contains a triumphant answer to objections raised by the adroit and ingenious editor of the New York Churchman against the church theory of Mr. Brownson; and is, in a brief compass, one among the ablest arguments in favor of the Catholic church we have ever seen. It occupies the whole ground, views the subject under every aspect, and parries, or turns against himself, every thrust of the "Churchman." Take, for instance, the following specimen of his reasoning:

* P. 284.

† P. 287. The italics in this passage are our own.

* P. 87.

"But you say that she (the Roman Catholic church) has separated herself virtually, if not actually, from the church of Christ, by having corrupted the word of God, and departed from the faith once delivered to the saints. By her corruption and heresies she has ceased to be an integral portion of the church of Christ. Therefore, to separate from her communion, was not to separate from the church of Christ.

"Admitting the premises, we must, of course, admit the conclusion. But against these premises we allege, first, that the faith of the Roman church, prior to the reformation, was the faith of the whole Christian world, with the exception of condemned heretics and schismatics, not to be counted. If Rome had departed from the faith, the whole church, *quoad* church, had departed from it and become heretical, and therefore had failed. But Christ has promised that his church shall not fail, and given it assurance of exemption from error, in promising it the spirit of truth, which shall lead it into all truth, and to be with it himself all days unto the consummation of the world. But Christ is God, and it is impossible for God to promise and not to fulfil. Therefore, his promise made to the church could not fail. But, if the promise of Christ could not fail, the church could not lapse into heresy. Then the church of Rome, since its faith was that of the whole Christian church, had not lapsed into heresy, and therefore was not corrupt and heretical, as the argument presupposes."^{*}

He thus turns upon the "Churchman" his own admissions:

"Even the *Churchman* itself calls its church 'the reformed Catholic church,' which admits its fallibility; for if it had not been fallible, it could never have needed reforming; and being fallible, who shall assure us that it may not need reforming again? This is enough for us. We have been forced by our own errors, mistakes, misapprehensions, self-contradictions, and frequent changes of opinion on all subjects, even the most vital, to admit that our own reason alone is not adequate to settle the great questions which concern our peace and salvation. We must have a guide, but do not mock us with a fallible guide. Talk not to us of a church, unless you have an *infallible* church to offer us. We have followed a fallible guide long enough. We believe Christ did found an infallible church, rendered infallible by his perpetual presence and supervision. To that church we willingly yield obedience. But your church is not it; for yours, by your confession, is fallible. We have therefore been obliged to look beyond Anglicanism, to a church which at least claims to be infallible, and which demands our obedience only on the ground that it is infallible."[†]

* P. 496.

† Pp. 512-13.

At the close of the article he avows himself a Roman Catholic, in the fullest and most extended sense of the term, in the following eloquent and noble passage:

"Nor have we any sympathy with the war of the *Churchman* against the papacy, and whether we find few Romanists or many to go with us, we would not destroy the papacy, nor lessen in the least the power of the pope, if we could. We dare be known to be one of those who believe that the papal authority is none too great; and we fully believe if the almost martyred Gregory VII had succeeded in securing to the church the independence he asserted, and for which he struggled through life, a far different and far happier world had been realized to us and to our children. We fear not the power, but the weakness of the papacy; and we have no sympathy with those who would make the pope a mere presiding officer, and only allow him the place of honor at the feast, or in the procession. We find Anglicanism more objectionable in its rejection of the papacy than in any thing else. This was its primal sin, its mother error, from which has come, as a natural progeny, the whole brood of errors. Had it not been for the papacy, the church, humanly speaking, had failed long ere this. In the institution and preservation of the papacy, we see the especial providence of God. We shrink not from the abused name of papist, and we only regret that the ambition or wickedness of civil rulers have been able to prevent the papacy from doing all the good it has attempted. No man must think to frighten us by the cry of 'popery.' Happy are we to acknowledge the authority of the holy father; more happy shall we be, if we can so live as to secure his blessing."^{**}

No human motive could, by possibility, have induced Mr. Brownson to embrace the Catholic religion. Every human motive, on the contrary, strongly tended to dissuade him from taking this important step. In embracing Catholicism, he knew and *felt* that he was taking up a heavy cross. Dreadful struggles from within, and fierce opposition from without, presented almost insuperable barriers to his conversion. He passed them all, with the divinelight and assistance, and happily reached the long sighed for goal of truth. He bowed down his noble intellect unto obedience, reducing it under the captivity of faith. He sacrificed his prejudices, his feelings, his most darling inclinations, before the altar of his God! He left the smooth and pleasing path of private judgment, and entered into the strait and

* Pp. 513-14.

rugged path of authority. He spurned the primrose dalliance with fancy, and embraced the stern realities of religion. He "denied himself, took up his cross," and "left all things to follow Christ whithersoever he might go."

Thus has he become a little child in order to gain the kingdom of heaven. He has given all things to possess himself of the hidden treasure of the gospel. Like Samson of old, he has broken the cords of prejudice with which he had been long bound, and with as much ease as if they had been so many cob-webs; and like Samson, he need not fear to encounter a whole army of the Philistines. But let him remember, that Samson's strength was all supernatural, and that it was a boon awarded him by God for his fidelity to his vows as a Nazarene; and let him remember, too, that Samson was again delivered over to blindness and bondage in punishment for his unfaithfulness to God. "Let him who thinketh that he stands, take heed lest he fall!"

Truly are we delighted at the conversion of Mr. Brownson. We view it as a signal triumph for our church, especially at a period when it is so fiercely assailed with misrepresentation and calumny. But, though filled with joy at an event so auspicious, we are not disposed to boast of it, or to magnify its importance. The true Catholic spirit is not one of parade or boasting; it is a spirit of quietude, of humility, of thankfulness. The Catholic church, though honored by the tribute of genius,

can yet afford to do without this honor, and be content with the plainer and more simple homage of her own favorite and dearly cherished little ones. In fact, she spurns the offering made by genius at her shrine, unless it be made with the humble and single heart of a child. Genius can not cast her down, so genius alone can not build her up. Genius may ornament, it can not be essential to the sacred edifice.

Fervently do we wish and pray that Mr. Brownson may prove a successful, as he certainly is an able, champion of our holy faith. May God bless, and may men encourage, his labors for the truth. May he do in America, what Edward Lucas, another distinguished convert, has been long doing in England; and by his noble championship of the faith, and his bright example of every Catholic virtue, be an instrument in the hands of God for conducting many weary pilgrims to that blessed shrine of truth at which he is now worshipping!

P. S. Since writing the above, we have perused the last January number of Mr. Brownson's Review, and we need scarcely say that we have been delighted with its contents. The articles are marked with the usual earnestness, eloquence, appropriateness and ability of the distinguished writer. They indicate progress, and they have more than realized our expectations in regard to Mr. Brownson's future career. We earnestly recommend the work to our readers and to the community generally.



THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.

The Democratic Review. July, 1844. Outline Sketch of the Government and Administration of Rome and the Papal States. By J. H. Headley.



OR more than a thousand years the popes have been the temporal sovereigns of a small territory adjoining the eternal city. It is not our purpose, at present, to inquire into the origin and history of this temporal dominion, to establish its justice, or to assert its utility. Suffice it to say that no government of Europe, or, perhaps, of the world, can boast a more ancient, a more bloodless, or a more honorable origin, or can ground its claims to justice on more unquestionable titles. The popes did not usurp this dominion; it was freely bestowed on them by those who had conquered it in a just war against fierce barbarians, who had themselves seized on it by ruthless violence, after having butchered, expelled, or subjugated the original inhabitants. The popes did not even ambition this sovereignty; it was thrust on them by circumstances almost beyond their control.

In accepting the splendid donation made by the chivalrous Frank conqueror, Pepin le Bref, they did no injustice to the Greek emperors, hitherto the nominal sovereigns of Italy; for the imbecile and perfidious court of Constantinople had almost entirely abandoned Italy to its fate for nearly two centuries, notwithstanding that its people, massacred or ruined by successive barbarian hordes, continually raised their hands in humble supplication, and cried aloud for succor. Crushed by the barbarians, and abandoned in the hour of their greatest need by their natural protectors, the Italians, especially those in the vicinity of Rome, turned their eyes towards the Roman pontiffs, who were finally compelled to call in the Franks to settle the affairs of their distracted country. No one, who has read the history of the period

in question, will be disposed to question any of these facts.*

The popes have been often accused of inordinate worldly ambition. But there is one circumstance in the history of their temporal dominion which wholly disproves this accusation. Their territory is as contracted now as it was at its origin, or at any period of its history; it has even been somewhat curtailed of its proportions. The popes have lost some of their districts and cities; they have gained not an inch of territory by conquest during the long period of a thousand years! Had they been the ambitious men their enemies represent them to have been, they surely might have greatly extended their dominions during the middle ages, when circumstances bestowed on them great political influence over the affairs of Europe. The truth is, they had no such ambition; unlike most other temporal sovereigns, they were content with what they had. Eminently pacific in their character and policy, they abhorred war, and cultivated the arts of peace.† They did not wish to have more temporal subjects than their predecessors; they sought rather to promote the temporal happiness of those over whom they already ruled, by adopting a system of wise and moderate government.

We view it as a particular dispensation of divine Providence, that the popes are temporal sovereigns, and also that their sovereignty extends over so limited a territory. Their dominion is just ample enough to make them independent; it is not sufficiently extended to make them great, powerful, or ambitious, or to impart to them any considerable political influence. Had they been able to rank with the greatest sovereigns of Europe, they might

* Perhaps the best work on this subject is the treatise of Orsi—*Del dominio temporale dei papi*. 1 vol. 12mo. See also Muratori, *Annali di Italia*, &c. &c.

† Almost the only exception to this remark is Julius II; but if Julius II was warlike, it was chiefly to repel the aggressions of the Venetians, who, he thought, were seeking to encroach on his territory.

have been too much absorbed in worldly affairs, and might have been induced to neglect the weightier spiritual duties of their office. Had they been in possession of no temporal dominion whatever, they would have become necessarily the subjects of one or another of the great European sovereigns, and would have been in consequence grievously embarrassed in the discharge of their spiritual office as chief pastors of Christendom.

These general preliminary remarks introduce us to the brief essay of Mr. Headley, which we would have noticed some months ago, had we not been prevented from carrying out our original intention by circumstances beyond our control. This writer offers to the readers of the *Democratic Review*, a rapid sketch of the papal government, as at present administered. He does not profess to furnish any thing more than a mere "outline" of the more prominent features in "the government and administration of Rome and the papal states." Hence we can not well blame him for having omitted a great many things which we, however, would have thought very useful, if not wholly necessary, in a sketch of the kind. But we do blame him for having written his essay with so much haste and looseness, for having hazarded some statements either very doubtful, or wholly unfounded in fact; and for having interwoven with his exposition some commentaries of his own, which we deem entirely unwarranted. The whole essay would have been much more satisfactory, had he taken the trouble to inform us concerning the sources from which he derived his facts, and the authorities upon which he relied. From the fact that his statements are, in the main, tolerably accurate, as far as they go, we presume that he must have had access to some, at least, of the proper sources of information; and from the additional circumstance, that the spirit in which his remarks are presented, is generally unexceptionable, we are led to infer that he was not inclined to garble or wilfully to make an improper use of his documents. Yet he has certainly fallen into some important errors, both of omission and commission, which we will feel it to be our duty to point out as we proceed.

He starts out with the following statement:

"Authors differ as to the number of square miles in the papal states. The government

generally makes the superficial area about 13,000 Italian square miles, of sixty to a degree. The *raccolta*, or census, of 1833, makes the population of this territory 2,732,736. Poor as the inhabitants are, only one-third of this territory is cultivated."

Assuming these figures to be correct, we perceive that there are, to each square mile in the states of the church, 210 inhabitants—a number greater than that of Tuscany, France, England, or any other country in Europe, perhaps, except Belgium. This teeming population subsists almost entirely on the productions of the soil; they export at least as much as they import, and yet we are to be gravely told that "only one-third of this territory is cultivated!" This great discovery must have been made by some flying traveller from his coach window!* We will not pause to examine the incidental statement, that, in estimating Italian square miles, sixty are reckoned to the degree. This we believe to be incorrect. An Italian is considerably less than an English mile, and every child knows that sixty-nine and a half English miles are reckoned to the degree.

The writer next tells us that "the dominions of the pope are divided into twenty provinces, the largest of which is the *Comarea* of Rome, including in its limits Tivoli, Rome, Subiaco;" and that "the remaining nineteen are divided into two different classes, called legations and delegations, the former of which are governed by cardinals, and the latter by prelates."

This may possibly be all correct enough, but we find that the Italian chevalier, Lunadoro, who wrote a work, some years ago, on the Papal Government, reckons only *thirteen* provinces, and that he divides them very differently from Mr. Headley.† Thus he assigns altogether different boundaries to the first province, and he designates it the *campagna* of Rome,‡ not the *comarea*,—a name which we confess is new to us, though we passed several years in the Roman states. It is possible that, since Lunadoro wrote his book, some changes may have taken place in the distribution and municipal arrangements of the territory, but Mr. Headley's statement surely needs some voucher other than his own testimony.

* See the June No. of vol. iii. of this Magazine, for a fuller elucidation of this question.

† The work of Lunadoro is entitled: *Lo Stato presente, o sia la Relazione della Corte di Roma*—in 2 vols. 12mo. See vol. i, pp. 6, 7.

‡ "*La prima provincia è la Campagna di Roma*"—vol. i, p. 8.

The writer gives us the following account of the distinctive feature in the papal government:

"The government of the kingdom is an elective hierarchy, the pope being its head. He is chosen by the college of cardinals, whose number is limited to seventy, though it has never yet reached, we believe, that number. When the pope dies, they are shut up in the papal palace on the Quirinal, and are not allowed to come out, or to communicate with each other, except to cast their ballots, until the pope is elected. A majority of two-thirds is necessary to a choice, Austria, France, and Spain, having the power to put each its veto on one candidate."

This we believe to be correct, except, perhaps, that portion of it which seems to restrict the election to the Quirinal palace, the usual place of the conclave, and the remark that the cardinal electors are forbidden all intercourse except in casting their ballots. But we will let this pass.

"The administration of the government," he tells us, "is carried on under the pope, by a cardinal secretary of state, and several boards, or, as they are called, congregazioni, viz: the camera apostolica, or financial department, the cancellaria, the dataria (*dataria*?), and the penitenzieria (*penitenzeria*?), or secret inquisition. The cancellaria, mentioned above, is the chancery court, and the dataria, a court for ecclesiastical benefices. To these might be added the Buon Governo for the municipal police, the congregazione dei monti for the public debts, and the sacra consulta."

This passage proves to us that the writer had very indistinct and inaccurate ideas of the complexion of the papal government, and of the distinctive characters and functions of the various congregations, or standing committees, of cardinals for carrying it on. He makes a sad jumble of those congregations, the jurisdiction of which is confined to spiritual and church matters, relating to the whole Catholic world, with those the jurisdiction of which is restricted to the temporal business of the papal states. Neither the dataria, nor, much less, the penitenzeria, has any thing whatever to do with the papal government. The former is a court appointed for inquiring into ecclesiastical matters appertaining to the external forum, and for expediting bulls or briefs regarding matrimonial dispensations and benefices; the latter, which is not an inquisition of any kind, takes cognizance only of cases of conscience connected with the sacrament of penance. Both are councils of advice to the pope, not as a temporal sovereign, but as

spiritual head of the church; and neither has any thing more to do with the administration of the papal states, than with that of any other state in Christendom.*

Nor was the writer more happy in apprehending the true character of those boards which attend to the administration of merely temporal affairs. Thus he tells us, that the Congregation del Buon Governo was instituted "for the municipal police;" but if this be one of its objects, it is not certainly a principal one. The congregation was established by Clement VIII, not for supervising the police, but for promoting the economical collection and expenditure of the public revenue, especially that accruing from the provinces:† and strangely enough, Mr. Headley himself admits this in the very next column of his paper. The chevalier, Lunadoro, speaks as follows of the objects for which the Buon Governo was instituted:

"The duty of the congregation is to ward off and to prevent those evils which might outrage the economy of the state; and for this purpose, it prescribes to the communes the manner of administering their revenues, it examines their condition, the expenses, the alienations of property they make, the obligations they take upon themselves," &c. And he proceeds to state, that it supervises the imposition of taxes and the collection of the revenue, and decides on all controversies, and redresses all grievances in the premises.

There is another congregation for the especial redress of grievances, of which Mr. Headley makes no mention whatever in his *Outline Sketch*; it is that of dei gravami, or of grievances, established by the energetic Sixtus V. The functions of this congregation are thus sketched by Lunadoro:

"Their office is to see that subjects be not unjustly oppressed by heavy burdens, imposts, or exorbitant taxes; to investigate the modes in which these exactions are made, to take cognizance of injuries inflicted by tax-gatherers, and of the extortions of commissioners;... and if such controversies cannot be terminated

* For a full and accurate account of the nature and office of these and of the other congregations, see the excellent work of Lunadoro, above quoted. This work was written and published at Rome itself, and is a standard authority on the matters of which it treats.

† See the Constitution of Clement VIII. *Pro commissu*, quoted by Lunadoro—vol. ii, p. 123.

by the congregation, they are referred to his holiness," &c.*

We may also add, that there is a separate congregation which holds its sessions in the apartments of the treasurer, and the duty of which is to audit and examine the accounts and returns of the public officers.† Of this, too, Mr. Headley says nothing. The Congregation dei Monti, has more to do with the public savings banks, than with the public debts, Mr. Headley's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.‡

Mr. Headley barely mentions the Congregation della Sacra Consulta, and places it the last on the list of those erected for the administration of the papal dominion. This, too, proves that he had not very accurate information, or very clear ideas, on the papal government. The Sacra Consulta occupies, perhaps, the most conspicuous and important position of all the congregations which preside over the papal administration. It possesses both civil and criminal jurisdiction of the most ample kind; it is a high court of appeal, and one of the highest tribunals for the redress of grievances. Lunadoro gives the following account of its functions.

"It has supreme jurisdiction, both criminal and civil; . . . it hears the complaints of the people against the governors, presidents, and other officers of the state; it remedies the unjust grievances of the subjects; it hears the complaints of vassals against the local barons, and wisely removes the causes which gave rise to them; sometimes it takes cognizance of controversies arising between neighboring barons . . . ; it watches over the health of the provinces, and dispenses the necessary orders for warding off from them contagious diseases which threaten them; and makes all the necessary dispositions for securing the tranquillity of the state, in order that it may not be harassed by alarms and tumults, or torn by troubles or enmities; it receives the information and processes of criminal causes made by the governors and presidents of the state, who are bound to send to it exact accounts; it supervises the proprietorship and administration of lands, castles, and towns, the relative pre-eminence of governors, and superintends the election of public ministers," &c. §

* Vol. ii, p. 131.
† Ibid. pp. 129-30.

‡ Id. Ib. p. 132.
§ Ibid. pp. 119-20.

We believe that the statement of Mr. Headley on the details of the municipal regulations and of the judicial system of the papal government, though very imperfect, is in general accurate enough. We can find room for but one or two extracts on this branch of the subject, which takes up the greater portion of his brief essay.

"These districts are again divided into communes, with their council, corresponding to our common councils, presided over by the town gonfaliere, or mayor, elected out of the council, and holding his place for two years. He is assisted by anziani, or aldermen, from two to six, according to the size of the town, half of whom retire every two years with the gonfaliere, or mayor. This council assesses the rates, &c., and an annual budget is presented them by the mayor, which, after it receives their sanction, is submitted to the delegate, who in his turn sends it to the Buon Governo, which is composed of twelve cardinals and prelates, after which it is returned to the commune and becomes law. The municipal authorities can discharge no account whatever without this formality, and not a dollar can be raised without it, even for local purposes. This is not, perhaps, an ill-balanced system on the whole, and were it not in a tyrannical (!) government, might work well, though slowly. But the difficulty is, one spirit pervades the whole, and the checks on the people are not from the people, but from the pope, so that there is the semblance of freedom, without its enjoyment."

This remark is as unjust, as it was uncalled for. We have often heard the papal government censured for being too lenient, paternal, and inefficient; but this is the first time that we remember to have heard it called tyrannical, even by an enemy. Does not Mr. Headley himself assure us that the taxes are assessed by the council of each commune, and that the budget must "receive their sanction" ere it can possibly become binding? And are not the members of this council from the people, and chosen by the people? Can any government in the whole world be pointed out which presents so many checks to unjust and exorbitant taxation, or which takes so much pains to prevent the people from being oppressed, or to redress their grievances? And yet we are to be told that it is a tyrannical government! The people of the pope's states, we have reason to know, do not think so. Let us hear what Lunadoro, certainly a competent witness, says on the subject.

"This government, though it be an elective monarchy, is believed to be one of the most happy. Holy and wise personages are elected with the special assistance of heaven,—as has been often clearly manifested,—and for this reason it is that, while they confirm the prudent laws of their predecessors, reforming them according to the exigencies of the times, while they love the peace of their subjects, and seek to bestow blessings upon them, to administer justice, and to exalt nobility and virtue, the state is seen to be full of peace, and the people live tranquil lives in the midst of perpetual security."*

We will not venture to say that the papal government has no faults; were it wholly faultless, it would not be a mere human institution. Faults it has, but they are generally on the right side. Besides those indicated above, and which evidently come under this category, we think that the machinery of the government is too cumbrous and complex; it has too many formalities and too little simplicity to work with ease or efficiency. But we must remember that it is an old government, and that these forms have been accumulating for centuries. The Roman court is remarkably tenacious of ancient observance and of precedent; it dreads all innovation, even in temporal matters; it proceeds slowly and cautiously in the work of change, and seems to have caught the spirit of Rome's ancient Fabius Maximus, who *cunctando restituit rem*. But, as we have already had occasion to see, this very cumbrousness of the government machinery is, in a great measure, the result of an anxious wish entertained by successive pontiffs to ameliorate the condition of the people, and to provide means for redressing their just grievances.

But we have never heard of any defaulters under the Roman government; we have never heard of broken banks there, nor of the doctrine of repudiation. And we must have something more than Mr. Headley's bare assertion, before we can believe that it requires "the fifth of the entire receipts to collect the revenue of the government." We can not believe a syllable of this. The prices of provisions and of labor, as well as the salaries of public officers,

are *much* lower in Rome than in England or this country; the public officers are at least as honest, and the number of them is not much greater in proportion to the population. How then *can* it be, that the expense of collecting the revenue is so enormous? Mr. Headley admits that the pope gets only "a small portion" of the \$300,000, which he says are annually expended to keep up the court, and that "many an English bishop is better secured in his pecuniary emoluments than the pope himself." We believe the annual salary of the pope, as temporal sovereign, is \$75,000, the greater portion of which is, however, expended by him in charitable purposes.

The present illustrious pontiff has made most important ameliorations in the municipal administration of the provinces, allowing the people of the communes and città much more ample privileges than they ever had before. The documents containing these improvements were public and official; why is it that Mr. Headley makes no allusion whatever to them?

Of the highest tribunal known in the judicial system of the papal government,—the *Sacra Ruota*,—Mr. Headley discourses as follows:

"If it be decided that the suit shall still be prosecuted, it goes into the *sacra ruota*, formerly the supreme court of Christendom, on whose decisions the civilized world waited with awe and deference. Probably no court of the world has ever had such sway, and commanded such respect as this *sacra ruota*. It still overshadows the papal states, and extends its influence into the Catholic countries of Europe. It is composed of twelve prelates," &c.

We believe that the *ruota* was fully entitled to all the respect and deference it ever received from the Christian world. Its decisions were seldom, if ever, reversed. They were based upon such wisdom and consummate prudence as no mere human tribunal has ever exhibited. The *ruota* knew no exception of persons. It was above princely influence, and scorned all species of bribery. Its twelve judges, selected from among the most eminent jurists of Europe, were as little accessible to human respect or undue influence, as any judge that ever sat upon a bench. It furnishes even now continual instances of its noble wisdom and disinterestedness. A few years ago it decided a most important case in favor of a poor orphan, and against one of the first noblemen of the state. The people welcomed

*Id. vol. i, p. 5. "Ripieno di pace lo stato si vede, e vive il popolo giorni tranquilli in mezzo ad una sicurezza perpetua."

the decision with shouts of exultation and triumph.

In furnishing details in regard to this tribunal, we find that Mr. Headley, as usual, differs widely from Lunadoro.* It may be a mere childish prejudice in us, but we candidly admit that, in such grave matters, we prefer to be guided by the Italian chevalier.

In one thing, if in no other, Mr. Headley praises the papal government, for having had the charity to provide for the defence of the poor in actions at law.

"Government provides a sort of attorney general, whose services the accused can always command. He is appointed by the pope, and supported by a salary, and called the *avvocato dei poveri* (advocate of the poor). This would not be a bad plan for us to adopt. An attorney general to defend the poor, rather than one to accuse them, would, we think, better subserve the ends of justice."

This is but one out of a thousand instances of the generous charity of the Roman government towards the poor. The Roman pontiff is still, what he was in the days of the Leos and the Gregories, the father of the poor. If he is popular with the Roman people generally, he is doubly dear to the poor. As he passes by, these often raise the cry: "*Santo padre! pane e bajocchi!*"† And they never raise it in vain. In cases of famine, drought, pestilence, or any other calamity, the Roman government always manifests a princely charity for the sufferers. Thus, when a few years ago an earthquake visited a portion of Umbria, and spread ruin among the peasantry of a few towns and villages, the Roman government instantly sent twelve thousand dollars for the relief of the sufferers, and the Roman people sent an equally large sum. What noble institutions of charity has it not scattered through Rome and throughout the whole states of the church? What character of disease or affliction is there for which it has not provided a comfortable asylum? Perhaps there is no government in the world,—there is certainly no one of the same size and population,—which has founded as many or as splendid charitable institutions. Where, in the wide world, will you find any charitable institutions equalling the hospital of Santo Spirito, or the Ospizio of San Michele, in Rome?

They as much surpass every other institution of the kind, as St. Peter's church surpasses every other church in all Christendom.

We are aware that *habeas corpus* is not secured by the modern Roman law, which is, in fact, the old civil law, as modified by the canon law and local statutes. But we can not believe the statement of Mr. Headley, that in Rome "the suspected person may be imprisoned *merely on suspicion, ad indefinitum.*" If he can not sue out a regular *habeas corpus*, he may obtain redress in many other ways. As Mr. Headley did *not* tell his readers, there are in Rome tribunals for the redress of *all* grievances, and of that of too long or unjust imprisonment amongst the rest. The mercies of the Roman government are above all its works; and we defy Mr. Headley to produce one single instance, in modern times, of the iniquitous imprisonment he complains of. When the Bolognese territory revolted a few years ago, did not Austria openly complain of the excessive leniency of the Roman government towards the ringleaders of the rebellion? Instead of suffering the death of traitors, as would certainly have been the case in any other European government, they were, with but few exceptions, merely imprisoned for a time or banished the territory! When the Austrian army reached Bologna, and when the French army took possession of Ancona, the proceedings against the disaffected were much more rigorous and summary. Finally, in Rome, there exist regular charitable associations, the leading purpose of which is to visit and console the imprisoned. Where else, in the world, will you meet with such a charity as this?

Mr. Headley admits that "about three-fourths of the children of Rome receive gratuitous instruction;" and yet he asserts, oddly enough, that "education is in a low state, and the ignorance of the poor most deplorable!" He also says, without any warrant whatever, and against the positive facts of the case, that "there is no provision for educating the females!" Has he ever heard of the schools established for this purpose by St. Joseph Calasanzio?

We take our leave of Mr. Headley for the present, hoping that he will not take in an unkind part any thing we may have said; and that he will study his subject better, and be more sure of his ground, ere he again attempt to write an "outline sketch."

* Vol. ii, pp. 286-7. † Holy father! bread and cents!

PILGRIMAGE OF FAITH.

On the earth's dreary waste a fair pilgrim appeared,
Down her cheek there oft trickled a tear ;
Her meek face to the heavens she sighingly reared,
And exclaimed that her *home* was not here !

The vain world, with its flatt'ring delusions, attracted
For a moment her sorrowing eyes ;
Yet, with all their false glare, its pomps never distracted
Her pure thoughts from her *home* in the skies.

She was scoff'd ! she was taunted, and yet she was calm ;
She requited all wrongs with her love ;
For she steadily looked to the throne of the Lamb,
To her *home* in the regions above.

Whether sighing, rejoicing, or praying for all,
Or engaged in her labors of love,
Neither man nor the world her attention could call
From her *home* in the heavens above.

She was always the same, whatsoever her lot,
With a smile sweetly wreathing her cheek ;
And 'mid sorrow and anguish, she never forgot
Her bright *home* in the heavens to seek.

With a veil o'er her brow, but a fire in her heart,
On its altar that ceased not to glow,
She sighed warmly from earth's fading joys to depart,
For she trampled on all things below.

That dark veil, by kind death, shall be torn from her brow,
And new light shall then burst on her eyes ;
But that fire shall not cease ever warmly to glow
In her own happy *home* in the skies.*

Happy home ! where her pangs and her anguish shall cease,
And her God shall chase off ev'ry fear ;
And her joys, and her bliss, shall for ever increase,
Without death, without sorrow, or tears !

S.

* 1 Corinthians xiii.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

LEGENDARY BASSO-RELIEVOS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY L. C. BOISTINIERRE.

Continued from p. 47.



BEFORE entering upon the description of the relieve which represents the two last incidents in the life of the Blessed Virgin, we beg leave to present a synopsis of a little poem, which will facilitate and abridge the description of the statuary part. This poem has been collected by Jacques de Voragine in his *Golden Legend*. We do not give it as a record of facts, but merely as a dramatic and highly poetic representation of certain events, and throwing much light upon the sculpture to which we shall refer in the sequel.

"At the times when the apostles were dispersed in different parts of the world preaching the gospel, Mary dwelt near the mountain of Sion, spending her life in visiting, with great devotion, the places made holy and glorious by the baptism, fasting, prayer, passion, sepulture, resurrection, and ascension of her Son. She had then attained her sixtieth year, for she conceived Jesus at the age of fourteen, brought him forth when fifteen, lived thirty-three years with him, and survived him twelve years.

"One day the Virgin, burning with the desire of beholding again her Son, and weeping and bewailing her exile, because, bereft of her Son, she could no longer be consoled, an angel clothed in light appeared to her. 'Hail Virgin holy,' said he, 'thou art blessed, but receive also the salutation of him who blessed Jacob. Here, O sovereign Lady, is a bough of palm-tree which grows in Paradise. You shall have it carried before your bier, for in three days you will be taken from the body to enter the glory of your Son.' Mary answered: 'Let it be done as you say; but I earnestly desire

to have the apostles, my brothers and sons, around me once more, that before I die I may see them with the eyes of my body, that in their presence I may return my soul to God, and that they may attend to my interment. Allow me also to make the request I often made to my Son whilst on earth, that when my soul shall depart from my body, it may meet no frightful spirits, and may not have to encounter the evil one.' The angel said: 'He who carried a prophet by the hair from Judea to Babylon, will be able to conduct the apostles hither; neither shall you have to dread the presence of the evil spirit, you who trampled upon his head, and robbed him of his empire.' In saying this, the angel returned to heaven in floods of light, as he had descended.

"In the meantime the bough, which he had left, was glittering with light; it was as green as a natural bough, and yet its leaves were as dazzling as the morning star. Mary then retired to her couch to remain there until the hour of her sepulture.

"Whilst John was preaching in Ephesus thunder was heard, and a white cloud rapt the apostle and brought him before the house of Mary, which he entered, and saluted his mother. Mary was so happy to see him, that she could not restrain her tears. 'John,' said she, 'remember the words of your Lord, who committed me to your care. God calls me to himself; I give you the charge of my body, for the Jews have resolved to wait for the death of her that brought forth Jesus, in order to take her body and cast it into the flames. You shall have this bough carried before my bier when you will convey me to the grave.' And John wept.

"At the same time the thunder roared, and every one of the apostles, taken in clouds

from the different countries where they had preached, were carried to the house of the Blessed Virgin. John went to meet them, and informed them that our Lady was about to die. Wiping away his tears, he entreated them not to bewail her death, for fear that the people should be scandalized, and say: 'Behold, these are affrightened by death, and yet they preach a resurrection.'

"When Mary saw all the apostles gathered around her bed, she blessed our Lord. She had them seated in the midst of glittering lamps: she showed them the luminous bough, and dressed in the robes of death, she waited for her last moment. Peter was at the head of the bed, John at the foot, and the other apostles around it singing the praises of the Virgin. Towards the third hour of the night, a violent clap of thunder shook the house, and a fragrance of so delicious a nature perfumed the whole room, that all the assistants, excepting the apostles and three virgins who held lights, fell into a profound sleep. Jesus Christ then arrived with the orders of the angels, the assembly of the patriarchs, the crowds of martyrs, the army of confessors, the choir of virgins. All gathered round the bed of the Virgin and chanted the sweetest canticles.

"Jesus said to his mother: 'Come, thou, the chosen of my heart, I will place thee upon a throne; I sigh for thy beauty.' 'Lord,' said Mary, 'my heart is ready.' Then all those who had come with Jesus, sang softly. Mary herself united her voice to theirs, and sang these words: 'All generations shall call me blessed, because he, who is mighty, has done great things to me.' In the meantime the chanter of chanters most excellently intoned: 'My bride, come from Libanus, come! thou shalt be crowned.' 'Behold, I come rejoicing at your voice,' said Mary; and her soul, leaving her body without pain, rushed into the arms of her Son. Jesus said to the apostles: 'Carry the body of my mother with honor to the valley of Josaphat; lay it in the tomb which is there prepared for it, and wait three days until I return to you.' At the same moment the roses and lilies of the valley, that is, the martyrs, the confessors, the virgins, and the angels, surrounded the soul whiter than milk, which was carried by Jesus Christ, and ascended to heaven with it. The apostles

exclaimed from below, in seeing it ascending, 'Virgin, most prudent, remember us.'

"The saints who had remained in heaven were charmed by the melody of those who ascended, and when they beheld their own King, carrying in his arms the soul of a woman, they wondered and exclaimed: 'Who is she that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delights, and leaning on her beloved?' 'She is beautiful among the daughters of Jerusalem,' answered those who accompanied her; 'and, as you knew her full of charity and love, so you shall behold her on a throne of glory, sitting at the right hand of her Son.'

"The assistants, who had been sleeping, awoke then, and seeing the lifeless body, began to weep. The three virgins who were holding lights, undressed the body to embalm and shroud it, but it became so bright that they could not see it; that brightness lasted until the body was completely covered with a shroud. The apostles then took the sacred relic with great respect and devotion, and placed it upon a bier. John, who had drank at the fountain of grace, whilst reposing upon the bosom of Jesus, carried the bough of palm-tree sparkling with light. Peter and Paul raised the bier upon their shoulders. Peter intoned the *In exitu Israel de Egypto*, and the other apostles continued to chant that psalm in a low voice. God concealed under a cloud the apostles and the body, so that they could be heard singing without being seen. Angels walked in procession, mingling their voices with the apostles', and filling the earth with sounds of marvellous sweetness.

"All the people of Jerusalem were impressed by the delightful melody, and they came in crowds inquiring what it was. 'It is Mary who is dead,' was answered them, 'and the disciples of Jesus are conveying her to the tomb with the music you hear.' They ran then to arms, in great excitement. 'Let us kill the disciples,' said they, 'and burn the body of her who brought forth that seducer.' The high priest trembled with rage. 'Behold,' said he, 'the remains of her who troubled our country! behold the glory that is given to her.' He laid his hands upon the bier to overthrow it, but both his arms were suddenly stiffened, and nailed to the bier, so that he hung by the arms with excruciating pain. All the people were struck with blindness by the

angels who were stationed in the clouds. 'St. Peter!' exclaimed the high priest, 'have mercy on me; remember how I helped you when the house maid accused you.' 'I have no time,' answered St. Peter, 'I am engaged in the service of our Lady; but believe in God and in the Virgin who gave him birth, and thou shalt be made whole.' 'I believe!' said the high priest, kissing the bier, and suddenly his hands were loosed, and his arms revived. 'Take this bough,' said the chief of the apostles, 'extend it over that people: whoever will believe, shall recover his sight.'

"In the meantime the apostles had reached the valley. They placed the body in a sepulchre similar to that of Jesus Christ, and kneeling by it, they wept and sang. The third day a luminous cloud overshadowed the sepulchre, a delightful fragrance arose from it, heavenly voices resounded, and Jesus Christ descended on earth, surrounded by a multitude of angels. He saluted his disciples, saying: 'Peace be with you.' They answered: 'Glory be to thee, who alone doest great wonders.' 'What honors do you think I ought to pay to my mother?' said Jesus. 'O Lord,' said they, 'raise her again, and place her by you.' Then Michael came, and presented to our Lord the soul of Mary, and Jesus said: 'Awaken, O my beloved, vessel of life, temple of glory, that thy body which has not been contaminated by the impurity of marriage, may not be soiled by the worms of the grave.' The soul of Mary then rejoined her body, and she burst forth from the tomb all glorious. She winged her flight through the air amidst crowds of angels, and was received into heaven by her Son, who embraced her and clothed her with splendor. There she is, surrounded by the company of angels, encircled by the archangels, supported by the thrones, crowned by the dominations, environed by the apostles, honored by the virtues, praised by the cherubim, extolled by the seraphim, the Trinity rejoice in her, martyrs supplicate her, virgins surround her with harmonies, and hell itself howls with rage at the sight of her glory.

"The apostles piously kissed the sepulchre, and dispersed again over the different parts of the world, to be fishers of men, by drawing them into the net of their words."

Such is the dramatic legend, charming in its simplicity, but which the reasoning faith

of our days will no doubt call an absurd and incredible story. We give it as a mere traditional legend, and have no wish to enforce the belief of its statements, but whatever may be thought of it, it richly inspired the imagination of the pious artist whose work we are now to examine, carved in bass-relief upon one of the portals of Notre-Dame at Paris. We borrow for this purpose from the talented description of Mr. Didron, which we will, however, endeavor to condense as much as possible.

"The one hundred and seventy-two characters of the little drama above mentioned, each occupy a place in the tympanum of the portal, and in the *vousure* or arch of the vault we are examining. By grouping together this left portal and the eight bass-relief frames of the exterior wall of the apsis, the stone legend is made as complete as the written one. We first see the Virgin lying on her death-bed, surrounded by the twelve apostles, overpowered with grief. These figures, which are very much injured in the cartouches, are admirably well preserved in the western portal, where we see the apostles assisting at the burial. Here we can discover their diverse expressions of hope and sorrow. We easily recognize, at the head of the bed, St. Peter, a sanguine, ardent face, with crisped hair, a thick and short beard, a changeable but energetic temper; at the foot of the couch St. John stands, with a countenance still youthful. His expression is melancholy, broken and dejected. He suffers the keen anguish of a son who beholds his mother dying; the pain of a friend who loses the mother of his friend; but hope animates his despair; eternal life beams upon him from a transitory death. There is something full of heavenly confidence in that face darkened by earthly sorrow. The other apostles, of various ages and temperament, show also varied expressions of sadness. Their hands are clasped together in sign of affliction, or raised to their eyes suffused with tears; they incline their heads, and drop their arms. Suddenly, in the midst of that immense bewailing, Jesus appears as a divine Sun, whose presence dispels the gloom of earth; the Virgin partially raises herself at the approach of her Son, then falls back and dies.

"The twelve apostles then weeping, and singing sacred hymns, raise upon their shoul-

ders the coffin, more precious than a shrine, in which the body of the Virgin reposes for three days. Six on one side, hold the forepart of the litter, three of them support the right shaft, and three the left. Six are behind, arranged in the same order. Grief has already wrinkled every brow, emaciated every face, and bared or whitened every head. For, he who loses an only daughter or a beloved mother, does not suffer so much as they did in that moment. They saw the Son dying, they also beheld the mother dying; and had it not been for the word of Jesus who promised to be always with them, had it not been for his late appearance, they would have lost all hope.

"In the meantime, a report of the death of the Blessed Virgin spreads in Jerusalem. The Jews, infuriated at the tidings, hasten to profane the sacred body. One of them has attempted to overthrow the bier, but his hands severed, as it were, with a knife, remain nailed to the coffin; and he is himself thrown into the mire. Another has also laid his hands upon the bier, his arms are paralyzed, and he falls backwards on the body of the former. The apostles continue their march without stopping. They arrive at the valley of Josaphat, figured by two trees, an olive and a fig-tree loaded with fruits. Here ends the funeral pomp. Two angels receive the body of Mary, which could be touched by angels only, and they lay it in a sepulchre cut in the rock. The grief of the apostles here appears in all its intensity. Four of them are sitting, more overwhelmed with sorrow than fatigue; St. Paul and St. Peter on the right, St. Andrew and St. John on the left. St. Paul is entirely bald, and his head leans upon his left hand. St. Peter looks oppressed, but firm. The arms of St. Andrew are clasping his knees. St. John, with a youthful face, and with his hair cut in the shape of a crown, supports his sad countenance with his right hand, whilst the left drops on his knees. As he loses more than any by the death of the Virgin, so he is the more overpowered. The other apostles also suffer much, and the presence of Jesus Christ alone can soothe their grief. Jesus, who has not felt the corruption of the grave, will not suffer his mother to be assailed by it. Three days elapsed, and in obedience to the commands of Jesus, who remained himself

but three days in the sepulchre, angels descend from heaven with the soul of Mary, and rekindle in her extinguished body the immortal flame. The Virgin, reanimated, ascends upon a cloud, as in an aerial car, and amidst the acclamations of the angels who carry her, she flies to the highest heaven, where her beloved Son sits on a throne between two kneeling angels. Jesus places his mother on a throne near his; he puts on her head a crown presented by an angel, lays a circlet of stars at her feet, and proclaims that beloved Mother Queen of heaven.

"An ineffable concert then reverberates from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven. What unearthly jubilation is heard from the walls! They appear to start up with joy. First the eight colossal statues of the basement, stand erect, with holy pride. These are, Aaron with the tiara of a high priest; Moses, holding the tables of the law; St. John, the baptist, who carries on a globe the Lamb that washeth away the sins of the world; St. Bernard, who was a devoted servant of Mary; King Philip Augustus, who attributed to her prayers his escape from death at Gisors; St. Dennis, and in fine, two angels, swinging their censers towards the arch where Mary sits on a throne.

"But from the four gorges of the arch in the first story, still brighter love and purer joys burst forth, and encircle with a halo the virgin crowned, and Jesus who crowns her. In the basement of the arch fourteen large figures, erect or sitting, represent the earth entertaining its Queen. Five kings sing to the Virgin praises written upon phylacteries which they hold in their hands, or upon scrolls unfolded on their knees; nine doctors of the new law comment upon passages of the Cantic of Canticles, applicable to the Blessed Virgin and to her Son. This is the modern world, the living world, and properly placed in the lowest story.

"Higher up in the canopy of the arch, is placed the departed world, the crowd of the blessed. First, starting from the circumference to the centre, we observe a line of sixteen patriarchs, with venerable and admirably well carved faces, of fifty or sixty years old, holding in their hands phylacteries more or less unfolded; then another line of the crowned kings of Juda, from whom the Blessed Virgin

was descended ; after these the twelve apostles, not the same sorrowful men as we had just beheld them on earth, but glorified and joyful in heaven ; in fine, on the left, six angels dressed in long white albs, carrying chandeliers and lighted tapers ; on the right, six other angels clad in albs and magnificent copes, held together by golden or diamond clasps, swinging their censers.

"They celebrate this feast under the zodiacal sign of the Virgin. The astronomical Virgin, and the human one, meet and embrace each other in the heavens ; the one, crowned with the twelve stars placed upon her head by her divine Son, the other, formed by the hundred and ten stars with which God has composed her constellation. It is in the month of August, when wheat having ripened, been harvested, made into bread, nourishes man, on earth ; when the last canicular days have softened and gilded with light and heat the autumnal fruits, then the mother of Jesus, of mature age, and tried by sufferings, broken by the seven most cruel griefs that a human heart ever endured, ascends to heaven ; she wings her flight to heaven, when the sun, after having approached us nearer, goes back into the heights of the sky. Without adopting the symbolical and antichristian ideas of Dupuis, we can not refrain from noticing the remarkable coincidence of history and astronomy, the interweaving of the seasons of the church and of those of the year, of the feast days and of the calendar days. The church approved of that harmony, as she acknowledges by the organ of her liturgists. As nothing is more admirable and more natural than this concordance, we have no need of antichristian theories, based on the astronomical observations of the Chaldees, the zodiacs of the Indians and Egyptians. But we should content ourselves with paying a just tribute of praise to the wisdom of that church with whom the Holy Spirit is to abide for ever.

We shall terminate here the description of these bass-reliefs. We may present hereafter a second paper on the subject of Catholic archæology, in its connexion with stained glass pictures. It is an interesting theme for us, though we can scarcely flatter ourselves with having made it so to the reader. This subject has, within a few years, begun to attract general attention ; and we may justly

congratulate ourselves upon the course which modern archæology has taken. Whatever may be the motives and the spirit which prevail in these investigations, they will at least throw a flood of light upon the monuments of the past. These efforts will gradually bring us to a better understanding of those middle ages, which have been so long unknown and so much misrepresented. In the first place, we will admire the effects of that powerful faith, which was then the spring of all that was done, and which alone could raise mountains of stone. From admiration we will pass to the love of that lively faith, the loss of which we all deplore. When we consider the sudden, recent change of opinion, we can not help wondering, and admiring the ways of God, who turns the heart of man at his own pleasure. Our age is incontestably better than the preceding in many respects ; but especially by a greater spirit of justice to the past. This spirit is fully discernible in the historical writings of many men, who are distinguished for their science, though not always members of our faith. By wit, sarcasm and calumny, the philosophers of the last century had insensibly led us almost to repudiate our ancestors, and to blush at their deeds ; the epithet of *Gothic* was attributed in a reproachful manner to every thing which regarded the ancient forms of Catholicity ; but by an astonishing reaction, philosophism has gone out of fashion, and men have taken a new and sometimes extravagant fondness for that very same Gothic style which they had so long despised. The middle ages have again been admitted to favor ; we have seen them of late brought out in the different works on art and industry. We have even had in our days, the mock representation of a tournament in Protestant England. We confess that a pure taste has not always presided over these reproductions, and imitations of the past ; but this public infatuation has contributed not a little to lead the public mind to studies which were too long neglected, and Catholic archæology has at length come forth from the general movement. May this new science steadily advance in the career it has so nobly entered ; may the efforts of our modern savants give us the true meaning of those ages of energetic faith ; the magical word that will throw open to our eyes its hidden trea-

tures and the mysteries of that wondrous influence, by which the church rendered so noble and so lasting all that she encircled in her mystical sphere. Then will we understand the beautiful traditions written upon the walls of the sacred place; then will those cold marble statues pour into our listening ear the divine secrets which they have preserved for so

many ages; and, bowing our heads before the chaste madonna, we will know how to look up, with a purified and tranquil heart, towards the patroness of human generations.—Our eyes turned towards the past which we shall have learned to love, we shall feel strengthened in the present, and shall look forward with confidence to the future.

THE TEAR AND THE DEW DROP.

BESIDE a dew drop fell a tear,
 Upon a tomb at morn,
 Where oft a mourner knelt in prayer,
 And wept till early dawn:
 And as the sun rose up in heaven,
 His rays glanced on the two;
 But greater brilliancy was given
 Unto the drop of dew.

The liquid jewel, filled with pride,
 Gazed on the modest tear
 Reposing calmly at its side,
 And said: "how dost thou dare,
 Alone and lustreless, to stay
 So near a sparkling gem,
 Lost by Aurora, queen of day,
 From off her diadem?"

Before the humble tear replied,
 An angel, hovering near,
 Brushed off the dew drop in its pride,
 Enclasped the lonely tear
 In its embrace, and upwards bore,
 To God's resplendent throne,
 Affection's tribute,—shining more
 Than ever dew drop shone.

And here a lesson we may learn
 From this, the dew drop's fate,—
 An humble brother ne'er to spurn,
 Nor be with pride elate:
 For unto unpretending worth
 A recompence is given,—
 If not th' illusive joys of earth,
 A bright reward in heaven.

S. R. T.

Louisville, Jan'y, 24, 1845.

ON SACRIFICES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNT JOSEPH DE MAISTRE, FOR THE U. STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

BY EUGENE LYNCH.

Continued from p. 115.

CHAPTER II.

Of Human Sacrifices.



THE doctrine of substitution being universally received, a belief that the efficacy of the sacrifice was proportioned to the importance of the victim followed, as a matter of course; and the belief in these two dogmas, correct in its origin, but corrupted by that power which, in its course, had corrupted all things, led every where to the horrible superstition of the human sacrifice. In vain did the voice of reason warn man that he had no right to take the life of his fellow: in vain did his own daily conduct, in offering up the blood of animals for the redemption of that of man, attest this truth: in vain did the suggestions of humanity and the natural promptings of his own heart lend additional force to the arguments of reason: before this soul-enchaining dogma reason and feeling were alike powerless. We would fain have it in our power to contradict history when she tells us that this abominable usage was practised in every part of the world; but, alas! to the shame of the human race, there is no fact so incontestably proved. Even the fictions of poetry bear witness to the universal prejudice:

“A peine son sang coule et fait rougir la terre,
Les dieux font sur l'autel entendre le tonnerre,
Les vents agitent l'air d'heureux frémissemens,
Et la mer lui répond par des mugissemens;
La rive au loin gémit blanchissante d'écume,
La flamme du bûcher d'elle-même s'allume;
Le ciel brille d'éclairs, s'entr'ouvre et parmi nous
Jette une sainte horreur qui nous rassure tous!”

What! the blood of a pure and innocent girl—of a daughter—necessary to the departure of a fleet and to the success of a war! Again I ask, whence came this strange opinion! What truth had man corrupted to arrive at this fear-

ful error? It has been demonstrated, I believe, that this opinion was connected with the doctrine of substitution—a doctrine incontestably true—a doctrine *innate* in man's bosom, (for how could he have acquired it?) but which he had deplorably corrupted; because, strictly speaking, man does not adopt error. He may be ignorant of the truth or he may abuse it, that is to say, apply it by a false induction to a case with which it has no connection. Two sophisms, it would seem, led the minds of men astray upon this point. First, the superior importance of the subjects from which it was desired to remove the anathema. “What,” said they, “is the value of the life of one individual to the safety of an army, a city, or even that of a sovereign?” And secondly, regarding the peculiar character of two species of victims, already condemned to death by the civil or political law, they asked, “what is the life of a criminal or an enemy?”

There is strong reason to believe that the first human victims were criminals condemned by the law: for the belief which Cesar (De Bello Gallico, Lib. VI., cap. 16) attributes to the Druids, was the belief of every nation, “that the punishment of criminals was an acceptable service to the Divinity.” The ancients believed that every commission of a capital crime in the state *souillé* (*liant*) the nation; and that the criminal was *sacred* or vowed to the gods, until, by the effusion of his blood, he had *unbound* (*dé lié*) both himself and the nation.* Hence we perceive why the word “*sacer*,” sacred, in the Latin tongue, is used in both a good and a bad sense; why the corresponding word in Greek (*σιος*) signifies both that which is *holy* and that which is *profane*; why, in the same manner, the word “anathema” signifies, at the same time, that

* These words “*lié*” and “*dé lié*” are so natural that they have been adopted and fixed for ever in the French theological language.

which is offered up as a gift to God, and that which is delivered over to his vengeance; and why, in fine, both in Greek and in Latin, the expression that a person or thing had been (*desecrated*) expiated, was used to convey the idea that they had been washed clean of a stain which they had contracted. This word *desecrate* (*ἀποδοῖν, expiare*) seems contrary to analogy. The uninstructed would require *re-sacrate*, or *re-sanctify*. But the error is only apparent, and the expression accurately exact. *Sacer*, sacred, in the ancient language, signified that which is delivered over to the Deity, no matter why, and thus becomes *bound* (*lié*), so that the punishment *desecrated*, *expiated*, or *loosed* (*dé lié*), is thus equivalent to the religious *absolution* (*absolutio*). When the twelve tables pronounced sentence of death, they used the expression, “*sacer esto!*” (let him be *sacred*), that is to say, *devoted*, or rather, in more correct phraseology, “*vowed*,” for, strictly speaking, the criminal became *devoted* only by execution. And when the church prays for the *devoted female sex* (*pro devoto femineo sexu*), that is to say, for *religious*, who, in a just sense of the word, are really and truly *devoted*, it is ever with the same idea. On the one side is crime, on the other, innocence: but both the one and the other are *sacred*.* In the Eutyphron of Plato, a man about to accuse his own father of homicide before a tribunal of justice, excuses himself for this seeming breach of filial duty, on the ground “that we are equally sullied by permitting the perpetrator of a great crime to live in peace, as in committing the crime itself; and that he was determined to pursue his accusation that he might absolve both his own person and that of the guilty individual.”† This passage is a just exposition of the ancient system upon this subject, which, in one point of view, does honor to the good sense of the ancients.

* A French journalist expends some small wit upon the words *pro devoto femineo sexu*, and tells us that “the church has decreed to women the title of the devout sex.” (Journal of the Empire, February 26th, 1812.) We will not quarrel with these witty gentlemen, who are just commencing their rudiments,—they will doubtless soon learn them thoroughly. It were well, however, to have learned them before ridiculing the Roman church, which has the reputation of possessing a tolerable knowledge of the Latin language.

† Ἀφροδίτης σεμνὸν καὶ ἱερόν. Plato's Eutyphron, opp. tom. i, p. 8.

Unfortunately, once convinced that the “efficacy of the sacrifice was proportionate to the importance of the victim,” from the criminal to the enemy there was but a step: unfortunately, too, whenever there was a demand for victims, every *stranger* became a criminal.—This horrible jurisprudence is but too well authenticated, and hence the Latin word “*hostis*” signifies at the same time both an *enemy* and a *stranger*.* The most polished writer of that language recognizes the words as synonymous;† and even Homer, in a passage of the Iliad, renders the idea of *enemy* by that of *stranger*, and his commentator has not failed to draw our attention to the fact.‡ This fatal induction seems to explain satisfactorily, at least humanly speaking, the universality of a practice so detestable; for I do not wish to be understood as denying, by any means, (and what intelligent mind can deny it?) the operation of that principle which in its course had corrupted all things. This operation would have no power over man, if it presented error to his view in an isolated state. The thing is not even possible; for error, of itself, has no existence. Abstracting from every antecedent notion, the man who would have proposed the immolation of his fellow man, in order to propitiate the gods, would, for his trouble, have been put to death, or confined as a madman. Every error, therefore, necessarily supposes a pre-existing truth. In surveying the pagan system, bright flashes of truth arrest the attention; but so perverted and distorted that they are scarcely traceable to their source; and I fully concur in the opinion expressed by the Theosophist of our own day, “that idolatry was a *putrefaction*.” Upon a close examination, we will find, amid opinions the most ridiculous, indecent, and atrocious, amid practices the most monstrous and deba-

* Eusth. ad Loc. The Latin word *hostis* is the same as that of “*hôte*” (*hoste*) in French, and both are to be found, though less visibly, in the German word “*hast*.” *Hostis* being thus both an *enemy* and a *stranger*, and under either point of view subject to the sacrifice, man, and thence, by analogy, the animal sacrificed, were called “*hostium*”—(*hostie*). It is well known how this word has been altered and ennobled in the languages of Christendom.

† “I soror, atque hostem supplex affare superbum.” Virgil Æneid iv, 424. Upon this text Servius remarks: “Nonnulli juxta veteres *hostem* pro *hospite dictum accipiunt*.”—Forcellini in *Hostis*.

‡ Ἀλλήτμος φῆς. (Iliad v, 814.)

sing to the human race, not a single one which we can not—since we have been taught to ask that favor—"deliver from evil;" and tracing back the corrupted stream, discover at the fountain-head a truth which is divine. It was, then, by false deductions from incontrovertible truth,—the *degradation of man*, his *original stain*,—the *necessity of satisfaction*,—the *reversibility of merits*,—and the *substitution of expiatory sufferings*,—that men arrived at this terrible error of the human sacrifice.

"France! dans tes forêts elle habita long temps!" "The Gauls when attacked by disease, or exposed to the dangers of war,* immolated, or vowed to immolate human victims, and such sacrifices were performed under the direction of their Druids: because, unless the life of one man was atoned for by that of another, they believed it impossible to appease their deities: and when criminals were not to be found, they sacrificed the innocent. Some filled colossal statues of their gods with living men, covered them with branches, and set them on fire; and in this manner the victims perished enveloped in flames."† These sacrifices continued in Gaul, and other places, down to the establishment of the Christian religion in that country; for in no quarter of the world were they discontinued, until its adoption, and in none have they remained where that holy system was received.‡ More than this: as every truth is, and with reason, found in paganism, but, as I have just remarked, in a state of putrefaction, the theory, equally consoling and incontrovertible, of *suffrage* in the Catholic church shines faintly forth amid the gloom of antiquity, under the form of a sanguinary superstition; and as under that theory every real sacrifice, every meritorious action, every voluntary suffering and penance, can be offered up in truth and with effect, for the souls of the departed, so polytheism, with some faint and shadowy recollection of the truth, how-

* But war was the natural state of this country. "Ante Caesaris adventum fere quotannis (bellum) accidere solebat; uti aut ipsi injurias inferrent, aut illatas propulsarent. (*De Bello Gallico*, lib. vi, cap. 15.)

† *De Bello Gallico*, vi, cap. 16.

‡ "Præceptum ut pro capitis, capitis supplicarentur idque aliquamdiu observatum ut pro familiarium hospitale pueri mactarentur Maniæ Deæ matri Larum." (*Macrob. Sat. i, 7.*)

ever corrupted and perverted that truth may have been, to appease the dead shed human blood upon their tombs. They slaughtered their prisoners upon the tombs of the departed. If they had no prisoners, gladiators became victims. This terrible folly became, at last, a trade, in so much that these gladiators received at length the name of *Bustiarii*, a word which we may represent by that of *tombmen*, since they were destined to shed their blood around the funeral piles of the departed—and, finally, when neither of these classes of miserable beings could be found, females, in spite of the express prohibition of the twelve tables,* mangled their cheeks, that they might offer the semblance, at least, of a sacrifice, and satisfy the infernal gods, to use the words of Varro, by a show of blood.† Is it necessary to cite the Tyrians, Carthaginians, Phœnicians and Canaanians, to prove the universality of this horrible custom? Did not Athens, in the palmiest and most polished period of her existence, annually offer up these sacrifices? Did not Rome, whenever danger threatened the eternal city, immolate the Gaul?‡ Who is ignorant of these facts? It would be still more unnecessary to allude to the custom which prevailed, more particularly in the east, of sacrificing not only enemies, but even domestics and officers upon the tombs of famous warriors and kings.

In America, at the close of the fifteenth century, we find this custom existing amongst the aborigines of the country, but under a much more brutal and disgusting form. It was necessary to supply the Mexican priests, annually, with twenty thousand human victims. To procure so large a number, it became necessary to declare war against some neighboring nation, but, when victims could not be obtained, fathers sacrificed their own

* *Mulieres genas ne radunto. (XII Tab.)*

† *Ut rogis illa imago restitueretur, vel quem admodum Varro loquitur, ut sanguine ostenso inferis satisfiat.* (Joh. Ros. Rom. Antiquit. cap. absolutis, cum notis. Th. Demsteri a Murreick. Amstel., Blaen, 1685, in 4to. v. xxxix, p. 442.)

‡ For the Gaul was an enemy ("*hostis*") to Rome, and consequently a natural victim ("*hostia*"). "With other nations," says Cicero, "we contend for glory; but with the Gaul we combat for our existence. As soon as he threatens our city, by the laws and customs we have received from our forefathers, none are exempt from military service." And in fact even the slaves were enrolled.

offspring. The person who presided over the sacrifice tore open the breast of his victim, and snatched the heart from the yet quivering bosom. The high priest then pressed the blood from the heart, and made it flow on the mouth of the idol. At the close of this terrible and disgusting ceremony, the attending priests feasted together on the flesh of the victim!

Solis has given us an instance of the deep-rooted conviction of the Mexicans, in the report of a speech of Magiscatzin to Cortez, during the stay which that famous Spaniard made at Tlascala. "They could not," he said, "form any idea of a true sacrifice, in which one man did not die for the safety of others."* In Peru, also, fathers sacrificed their own children.† In fine, this madness, together with that other of cannibalism, has prevailed in every quarter of the globe, and disgraced alike both continents.‡ And even at the present day, in spite of the influence of our arms and superior civilization, have we been able to destroy in India this abominable custom? What says the ancient law of that country—the holy writ of Hindostan—upon this subject? "The blood of one man rejoices the Deity for one thousand years, and that of three men for three thousand years."§ I am well aware that at a period more or less posterior to the law, humanity, at times stronger than prejudice, permitted in place of

the human sacrifice, the substitution of the figure of a man formed of butter or of paste: but the real sacrifice of human victims existed for ages, and the voluntary self-immolation of the wife on the death of her husband still exists in Hindostan. This strange sacrifice was called the *Pitrimedha Yaga*,* and the prayer which the wife repeats before ascending the funeral pyre is termed the *Sancalpa*. Before committing herself to the flames, she invokes the gods, the elements, her soul,† and her conscience, exclaiming, "And thou, my conscience! bear witness that I go to follow my husband!" and, whilst enveloped with fire, she embraces the body and cries out, "Satya, Satya, Satya!" an Indian word signifying truth. The duty of setting fire to the funeral pile devolves upon the son, or next nearest relative.‡ And yet this horrible rite prevails in a country where it is considered a crime of the blackest die to kill a cow,—and where the superstitious Brahmin would shudder in horror at the bare idea of destroying the vermin which devour him!

In an inquiry instituted by the government of Bengal, in 1803, to ascertain the number of deluded wretches who, by this barbarous prejudice, sacrificed their lives at the funeral piles of their husbands, it was discovered that it could not fall short of thirty thousand per annum.§ In the month of April, 1802, the

* Ni sabianque pudiese haen sacrificio sin que muriese alguno por la salud de los demas.

Ant. Solis Conq. de la Nueva Esp. lib. iii, cap. 3.

† A very exact detail of these atrocities will be found in the American Letters of Count Carli Rubi, and in the notes of a fanatical translator, who has, unhappily, soiled these interesting researches, by all the excesses of modern impiety. (See *Lettres Americaines*, traduit, de l'Italien de M. le Comte Gian Rinaldo Carli, Paris, 1788; 2 vols. in 8vo. Lettre viii, p. 116; and also the xxvii, p. 407 et seq.) Upon a closer examination of these very profound annotations, I am tempted to believe that the original translation was done by a pure hand, but was afterwards spoiled by one of a very different character. It is a modern and well known trick i'th' trade.

‡ The French editor of Carli, asks "why?" and sagely replies to his own question, "because the man of the people is ever the dupe of opinion!" (Vol. i, letter 8, p. 116.) Beautiful and profound solution!

§ See the *Rudhirad hyaya*, or the *bloody chapter*, translated from the *Calica-Puran*, by M. Blaquiere. (*Asiat. Researches*, Sir Will. Jones' works, in 4to. vol. ii, p. 1058.)

* This custom which requires the wife to kill herself, or to immolate herself upon the funeral pile of the husband, is not peculiar to India. We find it among the nations of the north (Herodotus, book v, c. 1; Brottier on Tacitus, *de mor. Germ.* c. xix, note 6), and in America. (Carli, in the letters already cited, vol. i, lett. 10.)

† "Her conscience!"—who shall say how far this appeal may be acceptable before the tribunal of that infallible Judge, who "is sweet to all, who poureth his tender mercies upon all his works," as the dew upon every plant of the earth.—*Psalms*, cxlv, v. 9.

‡ *Asiatic Researches*, vol. vii, p. 222.

§ Extracts from the English papers translated in the *Gazette* of France, under date of the 19th June, 1804; No. 2369. *Annales littéraires et morales*. Paris, in 8vo. 1804; tom. ii, p. 145.—Mr. Colebrook, indeed, of the Society of Calcutta, assures us in the *Asiat. Researches*, (Sir Will. Jones' works suppl. vol. ii, p. 722,) "that the number of victims to this superstition has never been considerable, and instances of it have become rare." But this word *rare* is, by no means, *precise*. Besides a prejudice whose existence is undeniable, and which was spread over a population of more than sixty millions, must necessarily produce, it would seem, a great number of those horrible sacrifices.

two wives of Ameer Jung, regent of Tanjore, devoted themselves to the flames along with the body of their husband. The details of this sacrifice are horrible. All the inducements which maternal or filial tenderness could suggest,—all the influence which the English government, unable openly to interfere, could bring to bear,—were employed, without effect, to prevent this horrid ceremony: the wives were inflexible.* In some provinces of this vast peninsula, and amongst the lower orders of the people, vows of self-destruction, in the event of their obtaining certain favors of the idols of the country, are by no means rare. Those who have made such vows, and who have obtained the object of their prayers, precipitate themselves from a place called *Calabhairava*, situated in the mountains, between the rivers *Tapti* and *Narmada*. The annual fair, held at this place, seldom passes off without witnessing the self-immolation of eight or ten of these deluded wretches.† Whenever an Indian woman is brought to bed of twins, she is required to sacrifice one of them to the goddess *Gonza* by throwing it into the Ganges. Nay, more, from time to time, even wives themselves are sacrificed to this goddess.‡ In this boasted land of India “the law permits the son to drown his father when rendered incapable, by age or disease, of procuring a subsistence, the young widow is compelled to immolate herself upon the funeral pile of her husband,—human sacrifices are offered up to appease the genius of destruction,—and the wife, who, for a long period has remained barren, makes an offering of her first born child to her deity, by exposing it to wild beasts or birds of prey, or by leaving it to perish in the waters of the Ganges. The greater number of these cruelties were committed in the presence of the Europeans, at the last Hindoo festival, held at the Island of Sangor, in the month of December, 1801.§

At the recital of these horrors, we are tempted to inquire how the British, absolute masters of this empire, can view these shock-

ing practices, without using their authority to repress them? Doubtless that government grieves over this insane self-delusion, but why, we ask, does it not destroy it? Measures of the harshest severity, orders and punishments of the most terrible character have not been wanting: but they seem ever to have been employed rather for the extension or defence of its own power, than for the suppression of these horrible superstitions? It would almost seem that the icy influence of modern philosophy had frozen in the heart of man that stream of charity whose gentle, but unceasing force, in the end, bears down all obstacles that oppose its progress;—or, rather, that the despotism of a free government—the most tyrannical of all despotisms (!)—holds its slaves in too great contempt to undertake the labor of bettering their condition. Another supposition, it would seem to me, more honorable, and at the same time more probable, might be adopted to explain the conduct of the British government on this point. It is simply this, that it is utterly impossible thoroughly to eradicate this obstinate prejudice of the Hindoo people, and that any attempt, by the force of authority, to abolish these shocking practices, may compromise its success, without insuring any good result to the cause of humanity.* But, beyond and above all this, I perceive a problem which presents itself for solution. May not these frightful sacrifices, which so justly shock the reason and feelings of civilized man, may they not have had a beneficial effect, or, at least, may they not have been necessary in India? This institution, terrible and disgusting as it is, constituted the securest safeguard of the husband's life, by placing it under the incorruptible protection of his wives, whose interests were identified with the husband's welfare. In that land of revenge and revolution,—of dark and revolting crimes, what would be the result, if

* See the Asiatic Annual Register, 1802, in 8vo. We perceive by this paper, according to the observation of the Maratta chiefs, that this species of sacrifice was by no means uncommon in Tanjore.

† Asiatic Researches, vol. vii, p. 627.

‡ Gazette de France, at the place cited above.

§ See Essays by the students of Fort William. Bengal and Calcutta, 1802.

* It would nevertheless be unjust not to mention that, in those parts of India which are under the dominion of a Catholic sceptre, this funeral pile of the widow has entirely disappeared. Such is the hidden and wonderful force of the true law of grace. And yet England, who permits innocent females to destroy themselves by thousands under their exceedingly mild and humane government, cries out with loud indignation against the inquisition of Portugal, that is to say, a few drops of guilty blood shed from time to time, at long intervals, *by the law*, “Take the beam first,” &c.

the wife had nothing of consequence to lose by the death of her husband, and if that event merely invested her with the right of obtaining another? Can we believe that the legislators who framed this institution, and who were men of exalted intellect, had no peculiar and powerful motives, arising from the nature and character of the Indian people, for the establishment of these terrible rites? Farther, can we believe that an institution so revolting to the reason, so shocking to the feelings of man could have been established by merely human means? Every system of ancient legislation, despised, degraded, and, to a greater or less degree, maltreated the female sex. "Woman," says the law of Menon, "in infancy is protected by the father, by the husband in youth, and by the son in old age. Her unconquerable impetuosity, the inconsistency of her character, the absence of all permanent affection, and the natural perversity which distinguishes that sex, will never fail, in spite of every imaginable precaution, to detach them in a short time from their husbands."* Plato wished that the laws would never, for a single moment, lose sight of the female sex, "for," said he, "if legislation be remiss on this point, women no longer constitute the half of the human family, but more than the half; and just so much do they exceed us in numbers, as they are inferior to us in virtue."† No one can be unacquainted with the almost incredible slavery and endless tutelage to which women were subject in Athens. Upon the death of a father, who left only a married daughter, the next of kin of the same name was entitled to take her from her husband and make her his wife: and a husband could bequeath his wife, as a part of his property, to any individual whom he might think proper to make his heir, &c.‡ Who does not recollect the severity of the Roman

laws towards females? We might well imagine, in reviewing the policy of these ancient legislators with regard to the *second sex*, that they had taken their lessons in the school of Hippocrates, who considered woman essentially and radically bad. "Woman," says he, "is perverse by nature: her inclination ought to be continually repressed: otherwise it will break forth, like the branches of a tree, in every direction. If the husband be absent, the parents are unable to control or restrain her, she must be entrusted to some friend, whose zeal is not blinded by affection."* Every legislation, in fine, of antiquity, adopted precautionary measures, more or less severe, against the female sex: and even at the present day woman is a slave under the Koran, and little better than a brute amongst the savages. The gospel alone has, by rendering her better, elevated her to an equality with man; the gospel, alone, has proclaimed the rights of woman, after having originated them—and it originated those rights by establishing itself in her heart, as the most active and powerful principle, whether for good or evil. Destroy, weaken but to a certain point, in a Christian country, the influence of the divine law which protects the liberty it had accorded to woman, and you will immediately behold that noble and touching liberty, which she now enjoys through the gospel, degenerate into shameless licentiousness. She will become the most terrible instrument to extend a universal corruption, which will eventually reach the vitals of the state. The state will thus become a putrid carcass, and its gangrenous decrepitude excite feelings of shame and horror. A Turk or Persian, attending an European ball, imagines he is dreaming; he knows not what to make of those women.

"Compagnes d'un époux, et reines en tous lieux, Libres sans déshonneur, fidèles sans contrainte, Et ne devant jamais leurs vertus à la crainte."

His surprise is natural; he is ignorant of that law which renders this tumult and association possible. Did the subject admit of a comparison, we would say that women are more indebted to the Christian dispensation than men. The natural opposition between that system and slavery (which it always by degrees, but infallibly, destroys, whenever it

* Laws of Menon, the son of Brahma; translated by Sir Wm. Jones. Vide his works, vol. iii, chap. ix, No. 3, pp. 235—7.

† Plato, de Leg. vi; opp. vol. viii, p. 310.

‡ Οσα δὲ ἡ Σίλεια ἡμῖν φύσις ἐστὶ πρὸς ὑπερὴν χεῖρα τῆς ἀρετῆς, τοσοῦτα διαφέρει πρὸς τὸ πλεον ἢ διαπλάσσειν ἡμᾶς.

§ The mother of Demosthenes had been thus disposed of; and the formula of the legacy is handed down to us in the oration against Stephanus. (See the commentaries on the pleadings of Isæus by Sir Wm. Jones, in his works, in 4to. vol. iii, pp. 210, 211.)

* Hippoc. opp. cit. edit. Van der Linden in 8vo. vol. ii, pp. 910, 911.

is allowed freely to exert its influence) is no where more apparent than in the case of women. Knowing but too well how easy it is to persuade to vice, it refuses to all the right to make vice obligatory.*

Such being the case, every legislator should bear in mind this maxim. "If the Christian system is to be set aside, women must first be shut up," or laws, the most appalling, enacted in their regard, such as are enforced in India. We often hear the mildness of the Hindoo character spoken of with praise. But let us not deceive ourselves: out of that law which has proclaimed blessings to the meek, "*beati mites*," there are none to whom that epithet can be justly applied. The Hindoos may be timid, feeble, cowardly; *meek* they can not be. The coward may be cruel; nay, he often is so: the mild man never is. Of this the Hindoo nation furnishes a striking example. Besides the superstitious cruelties I have just cited, what land upon the globe has more scenes of cruelty? And we who shudder and turn pale at the bare mention of human sacrifices and cannibalism, how can we be so blind and ungrateful as to forget that we owe these sentiments of humanity to that *law of love* which watched over our cradle? But yesterday an illustrious nation, arrived at the highest term of civilization and refinement, in a delirium of frenzy, of the like of which history has no record, dared formally to suspend this law. What was the result? Suddenly, in this boasted land of intelligence and refinement, we beheld the manners of the Iroquois and the Algonquins: the holiest principles of humanity were trodden under foot: all France was covered with one universal scaffold reeking with her fairest and best blood; men made play-things of human heads, and the mouth of woman was distained with human blood! Such is man in

* We may remark here that, if Christianity protects woman, woman has, in her turn, the privilege of protecting that law to an extent which is worthy of attention. We are almost tempted to believe that this influence arises from some secret affinity, some natural law. We see the redemption of mankind proceeding from a woman announced from the beginning of the world; in all the evangelical history women play a distinguished part, and in all the conquests of Christianity, whether over individuals or nations, a woman always figures in the scene. This is as it ought to be, since—but I fear my note is growing too long.

his natural state! not that he has not within him even in this terrible degradation the germs—the indestructible germs of truth and virtue; for they are his hereditary, inalienable rights,—but that without this divine fecundation, these germs would be smothered in the bud, or bring forth only sickly and abortive fruits!—It is now time to draw from these undeniable historical facts a conclusion no less incontrovertible. The experience of ages has taught us "that where ever the true God was not known and served, in virtue of an express revelation, man always sacrificed and often devoured his fellow man."

Lucretius, after detailing the sacrifice of Iphigenia (as an authentic fact; this was necessary for his purpose), triumphantly exclaims:

"So great the ills that from religion sprang!"

Alas! he, like all his followers infinitely less excusable than himself, saw only the abuses of religion. He saw not, or was unwilling to see, that even the human sacrifice, horrible as it might be, was as nothing, compared with the enormities which follow in the train of absolute impiety. He saw not, or rather would not see, that there is not, that there can not be a religion entirely false, that the religion of all nations governed by a code of laws, and glaringly defective as it was, even in his own day, was the support of the political edifice, and that the dogmas of Epicurus were, at that moment, in sapping the foundations of religion, undermining also the constitution of Rome, and paving the way to a blood-thirsty and interminable despotism.

For us, the happy possessors of the truth, let us not commit the crime of being ignorant or unmindful of its blessings. God thought proper in his wisdom to *overlook forty centuries*,* but since the dawn of the day-star from on high, this crime admits no longer of an excuse. In reflecting upon the evils produced by false religions, let us bless, let us embrace with transport, that true one which has ex-

* Acts xvii, 30. "Et tempora quidem hujus ignorantia despiciens Deus," &c. *imprudens*—Arnaud, in the New Testament of Mons, translates the above, "God being in anger against these times of ignorance," &c.; and at the bottom of the page he says: *otherwise*—"God having let pass and as it were dissimulated, and, according to the literal signification, despised these times," &c. Indeed, it is quite *otherwise*.

plained and vindicated the religious instinct of man,—which has rescued this universal sentiment from the crimes and the errors that dishonored it, and which “*has renewed the face of the earth!*”

So great the evils which religion cures!

The preceding remarks embody, I think, nearly all that can be advanced with certainty on the secret principle of sacrifices, and particularly human sacrifices which have disgraced the whole human family. I think, however, it will not be amiss, in closing this chapter, to show in what manner the philosophy of modern times has considered this subject. The popular idea which first presents itself to the mind, and which is evidently anterior to reflection, is that of a-homage, or a species of *present* made to the divinity. “The gods are our benefactors (*datores bonorum*); it is but natural that we should make an offering to them of the first fruits of those goods which we receive from them.” Hence the ancient libations, and the offering of the first fruits, with which they were accustomed to begin their repasts.* Heyne, in annotating upon this verse of Homer, “He threw the first fruits of the repast into the fire” (*ὁ δ' ἐν πυρὶ βέβας θυλάας*; Iliad IX, 220; Odyssey XIV, 436, 446), finds in this custom the origin of sacrifices. “The ancients,” says he, “offered to the gods a portion of their food, of which the flesh of animals, of course, formed a part;—and the sacrifice,” adds he, “viewed in this light, presents nothing *revolting* to the mind.”†

* That part of the food which was separated from the rest, and burned in honor of the gods, was called by the Greeks *aparché* (*ἀπαρχή*), and the act itself of offering these first fruits was expressed by the verb (*ἀπαρχαίνειν*) to commence (par excellence.)

† Apparet (religiosum hunc ritum) peperisse sacrificiorum morem; quippe, quæ ex epulis domesticis ortum duxerunt quem cibi vescendi pars resecta pro primitiis offerretur Diis in quod *hic* mos religiosus displicat. (Heyne ad locum.) I am not at all surprised at this explanation of Heyne; for the Protestant school dislikes all idea that exceeds the limits of the material circle: they fear them all alike, and condemn them *en masse* as vain and superstitious. This doctrine may at times be useful to us, never indeed as an aliment, but as a remedy. Nevertheless, even in this case, I consider it undoubtedly false, and I am surprised that Bergier has adopted it. (*Traité hist. et dogmat. de la vraie religion*, in 8vo. tom. ii, 296, 297, after Porphyry, de abst. lib. ii.) This learned apologist saw clearly; but, it seems that in this case he did not look.

These last words, permit me, en passant, to observe, prove that this able critic had a confused notion that, in the general idea of sacrifice, there was something more than the simple offering, and that this *something more* was what he found *revolting*. In fact, it was not simply the *present*—the *offering*—the *first fruits*;—in a word, it was not the simple act of homage and gratitude rendered, if I may so speak, to the sovereignty of God; for, in this case, the ancients would have procured flesh from the shambles, for the purpose of sacrificing upon their altars; and they would have confined themselves to the public repetition, with all suitable pomp, of this same ceremony, which formed the commencement of their domestic repasts. No, there is question of *blood*, of *immolation*, properly so called; and the difficulty is to explain how mankind, in every age and clime, had agreed to believe that there was not (let it be carefully observed) in the offering of flesh, but in the *effusion of blood*, an expiatory virtue useful to man. This is the true problem, and one not to be solved at the first glance.* Not only the sacrifices were not a simple extension of the *aparché* (*ἀπαρχή*), or of the offering of the first fruits burnt at the commencement of the repasts, but these *aparché* themselves were very evidently nothing more than an humbler species of sacrifice; as we, in a similar manner, might transfer to our own hearth certain religious rites which are performed with public pomp in our churches. That this is a correct view of the matter, will be clear to every reflecting mind. Hume, in his infamous work, “The Natural History of Religion,” adopts this idea of Heyne, and infuses into it his own peculiar venom: “A sacrifice,” says he, “is conceived as a present, and any present is delivered to their deity by destroying it and rendering it useless to men; by burning what

* The Persians, according to Strabo, divided the flesh of the victims among themselves, and reserved none for the gods. (*Τὸς θεοῖς οὐδὲν ἀπονέμειναι μίρον.*) For, said they, *God needs only the soul of the victim*, (that is to say, of the blood.)—(*“Τὰς γὰρ ὕψιχες, φασὶ, τοῦ ἱερῆς δαΐδας τὸν θεὸν ἄλλου δεῖ οὐδένος.”*) Strabo, lib. xv, p. 695, cited in Cudworth’s dissertation, De suâ notione cœnæ Domini, cap. i, No. vii, at the end of his celebrated book, “Systema intellectuale Universum.” This curious text is a direct refutation of the ideas of Heyne, and is in perfect accordance with the Hebrew theories, according to which the *effusion of the blood* forms the essence of the sacrifice. (*Ibid.* cap. ii, No. 4.)

is solid, pouring out the liquid, and killing the animate. For want of a better way of doing him (*God*) a service, we do ourselves an injury; and fancy that we thereby express at least the heartiness of our love and adoration. Thus our mercenary devotion, after having deceived itself, hopes to deceive the Deity."* But this spiteful tirade explains nothing, on the contrary it rather involves the problem in greater obscurity. Voltaire has not failed to exercise his ingenuity upon this subject: adopting the general idea of sacrifice as something admitted, he directs his attention particularly to the human sacrifice. "Nothing was to be seen," he says, "in the ancient temples but skewers, spits, gridirons, kitchen knives, long iron forks, spoons or pot ladles, † large jars to hold the fat, and, in a word, every thing to inspire contempt and horror. Nothing contributed more to perpetuate that cruel and savage disposition which, *in the end*, led man to shed the blood of his fellow man, and even that of his own offspring. But the sacrifices of the inquisition, which we have discussed at such length, have been a hundred-fold more abominable: we have substituted executioners for butchers." ‡ Voltaire doubtless had never entered an ancient temple: he never could have known one even through the medium of an engraving, if he believed that a temple, properly so called, presented the appearance either of a kitchen or a slaughterhouse. Besides, he should have remembered that these "*gridirons, spits, long forks, these spoons and ladles*," and all the rest of this cooking apparatus, which seems to have struck our author with so much horror, have been, and

* Hume's *Essays and Treatises* on several subjects—The Natural History of Religion, sect. ix, London, 1768, in 4to. p. 511.) We may observe in this passage, taken as a general formula, one of the most striking characteristics of impiety—contempt for the human race. The daughter and the mother of pride,—drunk with pride and breathing nothing but pride, impiety never ceases to outrage, to discourage and degrade mankind, to view every thing man has ever thought or done, in the most humiliating light, and in a manner best calculated to produce self-abasement and despair; and it is thus unconsciously it puts its own dark and forbidding features in the strongest contrast with the heavenly form of the true religion, which unceasingly prescribes humility as the only step by which man can elevate himself to God.

† Profound observation! as profound as it is pertinent to the subject!

‡ See note xiii, on the insipid tragedy of *Minos*.

are, even now a days, as much in use as formerly, and yet no mother—not even the wife of a professed cook or butcher—feels the least inclination to place her children upon the gridiron, or throw them into her boiling pot. It is self-evident that the harshness and cruelty of character, resulting from the continued practice of shedding the blood of animals, and which could only tend, at most, to the commission of some particular crime, could never have led man to the systematic immolation of his fellow man.

We are astonished at the words, *in the end*, employed by Voltaire; as if the human sacrifice could, at any time, have been the result of animal sacrifices, previously used for many centuries.

Nothing can be more false than this idea. *At all times, and in all places*, where the true God was not known and adored, man has shed the blood of his brother in sacrifice. The most ancient monuments of history attest it, and the fictions of fable, whose testimony is not to be always rejected, sustain and confirm it. To explain this great phenomenon something more is required than the *knives and forks* of our author. The precious morsel upon the *inquisition*, which closes the passage, seems to have been written in a paroxysm of frenzy. What! the legal execution of a few individuals, ordered by a legitimate (civil) tribunal, in pursuance of a law previously and solemnly promulgated, and whose penalties every individual was perfectly free to avoid, is this a hundred-fold more horrible than the shocking spectacle of a father and mother casting their own offspring into the fiery arms of Moloch? What atrocious raving! What reckless abandonment of all reason and justice! what frontless impudence! His anti religious rage carries him so far that he at length knows not exactly what he says: "we have substituted executioners for butchers."

Imagining that he had been speaking of the sacrifices of animals, he loses sight of what he had just written of *human sacrifices*: otherwise, what could he have meant by contrasting the butcher with the executioner? Were the priests of antiquity, who shed the blood of their fellow men *with the sacred steel*, less entitled to the epithet of *executioners*, than the judges of modern times, who consign them to death by virtue of a law? But to return to the

main subject: nothing can be more futile, as we have seen, than the reason alleged by Voltaire to explain the origin of the human sacrifice. *Common sense* is sufficient to show that there is not, in his solution of this problem, a shadow of sagacity, or knowledge of antiquity or humanity.

Listen, in fine, to Condillac, and see the method he has taken to explain the origin of human sacrifices to his pretended scholar, who, fortunately for the happiness of a people, never finished his education. "Man was not content," says he, "to offer his vows and prayers to the gods: he considered it his duty to offer those things which he imagined would

be more acceptable to them . . . fruits, animals, and *men*!" * I will not say that this passage is worthy of a child; for, thanks be to God! there is not a child in existence bad enough to write it. What execrable levity does it exhibit! what perfect contempt for our unhappy species! what slanderous rancor against its most natural and holy instinct! I have not language to express how revolting to my conscience and feelings are these sentiments of Condillac. It is one of the most odious passages of that odious writer.

* Œuvres de Condillac, Paris, 1798, in 8yo. vol. 1, Hist. Am. ch. xii, pp. 98, 99.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE STARS.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

FATHER! who hast set those stars,
Living benisons above,
Shining—shining ever, ever
With far less of light than love,
O! they seem to me as telling
Through the dark there still is light
In our home of future dwelling:
Father, tell me, am I right?

In the silence of the night,
Night so beautiful and lone—
Every star in heaven's blue height
Seems a beacon to thy throne;
And in spirit *thus* believing
Is a most consoling might:—
Faith so pure is undeceiving:
Father, tell me, am I right?

They are ever to my eyes
As a life-awaking book,
Full of beautiful surmise,
Mystic more, the more I look.
Then I deem them, soul-subdued,
An Apocalypse of light
Where no Human dare intrude;
Father, tell me, am I right?

Toil at midnight! oh, 'tis weary!
But how wearier were my lot
Even at midnight, lone and dreary,
If these wondrous works were not,
'Tis my thoughtful transport, walking
Homeward in the noon of night,
To be with them of Thee talking:
Father, tell me, am I right?

Thinking of thy mercies, shining
Countless as those stars above,
Do I stand and pause divining
All those mysteries of Love?
No! but filled with faith upholding—
Faith so singly, boldly bright—
I behold thee—*thus* beholding:
Father, tell me, am I right?

In this darkness of surmise,
Pausing, thinking, loving, lost,
Star-concentred 'mid the skies,
Like a seaman tempest-tost,
I can *know* not what they are,
But, so mercifully bright,
See thee in each guiding star:
Father! tell me, am I right?

Linked with that upward thought—
Soul's affinity with them,
Is the brilliant star that brought
Worshippers to Bethlehem:
I can not, amid the whole,
Point the one—commissioned light,
But through it I wing my soul:
Father, tell me, am I right?

If I err, good Father hear me!
If I err, oh! deign to hear!
I have thought thee ever near me;
Elee could I my sorrow bear?
Every thing—the gay and solemn—
Dreams of day or thoughts of night,—
Star or streamlet, mound or column—
Tells me—Father, am I right?

THE STUDENT OF BLenheim FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Continued from p. 104.

CHAPTER VIII.

Facts, Fancies, and Fears.



LAVERING had just turned over the last page of "Miller's End of Controversy," which he had been reading the second time, and was sitting in his favorite retreat, half buried in pleasing thought, when he heard the sound of heavy footsteps, and, raising his eyes, saw Colonel Clavering, who had arrived that morning from Fredericksburg, standing before him.

"Well, sir," exclaimed his father, "are we never to see more of you than now? I am half tempted to curse books. What good can come of your thus reading your health away and your eyes out, making yourself look really more decrepid than I do?"

Louis laid down the book, which he had been holding half closed in his hand, and replied, smiling:

"Dear father, you yourself taught me to love books; but forgive me, sir, if I have seemed undutiful or inattentive."

"Attentive! 'fore George, I hardly see you often enough to know you. I can scarcely identify you as my once noble looking son—only see! you stoop in the shoulders, are pale and haggard, and look ten years older than when I last saw you! What are your studies, pray?"

"Various, sir," answered Clavering, evading for the moment the storm which he saw gathering in the distance.

"Well! well! I shall call you to an account soon; meanwhile, boy, rub up your manners, shake off your rust, and prepare to assist me in doing the honors of our house, for I expect a party of friends to-morrow from Fredericksburg, who will make the silent old castle ring with gaiety, and among them I assure you you will find several accomplished and amiable

persons, but even these with all their fascinating qualities do not surpass my young relative, Isadora Seymore. Some talented men too, by the by, will be of the party, and it is my earnest wish, sir, that you will rouse the slumbering energies of your nature, and show yourself their equal in intellect and manners."

"Ah! my God," thought Clavering, with a pang at his heart, "give me thy grace in coming trials, and all will be well."

He turned away his head that his father might not see the changing emotions that marked his countenance, and the colonel exclaimed, in a bantering tone:

"Come, no blushing: you students are really too bashful for the age in which you live; however, you exist so much among the spirits of the past that it is quite natural perhaps for you to learn a few old fashioned lessons of modesty; but see, our horses which I ordered round are ready, are you disposed to ride?"

"Certainly, sir."

Clavering soon drew his father into a detailed account of the business which had carried him from home, and adroitly turned the conversation during the ride from any subject which in the remotest manner might have led to a *denouement* concerning the wished for union between himself and cousin.

The next day the visitors landed from the steamboat at eleven o'clock, and nothing was now to be thought of but gaiety and mirth. None possessed the ancient spirit of the old dominion in a more eminent degree than did Colonel Clavering, who retained all its warm-hearted hospitality, and deemed no sacrifice too great for the entertainment of those who were his guests. He was of a race who are gradually becoming extinct, and who, when the age of improvement progresses a little further, and a few more cold customs from the north are imported, will be remembered, as is the "old English gentleman," only in song or story!

The noisy peal of the gong in the morning, announcing breakfast, was the signal for the commencement of a day of gaiety. The house, which before its deep-toned cry was perfectly silent, save when a smothered laugh was heard, and the subdued tones of chattering tongues from some of the chambers, now literally thronged with life and all its most delightful and hilarious sounds, as the gay and young emerged from every quarter of the mansion to assemble round the magnificently furnished board.

Rides, walks, excursions on the river, fishing parties and hunting varied their amusements by day, and during the evening, while the elder portion of the guests amused themselves with chess or the discussion of various interesting topics, the gay and youthful enjoyed with great zest the mirthful dance, the sparkling wit and repartee of pleasant conversation, or strains of enrapturing and well executed music. To some minds these sounds and mirthful recreations were delightful sources of amusement, but to Clavering they were like discordant strings of music, and grated in harsh numbers on his ear. His mind was so intently fixed on one subject that all others in comparison seemed to shrink into absolute nothingness: he, however, rallied manfully, and performed the part allotted to him by his father in an agreeable and dignified manner. The precepts of that faith which he would soon adopt in a practical manner, and for whose sake he felt assured he would be called on to make great sacrifices ere long, taught him also that a patient endurance of trials was one of the first and best lessons in the holy science of religion, and this science he wished to learn perfectly with all its attendant humiliations. Among the guests were the Hon. Judge Fleetwood and lady, the Misses Caldwells, who were both ladies of large fortunes, and ranked among the most distinguished of the daughters of Virginia, and a Miss Shelton, whose sole design appeared to be to ornament the *parterre* of life, and, like a brilliant butterfly, flit without a care among its flowers, and a Mr. Ambrose Beverly, a gentleman who was looked upon as a most eligible match by the matrons, and as quite a desirable one by their daughters, while his large fortune and splendid reputation as a ~~man of~~ talent and genius would have been no objection to the "most grave and reverend signors," their fathers.

And yet there were ladies who, having neither daughters nor husbands, and being rather in the shady declivity of life, could not possibly dream of matrimonial affairs, nevertheless set about finding out his religious sentiments that they might perchance convert him, if he was not converted, and guide him into the right path if he had wandered astray; but, alas! for curiosity and their excellent intentions—all their schemes on this subject failed, and they were at last compelled to declare, whenever opportunity offered, that he was either a latitudinarian in principle or a papist.

There were many other distinguished guests among the gay company at the "Forest," but their names have been forgotten among other and more important recollections. A short time before their departure all of the neighboring gentry had been invited to spend the day at "Blenheim Forest," and close the evening by a splendid *fete champetre*. Every thing seemed propitious on the occasion—the air was balmy, and the night, although there was no moon, radiantly clear; and a more magnificent scene never lit up the banks of the old Rappahannock. The mansion looked like an enchanted palace as the brilliant lights streamed from every window, and its grounds like a glimpse of fairy land. Colored lamps and white lustres hung in long and glittering vistas among the foliage of the lawn, and constellations of myriad prismatic lights beamed like jewelled stars through the shades of the forest, where tents, so covered with evergreens and boughs that they looked like natural sylvan retreats, were erected, and now brilliantly illuminated; and in these were displayed tables covered with the most costly and inviting refreshments, among which clusters of glowing exotics had been placed, giving to their whole appearance a splendid and elegant effect. A party of musicians on the shore, with the hautboy, the corneopean, the French horn and other wind instruments, filled the air with their soft melodies, which rose and fell with the passing wind, and at times died away like the strains of *Æolian* harps. A full band of music, stationed at an agreeable distance in the forest, played at intervals the most delightful and inspiring airs, which came with mellowed harmony on the ear, causing each young heart to bound with instinctive and accurate time, while to the music of the sweet old fashioned violins their twinkling feet fell noiselessly

but merrily on the smooth shaven lawn. Some, forgetting the philosophy of life and its duller realities, yielded themselves without a thought beyond to the enchantment of the scene; and had a visiter from another sphere descended among the smiling throng, he might have exclaimed, judging from outward appearances, "here at least mortals enjoy unclouded happiness." A few, tired of the inspiring exercise, wandered in cheerful parties through the refreshing quiet of the forest aisles. Among these, Colonel Clavering and Miss Caldwell, Mr. Beverly and Isadora, with Clavering and Miss Kate Shelton, found their way to a romantic and secluded spot, which was somewhat elevated, and stood several minutes in silence, listening to the mellowed sounds of the distant music which floated in soft cadences, like ethereal harmonies, around them, and admiring, through an opening in the foliage, the beautiful effect of the different colored lights on the river, which seemed literally strewn with gems, as the crimson, violet, and orange hues twinkled among the placid waves. At last Miss Shelton, to whom silence was an intolerable bore, exclaimed:

"Pon honor, Mr. Clavering, Jr., you are the most solemn, stately young gentleman I ever saw—I really believe you are studying for the ministry."

"Why so, Miss Shelton?" asked Clavering, who had hitherto resisted successfully all her attempts either by persiflage or railery to draw him into a flirtation.

"Oh! I don't know exactly, only you look so awfully serious sometimes and so profoundly grave, that I almost expect to hear you give a whim-a-whoo, like that owl that frightened away my wits last night. Bless me! Isadora did you hear it?"

"Yes," answered Isadora; "but it is far from being an alarming sound to me."

"Oh, I suppose not," cried the thoughtless lady; "you are quite as bad as Mr. Clavering; you are so romantic."

"Who, I?" exclaimed Isadora: "far from it."

"Well, my dear, if it is not romance to be looking at the moon and kissing old withered roses, I don't know what is. I saw you and—but bless me, where is she—oh! there she goes towards the lawn. I expect she's quite offended with me. But by the by there are one or two

things which I am determined you shall explain to me, Mr. Clavering. Oh! believe me, I am an expert diviner of all intricate mysteries, particularly when such a dear friend as Isadora is concerned."

"I fear most seriously, my good Miss Shelton," answered Clavering, glancing uneasily at his father, "that you will be much disappointed, as I can assure you that I have no very intricate secrets to be discovered;" but the colonel was perfectly charmed with his equivocal, as it presented to him the most sanguine and pleasing construction.

"La! Mr. Beverly," she exclaimed, turning to that gentleman, "they tell me you are one of those Puseyites. Miss Betty Wilkins told me so this morning."

"Ah," he answered, "I heard yesterday, Miss Kate, that I was a Catholic—to day at dinner a Mormon, and now a Puseyite; really I think among the three I ought certainly to get to heaven!"

"Oh!" cried Miss Caldwell, "any thing on earth but a Catholic—they are so awfully idolatrous."

"True," said the colonel approvingly.

"La! Mr. Clavering," persevered Miss Shelton, "may be you are a Puseyite; I never thought of it before. They say they are doing wonders in England. Miss Betty read to me this morning that they were having popish confessionals put up in some of the Episcopal churches. Oh! you ought to have seen the fidget the dear old lady was in."

"God deliver us," said the colonel severely, "from their abominable doctrines, which, if stamped as orthodox by the church of England, will bring the church again, without doubt, under the yoke of Rome. I for one, in such a case, would join Methodist or Quaker rather than be drawn into such an act!"

"My dear Miss Caldwell," said Mr. Beverly, "allow me to ask *why* you think the poor papists are so idolatrous?"

"Oh! a thousand reasons. I was at Richmond once and visited the Catholic church, and saw with my own eyes priest and people adoring the bread and wine in the sacrament—yes, worshipping it!"

"Preposterous," exclaimed Mr. Beverly, "I am not a Catholic, but I am perfectly well acquainted with their doctrines. The bread

which you believed them to be worshipping, Miss Caldwell, and which, as you observed, was made in the form of a wafer, was the consecrated host, or, in other words, the eucharist, which, with the wine contained in the chalice, is always offered up at mass, and which Catholics believe by the power of God and the virtue of the words of consecration to be the real body and blood of Christ, still preserving in outward appearance the natural forms of bread and wine."

"Awful! shocking! blasphemous!" was exclaimed by all except Mr. Beverly and Clavering.

"I think," said Mr. Beverly, "my discourse ought to be brought to a conclusion after such a flattering reception."

"Oh, no—no!" they all answered.

"No," replied the colonel; "any explanation of any part of their doctrines, particularly on this point, only stamps the brand of idolatry with more certainty on them. Worshipping bread and wine! what can be more senseless—more idolatrous, when the great Creator—God—demands the adoration which is thus paid to his creatures."

"Well," answered Mr. Beverly, good humoredly, "I will only quote the opinions of two celebrated divines of the church of England on the subject, which correspond perfectly with the meaning of the Catholic church. But understand, I am impartial, and do it merely to defend the absent, on a point in regard to which I believe they are more than half right.—'Will any papist,' asks the candid Thorndyke, prebendary of Westminster, 'acknowledge that he honors the elements of the eucharist for God? Will common sense charge him with honoring that in the sacrament which he does not believe to be there?'" And Dr. Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Doren, argues with equal firmness, when he says: "The object of their (the Catholics') adoration in the sacrament is the only true and eternal God, hypostatically united with his holy humanity, which humanity they believe actually present under the veil of the sacrament. If they thought him not present, they are so far from worshipping the BREAD, that they profess it idolatry to do so. 'This is demonstration that the soul has nothing in it idolatrical; the will

has nothing in it but what is the greatest enemy to idolatry.'"

Miss Shelton was engaged *sotto voce* in earnest conversation with Miss Caldwell, relative to the respective merits of certain individuals then present at the fete—the colonel yawned as if he was bored to death, and Clavering was the only listener the generous Mr. Beverly had.

"But really," said he, "this is a subject which is exceedingly inappropriate on such an occasion and in such a scene; but the fact is, Mr. Clavering, truth, like murder, 'will out,' you know."

"Your defence, if I understand you right, my dear sir," said Clavering, "would have been extended with equal generosity to any sectarian principles which might have been misrepresented?"

"Precisely," said Mr. Beverly, laughing. "I have quite a mania for taking up the cudgels in defence of the absent indiscriminately: good, bad, and indifferent, I believe, share my good offices alike."

"A kind of a polemical Don Quixotte," said Clavering, smiling.

"Oh, canst *thou* tell me where I may find a Sancho—a trusty squire!" exclaimed Mr. Beverly, with such an air of mock anxiety and grief, to Clavering, that he could not forbear smiling, while he sincerely pitied this singularly gifted being who made it his religion to defend the doctrines and errors of the whole world, without apparently having any idea of discerning or discriminating the undying principle, which binds the faithful soul to Christ in the bonds of "one faith" and "one baptism."

"Well, gentlemen," said Miss Shelton, "is the subject disposed of? if so, let us join yon delightful throng, whose gaiety offers a most charming contrast with this haunted shadowy looking place and this awfully gloomy conversation!"

"I believe," said the student, offering her his arm, "I may claim the honor?"

"Oh, certainly, and I'll tell you a secret in the bargain."

"I am all anxiety," replied Clavering; "what can it be?"

Some trifling rejoinder was made by Miss

* Just Weights and Measures.—c. 19.

* Liberty of Prophecy, sec. 20.

Shelton, as they joined a gay group whose screams of laughter, as they approached, announced to her that they were kindred spirits with her own.—Pale beams were dawning in the east, ere the delighted crowd dispersed to seek on their pillows rest and refreshment after the night's dissipation!

Mrs. Clavering had for some weeks watched her son's countenance with the most intense anxiety, and in secret shed many tears at the thought of coming sorrows which she knew must necessarily close around both herself and son, if he declared his sentiments in favor of the Roman Catholic church. She retained all her devotion for her husband, and when she thought of the blow that such a disclosure would inflict on him, and what discord and gloom would exist then, where now all was peace and confidence—of her child who would perhaps be disinherited and banished from her presence; alas! the measure of her woes seemed filling fast. She well knew the terrible inflexibility of Col. Clavering's will, when principles of right or conscience were involved in a question, and, above all, she knew the deep and bitter prejudices existing in his mind against her forsaken creed. Would he tolerate for an instant the probability that his son—his *HEIR*, over whose religious education he had so earnestly and particularly watched, fearing that he might imbibe with his mother's milk, her sentiments, should embrace a faith which above all others he looked on as sacrilegious and idolatrous? Her heart was torn within her, and her mind kept in such a painful state of anxiety, that traces of her care soon began to make the same ravages on her cheeks, which so painfully marked the beautiful and noble features of her son. She had remarked with a feeling of relief that the student had seemed to throw aside his serious thoughts, and join with apparent zest in the gaiety around him; and oh, weak human nature! perverse heart! at such times she would have rejoiced if he had never heard of a religion different from that in which he had been educated. Human respect! that vile serpent which had cast its trail over the Eden of her heart, almost blasting its eternal beauty, had not yet withdrawn its venom, and her thoughts, like the waves of a stormy sea, ran hither and thither, their natural flow turned aside and made the buffet of wild, unstable winds. She

was to be pitied! For herself, she would not have been thus moved—but the idol of her soul! her first born and only son! how could it be borne? The next day, while their guests still slumbered undisturbed, the colonel and his lady met in the drawing room, whither they had gone expecting to meet some one at least of their gay friends.

"Good morning, my dear," said the colonel, "this meeting is quite appropos this morning, I assure you. I have been impatiently wishing for an opportunity to speak to you about Louis."

"How?" she asked anxiously—"about Louis? have you discovered——?"

"The same thing perhaps that you have—but come, Josephine, take my arm, and," said the colonel, offering it, "we can consult together about the matter—we need not sit down—you know I must walk before breakfast, and as we have met so opportunely here, I must beg you to walk with me!"

"Certainly, colonel!" she answered, much relieved by his kind manner—as she laid her arm within his, and commenced walking at a brisk pace to and fro the length of the large drawing room, while the bright unclouded sunbeams fell through the open windows in cheerful beauty on the floor, and a brisk, fresh breeze came sweeping up from the water, giving to their promenade all the zest and freshness of out-door exercise.

"Do you know, my dear, I think we had better hurry this marriage on as soon as possible—Louis looks ill—and Isadora pale and distressed!"

"Marriage, my dear colonel! Louis and Isadora!" asked Mrs. Clavering, amazed, "are they to be married?"

"Certainly, my dear," answered the colonel—"certainly; the whole world expects it."

"I should be pleased without measure," said the lady earnestly, "if it could be accomplished; but you know that the parties concerned are to be consulted on so important a matter!"

"Oh, as to that," exclaimed the colonel, "I know Isadora's sentiments perfectly well—they are as favorable as the most sanguine heart could wish, and as to my son, I have watched him closely, and am pretty well assured that he is ardently attached to her. I believe firmly it is preying on her mind, but

he is so immersed in his studies and with those hateful, horrid books, that he don't know, himself, exactly what ails him!"

But Mrs. Clavering knew well that concealed love had no share in her son's abstractions, and said nothing.

"As all these folks go away to-morrow," continued he, "I'll have a conference with Louis, and get the matter off his mind and my own too. 'Fore George, it's enough to break my heart to see the fellow looking so—and you too, madam, I do not think you look as you used to. You look older by five years than you did some few months ago."

"I am growing old, my dear," answered his lady, attempting to smile.

"Well—well!" replied he, "when our young folks are married and happy we'll give wrinkles and cares to the winds. I shall see Louis to-morrow or the day after, and find out the cause of all this, you may depend on it." Just then approaching footsteps and the sounds of talking and laughter announced the approach of some of their guests, much to Mrs. Clavering's relief; for she well knew that in the interchange of civilities and the discharge of hospitable duties the colonel would forget, at least for a short time, the subject that so perplexed him.

The gay party took their departure the next morning in the steamboat, which again passed on her route from Baltimore to Fredericksburg, and left the little circle at the "Forest" solitary and almost sad.

CHAPTER IX.

Chivalry and Religion.

AFTER more mature consideration, Colonel Clavering thought he would allow things to progress a little further without his interference, fondly hoping that they would soon disclose to each other their mutual regards. It had long been a settled point in his own mind that these two gifted beings, whom he loved beyond expression, would be some day united, and so accustomed was he to complete every arrangement with an eye referable to this, and to hear his neighbors often say, "When your son and ward are married," that if an angel had appeared and told him that all these hopes were destined to be destroyed—that not the smallest probability of their accomplishment existed, he would have thrown him his glove and told him

he lied. He could not however conceive why things progressed so slowly, and, after thinking with much perplexity for several days and anxious nights on the subject, he came to the conclusion that his son was so enrapt in his studies, so lost in fields of classic lore and profound thought, that he had no idea of the necessity of declaring himself to his cousin after the usual conventional forms. He could not however stand this state of things any longer; he saw his lady looking care-worn and anxious, Isadora pale and uncomplaining, his son ill and dejected; and he, in the fullness of the subject which now concentrated all his energies to one point, imputed all these unusual circumstances to one grand cause, concealment with regard to their sentiments on the part of Louis and Isadora, and maternal solicitude in Mrs. Clavering, and determined to delay no longer the happiness of his family, which he was firmly convinced was compromised in the matter. One day, two weeks perhaps after the departure of the gay company which had lately thronged the mansion, the colonel and his son met in the dining room, and, after exchanging the salutations of the morning, for it wanted yet some time before the hour of family reunion, Colonel Clavering, after many vain attempts to make a graceful approach to the important subject, all of which his son seemed not to comprehend, abruptly requested him to meet him at four o'clock in the library, as he had something of importance to say to him.

"Of very great importance, sir," continued he, "which will, I hope, frighten away the imps which seem to be bottled up in the hearts of you all."

The student expressed his ready acquiescence, all dread and uncertainty as to what this formal speech could allude to. His mind was however prepared for one thing: if this conversation led the way or referred at all to the change in his religious sentiments, aided by the spirit of fortitude which he had not vainly invoked, he at once determined to conceal them no longer, recollecting that he who loved father or mother more than Christ, or was afraid or ashamed to acknowledge him before men, would be finally rejected with terrible denunciation by him, when, clothed in the majestic and awful robes of justice, he should appear to pass judgment on a trembling world. The young student was no enthusiast, but he was

earnest and sincere, and possessed capabilities of appreciating high and holy things in a degree far above the mediocre feelings of the generality of mankind, and seemed to possess gifts which led him to seek out the way of salvation and win heaven as it were with instinctive love, without the interference of those evil qualities and dispositions which in some hearts keep up such a perpetual and spiritual war of tribulation. There seemed to be ever glowing in the young man's heart a seraphic spark which consumed from day to day all those uncongenial feelings or sentiments which might have opposed its steady existence or interposed a veil between his soul, his affections and hopes which were all ever soaring heavenward. Had it been otherwise with him, in all probability trials of a different nature would have dismayed and disturbed the repose of his tranquil faith. And yet how triumphantly great will be the reward of those who plod slowly though surely on towards the goal of their everlasting hope; how brightly will also glow to them the victor's crown after the "heat and toil" of the day are past; and how refreshing will prove those mansions of peace above, where all is rest and peace to those who, in opposition to all natural qualities, persevered in patience, penitence and humility, until at last, having triumphed, they exultingly yield up their souls in hope of a resurrection unto eternal life!

At dinner Clavering made an effort to talk and make the conversation general, and, aided by his father who was in unusually high spirits, he succeeded. All basked for a moment in this glimpse of sun shine, it fell so delightfully bright, and, coming thus suddenly among them in the midst of sadness and shadows, lit up a transient glory in each oppressed heart. At the appointed hour Clavering entered his father's library, and, drawing a chair up to the table at which he sat, awaited with some anxiety for him to begin the conference; but the colonel was in a perfect fidget; he opened books and shut them again with a slap-bang which made every thing on the table tremble at the unwonted vibration it received; then he seized the morning paper, and, looking at it as he held it up-side down, hummed a few bars of an old hunting song, then dashed it from him; a splendid ink-stand of the finest and most delicate porcelain was next taken up

and tapped with an impatient motion on the table until a drop or two of the fluid, stealing over his fingers, annoyed him, and, without appearing at all conscious of what he was doing, consigned it to the "tomb of the Capulets," by pushing it with a "pshaw!" from its fragile stand to the floor.

"Dear sir," said the student, amused in spite of himself, "you have broken your last new year's gift to Isadora!"

"Isadora," said the colonel, "true, true, that is the very thing! What do you think of Isadora? tell me *that*, young sir; I will have no more concealments—no more heavy hearts about me; come, answer me."

"Your question is a singular one, sir," answered Clavering with a pang at his heart, "but one which I can readily answer."

"I dare say," remarked the colonel, looking slyly at his son.

"My cousin," he continued, "is one of the most amiable persons I ever knew; her virtues, her piety, in fact her innumerable good qualities, leaving her great external attractions out of the question, place her above all praise. I feel sincerely attached——"

"That is it exactly," almost screamed the colonel in an ecstasy; "you are attached to her, and she reciprocates the sentiment; it is all fixed, and before another month rolls over my head, I'll have you married."

"Father! father!" exclaimed Clavering, in a voice of such intense anguish that the colonel started back and gazed on him with astonishment; "dear sir, listen to me for a few moments!"

"What is it now," thundered the colonel; "why, sir, you look like a deserter about to undergo the penalty of martial law, instead of a man who is on the eve of marriage."

"You have made a great mistake; pardon me, my respected father, but, alas! I do not love Isadora!"

"You contradict yourself—you," cried the colonel in a voice trembling between surprise and rage, "you said but a few moments ago that you loved her, and actually raved about her good qualities, and so on."

"You misunderstood me, sir. I did but give Isadora her due, and was about saying that I felt for her all that affection——"

"Aye, just so," again interrupted his father.

"All that affection," gravely continued Clavering, "which I should have extended to a dear sister had such a one been given me. As to entertaining a warmer or more devoted sentiment for my cousin, although she richly deserves the devotion of a life time in reward for her matchless goodness and kind favor, it never was the case and never will be. I have never by the slightest token induced her to believe that I loved her; never has my conduct assumed any other guise than that of a kind brother to a dear sister; never, never have I extended towards her any little tenderness of word, look or action, by which she could possibly be deceived. *Sir, I am a Clavering.* I should deem myself the basest of mankind could I be capable of winning a heart and then coldly casting it from me!"

"Sir—sir—you are a fool," exclaimed his angry father; "a double-dyed fool, if you reject the offers which I now make you; answer me one question, have you become entangled in any affair or engagement of which your parents are ignorant?"

"None, sir," answered Clavering, rising and folding his arms on his breast; "nay, sir," he said as his father motioned him to be seated; "it is but fit that I should stand, perhaps kneel ere this conference is over!" Colonel Clavering was touched by his mournful manner, and spoke more kindly.

"From the time, Louis, that Isadora was committed to my care, some fourteen years ago, until the present moment, I have set my heart on seeing you some day or other united. I did hope that my last days would be blessed by this marriage, and as years passed by I have gazed on you both with tears of delight and pride; and when I, by unfair means perhaps, wrung from her the secret of her attachment for you, had I not reason, sir, had I not reason to hope for a consummation of my wishes?"

"You painted our intercourse with the hue of your own hopes, dear father!" said Clavering.

"And, sir," continued the colonel, "has she not been pining away, losing the roses from her cheeks, and gliding like a troubled spirit about the house, more than the bright, and lively being she used to be? 'Fore George, sir, if you reject such matchless excellence as Isadora's, you are not worthy of your name!"

"I am grieved—sorely grieved!" said Clavering, in a low, troubled voice; "your representations have deeply pained my already troubled heart."

"Then why not pluck it out at once," persisted his father, "by uniting yourself with one who would make you happy, Louis, who would as my daughter make your old father happy!" A tear rolled down his cheeks!

"Spare me, my father, spare me!" exclaimed Clavering, profoundly touched.

"Why not be happy, my son! You have got your head filled with romantic notions from books; this is all nonsense; away with your ideal perfections and affections; base this affair on honor and common sense, and offer your hand at once to Isadora. Has she not all the qualities to make you happy? Does she not kneel at the same altar with you? Is not the religion you both profess beautified in her; will you not love it even more because she, the wife of your choice, Louis, sits like a star on its forehead!"

"Clavering bowed his head and covered his face with his hands. Should he comply? How could he as a *gentleman*—a man and a Christian—reject such a being under such trying and peculiar circumstances? Did not the world expect the sacrifice, and could he, by apparently forsaking her, expose her, all delicate and shrinking as was her susceptible nature, to its scornful finger and jeering smile! And his father, who loved him with such an absorbing love, whose life was woven in with his, who had ever been to him the kindest and best of friends, alas! how could he thus disappoint and grieve him? After some ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed, during which time both father and son observed the most profound silence, the young student raised his head and revealed a face deathly pale, over which manly tears had been gushing—tears wrung from the depths of his chastened heart, and with an expression at once sad and determined on his noble features, approached his father, and bending his knee before him, said,

"Lay your hand on my head, father, and bless me!"

The colonel, much astonished and affected, laid one hand on his head in benediction, while with the other he attempted to raise him from his humble posture, but he said:

"Curse me not, father, after you have

blessed me, but ere I can comply with your wishes relative to Isadora, I must declare to you on my bended knees, father, in the sight of the great God and his angels, that I shall never again kneel at the altars you speak of; never partake again with you in the ceremonies of that church to which you are so devoted."

"What is this, my God!" exclaimed the colonel. "What madness! what delirium! Are you an infidel? an atheist? that you thus madly throw off —"

"Spare me, father," said Clavering, who had arisen and was now standing before him, "I am neither—I AM A CATHOLIC."

"Leave me," gasped the colonel, who had fallen back as if seared by a blast of lightning; "leave me, viper, stinging my inmost heart,

leave me for ever! never let me see that accursed—but—but—go, go, leave me, or maledictions from my incensed heart will wither you. Go, sir!" he thundered, as his son, alarmed at his white, pinched features, made a step towards him.

He left the library, and, meeting his mother in the hall, whispered, as he rushed past, "Go to my father—in the library—he knows all: he is ill!" and continued on until he reached the oratory, where, hastily opening the door, he knelt before the shrine, and in another moment fell insensible at the feet of the Mother of sorrows! thus carrying the thorns that crowned his pierced heart, to offer them up in sacrifice to Him who for his sake had known sorrows and tasted death.

TO BE CONTINUED.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

(From our European Correspondent.)

LYONS—*Its martyrs, piety, churches, exemption from the plague, cemeteries, antiquities, &c.*

"Behold me at last actually in the eternal city, and in sight of the dome of St. Peter's! I left Paris the moment after I had closed my letter to you. My journey across from Paris to Lyons was not very interesting. The diligence was crowded, and we travelled for sixty hours, day and night.

"At Lyons I had determined to rest a day, and that day chanced to be Epiphany. I had long looked upon that city as the peculiar seat of faith and piety in France. In the early ages of the church it was illustrated by the learning and sanctity of St. Irenæus and St. Pothinus, and the extraordinary fortitude of St. Blandina. One emperor is said to have caused the massacre of *nineteen thousand men*, not counting the women and children; and it seems that their blood, which flowed in a stream down the hill, gave a spiritual fertility to the soil which, even to this day, shows itself by its fruits. Here you know was the origin and is still the centre of that simple but efficacious organization to collect funds for the propagation of the faith; a work which has produced the happiest effects in every quarter of the globe, giving faith to the poor Chinese, to the South Sea islander, assisting too our own American church, and I believe it is partly to it that I am indebted for my place here

in college. The prayers of the hundreds of fervent converts in China, and the blood of their martyrs ought of themselves to bring down blessings on the zealous city; and indeed its faith and piety are most pleasing.

"In the suburbs of the city is a long high hill, with two principal summits, about half a mile apart. On the most northerly of these was the forum or public square of the old city, and that was the scene of some of the martyrdoms, particularly of that of St. Blandina. There is a small irregular and ancient church of the Blessed Virgin on the summit, and the name of the spot, 'Forumbetus,' has gradually changed, so that the church is now called 'Notre Dame de Fourvières.' The Lyonesse had great devotion to this place, and it was a sore affliction to them when the impious revolutionists turned it into a stable.

"When Pope Pius passed through Lyons to crown Napoleon, the church had been restored, and he was so much pleased with the piety he saw in the city, that he celebrated mass in this little church, and enriched it with most ample indulgences.

"When the cholera was ravaging France, as it approached this city, the people had recourse to the intercession of our holy Mother, and to numerous public devotions they added a solemn procession to this little church, in which thousands joined, and the church was thronged with a constant succession of suplicants. Let scoffers sneer as they please,

Lyons was perhaps the *only* city of great size in Europe, or in the world, that escaped that terrible plague!

"This church then was the first object of my pilgrimage. It is nearly as large as yours at St. Joseph's; it is very old, even dilapidated, and the nave is divided by pillars into two parts, each of which has a high altar at the end. There are, as usual, small altars against the side walls, but what struck me most was that the wall was almost entirely covered with paintings and tapestry, and little framed inscriptions, nearly all placed there 'ex voto.' Many represented the sick bed, and an humble suppliant on his knees, begging the restoration of his friend or relative. Sometimes it was still farther explained by a figure of the Blessed Virgin as if appearing in vision to her fervent client. One exhibited a man upon the floating cakes of ice, the river sweeping him along, thousands looking on from the windows and the quays, while the poor man, unable to assist himself, is on his knees, making his prayer, and his vow of an offering to the Help of Christians. He was rescued, and this little painting is the fulfilment of his vow. Every picture bears, at the bottom, the name or initials of the offerer, and the date of the event, with the words 'ex voto.' None of them are specimens of art, and many are even amusingly rude in their execution; but the faith and devotion were not the less pleasing because joined to simplicity, and he must be ill-natured indeed who would be angry with a man, or even deny him the consolation of making his offering of gratitude, because he was not a good painter.

"Others, as in many churches in France, make the smaller offering of a few tapers, which the old women have there to sell, and which they light upon little stands before the altar. In this case, however, they were only sold at the shops, some distance from the church. But in the church of St. Roch, in Paris, before the fourteenth station, which is really a sepulchre in the rocks, with figures of statuary as large as life, I lit two for myself and two for —.

"On this same hill, farther back from the city, was the grave yard, the only one I had an opportunity to visit in France. I never before had an idea of the beautiful forms in which Catholic affection for the departed may display itself. The common ornament, even what seemed to be for the poor, was an ornamented iron cross, with a large heart placed upon the junction of the arms, which, being of actual utility to bind the pieces together, served at the same time as a place for the inscription, and as an expressive emblem of the strength of the affections that still united the living and the dead. Almost every cross had a wreath of natural flowers hanging on it; and many of the graves had also lit-

tle pots of flowers, and *fresh* nosegays. Sometimes there was a little image or a framed picture fastened on the cross, with a covering to protect it. The tombs were beautiful, and of such variety that from my hurried walk I can not recall a satisfactory conception of any one: but there were Gothic canopies and large stone crosses, and angels carrying the soul to heaven; there were many little chapels, with altars and all the ornaments for the sacrifice; and sometimes over the altar was a really valuable painting of the Blessed Virgin, or of some pious subject. The inscriptions were, many of them, most edifying; and they very commonly ended with begging a 'De profundis' from the charitable stranger. I need not say that the grounds, covering several acres, were in excellent order. Every grave had flowers and shrubbery around it. I felt again how beautiful is true religion, which, when left to its own inclination, not forced to shrink before the coldness and coarseness of unbelief, can give a consoling cheerfulness even to the solemnity of the grave.

"On the other summit of that hill, and overlooking the lower part of the town, is what now goes by the name of the Calvary. It was along the ridge of the hill that the ancient city stood, and on this other summit was built the first church of the Christians.

"It was near here that the nineteen thousand were massacred, and the bones of many, perhaps all, were buried under the chapel. They remained in religious security until the religious wars, when the Calvinists tore up a part of the old mosaic pavement, threw many of the bones out into the chapel, mixed the bones of animals with them, and then cut away the large stone pillars, that the heavy arched roof might fall in, and the relics no longer be known nor honored. Whether by divine interposition, or simply from the strength of the building, the roof did not fall, even after the removal of the six massive pillars which the first builders had thought necessary for its support. After many years, however, it was thought proper to replace them. Able anatomists made a separation of the human bones from those of animals, and the former were deposited in a large recess, and a strong iron wire grating was fixed over the opening: a marble slab at the side bears the decree of the pope declaring the authenticity of the relics. This little chapel is still there. It is now subterranean, and a church is built above it. I visited it of course. The old door-way is still seen though walled up.

"A large part of the floor is the original mosaic pavement, undisturbed since the times of the early Christians; and still more, there is yet the very altar which was first erected, which St. Pothinus, the first bishop, dedicated in honor of his old master, St. Polycarp, and at which both St. Pothinus and St. Irenæus often offered the holy sacrifice.

"Just outside of this chapel, but still under the new church, is the recess containing the bones I spoke of. There they lie in a promiscuous heap, and I was told that the recess was fifteen feet cubic. It was nearly filled! As the grating is never opened the dust had gathered thick on them: but here they were—relics of hundreds of early martyrs, some within a few inches of the grating. How I longed to be able to reach them, and to gather at least a little dust from them! I knelt a little while, to recommend myself and 'those for whom I was bound to pray,' to their powerful intercession: it was getting late, and I had to leave much sooner than I wished, consoling myself with the hope that I would see many holy things in Rome, when my mind would not be so completely dissipated by the distractions of travelling.

"The wall of the yard at the side of the church is ornamented with the stations of the cross, sculptured on large slabs of marble. The crucifix is large, and stands upon a mould, under which is a cave, into which you descend by steps to visit the body in the sepulchre.

"Along the ridge, between these two summits, are the remains of lofty brick arches, over the tops of which the Romans had built their aqueduct: but I did not much attend to them. I was wearied with climbing, and had food enough for thought, more pleasing than the study of pagan antiquities."

NORWAY.—We notice with regret the readiness which is evinced by the newspapers of this country to publish every thing that may tend to excite public prejudice against the Catholic faith. The journals from one end of the country to the other rang with the cruelties which were said to have been executed on a woman in Madeira; but when the true state of the case was known, and it was evident that the story of her cruelties and wrongs was the invention of some lying fanatic, comparatively few of these journals published the contradiction. During the course of last year, also, the country was called upon to execrate the government of the pope, on account of an intolerant and oppressive law which, it was said, had been put in force against the Israelites of his dominions. This, too, turned out a mere calumny; no such acts were either passed or attempted to be put in force in Ancona, as it was stated, or in any other portion of the sovereign pontiff's dominions. The Catholic journals published this contradiction; but we do not recollect to have seen it copied into one of the secular papers of the day, and hence the evil impression made by publishing the calumny, was permitted to remain on the public mind.

But if sectarian and other journals are generally very ready to notice the calumnious stories which appear against Catholic governments, or Catholic institutions, they are for the most part imperturba-

bly silent with regard to the opinions and intolerance exercised against the Catholic religion. During the course of the past year we noticed the execution of the penal laws, which exist in Sweden and Norway, against a distinguished artist, who dared, after mature deliberation, to embrace the Catholic faith. Imprisonment, confiscation of his property, and, lastly, exile from his home and country, were the tender mercies which he experienced from Protestants, who talk so much about the rights of private judgment and liberty of conscience, but who very frequently, when they have the power, are far from granting to others what they claim as a right for themselves. We translate from a French paper another instance of religious intolerance in Norway, which goes to show that the poor Jew is there subjected to penalties as well as the Catholic: "The barbarous and intolerant laws of Norway have been lately put in force, in their primitive rigor, against two Israelites; one named Leo Lopez, a Portuguese Jew, and a chemist by profession; the other Emanuel Philipsen, an optician, of Fredonia, in Denmark. They were arrested on account of their religion, and incarcerated with robbers and felons, in the prison of Christiana, where, as late as the 29th of December last, they were still detained. Philipsen declared that he had the misfortune to be born of Jewish parents, and to be brought up in the entire observances of the Jewish faith; but that he was receiving instructions preparatory to becoming a member of the Catholic church: this he proved by producing a letter from M. Monz, Catholic curate of Christiana. The assertion of his embracing the Catholic faith did but render his situation more trying, and likewise implicated M. Monz; for the laws, under very severe penalties, not only forbid any one to become a Catholic, but punish severely those who are accessory to their conversion. In the present instance, however, two questions arose, which the law has neither decided upon, nor foreseen: namely, when the convert is a Jew or an infidel, and when, as in the present case, he is a subject of a foreign power: in this case, can the converted Jew be permitted to reside in the kingdom? Whilst waiting for the decision of these questions, the two unfortunate strangers, who had come to Christiana to exercise their professions honorably, are rigorously confined, waiting the issue of the judgment, which, according to the tenor of the law, will condemn them to pay the sum of eight hundred crowns each, and to expulsion from the kingdom. With such facts before our eyes, and the existence of restrictions on the liberty of conscience, existing with more or less severity in every Protestant country in Europe, Protestantism with effrontery proclaims itself the propagator and patron of religious toleration."

DENMARK.—With infinite labor, and after a long series of difficult negotiations, the Austrian minister in Denmark has obtained permission from the Danish government to erect a Catholic church in Copenhagen, the first that has been constructed since the disastrous epoch of the reformation. It will be one hundred and twenty feet long by fifty feet wide, but without bells or tower. It required an especial permission to have the front built on the street: the small chapel, which long lay in ruins on this spot, was surrounded by a wall, so high as to conceal it from view, and almost intercept the light of day. The members of the Catholic faith in Copenhagen number about six hundred souls; they are under the spiritual guidance of two priests, who are supported by the Austrian government. The children of mixed marriages are required, by law, to be raised in the Lutheran communion, and on this point the law is positive and inflexible; *pastors are required to watch over its rigorous observance. As respects conversions, the law is the same in Denmark as in Sweden. Any Dane who should, in obedience to the dictates of his conscience, embrace the Catholic religion, would be imprisoned, have his possessions confiscated, and finally be exiled from his country. In the eyes of Protestants such laws would be execrable, if they existed in a Catholic country, and were made against Protestants; having, however, been enacted in a Protestant country, and against Catholics, they are plainly very just and perfectly in accordance with the spirit of toleration.—*L'Ami*.

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Religious profession.*—On February 26th, three novices in the convent of the Visitation at George Town made their vows. Sister MARY JOSEPH (Mrs. Keating of Philadelphia), Sister MARY EULALIA (Miss Julia Pearce of Boston), and Sister MARY MICHAELLA (Miss Georgiana Pearce of Boston); also on the 23d inst., four were admitted to their vows in the convent of the Visitation at Baltimore. Sister MARY CELESTINE (Miss Mary O'Brien of Baltimore), Sister MARY AMBROSIA (Miss Honoria Brennan of Washington city), Sister MARY XAVIER (Miss Mary Queen of Charles county, Md.), and Sister MARY ANN, an out-sister, (Miss Catharine Kemler of Adam's county, Penn.)

DIOCESS OF DETROIT.—On the 26th January, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Lefevere administered the sacrament of confirmation to ninety-eight persons, at Bertrand, several of whom were converts. The faithful had been prepared for this visit of the bishop by a previous retreat.—*Cath. Herald*.

DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—*Ordination.*—The Rev. Hugh McLoughlin received the sacred order of deaconship in the cathedral, on Sunday, 16th February.—*Cath. Her.*

DIOCESS OF PITTSBURG.—*Taking the Veil.*—On Monday, the 4th of February, in St. Paul's cathedral, Miss Eliza Wynne (Sister Mary Catharine) and Miss E. McCaffrey (Sister Mary Agnes) received the white veil in the order of the Sisters of Mercy, from the hands of the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor.—*Pittsburg Catholic*.

DIOCESS OF NEW ORLEANS.—*Ordination.*—On Monday, February 3d, Bishop Blanc will confer the holy order of deaconship on Mr. A. Rouquette of New Orleans.—*Prop. Cath.*

DIOCESS OF LITTLE ROCK.—On the 28th of October, feast of SS. Simon and Jude, the holy order of subdeacon was conferred on Mr. Thomas MacKeone. On the feast of All-Saints, November 1st, Rev. Mr. MacKeone received the order of deacon. And on the Sunday within the Octave of All-Saints the same reverend gentleman was promoted to the priesthood. This is the first ordination held by the Right Rev. Dr. Byrne, bishop of Little Rock. It took place in the church of St. Ambrose at the post of Arkansas.—*St. Louis Cabinet*.

CASE OF MR. E. I. WILSON.—*The Baltimore Clipper.*—The following letter from Bp. Purcell, of Cincinnati, to a friend in Baltimore, will throw some light upon the *awful disclosure* which recently began to frighten some of the good people in this latitude.

"CINCINNATI, 10th FEB. 1845.

"Permit me to return you my sincere thanks for your solicitude and kindness in sending me the numbers of the "Baltimore Republican & Clipper," of the 1st and 3d inst., containing the slanderous and absurd story of the incarceration of Edward J. Wilson in a religious institution of this city. Of all the impudent falsehoods of the present day, this is certainly the most impudent. For the sake of Mr. Wilson's respectable and esteemed connections, whose feelings this wanton publication of their unfortunate kinsman's insanity and the causes that led to it must greatly outrage, most deeply do I regret that it should have found its way into the newspapers.

"It is, perhaps, necessary to state that failure in business and other disappointments resulted in the mental derangement of Mr. W. About nine years past he came to this city, where habits previously contracted reduced him to such a state that it was found necessary to place him in the 'Commercial Hospital.' To effect this purpose, the Rev. John Thompson Brooke, Rector of Christ's (Episcopal) church, Cincinnati, and a relative of Mr. Wilson's deceased wife (her nephew, if I am not misinformed), called one morning at the early hour of five o'clock, to request the Rev. Francis B. Jamison, who was then residing at my house, to accompany and assist him in the discharge of that painful duty. He did so, and Mr. Wilson was conveyed from the Rev. Mr. Brooke's residence to the hospital,

where he was confided to the humane care of the superintendent and managers of that institution, and specially commended to the faculty of the Medical College of Ohio, who are charged with the treatment of the patients. Under their attentive and judicious management, he, in a little time, so far recovered as to admit of his being allowed to range freely over the hospital grounds and occasionally to visit his friends in town. Mr. Brooke called to see him from time to time, and neither myself, nor the Very Rev. Mr. Collins, nor Father De Theux, S. J., neglected to pass as much time with him as our other duties would allow, when we were called to attend the other patients in the hospital. I also apprised his friends in Maryland of his situation.

"Mr. Wilson, though otherwise his condition was so much ameliorated, continued to labor under a kind of monomania. He fatigued his visitors by telling them what was altogether unfounded, that the Rev. Mr. Brooke had cheated him out of a considerable amount of bank stock, and that he had availed himself of a power of attorney, which he (Mr. W.) had given him, to sell all his valuable property in Franklin street, Baltimore, and put the money into his pocket.

"A man calling himself Richardson, from Baltimore, heard of Mr. Wilson's being in the hospital, and went to see him. Mr. W. told him what he was in the habit of telling every one that would listen to him, of parson Brooke's injustice. Richardson came to tell me of it. I said what I could to inform him aright on the subject; but he seemed determined to believe only Mr. Wilson, and asked me for money to procure him suitable clothing in which to cross the mountains on his return to Baltimore. I refused, suggesting that it would probably not improve the condition of Mr. W. to remove him, that his friends would not thank him for rendering him such an equivocal service; and that at all events, the superintendent of the hospital would furnish the necessary warm clothing, if it should be thought expedient to send Mr. W. to Baltimore. I had various other reasons for returning this answer to Mr. Richardson, which may readily occur to the most charitable. I have since learned with regret that he had been allowed to take Mr. Wilson from the hospital, and of the Munchausen stories with which his fellow travellers and others have been entertained in connection with the matter, on their way to the east.

"I would add that the Rev. Mr. Brooke kept Mr. Wilson's children, as I did his brother and nephews, regularly advised of his health and state of mind."

BOWER'S HISTORY OF THE POPES.—We copy from the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*, the following exposé relative to this work, which is now in course of publication in Philadelphia. The base charac-

ter of this production will show what expedients are resorted to for *enlightening* the public mind on the subject of *popery*.

"We allude to the 'History of the Popes' by the infamous Archibald Bower, a work which, for almost a century, has been consigned, in common by scholars and divines, to ignominy and contempt, as inaccurate, unfaithful, and a vile plagiarism; the work of an impostor and charlatan. And, strange as it may seem, the exposure of the character of the work, and of its author, was brought about mainly and directly by English Protestants, and at a time, too, when feelings of religious rancor and hostility ran as high as they now do. There was then, however, some restraint upon the extent to which literary and religious rivalry could go. The impostor was liable to detection though clad in the robes of the partisan. Bower was exposed, together with his work, to deserved condemnation, even before the last volume of that work was fairly delivered from the press, and seldom, if ever since, has been quoted as authority of the slightest value upon any point connected with the history of the popes.

"And yet this work has been reissued after the lapse of little less than a century, with the *prestige* of a pompous *introduction* just adopted to suit the times, and with the guarantee and certificate of *popular* ministers as to the soundness of the history and the character of the author. They are both fully endorsed by men of no less standing in the Protestant community than the Rev. Dr. Miller of Princeton, and the Rev. Dr. Cox of Brooklyn. These ministers, and others by silent acquiescence and consent, have recommended the volumes of Archibald Bower, as '*incomparable*' history. After this recent and pungent example, what weapons will the 'anti-popery' spirit of American Protestantism next resort to for the accomplishment of its cherished ends? None can be handled more disgraceful or absurd. A word as to the work, and a word as to the author.

"Bower, a Scotchman, born in 1686, entered the Scots' college at Douay in 1702. He became a Jesuit in 1706. He continued in Italy for several years, till a most infamous act of scandal in his character as an ecclesiastic led to his flight, in anticipation of consequences, from Perugia to England in 1726. He has himself given the details of his flight, which were subsequently disproved in almost every material particular, and yet it appears from that account that he committed acts very much like the stealing of two horses during his *hegira*. Of course he *left* the order, conformed to the church of England, put forth his proposals for his 'History of the Popes' in 1747, and *married* in 1749. The second volume of the work appeared in 1751, and the third in 1753. The bad practices and vicious character of Bower were discovered in

1756, when that controversy began which ended in the total disgrace of himself and his work. He was convicted of the disgraceful charges alleged against him, want of veracity, perjury, and other vices. He fell into complete contempt. His work was attacked and shown to be a wholesale plagiarism from Villemont and others. It also fell into contempt, and was after an edition in 1766, consigned to the almost unremembered shelf from which the *liberal* investigations of Dr. Cox have alone rescued it. There were twenty-two distinct publications in the controversy by which Bower was so thoroughly exposed. He found no allies, but was alone on the defence. Such was the apostate fury of his history against the church, that even some Protestants were drawn to a vindication. The first of these was Douglas, bishop of Salisbury, who, in 1756, published an exposure of numbers of Bower's falsifications of history. The reader may remember in the 'Retaliation,' by Goldsmith, the couplet :

'New Landers and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No counrymen living their tricks to discover,'

alluding to the death of Dr. Douglas (a Scot), 'the scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks.'

"The Rev. Henry Temple also fell upon him in 1758, with a pamphlet full of exposures.

"We have said enough to indicate the character of the work reissued under the sanction of divines holding no secondary position amidst the Protestant community. We consider the device of re-vamping up the discreditable work of Bower, under all the circumstances of its exposure and subsequent disuse, as disgraceful to all engaged in it. It is a work which, as a weapon in the hands of "anti-popery" champions, will reflect any thing but honor upon those who employ it, being, as to character, about on a par with the volumes of Monk and Partridge, and as to utility to the cause in which they were employed, much beneath the literary efforts of those renowned heroines.

"We had intended for our readers some choice *morceaux* from the introduction of Dr. Cox, which we are compelled to defer at present, to be given perhaps hereafter."

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.—We acknowledge with many thanks the following articles that have been sent to us : 1. *Views on the Sabbath Question*, which enters at length into the discussion of the principles involved in this subject, and exposes the errors which prevail in relation to it : 2. *Anglican Ordinations*, from a learned and distinguished member of the American hierarchy, who replies briefly to Mr. Evans' *Essays* : 3. *The charge of Idolatry*, being a review of Mr. Palmer's boasted letters to Dr. Wiseman : 4. *Mormonism*, an interesting abstract of certain publications that have appeared on this recently very exciting topic : 5. *Fortive Lines*, a poetical effusion of some merit, but

which we prefer not to publish, unless the author make himself known to the editor of the Magazine. To preclude the liability of mistakes, we have adopted a rule, by which anonymous contributions are rejected. 6. The lines on the mass, which were forwarded through a friend in Frederick, Md., we are reluctantly compelled to decline, on account of the important changes which would be necessary to fit them for publication. 7. *Ireland and the Irish*, which, with several of the above mentioned papers, will appear in our next.

We refer our readers to the leading article in this No. of the Magazine, as embodying a vast deal of information which, though rarely possessed among the laity, is not the less entitled to their attentive consideration. The canonization of saints is frequently made the subject of misrepresentation and ridicule by the enemies of Catholicity ; and it is well to understand on what grounds it claims our respect. The writer, as will be seen, in touching upon miracles, does not assert their *absolute* necessity at the present day for the conversion of heathen nations, though his language in certain passages would almost incline the reader to suppose that this was his opinion. If he adduces the example of St. Francis Xavier, it is to be considered rather as an illustration of the hypothesis which he has advanced, and to show that the Almighty, under the same circumstances precisely, and with the same designs, would authorize the working of miracles, than to infer, what would not be correct, the general power of Catholic missionaries in similar cases to perform miracles.

OBITUARY.

DIED on the 18th of February, at Baltimore, Md. Rev. JOHN B. GILDEA, pastor of St. Vincent de Paul's church in that city, aged forty-one years and sixteen days.

In announcing the death of the Rev. Mr. Gildea, it is needless to say that we perform a duty of the most melancholy nature. But a few short weeks since we met together in the usual relations of friendly intercourse, and every thing seemed to augur a long continuance of that usefulness which had uniformly distinguished his ecclesiastical career. But in the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, a sudden gloom has enveloped us. The voice of the zealous pastor has ceased to be heard ; the rounds of the active missionary have been vacated ; the father of the orphan no longer utters the words of consolation ; the priest is seen no more at the altar of the living God. Such are the changes which we are ever destined to witness in this land of pilgrimage ; changes, however, which, under circumstances like the present, forbid us to grieve as "they do who have no hope," but rather elevate our thoughts to a higher sphere of existence, and inspire the belief that our deceased brother has been

called to the enjoyment of that blessed reward which has been promised to the good and faithful servant.

Mr. Gildea was born in Baltimore on the 2d of February, 1804. His parents emigrated to this country from Ireland a few years before his birth, and, piously attached as they were to the Catholic church, they carefully instilled into his mind the knowledge and esteem of religious duty. After a proper training during the period of youth, he was admitted into the clerical seminary at Emmitsburg, where he assiduously applied himself to the study of those branches which were necessary to fit him for his high vocation as a Catholic clergyman. From this institution he subsequently passed to the seminary at Baltimore, and here, after the completion of his ecclesiastical education, he was ordained priest by the Most Rev. Archbishop Whitfield, on the 25th of March, 1829. Thus prepared for the labors of the ministry, Mr. Gildea was at first charged with the missions of Martinsburg, Harper's Ferry, and other places in Virginia, which he served, during the space of seven years, with the most commendable zeal and most beneficial results. Two churches were completed and one new church was built by his active efforts. But if the material temples of religion engaged his earnest attention, those spiritual temples, destined to be the living receptacles of the Holy Ghost, were the objects of a still deeper solicitude. Not all the terrors of a raging and desolating pestilence could withdraw him, for a moment, from the theatre of his labors; thrice was he prostrated by the cholera, and thrice did he rise from the bed of sickness to dispense again the consolations of religion to his scattered flock. When the church of St. James in Baltimore had been erected by the munificence of Archbishop Whitfield, Mr. Gildea was appointed to the pastoral charge, in 1836, and exerted himself, with his usual activity, in organizing the congregation, completing the church, and attending to the spiritual wants of those under his care. This situation he left, only to enter upon a wider field of duty in the formation of the numerous congregation that now worship at St. Vincent de Paul's in Front street. This beautiful edifice owes its erection mainly to his influence and untiring zeal, and will ever be considered as a monument alike honorable to religion and creditable to her faithful and worthy minister. But the halo thrown around his memory receives no small degree of lustre from the stately building known as the asylum for male orphans. This establishment was raised with the funds which he had collected, and so long as nature venerates the feeling of humanity, and religion consecrates the offering made to the fatherless, this noble institution will proclaim his praises, and tell of the rich treasures that he has accumulated for eternity. It is well known likewise that the subject of this no-

tice was one of the principal agents in originating and conducting the Catholic Tract Society of Baltimore, of which he was president for several years, and which had the effect of diffusing extensively the knowledge of our holy faith. When the publication of the tracts assumed recently a more simple form, Mr. Gildea still co-operated with his clerical brethren in sustaining this useful undertaking. By his laborious attention to those various duties which had endeared him to his flock, and won for him the respect of a large circle in Baltimore, his constitution was gradually undermined, and it became necessary for him to interrupt his pastoral avocations during a few months of the past year, in order to recruit his failing strength. This happy renovation indeed seemed to have taken place and to promise a protracted career, when a new attack of disease suddenly reduced him to a state of debility which baffled all the resources of art, and indicated too plainly that God had other views in reference to his servant. Nor did he shrink from the accomplishment of these views; he breathed his spirit forth in the confident hope of receiving an ample compensation for all the labors and sacrifices he had endured for Christ's sake: for he could say with the apostle: "I have fought the good fight; I have run my course; I have kept the faith; for the rest there is reserved for me a crown of justice which the just Judge will award to me."

We regret to record the decease of Sister MARY ALPHONSO, of St. John's academy, Frederick, Md., after a lingering illness of several years, in the full triumph of faith, and the lively hope of a blissful immortality. Sister Alphonso was one of those heroic daughters of the Catholic church who, with a devotion and utter forgetfulness of self rarely found in the flesh, volunteered their active services during that trying period of our city's annals memorable by that terrible scourge, the cholera. Sister Alphonso was appointed to the alms house of Baltimore city and county, where, in ministering to the sufferings of the poor and destitute, she was exposed to influences which at that time very seriously affected her health, and from which she never recovered. Within the last two years her disease had assumed a more dangerous character, and finally terminated her existence on Thursday, January 29th, in the Baltimore infirmary, while sojourning with the Sisters in charge, on her way home from Philadelphia, where she had been to consult a physician. Sister Mary Alphonso was a daughter of Henry Lilly, Esq., of Frederick county, and a sister of Captain Richard Lilly of this city. Her given name was Henrietta. She entered the above institution at the age of sixteen, in the year 1826.—*Balt. Sun.*

DIED at St. Louis, on the 2d of January last, Sister MARY XAVIER McINTIRE, formerly of this city.—*Cath. Herald.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation. By Sir Jonah Barrington, L. L. D., K. C., member in the late Irish parliament. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. Balto. John Murphy: 12mo. pp. 472.

Those who take an interest in the present condition of Irish affairs (and we see not how it can fail to attract the earnest attention of every friend of civil and religious freedom) will derive much pleasure and information from the work of Sir Jonah Barrington. It is written in an impartial spirit; its statements are comprehensive, embracing a general outline of Irish history, but particularly an account of its political condition in the eighteenth and the present century; and the narration is set forth with a vigor of style which is very creditable to the author. As we shall refer to this work again, we must confine ourselves at present to the following extract, which is worthy of remark, coming as it does from a Protestant writer.

"The reign of James amply demonstrates that Irish loyalty was fully commensurate with royal tolerance; and that whilst plots against his life and conspiracies against his throne abounded in England and debased the British character, a Catholic population in Ireland remained faithful to a bigoted Protestant of England; and by their conduct during this reign unequivocally disproved the charge of native disloyalty. Their advancement in civilization amply repaid both the people and the monarch, and it is deeply to be regretted that no government of England followed the same course, to tranquilize a country whose turbulence has ever been a theme for their calumnies and severity."

This volume is neatly printed, and is embellished with the portraits of many among the distinguished men who figured prominently in the events which it records.

Historical Sketches of O'Connell and his friends, &c., with a glance at the future destiny of Ireland. By Thomas D. Magee. Boston: Donahoe & Rohan. Baltimore: John Murphy. 12mo. pp. 208.

The title of this volume is sufficiently indicative of the scope which the author has taken, and would naturally lead us to expect some interesting sketches of the eminent characters and stirring events which have marked the times in which we live. We are happy to state that the writer has not disappointed this expectation. In speaking, how-

ever, of Mr. O'Connell's personal character, as affected by the duelistic engagements into which he was led by an almost unbearable provocation, the author has used the expression "free from crime," which seems to intimate that there may be some circumstances in which private individuals may without crime conform to the *code of honor*. We know not whether the writer attached any other meaning to the expression; but as it stands, it appears to convey a sense which is not consistent with the principles of Catholic morality, as defined in the holy council of Trent. With this exception, we have found the work of Mr. Magee an agreeable volume, and such as will amply repay the reader.

A complete system of Latin Prosody for the use of schools, colleges, and private learners: on a plan entirely new. By Patrick S. Casserly, formerly principal of the Chrestomathic institution, &c., &c. New York: Casserly & Sons. 18mo. pp. 143.

Considering the great want of attention that prevails in this country in relation to the prosody of the learned languages, and the small number of works that we possess properly adapted to this branch of classical study, we do not hesitate to affirm that Mr. Casserly has rendered an important service by the publication of his course of prosody. As he tells us himself, the plan is a new one, very comprehensive, presenting facilities for teaching or learning a correct pronunciation of the Latin, and for acquiring a perfect knowledge of its beautiful metre, either by the aid of rules in the Latin language itself, or by instructions in English. The examples for illustration are also copious, and so arranged as to explain the subject in the most successful manner. Yet the whole work is comprised within a small compass, and thus recommends itself under another aspect, which possesses no small degree of importance. Upon the whole, we think that Mr. Casserly has given to the public a system of prosody which may be termed the easiest, the best, the most concise, and yet the most comprehensive with which we are acquainted. Stirling's *Rhetoric* forms an appendix to the volume, and will be found useful.

Catholic Melodies, or a compilation of Hymns, Anthems, Psalms, &c., with appropriate airs and devotional exercises for the ordinary occasions of Catholic piety and worship; abridged for the use of schools, &c. Balt. printed and published by Jno. Murphy. 24mo. pp. 264.

This is a very neatly executed volume, and has been collected chiefly from the *Catholic Melodies* published a year ago, with a view to furnish a work more particularly suited to those places which have not the same facilities for the exercise of sacred chant, as exist in more populous parts of the country, or do not require so great a variety of music. The manner of singing the responses at mass and vespers has been inserted, with some excellent instructions for acquiring an elementary knowledge of the musical art. We may add that the volume before us will serve as a prayer-book for all ordinary occasions, and that it is sold at a very low price.

The Daily Companion, consisting of the Ordinary of the Mass, with familiar explanations, illustrated with thirty-six engravings. Balt. F. Lucas, Jr. 32mo. pp. 192.

Among the devotional books recently published, and intended for the use of young persons, this will deservedly be esteemed as one of the most useful and most neatly gotten up. It contains all the prayers which are necessary for youth, and in a form well suited to their capacity.

The most important tenets of the Roman Catholic church fairly explained. Philada. William J. Cunningham: Balto: J. Murphy. 32mo. pp. 85.

This little book, from the pen of the Rev. R. Baxter, S. J., is well known to the Catholic community in this country, as a clear exposition of our doctrines, and as such can not be too strongly recommended. A work like this, which simply states our principles, without entering particularly upon the discussion of the grounds on which they rest, will oftentimes be more effectual in removing prejudice than those of a specially controversial character.

A short history of the first beginning and progress of the Protestant religion, gathered out of the best Protestant writers, by way of question and answer. By Rt. Rev. Dr. Challoner. N. York: D. & J. Sadlier: Balto: J. Murphy. 18mo. pp. 72.
The name of Dr. Challoner should be a sufficient

guarantee in the eyes of the public, that this history is replete with solid information, and may be relied on as a faithful exposition of the events which it professes to relate; but there is one feature about it which will make it a trusty source of information among all persons, and will remove from its statements the slightest suspicion of partiality, and that is the fact of its having been compiled from Protestant authorities, whose testimony on this subject is unimpeachable. This circumstance alone should suffice to obtain for the work a wide circulation.

The Life of our Lord Jesus Christ, with moral reflections, &c., by Rev. H. Ruller. N. York: R. Martin & Co. 4to.

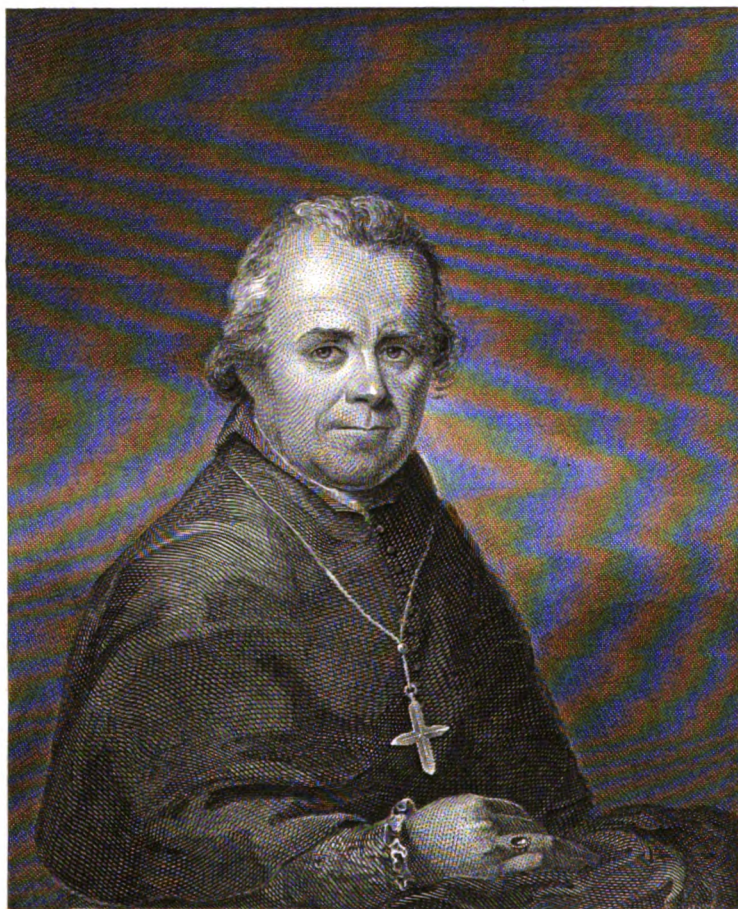
We have received this valuable publication as far as No. 13 inclusively, and are glad to perceive that it is advancing to a state of completion. It is ornamented with many handsome engravings, and is in every respect deserving of public patronage.

Dunigan's Illustrated edition of the Bible, according to the Doway and Rhemish versions. New York: Edward Dunigan. Balto: J. Murphy.

This splendid undertaking has at length been completed, embracing twenty-four numbers, which have been successively forwarded to us. As a family Bible, this edition certainly surpasses every other that has made its appearance in this country. The records for births, marriages, deaths, &c. are executed in the most beautiful style, and the other departments of the work correspond with them in elegance. We congratulate the publisher on the successful issue of this magnificent edition of the Scriptures, and hope that it will be duly appreciated by the community for whom it has been prepared.

Lingard's History of England.—The American edition of the History of England, by the Rev. Dr. Lingard, being exhausted, a new and revised one is now being published in London under the immediate supervision of the author, who has made many important additions to it, which renders it in a great measure a new work. F. Lucas, Jr. is making arrangements to publish it at a price so reasonable as to enable persons in every situation to procure a copy of a work which has a reputation so high as to entitle it to be considered one of the best Histories of England that has been written.

A prospectus of the plan will in a short time be laid before the public for their patronage.



Painted by D. K. 1800

The following is a list of the
 names of the persons who
 were present at the
 meeting of the
 committee on the 1st of
 January 1800.

THE
UNITED STATES
CATHOLIC MAGAZINE
AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1845.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

1. *The Condition and Fate of England.* "We think it would be a vast advantage to the public in general, if ingenious opticians would turn their attention to a remedy for that long-sighted benevolence which sweeps the distant horizon for objects of compassion, but is blind as a bat to the wretchedness and destitution abounding at their own doors."—BLACKWOOD. "For a people to be free, they have only to *will* it." By the author of "the Glory and Shame of England," (C. Edwards Lester.) 2 vols., 12mo. Second edition. New York: J. & H. G. Langley. 1843.
2. *The Criminal History of the English Government, from the first massacre of the Irish to the poisoning of the Chinese.* By Eugene Regnault. Translated from the French, with Notes by an American. 1 vol. 12mo. New York: Redfield. 1843.



THAT great and dreadful day of the Lord, when nations as well as individuals shall be placed at the bar of God to be judged according to their works, England will have an awful account to render of her stewardship. Her impoverished and down-trodden population within her own borders, the crushed and degraded millions whom she

has enslaved in India, and the widows and the orphans whom she has made throughout the world in her reckless career of ambition, will all rise up in judgment against her. The nations of the civilized earth will rise up against her, and will bear evidence to her hard hearted and relentless avarice, to her utter disregard of the most solemn promises and treaties, to her all-grasping spirit of aggrandizement, and to her entire recklessness as to the means by which her ends are to be attained.

But on that awful day of reckoning the voice of poor crushed and bleeding Ireland shall be heard pleading, with all the earnest eloquence of truth, that justice, swift and terrible, may at length fall on the head of that unnatural step-dame, to whose wanton cruelty, griping avarice, and iron policy, she owes most of the wrongs which have weighed her down for centuries.

What will England say when all these terrible witnesses shall appear against her, and when the ghosts of her countless murdered victims shall glare at her "with their fiery eye-balls," more terribly than did the ghost of Banquo? What answer shall she give when the long and dark roll of her iniquities towards Ireland shall be unfolded before the judgment-seat of the most just, omnipotent, and all-seeing God of heaven and earth? Will her diplomacy then avail her any thing? Will

those cunning devices and that political *leger-demain* by which, on this earth, she has so often succeeded in making "the worse appear the better cause," then avail her aught? No, no. The Lord will then tear from her brow the veil of hypocrisy which has so long concealed her hideous deformities; he will strip her of all disguise, and exhibit her as she is before the assembled world; for on that day "he will reveal the hidden things of darkness, and manifest the counsels of hearts."

One of the deepest thinkers and greatest luminaries of Christian antiquity * has laid down the comprehensive philosophical maxim, that "God is patient, because he is eternal," *pations, quia æternus*. He can bide his time; he need be in no hurry, for he has a whole eternity to reward his friends, and a whole eternity to punish his enemies. A thousand years before him are as one day which has passed; time is as nothing; eternity is every thing. The wrongs which he permits in time he redresses in eternity. The injustice which he allows to go on, and the tears and blood which he permits to flow in time, he removes and wipes away in eternity. Then shall "all things be made new;" then shall all evils be obliterated from the universe of God; then "shall all tears be wiped away from the eyes (of God's friends), and death shall be no more; nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more; for the former things will have passed away."† Then shall the high be brought low, and the low be made high; the proud humbled, and the humble exalted. Then shall all social and political evils be obliterated, and the social and moral condition of mankind be equalized and brought into perfect harmony with truth and justice and virtue. And then shall proud England be humbled even unto the dust, and poor bleeding Ireland, which has been down-trodden by her for nearly seven centuries, be raised up from her lowliness to the lofty eminence to which her noble virtues and her cruel sufferings have entitled her.

This is no mere flight of elevated fancy; it is a solemn and sober religious view of a subject invested with an all-absorbing interest. But is Ireland to await the award of the last day for a redress of her many crying grievances? We think not; we fervently trust

that her condition is not so utterly hopeless. Until the present century, indeed, she had little to expect or hope from the justice of men, and was driven to the last resort which is left in this world to the weak when hopelessly crushed by the strong—an appeal to the great Father of the poor, and the great Avenger of guilt. Up to this period the gloom, which had settled heavily around her political horizon for long centuries, had been but partially lighted up by occasional gleams of hope; but these faint glimmerings of light, which had broken fitfully and at long intervals upon the ever-increasing darkness, had all disappeared with the suddenness of meteors, and had left the darkness still more heavy and palpable. But, thank God, better days and brighter hopes have dawned on Ireland during the last twenty years; the day-star of liberty and nationality has already risen on her children, and the period, we fondly hope, is not distant, when the blessed sun of freedom itself shall shed his full light on the "sweetest island which ever gemmed the ocean."

Perhaps the most cheering sign of the times is the fact that the civilized nations of the earth have lately risen up to demand justice for Ireland. England has been cited to the bar of universal public opinion to give a rigorous account of the long and dark catalogue of iniquities which, to the everlasting shame and disgrace of humanity itself, she has been for centuries committing in the sister island. The sharp and withering rebuke thus administered to her can not fail to have its effect even on her unyielding and iron nature. While Ireland is agitated from one extremity to the other, and the whole civilized world is looking on with sympathy for her wrongs, England will scarcely *dare* continue much longer her system of high-handed injustice. Let Ireland but continue her noble struggle for freedom, and let all the lovers of the right, and all the enemies of oppression throughout the world, extend to her their warm sympathy and cordial aid, and England, for very shame, must speedily desist from her iniquitous course of legislation, and grant justice to Ireland. She never will grant it, unless she be compelled to do so by domestic or foreign difficulties, or by the united voice of the civilized world. Her whole course of policy for many ages past proves this; she has never been known to

* St. Augustine.

† Apocalypse xxi, 4.

forego any advantage, to relinquish any claim, or to desist from any injustice, no matter how crying, unless and until she was forced to do so by stern necessity. She never would have granted Catholic emancipation, had she not felt compelled to do it by circumstances.

The two writers, the titles of whose works stand at the head of our paper, give strong expression to the indignant feelings of large masses of persons in America and France, awakened by the iniquitous policy of England, both domestic and foreign. They both trace the mischievous influences of English legislation on the happiness of very large portions of her own exuberant population, and the wickedness of English diplomacy in regard to other nations; and they both devote separate books or chapters to the aggravated wrongs of Ireland under English misrule. They deal not in mere declamation; they strongly appeal to unquestionable facts. Their works prove that sober facts speak a language more eloquent than any exaggeration or fiction. They paint England in her towering greatness and in her burning shame; they prove, by evidence which can not be answered, that she has become great by employing the most unhallowed means, and that her glory is mainly built upon the impoverishment, the degradation, and the ruin of her own subjects at home and abroad, and on the perfidy which has almost invariably marked her intercourse with other nations.

To us it has always seemed that there exists a striking parallelism between the policy and history of the present British and those of the ancient Roman empire. Both attained to the highest pinnacle of grandeur and power, and by very nearly the same means. Cunning diplomacy and brute force, insatiate avarice and unquenchable ambition, iron energy and unconquerable will, are the distinctive characteristics of both, as well as the secret of their success. Both seemed to have adopted, as a guiding maxim, the old adage, *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*; that is, according to its original meaning and acceptation, "let the law take its course though the heavens should fall." No matter how many nations and people may lie crushed and bleeding; no matter how much injustice may be perpetrated; no matter how many widows and orphans may be made; no matter how many tears and how much blood may be shed; let the law, which we have

enacted for our own aggrandizement, still sternly take its course! Let our iron will be obeyed, though the whole world should lie prostrate and be covered with ruin and desolation! In both empires we trace the same grasping ambition, the same inhuman crushing of conquered provinces, the same spirit of centralization, the same union of church and state, and its concomitant, religious persecution; and, in fine, the same all-conquering spirit. The Roman was an empire of iron, and yet it has crumbled into dust; it became drunk with the blood of the saints, and filled up the measure of its iniquities, and then God chastised it in his wrath. Let proud England think on the chastisement, and take warning! Pagan Rome was permitted to persecute the church but *three hundred years*, and then had she to bite the dust, and be scourged and humbled for her wickedness, and her impious attempt to put down the truth!

But our business lies at present with Ireland. Ireland! how the very name thrills through the soul, and stirs the deepest fountains of its sympathy! How many mournful recollections does it not awaken! Who, that has but one spark of generosity yet glowing in his bosom, has not felt his spirit burn within him at the sad rehearsal of Ireland's wrongs! Is there one man on the face of the earth who can hear that story unmoved? Is there one who has not shared, to a greater or less extent, in the tender feelings embodied in the following touching lines of Erin's sweetest, greatest poet?

"The stranger shall hear thy lament o'er his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy tyrants themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause o'er the songs of their captives, and weep."

Though England has labored, for nearly seven centuries, to destroy her nationality, yet is Ireland still a nation. She has not, it is true, a domestic legislature, and she enjoys not political independence; but she still has her national literature, her national poetry, her national eloquence, her national spirit, her national patriotism. She still lives, breathes, feels, moves, and acts as a nation. England may bow down, she can not destroy, her national character. Brute force may subdue the bodies, it can not trammel the souls of Irishmen. If the spirit of Ireland could have been broken, seven centuries of the most galling

oppression would have broken it; but, thank God, that spirit is still as buoyant, as elastic, as independent, as ever. It hates oppression as much as it ever did; it kisses not the rod which scourges it; it can not be won by bribery, nor conquered by physical force.

"Ireland still has an existence as a nation. She has her universities and her literature. She is still the "Emerald isle of the ocean." An air of romance and chivalry is around her. The traditionary tales that live in her literature invest her history with heroic beauty. But she has no need of these. Real heroes, the O'Neills, the O'Briens, and the Emmets, will be remembered as long as self-denying patriotism and unconquerable valor are honored among men. In every department of literature she still takes her place. Where is the wreath her shamrock does not adorn? Where the muse that has not visited her hills? Her harp has ever kindled the soul of the warrior, and soothed the sorrows of the broken-hearted. It has sounded every strain that can move the human heart to greatness, or to love. Whatever vices may stain her people, they are free from the crime of voluntary servitude. *The Irishman is the man last to be subdued.* Possessing an elasticity of character that will rise under the heaviest oppression, he wants only a favorable opportunity and a single spark to set him in a blaze."*

Such is the language of an intelligent American, a Protestant, and a son of the pilgrims; of one who is as liberal in his opinions, as he is fearless in the expression of them. Wide and expansive in his views, generous in his feelings, and truly American in his mind and heart, Mr. Lester seems wholly incapable of any narrow or unworthy prejudices. All nations, and tribes, and peoples, are the same to him. He is a man, and nothing that is human is shut out from his sympathy. Wherever he finds wrong and injustice, his soul melts with compassion, and his spirit kindles with honest indignation against the oppressor. If he hates England, he furnishes abundant reasons for his hatred. If he sympathizes with Ireland, he proves that Ireland is worthy of sympathy. His book on "Ireland under English oppression"† is one of the most eloquent and conclusive essays we have ever chanced to read.

We fervently wish that every American had his honest independence and his generous

feelings. We wish that every American citizen were as true to the letter and to the spirit of our noble constitution, and to the principles embodied in our declaration of independence. We wish that all were disposed cheerfully to extend a succoring hand to the oppressed of every nation under the sun, and to visit oppression, no matter where found, with the scorn and indignation which it merits. But, alas! such is not the case. Disguise the fact as we may, there exists in the minds of a large portion of our population a secret, instinctive, indefinable hatred of Ireland, and contempt of every thing Irish; and, along with this feeling, an overweening partiality for England and for every thing English. Our political harangues and fourth of July orations are high sounding and comprehensive enough; they abound in withering denunciations of tyranny and of tyrants, and are well garnished with expressions of sympathy for the victims of oppression. But the sufferings of poor Ireland under a most atrocious and grinding English oppression are often left out of the account!

We boast of our independence; we sound forth the praises of our revolutionary fathers who broke the trammels of English oppression, and bequeathed the rich inheritance of liberty to their descendants. We are honest and right in this patriotic boast. But are we really independent of England? Have we entirely shaken off her yoke? Do we enjoy moral, religious, and intellectual, as well as political freedom? Can we boast this highest order of independence? Or are we not, on the contrary, still the unconscious slaves of English prejudice? Are we not still the victims of her narrow-minded religious bigotry? Do we not still look up to her literature, to her philosophy, to her legislation? Have we not been tainted by the poison of her haughtiness, of her selfishness, of her bitter spirit of exclusiveness? Have we not imbibed from her much of her worse than Chinese hatred of the "outside barbarians?" In a word, are we independent of England in *mind* as well as in *body*, intellectually and morally, as well as politically?

We greatly fear that we are not. England still lords it over us, not, indeed, by her armies, by her navies, and by her iniquitous system of legislation, but by her spirit, her maxims, her

*Lester—Condition and Fate of England, vol. ii, pp. 73, 74.

†Ibid. book vii, from p. 71 to p. 157.

policy, and her prejudices, political and religious. Especially are we indebted to her for our secret, though most un-American hostility to foreigners. She has transmitted to us, as a fatal and poisoned heritage, her hereditary contempt of the French, and hatred of the Irish. We can not explain in any other way the prevalence of such a feeling among us, and that such a feeling does exist, we think no candid man will deny. We prove the fact, not merely from the recent attempt to build up a political party on this very sentiment, but from other clear and unmistakeable evidences of the popular mind. Political nativism is but an extreme and exaggerated embodiment of a spirit which lies much deeper under the surface of our national character. The native American party has turned out a complete failure; its proscriptive spirit and disgraceful doings have brought down upon it the well merited rebuke, and the withering indignation of almost the whole American people. Both the great political parties of the country have combined to set upon its forehead the burning seal of public execration. Thus far our national character has stood forth proudly erect and nobly vindicated.

But, in condemning political nativism, have we adequately rebuked the foul spirit in which it originated? Have we execrated the *thing itself*, or only its ultraism and flagitious excesses? Had not political expediency almost as much to do with the condemnation, as a sense of right and justice? Is there not still lurking, in the minds of large masses of our population, a secret jealousy, if not a positive hatred of foreigners, and especially of the Irish? Native American citizens ourselves, and justly proud of our noble country and of its glorious institutions, we would be happy could we believe that such is not the case. We would be doubly proud of our country, could we think that the views of many among our countrymen were more liberal and enlarged than sober truth proves them to be, and that our republic were really what it professes to be, the home of the exile, and the asylum of the oppressed from every nation under the sun. A liberal policy in regard to foreign immigration has contributed more, perhaps, than any other cause, to make our nation *what it is*. The foreigners whom this policy has attracted to our shores have not only

swelled our own population, but they have greatly aided in enriching our country, and in developing its resources. They have dug our canals, cleared our forests, tilled our lands, prepared our turnpikes, and laid down our rail roads. They have done more than this. They have cheerfully enlisted in our army and navy, have gallantly fought our battles, and have perilled their lives for the country of their adoption. They have expended their labor and treasure, and have shed their blood for our benefit. They have entered into the spirit of our institutions, and have labored to become identified with us in feeling and interest. What more could we ask or expect from them?

The signs of the times do not lead us to fear any radical change in our national policy in regard to foreign immigration. But it can not be disguised that there is a growing spirit of hostility to foreigners, silently but deeply at work among our people. This is more particularly the case in regard to our Irish fellow-citizens, especially those among them who still fondly cling to the much abused religion of their forefathers. The political bigots among us hate Irishmen, merely because they are Irishmen; our religious bigots hate them because they are Catholics. Both have inherited this hatred from England. The small politicians make capital out of this feeling. On the eve of elections you find this class of men waxing wonderfully warm and sympathetic; they love Irishmen as brethren; they drop tears of compassion over the wrongs of Ireland; they are themselves Irish in feeling and heart. But the election has scarcely passed off, before their friendship has greatly cooled down or vanished entirely, or even been turned into bitter hatred and open denunciation. Thus are the Irish in America courted and kicked by turns. In the end, they get all the abuse and odium, and but little of the honors and emoluments of the political parties which divide the country.

Is this treatment generous or just? Do the Irish really deserve it? Is not the Irish character open, sincere, and generous? Are not the Irish, as a people, truthful, trustworthy, honest, and patriotic? Is there any thing peculiarly wicked or malevolent in their composition? Have they not, as a class, much less selfishness than our own population? Are

there among them more sharpers and swindlers than among our own people? Who ever heard of an Irish coward, or of an Irish traitor, in America? Who ever heard of an Irishman who, through pusillanimity, skulked from doing his duty to his adopted country? Who ever heard of an Irishman that was ungrateful to his benefactor? In our first struggle for independence, and in our late war with Great Britain, did not the Irish fight side by side with us, animating our own soldiers by their fearless bravery? Can Americans soon forget the glorious names of Montgomery and Barry, to say nothing of other illustrious Irishmen? Can they forget that the Irish were the first people in Europe to sympathize with us in our effort to secure independence, and that this generous sympathy, and the aid Irishmen subsequently afforded us, were alleged by the British court as reasons why the petitions of Ireland, for political and religious enfranchisement, should be rejected?

According to the sentiment expressed in a stanza of an old song, generosity to both friends and foes is a distinctive characteristic of Irishmen.

*"What flood reflects a shore so sweet
As glorious Boyne or past'ral Ban;
Or who a friend or foe can meet,
So generous as an Irishman?"*

The warm-hearted kindness and hospitality of the Irish are proverbial. In them the social feeling predominates over every other sentiment. Ireland is, perhaps, the only country in the world which combines the warm temperament and generous feelings of the south with the cold climate of the north. An Irish gentleman is one of the very best specimens of human nature. Elevated, chivalrous, and refined, he is also warm-hearted, ready-witted, generous, and affable. His soul is utterly incapable of one thought, or word, or action, that is mean or little. He puts you at your ease, and you feel entirely at home in his company; he forgets himself, and thinks only of those whose society he enjoys.

Faults the Irish have, but what people have not faults? But have they as many, or as glaring faults, as those who are loudest in condemning them? Let him that is without fault himself first cast a stone at his Irish brother! A portion of the poorer Irish in America have faults, some of them grievous

and disgraceful; but where and from whom did many of them contract these faults? Did they not, in many cases, learn them from the degraded portion of our own native population? Did not many of them contract habits of intemperance and of its cognate vices, in consequence of the system adopted, and of the evil example set before them, on our public works? Is it generous or right, first to taint them with vice, and then to sneer at them for being vicious? Those who love to moralize, and who have superfluous zeal to expend on the amelioration of society, might find enough to do in correcting the vices of our own people "to the manor born."

We are natives ourselves, and we have had tolerably good opportunities for studying the moral character of the lower classes among our native and our Irish population, and we are of the opinion that the Irish would not at all suffer in the comparison. The mode of thinking and of judging adopted by some of our people is, indeed, singular enough. If an Irishman is seen drunk, or is heard to swear, immediately you hear sneers about the "low Irish;" but, if an American is caught in the same vicious practices, it seems to create no surprise whatever, and to be all a matter of course in this *free* country! This comes from that lurking prejudice to which we alluded above.

We believe it was the Irish orator, Sheil, who defined an Irishman, "a man who acts first and thinks afterwards." At any rate, there is some truth in the definition. But if an Irishman blunders occasionally, his blunders are of the head, never of the heart. If he have but little of the cool, calculating forecast of the Yankee, he is also exempt from many of the worst traits of character in the Yankee. He may be less shrewd and less thrifty; but he is not, for all this, the more selfish, or the less honest. Avarice is not a natural growth of the Irish soil, and of all vices in the whole catalogue, we believe there is no one which tends more to contract the heart, and to dry up the fountains of benevolence. Give us any other national vice rather than this.

We are not to be understood as implying that all, or even the more enlightened and better portion of our population, are infected with this unworthy prejudice against the Irish. Such men as Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley,

William Seward, C. Edwards Lester, and many others, are far elevated above this feeling. They take a wider and more expansive view of human nature; they soar up to regions of higher philosophy and purer philanthropy; their souls are too enlarged for any such narrow prejudice. They are Americans in the true and most comprehensive sense of the term. They appreciate excellence wherever they find it; they detest and rebuke vice, no matter what its origin. They look more to the man himself than to the *accident* which gave him birth in a particular country.

We have already dwelt long enough on this branch of the subject, and we conclude our remarks on it by a quaint quotation from that quaintest of all modern writers—Carlyle.

"The sans-potatoe Irishman is of the self-same stuff as the finest lord lieutenant! Not an individual sans-potatoe human scare-crow but had a life given to him out of heaven, with eternities depending on it: for once and no second time, with immensity in him, over him, and around him: with feelings that a Shakspeare's speech could not utter: with desires illimitable as the autocrat of all the Russias."

We can not attempt to go into any lengthy details concerning the sufferings of Ireland under English misrule. The recital would fill volumes, and it has filled some of the most eloquent volumes that ever were written.* That sad story is familiar to the most of our readers. There is not one generous heart in the civilized world which it has not touched in its tenderest chords and stirred to its very centre. Oft has the poor exile from Erin, as he wandered a stranger in some distant and uncongenial clime, sat down and wept when he remembered how the beautiful island of his birth has been marred and made desolate by the hands of the oppressor; even as the captive Israelite of old once wept on the waters of Babylon at the remembrance of the beloved Sion from which the hand of violence had rudely torn him, and whose beauties had been marred by the hand of the spoiler. It was a sad day for Ireland when the Saxon first set foot on her green and lovely soil. It was for her the beginning of all her sorrows—the great *initium*

malorum. Saxon misrule, continued through long centuries, has strewn her surface with ruins and desolation, in the midst of which a poor, miserable, starving peasantry, the children of the former lords of the soil, subsist and move along, like spectres through desolate and abandoned castles. In the graphic language of Mr. Lester:

"To a distant observer that beautiful island appears like a city of ruins in the saddened light of evening. Her glory and her strength seem departed for ever. But it is not of the poetry of the past the lover of Ireland must speak: Her bards never sang in strains so mournful and pathetic as the sad lullaby of the mother over her famishing child. The complaint of poverty and the cry of suffering are more heart-breaking than her most plaintive melodies. Her woes and her dishonor move not the heart of her oppressors, but they are noted by the God of the poor."

There is no crime, there is no enormity, which England has not committed towards Ireland. In speaking of English tyranny over the Irish people, we can not find language strong enough to paint the sober reality; exaggeration is entirely out of the question. Her treatment of Ireland both in war and peace finds no parallel in that of the most rebellious and least favored of her provinces by ancient pagan Rome, while in the heyday of her prosperity and in the full tide of her all-conquering and rapacious career. The penal code which England adopted for the government of Ireland would have disgraced the statute book of the grand Turk himself! No government, whether Christian, Mohammedan, or pagan, was ever sullied with so many crimes, or marked with so much utter baseness. Adroit diplomacy, low intrigue, base selfishness, insatiate rapacity, open treachery, high-handed spoliation and robbery, cold-blooded cruelty and persecution, and downright murder and butchery, have ever marked the policy of England towards Ireland, and exhibited to all the world the tender mercies of the English government towards its Irish subjects. O'Connell has proved all this by incontestable evidence, in his late memoir of Ireland, and in his numerous letters and speeches. The two writers whose works we are reviewing have also proved it by an appeal to the history of Ireland under English misrule during the last seven centuries. Mr. Lester shows,

* Among these the most eloquent is the late work of O'Connell: A Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon."

* Vol. ii, pp. 74, 75.

"By a rapid survey of the past history of Ireland, that she is an invaded and plundered nation—that her degradation and her servitude are directly chargeable on England—that British cupidity and British pride have been the alpha and omega of Irish suffering."*

The first period of Irish suffering under English oppression extends from the first invasion of Ireland by Richard Strongbow, earl of Strigal, in the year 1168, to the time of the reformation, and embraces nearly four hundred years. It is marked by a fierce border war and a protracted struggle for the ascendancy between the native Irish and the English invaders of the country. Ireland had never before worn a foreign yoke. The Roman eagles had never floated over the heads of her children. The hordes of invading Danes had been already broken and scattered by the patriotic valor of her troops. She was as free as the air of her own mountains; free as the strains of her own sweet harp. She had tasted the sweets of liberty too long to submit quietly to the English yoke.

For more than four hundred years she sustained the unequal contest with her conquerors, nor did she yield one inch of her territory without a death struggle. More than once were the Irish septa on the point of finally triumphing and expelling the English from their borders, when some unhappy division in their own ranks, or some other untoward event, suddenly inclined the scale of victory in favor of England. But though overcome by superior force and tactics, yet did she never consent willingly to wear the fetters with which she was bound. Though down-trodden and a captive, her spirit was not broken: and she still fondly cherished visions of freedom. And she still as fondly clings to those same visions: alas that they should be even yet but visions! To the honor of Ireland be it said that, though conquered, she has never yet licked the feet of her conquerors, nor kissed the chains with which she was trammelled!

Had England pursued a different and more liberal policy in regard to Ireland, this protracted war between the two races might have been much sooner terminated by the fusion of the two into one people. This is admitted by the latest English Protestant historian of Ireland—Dr. Smiles of Leeds. We must present an extract from the preface to his work, as it

* Ibid. p. 76.

confirms what we have said and throws additional light on the period of which we are speaking.

"In England and Scotland the conquering and the conquered races—Danes, Normans, Saxons, Britons, &c.—have, in a great measure, fused down into one people; but in Ireland the two races of the conquest are still at war, and after a resistance which has lasted for centuries, the struggle is almost as inveterate now as at the period of its commencement. The blame of this protracted and destructive enmity between race and race rests with the conquering classes themselves, as well as with the English government, which has supported them throughout in their *anti-national* and *in-human* policy. Instead of amalgamating themselves with the nation, the Norman invaders, and afterwards the English and Scotch colonists who settled in Ireland, erected themselves into an ascendancy of the despotic and tyrannical kind. In course of time they possessed themselves of almost the entire soil of Ireland, treating the natives as helots and slaves, and with a cruelty which has never been exceeded in any age or country. Laws were passed for the express purpose of keeping the nation distinct from the settlers, and thus preventing them from merging into one people. 'Mere Irish' were deprived of the protection of the English law, and might be killed with impunity. Statutes were passed expressly to prevent the English settlers from conforming to Irish language, dress, and manners, on pain of forfeiture of goods, and imprisonment, and being dealt with as '*Irish enemies*.' And thus were the Irish people placed under the ban of proscription and exclusion by their conquerors, and a mark set on them to be shunned and hated by their fellow men."*

From the unexceptionable testimony of this candid English historian we gather, that the Irish were branded with infamy by the English and declared *aliens* and *enemies* in the heart of their own country! This term *enemies* was, we believe, first employed in a statute passed under Henry IV; and it is the only article of English law, as Moore the poet well remarks, to which the English have remained constantly faithful! More than once had the native Irish petitioned to be admitted to the rights of English citizenship; but their petitions were treated

* Quoted in a late number of the Irish "Nation."

with scorn and contempt. They might be the *slaves*, they could not hope to become the *subjects* of England! This would place them under the protection of English law, and would prevent the English lords of the pale from robbing them with impunity.

Goaded to desperation by these and similar acts of tyranny, the Irish septs often flew to arms; but each formidable insurrection was put down by an overwhelming royal army, which nearly always followed up the victory by wholesale massacre and spoliation.

"At every insurrection came new troops of English adventurers who were in need of lands; and every poor and ruined nobleman sought to repair his fortunes in a country where murder and pillage gave a right to property."^{*}

Outlawed in their own country, and hunted down by their enemies after having been despoiled of their property, did the native Irish seek to fly from their homes and eke out a subsistence in some more genial abode on the continent; even this mode of escape was precluded by the inhuman English law which forbade "the *Irish enemies to leave the country*."[†] But, more and still worse than all this, a mark was set on these same *Irish enemies*, that any one, who was base and cruel enough to perpetrate the atrocious crime, might murder them with impunity wherever they might be found!! For this unheard of and almost incredible wantonness of cruelty, we have the authority of the English statute book itself, and the express testimony of an unexceptionable Scotch Protestant historian—Sir James Macintosh. He says:

"During the dreadful period of four hundred years, the laws of the English government of Ireland did not punish the murder of *one man of Irish blood as a crime*."[‡]

We verily believe that the history of no nation on earth is stained with cruelty so wanton or more refined than this; and we subscribe to Mr. Lester's opinion that "none but an English despot has the skill to carry the refinement of tyranny so far."[§]

The leading maxim of English policy in her government of Ireland, as well as the true secret of her success in retaining her hold on

that ill-fated country, was: *divide et impera*—divide and rule. By intrigues and bribery she set chieftain against chieftain and sept against sept; she carefully kept alive the old feuds which had ever been the bane of Irish prosperity, and she thus brought about "the estrangement of those who should have stood shoulder to shoulder in the strife for common freedom. . . . This has been her policy from first to last; and its successful application is all that prevents Ireland from taking her place among the nations of the earth."^{**}

But sad and mournful as is the epoch of Irish history of which we have hitherto spoken; heart-rending and sickening as are its details, that period at which we must now rapidly glance is yet more afflicting, and is filled with still greater enormities. This might seem impossible, but it is even so. From the reformation, *so called*, down to the present time, a new and more exciting element has been infused into the political hatred which England had ever borne to Ireland. This new and most bitter ingredient in the chalice of Irish suffering was a fierce and relentless religious bigotry. England had crushed the *bodies*, she now meant to bow down or crush the *souls* of Irishmen! If English misrule was a curse to Ireland, English Protestant bigotry was a curse a hundred-fold greater and heavier and more appalling in its consequences.

When England was violently severed from Catholic unity by the headlong passions and high-handed tyranny of Henry VIII, she sought to drag Ireland also into her schism and apostacy. The truculent and bloody tyrant who had made himself head of the Anglican church, spared no efforts to induce Ireland to acknowledge his spiritual supremacy. Bribes and menaces, the sword and the bayonet, the rack and the gibbet, were successively employed for this purpose. But they were all unavailing. The great body of the Irish people still fondly clung to the faith of their forefathers which had consoled and strengthened them in the midst of sufferings that had rarely, if ever, fallen to the lot of any other nation. They might be despoiled of their property, they might be branded as aliens and outlaws in the heart of their own dear country, they might suffer the death of traitors, or they might be massacred in cold blood; but no in-

* *Ibid.* p. 81.

* Regnault—"Criminal history of the English government," p. 13. † See *ibid.*

‡ Quoted by Lester: "Fate and Condition of England," ii, p. 71. § *Ibid.* p. 80.

dignity nor suffering could tear from their hearts the bright jewel of faith which they so highly prized and so dearly cherished. They might lose all else, but they would still warmly press this treasure to their bosoms! England had never yet offered them one single blessing which was not more than outweighed by its attending curse; and could they now be induced to receive the reformation as a boon from *her* treacherous and blood-stained hands? No, no; Ireland would not apostatize.

This stern refusal to abandon the Catholic faith and to subscribe to the new-fangled and ever changing religious notions of England, constituted Ireland's greatest crime. No language can adequately portray the refinements of cruelty by which this crime has been visited by England for nearly three centuries. In the poignant bitterness of her sufferings during this period, the Irish Catholic almost forgot the many atrocities perpetrated in his country by the English during the first four centuries of their domination. The annals of no country in the wide world, whether Christian or pagan, can present any thing half so cruel or atrocious, as that which is unfolded in the persecutions of the Irish Catholics by the English government since the period of the reformation. The facts almost stagger belief; and the recital makes our very blood freeze in our veins! This is admitted by Dr. Smiles, the candid English Protestant, to whose recent history of Ireland we have already referred. He says:

"The records of religious persecutions in all countries have nothing more hideous to offer to our notice than the Protestant persecutions of the Irish Catholics. On them all the devices of cruelty were exhausted. Ingenuity was taxed to devise new plans of persecution, till the machinery of penal iniquity might almost be pronounced perfect."*

What are we to think of a penal code which forbade Catholics to open schools for the education of their children; which set a price upon the heads of Irish priests, and hunted them down like wild beasts; which double taxed, ground down with unheard of extortions, and openly despoiled the Catholics of their property; which authorized the apostate son to drive his grey-headed father from the paternal

roof, if he refused to turn Protestant in his old age; and which relentlessly pursued religious non-conformity with fines and imprisonment, with fire and sword? What are we to think of a policy which necessarily induced ignorance and poverty, and then sneered at both? What are we to think of a system of legislation which forbade a Catholic to own a horse worth more than five pounds, and authorized his Protestant neighbor to rob him of it *by law*, if he could prove before a justice of the peace that he had tendered five pounds for the animal and been refused! What are we in a word to think of a government which adopted the systematic policy of first driving the Irish Catholics into revolt by intolerable exactions and cruelties, and then despoiled them of their property, and butchered them in thousands!!

Yet this was precisely the policy which Protestant England pursued towards Catholic Ireland for centuries! And this explains to us the anomalous and otherwise unaccountable fact that, whereas seven-eighths of the Irish people are still Catholics, more than *three-fourths* of the entire landed property of the island is now in the hands of Protestants. The great Irish Catholic chieftains and landlords were purposely goaded into rebellion that they might be branded as traitors, and their lands confiscated for the benefit of English adventurers. Such was the course adopted towards Earl Desmond, a powerful chief of Munster; such also was the treatment of O'Neill another wealthy and valorous Irish chieftain. When Queen Elizabeth heard of the revolt of the latter, she remarked to her courtiers, with a fiendish smile: "*it would be better for her servants, as there would be estates enough for them all.*"

"This single expression of Elizabeth," says Mr. Lester, "reveals the entire policy of the English government towards Ireland. That injured country was the great repast at which every monarch bade his lords sit down and eat. After they had gorged their fill, the remains were left for those who should come after. Tranquillity succeeded these massacres, but it was the tranquillity of the grave-yard. The proud and patriotic Irishmen were folded in the sleep of death, and the silence and repose around the lifeless corpses were called *peace*.

"They made a solitude,
And called it peace."**

* Vol. ii, pp. 83, 84.

* Preface to his History of Ireland.

We must give another fine extract from this author on the same subject.

"Often a great chief, possessed of large estates, was purposely driven by the most flagrant injustice and insults into open rebellion, that he might be branded as a traitor, and his rich possessions by confiscation revert to the English vampyres that so infested the land. Every cruelty and outrage that can dishonor our nature, was perpetrated in those unjust wars by English leaders and English soldiers. Cities were sacked, villages burned, women violated, and the helpless and the young slaughtered by thousands. A record of these scenes of crime and blood we can not furnish. It is written, however, on every foot of Irish soil, and in the still living memories of many an Irish heart."

To exhibit the tender mercies of the English armies when they had succeeded in putting down a rebellion which the persecuting and iniquitous policy of the English government had provoked, we may present the testimony of two cotemporary English writers, Hollingshead and the poet Spenser, concerning the desolation which reigned in the province of Munster after the defeat of Earl Desmond.

"This province," says Hollingshead, "which was heretofore rich, very populous and fertile, covered with green pastures, crops, and herds of cattle, is now deserted and barren; it bears no fruit; there is no grain in the fields, no cattle in the pastures, no birds in the trees, no fish in the rivers; in short, the curse of heaven (!) on this country is so great that you may pass through from one extremity to the other, and you rarely see a man, woman, or child."†

The poet Spenser, who received three thousand acres of land from the confiscated estates of Desmond in compensation for his fulsome flattery of royalty, thus describes the scene which he witnessed on going to take possession of his estate in Ireland.

"Out of every corner of the woods and glynnnes they (the people) came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them. They looked like anatomies of death—they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves—they ate the dead carrion, happy when they could find them; yea, and one another soon after; insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves; and if they found a plat of water-cresses, or

shamrocks, to those they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able to continue there withal, that in a short space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country was suddenly left void of man and beast."*

These are but single pages in the long and sad history of Ireland's wrongs under English oppression. They are, however, pretty fair specimens of the whole work. England's policy towards Ireland has been very simple, steady, and uniform; and its practical effects on Ireland and the Irish people have been nearly the same for the last seven centuries. For almost two centuries immediately succeeding the reformation, the history of Ireland is a monotonous recital of tragedies and sickening horrors such as those just described. The same means were employed in each successive reign, and the same dreadful effects followed. After having filled Ireland with desolation and massacre; after having cut off most of its heroes, murdered most of its chiefs, and sent her vampyres to seize on its richest lands, Elizabeth had a medal struck which bore the inscription—*pacata Hibernia!* But Ireland was exhausted, not conquered; trodden in the dust, not *pacified*. And England may yet learn that brute force is not the most appropriate or adequate means for *pacifying* a people feeling keenly their wrongs and resolved to be free! If she has not learned this lesson already, she may yet soon learn it to her sorrow.

Ireland was destined to become the victim and the prey of each succeeding English dynasty. The Stuarts carried out the fiendish policy of the Tudors. They even added blackhearted ingratitude and treachery to open spoliation. Noble and generous Ireland poured out her blood in torrents for the two Charleses, and they betrayed her with a Judas-like kiss. Ireland fought bravely for the last and best of the Stuarts, James II, and he, far from sympathizing with her in her devoted love, could only cry out in the memorable battle of the Boyne, when Irish valor was repulsing the English and their Dutch allies: "Spare, oh! spare my *English* subjects!"

From the accession of the house of Stuart to its expulsion from the English throne—a period of more than eighty years, including

* State of Ireland—quoted by Lester, vol. ii, p. 92.

* Ibid. p. 92.

† Quoted by Regault, pp. 15, 16.

the times of Cromwell and the commonwealth—Ireland was almost continually torn with dissensions and civil wars, pillaged by succeeding armies, and stained with the blood of her slaughtered children. Besides her own hereditary miseries, she was doomed to share in all the evils consequent on each political revolution of the sister kingdom. Her fidelity to the Stuarts brought down on her devoted head the terrible vengeance of Cromwell, whose fanatical armies swept over her fair soil like a swarm of Huns spreading devastation every where, butchering the inhabitants in cold blood, and leaving only ruin, desolation, and the voice of wailing behind them. The terrible doings of these merciless ruffians who wore long faces, quoted the Bible, and uttered long prayers, in the very same breath that they massacred the helpless widow and orphan, and imbrued their hands in the blood of the “papists,” are still freshly remembered in Ireland; and the most withering malediction which an Irishman can utter, is that which invokes the “curse of Cromwell” on his enemy!

All who have read the history of Ireland will know that we have not exaggerated in the sketch just drawn, and that we have not done injustice to the unfortunate house of Stuart. The contemptible and pedantic James I, the first of that house who sat on the English throne, was the first English monarch who carried out the system of Irish spoliation on an extended scale, and by the chicanery of law; at a time too of profound peace, and without any provocation whatever! At the commencement of his reign, the earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel were declared, without a shadow of proof, to be agents in a grand Catholic conspiracy against English Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. Their vast property, extending through six counties, and embracing five hundred thousand acres of land, was declared confiscated to the crown, and the base robbery was sanctioned by a subservient Irish parliament to which James had caused creatures of his own to be returned. But this was not enough to satisfy the insatiate rapacity of the English monarch. We will give the energetic language of Mr. Lester on the subject.

“His success in this king’s robbery only whetted his appetite for greater spoils. But what new scheme could he devise by which

to wrest from the Irish chieftains their estates, for even a villian’s brain will become exhausted of plots. A commission was appointed ‘for the discovery of defective titles.’ A set of men called discoverers was employed to hunt up defects in the titles of landholders, who, of course, were rewarded in proportion to their success, or, in other words, a premium was given to the best informer. It was not difficult to find defective titles in a land that had for centuries been afloat in the turbulent waves of civil war, especially when witnesses were suborned for the purpose, and bribes and violence and tortures freely employed to wring the Irish estates from their lawful owners.”*

We might fill a volume with atrocities like these; but we sicken at details so revolting; and we must hasten on. To the everlasting honor of Catholic Ireland be it said, that, though thus ruthlessly persecuted and trampled under foot by Protestant England, yet was she never stained with the crime of religious persecution! At three different periods of her history, Catholic Ireland regained for a short time the political ascendancy; and she might then have repaid her spoilers and persecutors in their own coin. During the reign of Mary, at the close of that of Charles I, and at the time of the revolution that expelled James II from the English throne, the Catholics of Ireland might have driven the English Protestants from the island: but they made no attempt of the kind—they shed not one drop of Protestant blood in the hallowed name of religion! Let the bigots who are for ever denouncing the Catholic church for her persecuting spirit, and sneering at the “low and blood-thirsty Irish,” remember this unquestionable fact, and blush—if they have not wholly lost the power of blushing! Generous and noble-hearted by nature, the Irish Catholics at the first dawn of national prosperity forgot the dark clouds which had so long hung over, and the terrible storms that had so often swept through their devoted country; they forgave all past injuries, insults, and atrocities; and they nobly requited evil with good, curses with blessings. The sun did not set on their anger!

What return England made for this generous forgiveness we have already seen. But there is yet one bitter cup which she put to the lips of Ireland, to which we have not yet alluded. Not content with all her previous

* Vol. ii, p. 88.

outrages, she let loose on Ireland a set of ruthless and truculent blood-hounds, who thirsted for her blood and rioted amidst her ruin and desolation. The Irish Orangemen were sworn to maintain the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, and, if need was, to wade up to their knees in Irish Catholic blood! For more than a century the whole power of England sustained this blood-thirsty faction; and the English government withdrew its support only when the indignant outcry of the civilized world, seconding that of bleeding Ireland, compelled it to do so! The Orangemen were but the executioners of that iniquitous system which England had ever pursued towards Ireland—of that fiendish policy which set Irishmen against Irishmen, scattered spies and informers over the land, and liberally rewarded every act of baseness and treachery! And a burning shame it is, that she always found Irishmen base enough to take the wages of iniquity, and meanly to sell their country's birthright for a mess of pottage! Division among Irishmen has ever been the greatest bane of that beautiful but devoted island.

Space fails us to speak of the noble exertions made by the men of 1782 for the regeneration of Ireland; of the brilliant but, alas! ephemeral success which crowned their efforts; of the victories achieved by the noble eloquence of Grattan; of the memorable "rebellion" of 1798, and of the dreadful consequences which ensued from it to Ireland. All these things are familiar to our readers. There is not an intelligent Irishman in the wide world whose soul has not been stirred in its deepest fountains by the familiar details of those glorious or terrible events. Throughout this whole period of Ireland's history, the English government continued to pursue its usual selfish and treacherous policy. If the demands of the Irish volunteers were granted, it was with an ill grace, and only because England, exhausted by war and terrified by the recent successful revolt of her American colonies, could not do otherwise than grant them. But so soon as she recovered from her temporary difficulties, she retrieved the *faux pas* she had made in her most approved style. She goaded the Irish into rebellion, then crushed them by brute force; and, while Ireland lay crushed and bleeding at every pore, she annihilated her national parliament by the odious "act of union."

This master-stroke of Pitt's policy "was conceived in iniquity and brought forth in sin." It was the death-blow of Irish independence and nationality. It laid Ireland prostrate at the feet of England. It permanently fastened the odious English ascendancy on the necks of Irishmen. It marred the prosperity, crippled the commerce, ruined the manufactures, weakened the energies, and crushed the spirit of Ireland. It did more. It firmly established and greatly increased that detestable system of absenteeism which annually drained Ireland of millions of her treasure to be expended in England or on the continent. It bound Ireland hand and foot, and placed her wholly at the mercy of an overwhelming majority in the English parliament. Against the solemn faith pledged by England in the act of the union itself, it saddled on Ireland the enormous public debt of England. In a word, it enriched England at the expense of Ireland, and it overspread the latter country with pauperism and misery unutterable. The bill of Catholic emancipation, reluctantly passed by the English parliament in 1829, mitigated somewhat, but did not remove, these crying evils. They still exist to an alarming extent and in an ever-increasing magnitude. England still has her foot on the bosom of prostrate Ireland, and English iron still enters the soul and pierces the very vitals of Irishmen!

It is not necessary to accumulate evidence to establish all these familiar and well known facts; nor can we pause to give details showing the present impoverishment and starving condition of vast masses of the Irish people, under the operation of the heartless English policy of which we have endeavored to present the leading features. Mr. Lester has spread out all this evidence before the American community. He has proved the dreadful condition of Ireland from the official report of the poor law commissioners appointed by the English government to inquire into the condition of the Irish laboring classes, and made up of evidence taken on the spot.* We can do nothing more at present than merely refer to the arguments which he presents on the subject, and to the unanswerable speeches of O'Connell. We can find room for but one eloquent extract from Mr. Lester's work, on the manner in which the infamous "act of union" was passed in 1800.

* Vol. ii, p. 132 seqq.

"But, with all her fair pretensions, England could not have carried the union without the presence of her immense military force. What could Ireland do? Prostrate from a sanguinary struggle, laid under martial law, the *habeas corpus* act suspended, no protection to property, liberty or life; the jails crowded with innocent victims; the scaffolds red with the blood of those who had committed no crime; tortures and death on every side: what could she do? How could she discuss the union calmly with more than a hundred thousand bayonets bristling around her, and pointing at her heart? . . . To this fear of physical force were added bribes and corruption. Rotten boroughs were bought up, that those favorable to the English interest might be returned to the legislature. Lord Castlereagh declared in the house of commons that 'he would carry the union though it might cost more than half a million in bribes.' The price of a single vote on the question was eight thousands pounds, or nearly forty thousand dollars, or, in its place, an appointment worth ten thousand dollars per annum. More than six millions of dollars were spent in buying up close rotten boroughs, seven millions more in bribes, making in all, in round numbers, *fourteen millions of dollars*, distributed to effect the subjugation of Ireland. Yet with her one hundred and seventy thousand bayonets, and fourteen millions of dollars, there were seven hundred and seven thousand who petitioned *against* the union, and only five thousand for it."*

To *repeal* this atrocious act of union, passed in this iniquitous manner, and riveting so strongly the chains of Irish bondage, is the great object of Ireland's present mighty struggle. This it is that has set Ireland in motion from one extremity to the other. This it is which lately called together the "monster" meetings which enkindled the wrath of England, and revived the drooping spirits of Ireland. This it is which is the true secret of the present Irish agitation. That agitation is peaceful, but it is mighty. It is inspired by a deep sense of insufferable wrongs, and of sufferings keenly *felt* by almost† the entire Irish population. It is the peaceful, sober cry of Ireland for *liberty*, and for a redress of grievances no longer to be endured. It is founded on truth and justice, and it will, it *must* be successful.

Ireland deserves to be free. By her great moral regeneration under the happy influence of Father Mathew's great temperance move-

* Ibid. pp. 105, 106.

† Sad is it that we are compelled to write *almost*. With Cicero we may exclaim: *utinam illud pene tolleretur!*

ment, and by having abstained from all violence and crime during the progress of an excitement unparalleled in her history, she has proved to all the world that she is capable of freedom and of self-government.

And why should she not be free? Beats there a heart in a generous, in an *American* bosom which sympathizes not with her in her wrongs, and raises not the impassioned cry of *freedom* in her behalf? Will it be said that the cry of Greece, of Poland, and even of Texas, for sympathy and succor, found a hearty response in the bosoms of our countrymen, but that the cry of suffering and bleeding Ireland—of Ireland which has been the victim of more enormous oppressions than ever fell to the lot of all other oppressed nations put together—will sound on our ears without making any impression on our hearts, merely because Ireland is Catholic and England Protestant? Reverse the case; make England Catholic and Ireland Protestant, and a flame of indignation would blaze from one end of this union to the other. All who would not sympathize with Protestant Ireland oppressed by Catholic England, would be branded as enemies of freedom, and as unworthy of the American name. Can any one doubt this for a moment? But are not justice and truth the same, as the case now stands; and will not every liberal mind agree that Ireland deserves to be free, no matter what her religion, or what that of her oppressor?

Yes: say what we will, do what we will, whether we aid Ireland or not, she will yet be free! All that is necessary to secure her freedom is union, patience, and perseverance. She has a leader just such as the emergency demands. She has a leader whose courage and genius, in the face and in spite of England, have thrown open the iron portals of the British parliament to the Irish, English, and Scotch Catholics. She has a leader who is as calm and collected as he is bold and untiring; as talented as he is eloquent; as great in the legislature as he is on the rostrum. She has a leader who has done what never an Irish Catholic did before; escaped triumphantly from the toils and chicanery of the English law, *as administered in Ireland*; quashed the "monster" indictment; broken the bars of the prison to which English injustice had consigned him, and achieved a bloodless *legal* victory over

England according to the unwilling verdict of England herself! This greatest man of the age, this modern Demosthenes, this Hercules of peace, must and will triumph!

Yes: the martyred Emmett's epitaph will yet be written! And if any one can write it, it must be DANIEL O'CONNELL!

"Emmett said, 'till Ireland be free, let not my epitaph be written;' and it shall not be. He offered himself up as a holocaust of liberty. He shouted one battle-cry in the ears of his countrymen, and died. They err much who supposed he accomplished nothing. A martyr never dies in vain. Every drop of his blood will yet send forth a living man fraught with the fire of his origin. The name of Emmett at this day stirs every patriot heart in that green isle like the blast of a trumpet. His dying words are remembered and repeated to

every generation. He bequeathed his free spirit to his country in sacred trust, looking forward to that day when his emancipated country should write his epitaph and honor his sacrifice. The flag of freedom shall yet wave over her ashes, and the shout of a ransomed people shake the earth that encloses him."*

Daniel O'Connell will yet, we fervently hope, cause that flag of freedom to wave in triumph over the tomb of Emmett! He must fulfil his own mission, as thus beautifully unfolded by himself: "Grattan declared he had watched at the cradle of Ireland and followed her hearse. He is reckoned among the illustrious dead. I LIVE TO SOUND THE TRUMPET OF HER RESURRECTION."†

* Lester vol. ii, pp. 111, 112.

† Letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury.

ANGLICAN ORDINATIONS.

1. *The validity of Anglican Ordinations examined.* By the Very Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, V. G. Philadelphia, 1841.
2. *Essays to prove the validity of Anglican Ordinations.* By a Layman. Baltimore, 1844.



WHEN the British parliament resolved on suppressing ten of the episcopal sees of the established church of Ireland, the hearts of some English churchmen were panic-stricken, lest the storm which suddenly overthrew so many ancient fabrics of the sister island should soon visit their own shores. In the contingency of the support of the state being withdrawn from their church establishment, they deemed it necessary to point to a higher source of their ministerial powers, and accordingly they decanted on the apostolic succession, and affected to disregard every other title to popular confidence. Order was restored to the rank of a sacrament, and the formularies which excluded it were explained away, as meaning no more than that it was not such a sacrament as baptism, or the Lord's supper; and the im-

sition of hands was said to convey grace, or at least to be attended by its communication. The question concerning the validity of Anglican orders was naturally revived under those circumstances, although the Oxford writers did not betray any hesitation on that point, whilst, to meet one of the most imposing difficulties that beset it, they advanced the novel principle that the power and grace of orders were communicated by the imposition of hands, without any form of words whatever. It can not be doubted that the admission by Dr. Lingard of the authenticity of the Lambeth register, and consequently of the fact that Parker had been ordained by Barlow and others, to fill the see of Canterbury under Elizabeth, favored their pretensions: for, although that eminent historian, to maintain the neutrality of his position, studiously avoided the expression of any opinion on the validity of the ordination, yet the fact was industriously confounded with the theological controversy, and, on both sides of the Atlantic, peals of triumph rang, as if an eminent Catholic divine had acknowledged the validity of the Anglican orders! We are not of those who envy others the pleasures of imagination.

The vicar-general of the neighboring dio-

cess, who has since been raised to the see of St. Louis, ventured to remind his Episcopalian friends of the broad distinction between the concession of Dr. Lingard and the main controversy which regards the validity of the form prescribed in the ordinal of Edward VI, and, what was somewhat bolder, he respectfully questioned the conclusion at which the eminent historian had arrived regarding the fact itself; but he took care to shield himself under the name of Dr. Milner, who had rejected the evidence as unsatisfactory. We dislike man-worship, and deprecate blind assent to the opinions and views of individuals, however eminent: yet we are slow to countenance attacks on a deliberate judgment formed with all the facilities for correct inquiry. The perusal of Dr. Kenrick's work has convinced us that the fact is beset with perplexing difficulties: but we choose to assume it on the authority of the historian, and so narrow the controversy to the theological point.

It is somewhat remarkable that the defence of the Anglican ordinations should have been undertaken by a layman, who, at the end of the preface to his essays, lays aside the *incognito*, and reveals himself as Hugh Davey Evans, a member of our bar. The silence of the Episcopalian clergy during three years did not surprise us, as we thought it wise on their part to pass unheeded the attack on their titles, whilst their flocks were unmoved by it: but for a time we were led to hope that a young divine of Philadelphia would enter the lists, as he promptly promised on the first appearance of Dr. Kenrick's work. Several of the points mooted were, however, such as might well fall within the proper objects of legal research and judgment, and, in this respect, Mr. Evans has showed his professional knowledge and tact: but the main question is theological, and the maxim, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, let every one confine himself to his profession, is seldom disregarded without some mishap. True, Mr. Evans has pleaded well, and may claim the merit of a defence as able as the case might admit; yet some errors against sound theology here and there occur, which we know not whether to ascribe to his inexperience in polemics, or to the deficiency of the system in which he has been trained. On the whole, we must award praise to the skill of the advocate, and even to his temper. His apology, lame as

it is for the affected use of the appellation, "Mr. Kenrick," will doubtless be readily accepted by the bishop; but for our part we protest loudly against the use of the nicknames "Romish and Romanist" which constantly disfigure his reply—terms which every consideration of courtesy and decorum should banish from the republic of letters.

The difficulty of reconciling, one with the other, the various state documents collected by Rymer, on the matters in question, led Dr. Kenrick to seek for some criterion to distinguish genuine from supposititious commissions, or writs, and he adopted the opinion of some preceding writer, who took as genuine all such as were marked: *Per Breve de sigillo privato*; or, *Per ipsam Reginam*; as having been issued in virtue of writs under the privy seal, or great seal; and rejected others not thus authenticated. Mr. Evans sports with these marks of authenticity; and quotes Blackstone for the instruction of his readers, although we have not been able to discover in his words any thing to take away the force of the distinction. However, we attach little importance to it, and would willingly have learned from Mr. Evans any other means of distinguishing true from false documents; in default whereof we would have hoped for some means of reconciling the contradictions which the documents exhibit: *Concordantia discordantium canonum*. Parker, in a writ of 20th October, is styled archbishop of Canterbury; yet a writ issues on 6th of December directing his consecration.

It does not appear to us worth the labor to dispute the fact alledged in the Lambeth register. It matters little in our opinion whether Parker was unceremoniously declared a bishop in a hotel at a convivial meeting, or formally ordained in the manner there stated, in a chapel carpeted and decorated as the register describes. We are willing to grant that at the hour of five or six o'clock in the morning, as is there affirmed, although rather an early hour in December, and not a usual hour for so solemn a function, Parker was ordained by Barlow, assisted by Scorey, Coverdale, and Hodgkins. The circumstantiality of the account which confirms Mr. Evans in its belief, would lead us to suspect its correctness, as the style is unusual; but we renounce all our scruples, overpowered by the authority of Dr. Lingard. On the ordination of Barlow we are not alto-

gether satisfied, although the presumptions are no doubt strong, but counterbalanced by circumstances of no inconsiderable weight. We leave, however, Dr. Kenrick and Mr. Evans to settle the matter, by Starkie's rules of evidence, or in whatever other way they please; and we grant that Barlow was ordained according to the rite prescribed in the Roman pontifical, *probably* in the country, as the defender of his ordination quoted by Courayer conjectures, but certainly some where, either as bishop of St. Asaph, or of St. David's, or of Bath and Wells. We grant, for argument's sake, or rather to avoid a superfluous and perplexing discussion, that Barlow was a true bishop, and that he performed the rite described in the record. Before, however, we acknowledge the apostolical succession of the Anglican ministry, we beg the solution of one difficulty which haunts our minds. It is admitted that a bishop can not ordain another bishop unless by some rite expressive of the communication of the episcopal character. The imposition of hands is known from the Scriptures to be the rite: but it is generally agreed that words should be employed determining this act to this special end. We ask then: were the words employed in the ordination of Parker sufficiently expressive of episcopal power and authority? If they were not, we apprehend the rite was ineffectual and vain.

Mr. Evans will probably banter us, after the fashion wherein he deals with Dr. Kenrick, as to our inability to determine the form of ordination. To avoid obscurity or ambiguity, we have abstained from this word. Christ not having prescribed a special formulary to be used on this occasion, we look on it as the province of the church to determine the words to be used, and we regard the whole ritual sanctioned by immemorial usage as a matter to be scrupulously observed. Although we may not take on us to determine what portion of it is sufficient for the validity of ordination; we can say without hesitation that Christ did not leave to queens, or kings, or parliaments, the choice or determination of rites or words to be used in conveying the powers of his ministry; and we, therefore, presume that any rite or formulary introduced and established by the civil power is nugatory for the end of spiritual grace. It is manifest that the ordinal of Edward VI, by whomsoever prepared, derived

its sanction and authority from the parliament and crown, and, although it had not received a formal and distinct confirmation from Elizabeth or her parliament, it was employed not by ecclesiastical, but by royal authority, supposed and implied.

The words used in the imposition of hands, according to the ordinal of Edward VI, were these: "Take the Holy Ghost, and remember that thou stir up the grace of God, which is already* in thee, by imposition of hands; for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of soberness." These express nothing peculiar to the episcopate, and seem to regard a grace already received: "*Quæ jam per impositionem manuum in te est.*" Mr. Evans, after Courayer, endeavors to supply this deficiency by showing that the prayer used on the occasion mentions the office of bishop; but this, even in its present form, which, we presume, has been amended, does not express either the power or grace of episcopacy. Courayer gives it in these terms: "Almightie God, geve of all good thinges, whiche by thy Holy Spirite hast appoineted diverse orders of ministers in thy church, mercifully beholde thys thy servant nowe called to the work and ministry of a bishop, and replenish him so with the truthe of thy doctrine and innocencie of life, that both by worde and dede he maie faithfully serve the in thys office,"† etc. We can see nothing in this prayer to determine the episcopal character, and if the rest of the ceremonial be regarded in connection with the avowed principles of the actors, and of the times, we feel bound to consider the whole rite as, constituting an officer of the crown, rather than a successor of the apostles. If Mr. Evans would effectually vindicate Anglican orders, he should show that the rite employed was of itself fully expressive of the character and power of a Christian bishop. If it was otherwise, the use of the term bishop could not avail, because the term itself is vague, and originally of profane application, and rendered once more profane by the notion of the representative and delegated capacity in which the bishop appeared as the creature of the crown under Henry VIII and Edward VI, and under Eliza-

* This word is omitted in the English version, but corresponds to *jam* in the original Latin.

† Page 101. Evans, p. 220.

beth. This we apprehend to be the fair issue, which must prove fatal to the Anglican pretensions.

Mr. Evans makes an extraordinary remark, which, as it contains a theological paradox, we can not pass unnoticed. "In truth," he says,* "the consecration of Barlow is utterly unimportant, as he was not the sole, or even principal consecrator of Parker, who was consecrated equally by all four of the prelates present." This observation he borrows from Mr. Haddan, who urges it in these terms: "The position occupied by Barlow does not answer to that of the consecrating bishop (as he is termed), who was usually either the metropolitan himself, or one commissioned by him; for the latter (according to the canon of the fourth council of Carthage, and according to our ordinal, both King Edward's and the present form) pronounces the words of consecration alone, the 'assistant' bishops joining in the imposition of hands (in the words, however, also, according to the Roman ordinal, although in a lower tone),—whereas here, in consecrating the metropolitan himself, all joined throughout and equally. It follows, then, upon every theory, that the absence of Barlow's consecration, if it were so, would not invalidate that of Parker." This, truly, is a new view of the case. Parker was not ordained according to the prescriptions of the ordinal of Edward, or of any church ordinal; there was no consecrating prelate; but, contrary to all precedent, the four prelates concurred equally in the whole ceremonial. If the rite were strictly ecclesiastical, and contained substantially the expression of episcopal power, the concurrence of all in each part might not vitiate it,—*utile non debet per inutile vitari*,—and the fact of one among them possessing the episcopal character might serve to establish its validity; but in the case in question the rite was not ecclesiastical, and did not express the communication of episcopal power; wherefore their concurrence served only to destroy the appearance of conformity to the ordinal, to which it was professedly similar. The validity of consecrations by one bishop† will not help the case, as we shall presently see.

The apostate, Marc Antonio de Dominis,

and some others, whose episcopal character is certain, assisted at the ordination of Anglican bishops, and imposed hands conformably to the prescription of the ordinal of Edward VI. This, Mr. Evans contends, must have given the episcopate, even should the principal celebrant be thought destitute of the character of bishop. Sound principles of theology compel us to dissent from this position, since, if the principal fail, his assistants, being secondary, can not produce the effect. This is plain in reference to such as followed the ordinal of Edward, which prescribes no words to be used by the assistants, and is true even of the Roman rite, in which the assistants perform only a ceremonial office. Mr. Evans agrees with Dr. Kenrick in regarding as merely ceremonial the words, *Receive the Holy Ghost*.

It is no trifling prejudice against the validity of Anglican orders, whatever be the cause of calling them in question, that they were denied by Catholic divines generally, even during the reign of Elizabeth, as Mr. Evans does not dissemble;* and no account was had of them in the reign of Mary, and the constant practice of the church has been to ordain converts from the Anglican ministry, as if they never had received orders. Mr. Evans denies that the decree of Clement XI, in 1704, made with the advice of the inquisition, can be taken as a final decision of this controversy, and maintains that it was grounded on an erroneous statement of facts. We do not pretend that it has been formally decided, but the decree and usage are no equivocal indications of the judgment of the highest authorities of the church. The Anglican ordinations would surely be respected equally as those of the Greeks, if they were not plainly invalid. The English convocation, in 1662, virtually acknowledged the vagueness of the form used for above a century, by amending it. Mr. Evans ingeniously insists that this would not have been done, if it was thought to imply such a concession;† but he forgets that in endeavoring to extricate themselves from a difficulty, persons sometimes entangle themselves more seriously.

The attempt to make Cardinal Pole and Paul IV approvers of Anglican ordinations can scarcely be serious. The indulgence shown

* Page 17.

† P. 197.

* P. 131.

† P. 216.

to such as abjured heresy secured to them the livings which they occupied; but the condition laid down by Julius III, in his brief to the cardinal, was never lost sight of, and accordingly all in whose ordination the form and intention of the church had been neglected, were reordained.*

It would lead us too far away to enter into biblical disquisitions, to which Mr. Evans would introduce us;† but the argument of Dr. Kenrick is independent of verbal controversies. He maintains that one who is not a priest can not be made a bishop, and that the ordinal of Edward VI did not express the power of priesthood. This argument remains unanswered.

The closing chapter, on "Mission," shows that Mr. Evans fully feels the difficulties of Anglican pretensions. He is mistaken in supposing that mission, or jurisdiction, is conveyed by ordination. According to the principles of canon law it may precede or follow it, and is independent of it. He is greatly astray if he fancies that the civil power can supply it, as he must know it professed to do under Edward VI and Elizabeth. It is a theological error to suppose that a bishop, not having jurisdiction, can supply the wants of vacant churches by ordaining bishops for them, whatever be their necessity, for no one can give what he has not, and the apostolic commission has not descended in its plenitude to bishops severally and separately.

The order of the church has been well provided for by her divine Founder, according to whose institution the streams of ecclesiastical authority must flow from the fountain-head where it can never fail. Britain was within the limits of the western patriarchate, and subject to the immediate control of the Roman bishop, who, in several instances, consecrated the archbishops of Canterbury; and this patriarchal superintendence took nothing from the rights of the primacy. Whatever power was enjoyed by the successor of Augustin emanated from the successor of Gregory. When Parker was appointed by a mock ordi-

* P. 234.

† P. 224.

nation, or was ordained by a rite sanctioned by the British parliament, he occupied the seat of Pole; but he was the creature of Elizabeth, his power flowed from her; he was a *civil* bishop, the first of a new race, having no real connection with the long line of illustrious men that, during nine hundred years, had presided over the English hierarchy. The American Protestant Episcopal bishops may trace their origin to the mother country by as many lines as they please; the Catholic prelates rely on the same title on which Augustin relied, the founder of the see of Canterbury.

Although Mr. Evans has displayed much of the ingenuity which, in Rome, they ascribe to *l' avvocato del diavolo*, he has failed, in our judgment, to overturn the main positions of Dr. Kenrick, whatever may be thought of minor points, such as the criterion of genuine commissions, on which we feel ourselves incompetent to pronounce. We are gratified at the appearance of his work, which must give new interest to an investigation highly important, especially in this advanced stage of the movement on the other side of the Atlantic. The devotedness of Dr. Pusey, Mr. Newman, Mr. Ward, and their friends, to antiquity, their reverence for authority, and their love of unity, have completely won our admiration, and we would rejoice in being able to recognise their titles to ministerial power, which, on abjuring schism, they might exercise with great advantage; but we can see no ground for their claims, and can only pray that they may, by their entire submission to the authority of the church, soon prove worthy to be raised to a dignity of which the shadow only remains among them. Like nocturnal spectres, the venerable forms of the Christian priesthood and prelacy haunt their imagination, and they fancy themselves clothed with the awful power to offer the unbloody victim, and bow to the shadows that hover round the episcopal chairs. Soon may the delusion vanish, and the realities of Catholic communion fill the longings of their hearts!



THE "SABBATH" QUESTION.

1. *Report of the National Convention of the Lord's Day.* Baltimore Sun, December 28th and 29th, 1844.
2. *The Assembly's Shorter Catechism, illustrated by appropriate Anecdotes, chiefly designed to assist parents and Sabbath school teachers in the instruction of youth.* New York: R. Carter.



THE convention that recently met in Baltimore, in relation to the observance of the Sunday, we consider a natural and very favorable opportunity of placing before the public a few remarks upon the observance of the Lord's day, especially in regard to certain erroneous notions on this subject which are very prevalent among our Protestant brethren, and which have, in this way, been more or less introduced among a portion of the Catholic community. With this view, we have been anxiously but fruitlessly waiting for an official and complete report of the proceedings of the said convention, which, it was understood, was to be published by regularly appointed officers of that body who had been empowered during the session to raise a collection for this object. Not to be altogether out of time with our remarks, we will use the report of the "Sabbath" convention, as furnished at the time by the *Baltimore Sun*, the more so as this paper was commended by the finance committee for the accuracy of its statements on the occasion.

The scheme of a national convention, "so called," for the better observance of the Lord's day, originated with the *Maryland State Sabbath Convention*. Invitations were tendered to a few individuals in various states, and delegates, some of whom had not even provided themselves with a certificate of their appointment, convened in Baltimore, towards the end of last November, to discuss the grave questions connected with the observance of the Lord's day, and to bring about a salutary reform on this point throughout the union. These delegates were of every

rank and profession in society, but chiefly ministers of different creeds and sects. It is needless to say that the Catholic body was not represented, and we understand also that the Episcopalians did not participate in the proceedings of the convention.* Such was the promiscuous assembly of a handful of doctors, lawyers, judges, and preachers, of laymen and clergymen of every grade, that styled itself a national convention of the friends of the Lord's day, and undertook to offer suggestions to the people of the United States concerning its observance. It does not seem to have occurred to any of them that their assumption of the title of *national* convention was rather gratuitous, inasmuch as ecclesiastical matters are not to be settled by assemblies of this description. We also doubt the constitutionality of such conventions as the one alluded to: but, assuredly, if such an exhibition is not against the letter, it is opposed to the spirit of the constitution. Does not the constitution leave every individual free to worship God as he thinks proper, and in the way which is most conformable to his religious principles? Does not the constitution secure him against all molestation from any individual or from any body of individuals? Is not the observance of the "Sabbath" one of those points upon which every one is free to follow his own views? Has any person at least a right to introduce new restraints, new impediments, new restrictions in addition to those which were adopted at the time of the formation of our Union? Does any one possess the right to interfere with a Jew who observes the Saturday instead of Sunday? Is any one authorized to sit in judgment upon, and to convict the Seventh day Baptists who do not choose to keep the Sunday? Where would the mistaken zeal, or rather the fanaticism of Sabbath zealots end, if allowed to gain an inch of ground beyond what they already possess? With the false notions which are current among many, and the unreasona-

*The *N. York Churchman*, alluding to this, says: "Time will be, we hope, when all our people will be as consistent in regard to such amalgamations as Roman Catholics."

bleness of which we will establish in the sequel, we have no security that at some future day we may not all be ordered by public authority, and upon Scriptural grounds too, to eat cold victuals on Sunday, to kindle no fire on that blessed day, and in winter to bask in the sun for the purpose of warming ourselves? Who knows but we may see fastened by iron bolts, on the Lord's day, all the toll-gates and avenues round the city, in order to stop more effectually all unnecessary travelling, and shall be required, by a city ordinance, to wear a long melancholy face from sunset on Saturday to sunset on Sunday? We hope that this will never be the case, and that one set of Christians will never be allowed to trample so grossly upon the rights of another. Yet we can not refrain from expressing our regret in witnessing this tendency in certain quarters to inquisitorial measures; and we candidly avow that this spirit appears to us little creditable to the liberty of conscience, of which we boast and ought to boast, as American republicans.

We deem it fortunate that the convention was honored with the presence and assistance of our venerable ex-president, the Hon. John Quincy Adams. The old gentleman, in his address on taking the chair, distinctly stated that there existed a diversity of opinion respecting the observance of the Sabbath which he had not yet fully examined; and he observed, moreover, that Christ had said: "the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." This remark may possibly have damped, though it certainly did not extinguish, the fervor of the members. Mr. Adams appears to be one of those who do not consider walking or riding as a species of Sabbath violation. This was his opinion at least some time ago; and we should regret his adoption now of a more rigid doctrine and practice on this point; for we know not how it might be interpreted. Some would certainly apply to him the French saying: *Quand le diable devint vieux, il se fit hermite*: "when the devil grew old, he turned a hermit." It must have been a matter of deep regret and mortification, and it was certainly a great loss for the convention, that the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen did not think proper to grace with his personal attendance the deliberations of that body. Judging from his well known zeal and labors in the Sabbath cause, his coöperation would have proved most efficient.

We are aware that the Protestant churches lay claim to superior sanctity and a more perfect observance of the law of God, on account of the strictness with which they keep "the Sabbath." For this reason too the most serious charges are preferred against the Catholic church, and there is a general outcry about the deplorable violation of the Sabbath in Catholic countries. Some impartial critics would be almost tempted to say that, on this one point at least, zeal, piety, and enlightened religion, are found on the side of the reformation. Protestant travellers improve this opportunity of rousing the indignation of their countrymen against the ancient church, by imputing to Catholics a great laxity of practice on this point. In the following remarks our principal object will be to rectify these erroneous ideas, by a proper discussion of the question regarding the observance of the Lord's day. The doings and sayings of the convention will afford us ample scope for our observations; and it will be seen which side can justly lay claim to a true, real, and enlightened religion.

At the birth of Protestantism the church was already in possession of a Christian and rational, though not a Jewish and hypocritical observance of the Sunday. The reformers seized with avidity upon this opportunity of affecting a superior virtue and holiness, and proclaimed the obligation of observing this day more rigidly. Had they found a stricter method of keeping it established in the church, they would most probably have rejected it, and inculcated a milder and more liberal observance of the Sunday. This we have reason to infer from the fact that they rejected fasting, abstinence, and clerical celibacy, and other restraints upon the passions, and gave no evidence, in their lives, of a disposition to enforce the exact observance of Christian morality. From the remarks we shall offer on this question, it will appear, we trust, that the Catholic church, in her regulations concerning the Sunday, has given ample proof of her faithful adherence to Scripture, and to the true spirit of the new law, and has shown herself on this, as on other points, to be guided by the Spirit of God; that, on the contrary, the Protestant churches, or at least many of them, afford, in their tenets on this subject, in the palpable contradictions which prevail among them, in the inconsistency of their reasonings, and in the excessive rigor of

their principles, every reason to believe that they are guided by the spirit of man. We shall make it appear that, whilst professing to reject tradition, they tamely bow down to it; that while they profess to prove every thing from Scripture, they admit an important doctrinal point, in the total absence of scriptural evidence: or rather they make the Scriptures testify, but cunningly wrest them from their natural and obvious sense. It is difficult to restrain one's indignation in witnessing the cant of certain men, because they remind us of those Pharisees who strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel; who, being blind themselves, attempted to lead others; and who perceived a mote in their neighbor's eye, while they did not see the beam in their own. These Pharisees too had the Sabbath always on their lips, and the most serious fault they charged upon the Son of God was the violation of the Sabbath. It is a part of the glory of the Catholic church to share the very reproach for which her divine Founder was hated, persecuted, and put to death.

The convention passed twenty-six resolutions, all stamped more or less with the seal of bigotry, replete with false views, and characterized by false assertions and false reasonings; and it is not a little surprising how they could have been adopted with so little debate and opposition. Only one or two members exhibited from the very outset, symptoms of opposition; Mr. R. Lemmon, of Baltimore, in particular, who objected to the word Sabbath being used to designate the day which Christians keep holy. He wished the framers of the resolutions to found them on scriptural authority; he drew a broad line of distinction between the Judaical Sabbath and the Lord's day, and pointed out the different modes of observing these two days. These remarks, however plausible in appearance, soon roused the spirit of members, some of whom were for putting the resolutions *under* the table; and the vociferations and hisses that now followed sufficiently proved to the unfortunate gentleman on the floor, that he was cutting too deep into the prejudices of his brethren. The close of the convention exhibited another instance of Christian harmony, which is worthy of notice. The question was whether the convention should remonstrate with Congress upon the impropriety of allowing the Saturday

night sessions to encroach upon Sunday morning. The discussion grew tolerably warm; and at one time there was some danger of the assembly's terminating like another, which must have been held about the same period at Berlin. An association for the improvement of the *internal man* held its first meeting in that city under the presidency of M. Urban, the projector of the society, and scarcely had the second speech been made when the debate became very animated, and all the members fell to talking loud, and quarreling; but this proving ineffectual, the *external man* was brought at once into further action by a general exchange of kicks and blows. So much for associations and meetings of laymen for the regulation of religious matters.

We shall now proceed to the discussion of the topics touched upon in the various resolutions of the convention, and we distinctly affirm, notwithstanding the gratuitous assertions and unfounded suppositions of the above mentioned resolutions, that to keep holy one day in seven is not a precept of the natural law; much less is it a precept of the natural law to keep it holy in the way in which the Jews were commanded to observe it. A precept of the natural law is one which nature has instilled into our hearts; which our reason alone, that spark of divine light communicated to man at his creation, teaches to be a command of God. The precept "thou shalt not kill," is a part of the natural law. But the same can not be said of the following injunction: "keep one day holy out of seven." Why one out of seven, more than one out of two, or three, or ten? Still less does reason tell us to "keep one day holy out of seven by doing no work on that day." The law of nature indeed loudly proclaims the obligation of worshipping God; but it does not say that one day should be devoted to it, or devoted to it by abstaining from work. The law of nature would rather incline us to say that all days should be kept holy, and it would further suggest to us that a day may be kept holy by working as well as by abstaining from work; because we may be said to glorify God, when we are engaged in those occupations which have been instituted by his providence.

Another proof of our assertion is, that no man of sense would reproach an infidel or an Indian, who has never heard of Christianity,

for not resting one day out of seven, though he would certainly have reason to censure him for violating the precepts of the natural law, "thou shalt not kill," "thou shalt not commit adultery," &c. We assert moreover, in direct opposition to the resolutions of the convention, that the law of the Sabbath has not existed in all ages of the world; but that this religious practice originated with the Jews at the command of God, more than two thousand years after the creation of the world. Sabbath zealots take it for granted that the observance of the seventh day originated in Eden, when God, after having created and arranged the world in six days, rested on the seventh. But this supposition is altogether gratuitous, and from the following considerations we are led to believe it false. No mention is made in Genesis of the observance of the Sabbath by the patriarchs before the institution of the Judaical Sabbath: the word Sabbath itself is not found either in Genesis, or in the book of Job, who followed only the law of nature; on the contrary, they mention customs that were prevalent at that period, and which our Sabbath men would consider wholly irreconcilable with the proper observance of the day; for instance, the custom of continuing a marriage feast during seven days. This practice existed among the gentiles even after the promulgation of the Mosaic law; it was observed among the Philistines, and consisted of a banquet which lasted for seven full days, as may be seen in the history of Samson.* This custom of solemnizing the marriage ceremony by a seven days' festivity, is plainly alluded to in Genesis, where it is stated that a large number of friends having been invited to the marriage feast of Jacob, Laban said to his son-in-law, "Make up the week of days of this match;" and when the week was past, Jacob married Rachel.† We read also that Joseph with a great company‡ buried his father Jacob in the land of Canaan, "where, celebrating the exequies with a great and vehement lamentation, they spent full seven days;" and consequently the Sabbath did not prevent them from celebrating the exequies of Jacob. This clearly indicates that the Sabbath was not yet instituted; but the following passage of Exodus, ch. 16, v. 22-30, when the rest of the Sabbath was first introduced, renders it evident.

* Jud. xiv, 12. † Genesis xxix. ‡ Genesis i.

The manna had fallen from heaven, and the Jews had received an order to gather twice as much on Friday as on other days, and this being done, the rulers of the multitude came to inquire of Moses why this extraordinary quantity should be gathered: particularly as on other occasions the superfluous manna had turned to putrefaction. "On the sixth day they gathered twice as much, that is, two gomors every man: and all the rulers of the multitude came, and told Moses, and he said to them, this is what the Lord hath spoken: to-morrow is the rest of the Sabbath, sanctified to the Lord. Whatsoever work is to be done, do it, and the meats that are to be dressed, dress them, and whatsoever shall remain, lay it up until the morning, and they did so as Moses had commanded, and it did not putrify, neither was there worm found in it, and Moses said: Eat it to-day, because it is the Sabbath of the Lord: to-day it shall not be found in the field. Gather it six days: but on the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord; therefore it shall not be found. And the seventh day came, and some of the people going forth to gather found none. And the Lord said to Moses: How long will you refuse to keep my commandments and my law? See that the Lord hath given you the Sabbath, and for this reason on the sixth day he giveth you a double provision: let each man stay at home, and let none go forth out of his place the seventh day: and the people kept the Sabbath on the seventh day."

This last remark, together with the whole tenor of the passage, shows incontrovertibly, we think, that the observance of the Sabbath began on that day, which was antecedent to the period when Jehovah commanded from the smoking summit of Sinai, "Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day." Some, it is true, might be tempted to derive the institution of the Sabbath from the words of Moses, which are found in the second chapter of Genesis, verse 3d, where it is asserted that "God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it, because in it he had rested from all his work." But the inference would be unfounded, inasmuch as nothing is there said about the obligation of abstaining from work, and the facts which we have adduced show that this obligation was not supposed to exist before the promulgation of the Jewish law. After the creation, the Lord "sanctified" the seventh

day, because he intended to set it apart for his worship under the Judaical dispensation, for which the old Testament was principally written. Hence the division of time into periods of seven days was known to almost all nations, as an arrangement derived from the primeval custom of mankind; but the Jews alone, as Theophilus, an ancient author of the second century, remarks,* observed the seventh day in a religious manner. Their practice on this point gave rise to that silly remark of Seneca, the pagan philosopher, that the Jews wasted the seventh part of their life.† The doctrine which we have asserted, that the precept of weekly rest is not a part of the natural law, and was not observed by the patriarchs before the time of Moses, is, for the reasons we have assigned, admitted by the most able divines and canonists. Among the ancient writers we may mention Irenæus, Tertullian, and Eusebius. But after the opinion of these grave authors, and the reasons given above, what shall we think of the unqualified assertion, found in the address of the convention, and directed to the people of the United States, that "it is a law of God, coeval with creation," and that it is a law called for by our physical, social and moral necessities, "not only on tablets of stone, but on the bodies and souls of men, and is armed with a penalty which no continued violation of it can either annul or evade;" and in the ninth resolution, that "the sabbatical law was engraven." All these assertions are at least purely gratuitous; we have shown, moreover, that they are fraught with error, the more unpardonable, as they who assume the task of dictating to a whole nation are imperatively bound to examine maturely beforehand those matters which they commend to public consideration. It might just as well have been said that the physical necessities of the land required us to rest every seventh year as was prescribed to the Jews.‡ The Sabbath, understood in that servile and Judaical sense in which most of the Sabbath men take it, is not only uncalled for by our physical, social, and moral necessities, but is in reality, as it was for the Jews, a burden from which we have been relieved. This was positively asserted in the council of Jerusalem by St. Peter, when he exclaimed, "Why tempt you God to

put a yoke upon the necks of the disciples, which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear?"* But the Sabbath, according to the Christian practice, and as the Catholic church wishes us to keep it, proves a source of invaluable blessings to man, and in that way only can it be said to be wonderfully adapted to his physical, social, and moral necessities.

Having shown that the law of the Sabbath is not a necessary consequence of the natural law, we must conclude that it was a precept of the Mosaic dispensation, which bound the descendants of Abraham, from the period when the manna fell from heaven to the time when the Redeemer abrogated the old law, and restored mankind to their primitive liberty in regard to the religious observance of Saturday.

But we have two remarks to make upon this Judaical law; the first is that it forbade, with the greatest rigor, and under very severe penalties, any kind of work to be performed on the Sabbath; secondly, it enjoined no attendance at divine worship, or, to use a common phrase, no going to church. The first point is admitted by all, and appears manifestly from the fact that the Jews on the Sabbath day could not dress meat, kindle a fire, carry a burden, or go any distance, and that the punishment of death was inflicted upon the violator of this precept. The other point, however, that there was no obligation for the Jews to assist at public worship, is not so generally known, particularly among those who take the Mosaic law as the standard of our obligations on Sunday. But there is not one passage in the Bible which prescribes any particular form of prayer, either private or public, to be recited on that day, or any reading of the Scripture, or any other act of divine worship. It is true the law commanded the Jews to keep the Sabbath holy; but this sanctification or holiness of the Sabbath is always made to consist in abstaining from every kind of work on that day. This constituted the honor which the Almighty claimed for it; that is, the Jews were required by a divine command to abstain from work on the Sabbath, in order to imitate, and, as it were, to commemorate the rest of God after the creation of the world. The words which we have quoted above in relation to the first Sabbath observed by the people of God, establish this point very

* Lib. ii. † St. Austin, *De civit. Dei*, l. 6, c. xi.
‡ Exod. xxiii, 10, 11.

* Act. xv, 10.

plainly : " To-morrow is the rest of the Sabbath sanctified to the Lord. Let each man stay at home, and let none go forth out of his place the seventh day." Assuredly they could not on that day have read the Scriptures, since there were none. The law of Moses prescribed certain sacrifices on the Sabbath ;* but the people were not obliged to attend them ; it would indeed have been an utter impossibility for them to do so ; it was an obligation for the priests only. We learn, however, from Philo the Jew, that Moses ordered the people to meet on the seventh day in order " to hear the Scriptures sitting ;" and we find this usage alluded to in the New Testament. But Philo lived nearly two thousand years after Moses ; and, there being no mention of such a precept in the Scripture, his testimony can have little weight among those who reject tradition. The practice of reading the Scriptures seems to have been introduced, not as the requirement of any positive precept, as none can be shown to this effect, but as a natural consequence of the rest which the Jews were bound to keep, and which suggested the free performance of this religious act. It is true that the ninety-second Psalm is headed, " for the Sabbath day." But there is no precept declaring that it was obligatory on any person to sing or to hear it sung ; and the date of the Psalter, being much posterior to the time of Moses, shows that the use of this portion of Scripture could not have been prescribed by that legislator. Protestants adduce another passage to prove the necessity of public worship on the Sabbath, from the 66th chapter of Isaiah. They read it thus : " And it shall come to pass that from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord." But the Scripture here speaks of the new law, not of the old ; and it declares just the reverse of what they want to deduce from it ; for it says that, from month to month, from Sabbath to Sabbath, all flesh shall come to worship before God ; that is, *all* days will be days of prayer and supplication.

We contend, in the next place, that the Sabbath for which some of our dissenting brethren evince so much zeal, and which they wish to establish in a Christian community, was abolished by Christ, and ceased to be binding as

soon as the new law was promulgated by the apostles. This is a necessary consequence of what has been proved above, namely, that the observance of the Sabbath was a precept of the Judaical, not of the natural law ; for the former, as all admit, was abrogated by the Saviour ; otherwise we should still be bound to abstain from unclean animals, to keep the new moons, to practise circumcision, &c. All the political, judicial, and ceremonial precepts of the Mosaic law have passed away ; they expired on the same cross to which Christ nailed " the hand-writing of death that stood against us." The moral or natural obligations alone remain, that is, those which are engraven on the heart of man, and the necessity of which is proclaimed by enlightened reason ; for instance, " thou shalt not kill." These precepts Jesus Christ confirmed in express terms : *Matth. xix, 18 et seq. ; xxii, 37 et seq.* But he did not say a word about the Sabbath. On the contrary, the whole tenor of his public life showed that the ceremonial law of the Sabbath was verging to the period of its termination ; for he acted in a way which excited against him the hatred of the scribes and Pharisees, as if he were a Sabbath breaker. Every one has read of the memorable occasion when, traversing the fields on a Sabbath day, and his disciples having plucked a few ears of corn, he spoke those solemn words : " The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath, and the Son of man is Lord even of the Sabbath." He declared himself the Lord and Master of the Judaical Sabbath, intimating that he would abolish it, and would lead his apostles and his church to appoint another day to be kept holy, not after the manner of the ancient Sabbath, but in a way better adapted to the new dispensation of liberty and love.

The object of the first council held in the Christian church was to settle a controversy that had arisen on this point, and to determine whether the law of Moses was binding upon Christians. It was on that occasion that the prince of the apostles so keenly reprov'd the Judaizing spirit which had manifested itself, saying : " Now, therefore, why tempt you God to put a yoke upon the necks of the disciples, which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear?"* Whoever is acquainted with

* Lev. xxiv ; Num. xx.

* Acts xv, 10.

the rigor of the old sabbatical law, will grant that it was by no means an inconsiderable part of that intolerable yoke of which the apostle speaks. The council of Jerusalem, therefore, decided that, with the exception of a few points which were specified, and the obligation of which was to continue a while longer, the law of Moses was not binding; and as these few points do not include the Sabbath, it follows clearly that the Sabbath was abrogated.

Were it necessary to confirm, still further, the remarks which we have advanced, we could easily effect our object by adducing the declarations of St. Paul. From the strong hold which the sabbatical law had acquired in the minds and hearts of the Jews, and from the very nature of this precept, it was natural to expect that many would cling with pertinacity to its observance; for this reason the apostles, at the first council, pronounced the Judaical customs unnecessary, though they were not strictly forbidden, at least when adherence to them was not founded upon heretical and superstitious motives. In this case they were unequivocally denounced. Thus St. Paul reproved the Galatians who supposed the Judaical rites to be necessary for salvation: "You observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am in fear for you, lest, perhaps, I have labored in vain among you."* The days here alluded to are plainly Sabbath days. This apostle expressly recommended to those who knew that the Sabbath had been abolished, not to rail at or condemn their weaker brethren who did not enter so willingly into the same sentiment, through partiality for the synagogue in which they had been instructed. His directions on this and similar topics may be found in the fourteenth chapter to the Romans: "One judgeth between day and day, and another judgeth every day. Let every man abound in his own sense." Again, in the Epistle to the Colossians (ch. ii, v. 16), he unqualifiedly asserts: "Let no man, therefore, judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of a festival day, or of the new moon, or of the sabbaths." Does not this evidently suppose that there was no obligation to keep the Sabbath any more than the new moon, or the law which established a distinction of meats? The conclusion then

* Gal. ii, 10.

is irresistible, that to adduce scriptural passages from the books of Moses, as Protestants do, with a view to regulate the observance of the Lord's day, supposes a gross ignorance of the apostolic practice as recorded in the Acts, as well as of the doctrine so manifestly taught by St. Paul. But more of this in the sequel.

We will now proceed to show that Protestants, who pretend to be consistent, have no reason to assert that the Sunday has taken the place of the ancient Sabbath, as they generally suppose. For a Protestant must, from the very nature of the peculiar system of religion which he professes, from the fundamental tenet which he holds, prove by scriptural authority that Sunday has taken the place of the Sabbath; because the Scripture, as he tells us, is the sole rule of faith and morality. To Scripture alone we must refer for the determination of the worship due to God, and whatever is not found in Scripture is the vain tradition of men, and therefore can not become obligatory. Now we think that it can be rigorously demonstrated that the substitution of Sunday for the Saturday has no scriptural warrant, and, consequently, if it can be proved that Protestants have received from tradition this practice and law, for the observance of which they show so much zeal, they must, to be consistent, admit also the use of pictures and images, of prayers for the dead, &c., as coming to us through the same channel that has made known to us the obligation of keeping Sunday in the place of Saturday. The members of the Sabbath convention should have been the less disposed to set aside the necessity of scriptural evidence for the Lord's day, as they teach the people of the United States that this commandment can not be said to be "secondary in importance or obligation to any. For aught we know, it may be the very key-stone of the arch." Assuredly, according to them, God could not have left man without any positive declaration of his will concerning the most important of all obligations, and that which forms the key-stone of his commandments; and as on the one side he has declared in the Scripture very plainly and unequivocally that the Sabbath is abrogated, he must also tell us in the same plain and unequivocal manner that another day has been substituted in the place of it.

The question then is, where are the Scripture proofs and evidences that the Sunday has succeeded to all the privileges of the ancient Sabbath? We must answer plainly, there are none; there is not a shadow of any such evidence; or if there be any shadow of proof in Scripture, it is as faint and obscure for proving the necessity of keeping the Sunday, as the testimony for the abolition of the Sabbath is plain and obvious. This may partly account for the unfavorable reception of a remark offered during the convention, that the Sabbath is not the Lord's day, and that the convention should give Scripture authority for their various resolutions. As the convention declined adducing Scripture, we thought it necessary to consult the catechetical books of Protestants to supply the deficiency. This we have done, and we will here quote the following question of the Baptist catechism, with the Scripture authority recorded in the same, which is the fullest we could find, to show the hallucination of those who maintain that the Scripture is clear, independently of the traditions of men, and that it contains every thing required for our belief and practice. In transcribing it we confess we could not help feeling something of indignation against those who practise upon the people such imposition as is found in these pretended scriptural proofs, and we could not but pity the simplicity of those who are caught in the snare.

"Question. Which day of the seven hath God appointed to be the weekly Sabbath?

"Answer. Before the resurrection of Christ God appointed the seventh day of the week to be the weekly Sabbath,* and the first day of the week ever since, to continue to the end of the world, which is the Christian Sabbath."†

* *Exodus xxxi, 15.* Six days may work be done, but on the seventh is the Sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord; whosoever doth any work on the Sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death.

† *John xx, 19.* The same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut, where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

Acts xx, 7. And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them.

1 Cor. xvi, 1, 2. Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye; upon the first day of the week let every one lay by him in store as God hath prospered him.

Rev. i, 10. I was in the spirit upon the Lord's day.

We have selected this catechism because it gives the fullest scriptural evidence according to the promise in the title page: "The Baptist catechism, to which are added the PROOFS out of the SCRIPTURES in words at length." In fact, we might search the Scriptures from beginning to end, and no other passages could be found having even the most indirect bearing upon this question. We now ask the candid reader what proof can be adduced from these passages to show that the first day of the week or Sunday was appointed by God as a "weekly Sabbath?" The first text of St. John proves only that Christ rose on the first day of the week, and not only is there no mention of rest from ordinary work, but it is ludicrous to cite this as an instance of a Christian assembly on Sunday in honor of Christ's resurrection, for at that time the apostles partly doubted the truth of that resurrection. Equally illusory is the argument derived from the fact that John had a revelation on the Lord's day; for, if we confine ourselves to Scripture alone, that Lord's day might be some one day (Easter) in the year, and not one day of the week; moreover, the first day of the week might have been called the Lord's day, without implying any other obligation than that of a grateful remembrance; in short, there is nothing in this text to show that the prerogatives of the Sabbath have been transferred to the Lord's day. As to the direction of St. Paul to the Corinthians, to lay up on the first day of the week whatever they wished to contribute to the collection for the faithful, it would require an extraordinary power of mind to gather from this expression that the first day of the week is the one on which we must abstain from work and apply exclusively to the worship of God.

We come now to the text which seems to bear more directly on the question, in which it is said that on the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them. Though this passage, as well as that of the Apocalypse, when explained by the voice of tradition, may account for the origin of our Sunday, it is not the less certain that, separately considered, it is by no means capable of convincing the mind that the privileges of Saturday have, by divine command, been transferred to the Sunday. For the words, *the first day of the week*, which are so clear in the English translation, are not so obvious in the

original text, which literally signifies, "on one of the Sabbaths." The centuriators of Magdeburg interpret this passage of the Sabbath itself. Though we admit that the common translation is correct, we must confess that it is not as clear as many persons imagine. Again, all that appears from this passage is that, for the particular occasion spoken of by the inspired writer, the faithful met on the first day of the week ; but this does not prove at all that there is a general obligation to meet on that day. It is not improbable that they met more than once a week, and even if they had done so, there would be no obligation to do the same. Moreover, admitting the obligation of meeting on the first day of the week, there is not a word about abstaining from work during the day, particularly as the meeting was held at night, when a young man overpowered with sleep fell from an upper story. We read in the Acts* that the faithful continued *daily* in the temple, breaking bread from house to house. Certainly this does not prove that all Christians are bound to do the same. Hence the fact of the faithful having met on Sunday does not establish a similar obligation for all, especially as it is said in the Acts that the apostles preached on Saturday, though there is now no obligation to meet on that day to hear the instructions of the pastors of the church. Further; if this passage of the Acts proved any thing regarding the Sunday, it would prove the obligation of *breaking bread*, that is, of celebrating the Lord's supper *every Sunday*. This Catholics do, indeed, but Protestants do it not, and they do not consider it necessary to perform this rite oftener than once a month, if they perform it at all. Finally, if the nocturnal meeting spoken of in this chapter lasted from Saturday night to Sunday morning, as is probable from the fact that this religious service was instituted in honor of Christ's resurrection, which certainly took place on that night, and also from the fact that the Sabbath of the Jews ended on Saturday evening, it is plain that travelling on Sundays was authorized by the apostles ; for the chapter in question positively asserts that Paul started by land and his companions by sea, on the following day. What an unpalatable inference this for our brethren of the convention, whose zeal was displayed chiefly against travelling on the

* Chapter ii, v. 46.

Sabbath, introducing to public notice new species of conveyances, such as "Sabbath breaking cars and Sabbath breaking boats!"

From all these considerations it is obvious that the Scripture does not speak of the Sunday as a substitute for Saturday, nor teach that the obligations of the Sabbath have passed to the Lord's day. Protestants, therefore, who retain the Sunday, and deny the necessity of tradition, are altogether inconsistent. The Seventh day Baptists are less inconsistent in keeping Saturday, because, there being no warrant for the observance of Sunday instead of the ancient Sabbath, they can at least show that the latter was prescribed in the Old Testament. But a Protestant who would reason soundly and rigorously, would be led either to deny altogether the obligation of keeping the Sunday holy, or he must listen to the voice of tradition ; and, if he admit the Sunday from the tradition of the church, why should he not also admit confession, prayers for the dead, and other points which are still more clearly established by tradition than the obligation of observing the Lord's day?

The reader may now understand why modern sectarists evince such a preference for the word "Sabbath," and, despite all remonstrance against it, persist in applying this name to the first day of the week, or Sunday. According to their fundamental principles, they must adduce scriptural argument in support of their views ; now there is no scriptural warrant for Sunday, but there is an abundance of it for Saturday, or the Sabbath. They agree, therefore, to give the name of Sabbath to the first day of the week, and in this way they are enabled to produce a multitude of passages from the sacred text to sustain the obligation of observing it. But the reflecting mind will readily perceive that this is nothing more than a kind of theological legerdemain, that might be placed on a par with a contrivance extensively adopted at one period, of translating the word *idol* in the Scriptures by *image*, in order to enkindle in the breast of the reader a holy zeal against a practice of the Catholic church.

From tradition and from the practice of the Christian world only can we learn the obligation and the manner of keeping Sunday. This tradition of the church, found in the early records of Christianity, teaches us that the apostles themselves gave to the Sunday the

name of the Lord's day ; that on the Lord's day, ever since the time of the apostles, it has been the custom to assemble in churches, to break bread, that is, to offer the holy sacrifice of the mass ; and that on the same day, as is intimated in the 2d Epistle to the Corinthians, quoted above, and is eloquently expressed by St. John Chrysostom, the faithful made their offerings in the church. "The pastors of the church decreed," says St. Austin, ser. 251, "that all the glory of the Judaical Sabbath should be transferred to the Lord's day, in order that we should celebrate the reality of what the Jews observed only in figure." The same doctor explains how the third precept of the decalogue is observed by Christians. He states that the third commandment is kept by Christians *spiritually*, because on that day they apply to the worship of God, which constitutes the true rest of man.* But he is equally positive in asserting that Christians do not observe the third commandment carnally : "For," says he, "Christ has removed from us the yoke of the carnal observances," among which he reckons the obligation of abstaining from necessary works on the seventh day as the Jews were obliged to do.†

The Christian church then has determined the obligation of keeping the Sunday, and to her and her alone are we to look for the manner of observing it. She has positively declared that the Lord's day is not to be kept as the Sabbath of old ; in other words, that the Christian Sunday is to be kept, not according to the injunctions of Exodus and Leviticus, but according to her own ordinances ; and she has unequivocally declared that the observance of that day, although an imitation of the Jewish Sabbath instituted by Jehovah on Mount Sina, does not impose the same obligations, is directed by a different spirit, and is neither so rigid nor servile in its character. Our Sunday is not a revival of the ancient Sabbath, it is a voluntary imitation of it ; and hence nothing can be more preposterous, more Judaical, or antichristian, than to quote the old law for the observance of Sunday.

To place this subject in a clearer light, we may state that, according to many learned writers, it was not strictly commanded to abstain from work on Sunday during the first ages

of the church. This day was undoubtedly viewed by Christians as a day of joy, of triumph, and of gratitude to God ; and they convened in the church to offer their homage to the Almighty ; but there is no evidence to show that cessation from work was considered obligatory ; probably because there might have been some danger of Judaism in this cessation from work, and perhaps also because this practice, in the time of persecution, would have greatly exposed the professors of Christianity. It was deemed sufficient to substitute public prayer for the Jewish Sabbath, particularly as the latter was observed by many of the faithful. This opinion is founded on the following reasons. If the Sunday in those days was observed, how could St. Paul have said to the Romans, "one judgeth between day and day, and another judgeth every day ; let every man abound in his own sense ?" Again, the writers of these times say nothing about a total cessation from work on Sunday, though many of them mention the practice of attending divine service. The apostolic constitutions, which, however, are not of undoubted authenticity, condemn those who, under the pretence of work, do not attend church ; but this passage shows that no other cessation from work was expected than that which is necessary for assisting at the public service : for, as the text has it, "only the spare time of the faithful should be devoted to business ; piety is their main occupation." The council of Laodicea, which is very ancient, and is quoted by all authors, speaks very explicitly on the subject : "Christians must not Judaize and remain idle on the Sabbath, but apply to work. But let them prefer the Sunday, and show their respect for that day as Christians by abstaining from work, if they choose. If they be found Judaizing, let them be anathema."** Another reason may be given here which has some weight. The Emperor Constantine, after his conversion to Christianity, made the observance of Sunday a civil duty, and the law which commanded it is found in the Roman code. "Let all judges and people of the town rest, and the trades of various kinds be suspended on the venerable day of the sun. Those who live in the country may, however, freely and without fault apply to agriculture, because it often happens that this day is the most favorable for sowing

* L. 19, c. 18, contra Faustum.

† Contra duas epistolas Pelag. cap. 4.

** Labbe v. i, p. 1512.

wheat and planting the vine, lest an opportunity offered by divine liberality be lost with the favorable moment."* Now we can scarcely conceive that Constantine would have excepted agricultural labor, if the church had from time immemorial strictly forbidden among Christians that kind of work which it prohibited at a later period. A council of Orleans, in the year 540, exhibits a more rigid mode of keeping the Sunday, though it tends to confirm our general impression that cessation from servile works was less strictly enforced than it is now. "As an attempt has been made to persuade the people that it is unlawful to travel on Sundays with horses, oxen, and carts, to prepare food for the table, or to do any thing which the cleanliness of houses or persons would seem to require (things which pertain to the Judaical and not to the Christian observance of the Sunday), we decree that it is lawful to do on Sundays what hath hitherto been considered lawful. We think, however, that agricultural pursuits should be suspended."† This council consisted of twenty-six bishops from every part of Gaul. At a later period the discipline of the church became more rigid, and the canon law generally forbade servile work on Sunday, with the exception, however, of certain cases which it specifies; and hence it has been the unanimous doctrine of divines, from time immemorial, that cessation from servile work is not only a point of discipline liable to change, but that it can be dispensed with by the ecclesiastical authority whenever a reasonable cause presents itself. Thus the canon law allows the herring fishery on Sunday, when the opportunity of catching the fish suddenly presents itself on that day.‡ Ecclesiastical tradition has always held, in conformity to the doctrine of the apostles themselves, who considered the observances of the old law abolished, that Sunday was to be kept in a different way from the Sabbath. The proof of this assertion is clearly contained in the authorities above cited; and in the writings of the fathers of the church, who invariably affirm, in drawing a comparison between Saturday and Sunday, that we do in spirit what the Jews did in a carnal manner, and that there is no obligation to abstain from any necessary occupation. The canon law‡ prescribes that

the people should be taught on what days they are to abstain from work, "lest they be betrayed into Judaism." The following letter of St. Gregory the Great, inserted in the canon law, is quite apposite to the present subject. "We have been told that certain men of a perverse mind have sowed among you doctrines contrary to our holy faith, namely, that on the Sabbath day it is forbidden to work. What shall I call them but the preachers of Antichrist, who, at his coming, will make men abstain from all work on the Sabbath and on the Lord's day. I have been informed also of the preaching of certain evil-disposed men who say that no one should bathe on the Lord's day. If, indeed, it is question of bathing through a spirit of sensuality, we do not allow it on any day whatever; but if a person resort to it for some useful purpose, we do not forbid it even on the Lord's day." These passages, and innumerable others which it would be easy to adduce, evince a spirit altogether opposed to that of our modern Sabbath zealots, and we regret to add, that of our Protestant brethren generally. We must except, however, from this charge one or two members of the "convention," who seem to have held more orthodox views on the subject, and for this reason entitled themselves to a volley of abuse which was poured forth in groans and hisses, a mode of reasoning very fashionable now-a-days, and which a vast number of persons consider a very good substitute for courtesy and argument.

But we deem it our duty, and the duty of every sincere Christian, to protest against that puritanical observance of the Sunday, which certain misguided men are seeking, by every possible means, to introduce, and, as it were, to smuggle into the community. Affecting an ultra regard for the Lord's day, this religious cheat may be prejudicial to the simple-minded Christian who has been accustomed to keep the Sunday according to the method of our ancestors, before the rise of Calvinism. We protest against the unfounded notions to which we have alluded, because we consider them as a revival of Judaism, and consequently an attack upon the Christian religion, which has set men free from the ancient observances, and infused into them a new life and a new spirit. It is a matter of surprise to us that they who assail this liberty of the

* Cod. l. 3, de feriis, tit. 12. † Cap. iii, De feriis.

‡ Dis. 3, de Consec.

gospel, do not find their condemnation on that very page of the New Testament which they profess to read so assiduously. If self-love has not drawn a veil over their eyes, they will easily perceive that their zeal for the Sabbath is but a servile imitation of that Pharisaical blindness which led the Jews to murmur against Christ when performing works of mercy on the Sabbath day, and to reprove the man who, after an illness of thirty-eight years, had been cured on the same day. "It is the Sabbath; it is not lawful for thee to take up thy bed." They would condemn the Saviour himself, who made clay on the Sabbath and cured the man who was blind: "This man is not of God, who keepeth not the Sabbath."

We do not wish these inferences to be taken without proof; but a few facts will show that our remarks are far from being unfounded. We quote from the proceedings of the convention.

"The Rev. Mr. O——, in the course of some remarks relative to the travelling of preachers on the Sabbath, alluded, by way of illustration, to having once questioned a colored man about travelling in a steamboat on Sunday, when he replied that Rev. Mr. C—— came up in the same boat."

This exposure drew forth a vigorous defence of Mr. C. against the charge of Sabbath breaking, and elicited a sort of retraction which shows how matters are understood among these gentlemen. The accuser added the following anecdote to the praise of Mr. C.

"On one occasion, he had known him, whilst chaplain to congress, to walk the entire distance from Washington to Alexandria, at which place he was to preach in the evening, after preaching at the capitol in the morning, in order to avoid going in the Sunday boat, and thus, by his presence, to encourage others to violate the Lord's day."

If such is to be our observance of the Sunday, what course should be pursued by clergymen who have several sick-calls on Sunday in different congregations? The following extract from the proceedings of the convention is illustrative of the same puritanical spirit.

"Mr. C., of New York, addressed the convention on the subject of unnecessary travel on the Sabbath day, illustrating his argument by the case of a little girl who lived at Brooklyn, but made it a practice to come across the ferry every Sunday morning to New York, to attend as a member of *his* Sabbath school.

There were plenty of Sabbath schools in Brooklyn, and therefore her crossing the ferry was unnecessary, and so he had finally convinced her, she urging her desire to stick to her old school, in which she had previously been taught in New York. This is what he considered unnecessary travelling."

Enlightened conclusion, indeed! Crossing a ferry, to go to Sunday school, unnecessary travelling on the Sabbath!! We could not be more forcibly reminded of the anecdote of the Puritan who hanged his cat on Monday for having killed a mouse on Sunday; or of the still more singular circumstance which occurred in England, in the case of a Jew who boarded in the house of a Christian. Happening to fall into a filthy pit on Saturday, his landlord immediately threw him the end of a rope, in order to draw him out; but the Jew, afraid of violating the Sabbath, would not avail himself of the means of rising from his unpleasant situation, and said to his friend:

"*Sabbata nostra colo, de stercore surgere nolo.*"

The following day (Sunday), when he was anxious to be extricated from the pit, the landlord very properly rebuked his superstitious spirit by leaving him a little longer where he was, observing:

"*Sabbata nostra quidem, Solomon, celebrabis ibidem.*"†

Being curious to know whence these absurd views on the observance of Sunday emanate, we investigated the subject, and regretted to perceive that men, who undertake the office of religious instruction, are the channels through which these Pharisaical notions are instilled into the youthful mind, and made to enter into the elements of the Christian doctrine. The following extract from a little work entitled "*Anecdotes on the Catechism*," will prove the truth of our remarks.

"A girl of only eight years of age seemed always much impressed by what she heard at school, and often rehearsed it to her mother after she came home. One evening the teacher had been speaking against the evil of Sabbath profanation, and little N. returned as usual deeply affected by the teacher's remarks. In order to see if she still recollected this subject, her mother requested her, one Sabbath morning, a short time afterwards, to go to the well

* "I keep the Sabbath, friend,
And, therefore, can't ascend."

† "'Tis Sunday, Solomon, you know,
You therefore must remain below."

and fetch some water. She looked her mother in the face, and replied with tears, 'But God will see me, mother; for he sees and knows all that we do. Have you forgotten what we heard in school about the evil of breaking the Sabbath? I will rise early to-morrow morning, and bring you as much water as we please.'"

What infatuation! 'a child would commit the sin of Sabbath breaking by fetching some water at the request of a mother! We sincerely hope that this silly doctrine will never obtain among our people generally. A rational mind can not but feel indignant at such an imposition upon the unsuspecting hearts of innocent children. The following passage, from the thirteenth chapter of St. Luke, will not be found inapplicable to such cases. "The ruler of the synagogue being angry that Jesus had healed on the Sabbath, answering, said to the multitude: There are six days wherein you ought to work; in them, therefore, come and be healed, and not on the Sabbath day. And the Lord answering him, said: Ye hypocrites, doth not every one of you on the Sabbath day loose his ox or his ass from the manger, and lead them to water, and ought not this daughter of Abraham, whom Satan had bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day? And when he said these things, all his adversaries were ashamed, and all the people rejoiced for all the things that were gloriously done by him."

- These Sabbath zealots were afterwards the loudest in their accusations of the Son of God, and the most active in procuring his condemnation. They shuddered at the idea of breaking the Sabbath, but they made no scruple to imbrue their hands in innocent blood; they would not enter Pilate's hall, lest they should be contaminated, and yet they clamored most violently for the death of Christ, of him who had traversed their country doing good to all. Thus did they "strain at the gnat and swallow the camel;" and this must necessarily be the issue of all hypocritical worship and affected rigorism. We have witnessed this strange inconsistency in relation to the very point of which we are now speaking. There are many who consider the six days of the week as their own property, but the seventh as belonging to God, and with this idea they think it all right enough to enjoy themselves without any restraint during six days in the week, to indulge as freely as they please in eating and drinking,

to frequent theatres and balls, to cheat their neighbor in dealing, to fight duels, to play cards, &c. &c., but on Sundays they are most exemplary, as grave and sedate as judges, and disposed to sing psalms all day. We have known an individual who would be staggering the whole week under the influence of liquor, but on Sunday he would shudder at the bare idea of touching the poisonous cup. He would consider it a crime of the blackest dye to play cards on Sunday, but to carouse six days in the week was a pardonable weakness. Such notions are diametrically opposed to the genuine spirit of Christianity. Not *one* day, but *seven* days in the week belong to God; and he does not allow us to sport six days in the week, on condition that we will think of him on the seventh. But he wishes us to consecrate to him the whole period of our existence; six days in the week, by bearing, in a spirit of patience and love, the labor of mind and body which he has imposed upon us; and the seventh, by employing more time in the exercises of religion, and enjoying with Christian cheerfulness the repose which he grants us. It were a silly and antichristian idea, to imagine that our daily occupations, and the moments of relaxation which we enjoy on Sunday, can not be offered to God as something acceptable to him. This was not the view of the apostle, when he told his followers, "Whether you eat or drink, do all things for the glory of God;" nor were such the views of Christ, who was pleased to spend the greater portion of his life in the simple occupations of mechanical labor, though in this he was as much an object of complacency in the eyes of his heavenly Father, as when he raised the dead to life, and preached the gospel of salvation.

We shall now proceed to a more minute explanation of the manner in which the Lord's day is to be observed, and shall point out some of the false notions that prevail on this subject. We set out with the principle that it is not from passages of the Old Testament that we are to determine what is forbidden, or what commanded on the Lord's day. We have dwelt sufficiently on this point, having shown that the Judaical law was abrogated both as to the day to be observed, and to the manner of observing it; and we can not but lament the strange infatuation of those who are so regardless of Christian usage as to attach the

obligations of the old law to Sunday. If our dissenting brethren, however, are determined to observe the law of Moses, they should observe the whole of it; at least all that relates to the Sabbath. With such a discipline, they could easily find texts of Scripture to sustain them in carrying out the following resolution of the "convention."

"Resolved, that the clergy of the different denominations of Christians of the United States be respectfully requested to preach, annually, a sermon, or sermons, adapted to promote the SCRIPTURAL observance of the Lord's day, and, if convenient to them, to select the month before harvest for such discourse."

The *scriptural observance of the Lord's day* is a paradox. The only idea it can convey is, that the scriptural observance of the ancient Sabbath may be applied to the Lord's day. If this mode of reasoning is to be adopted, the following texts will no doubt be introduced, with an appropriate application.

"You shall kindle no fire in any of your habitations on the Sabbath day."—*Exodus xxxv, 3*. Supported by this text, the preacher will justly yield to the burning indignation which the general violation of this divine command must enkindle in his breast. He will also declare his intention never to preach in a church in which a fire has been kindled, as he would otherwise encourage the sin of Sabbath breaking. He will also probably suggest the propriety of presenting a petition to the legislature, for the purpose of preventing the kindling of fires in our various cities on the Sabbath day.

"Jehovah spoke from Mount Sina: Keep you my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you. He that shall profane it shall be put to death; he that shall do any work in it, his soul shall perish out of the midst of his people. Six days shall you do work; on the seventh day is the Sabbath, the rest holy to the Lord. Every one that shall do any work on this day shall die."—*Exodus xxxi, 14 et seq.* Here the preacher will inveigh with due severity against the weakness and pusillanimity of Christian governments who connive at Sabbath breaking, and neglect the holy ordinance of the Lord, and he will threaten all civil rulers with the thunderbolts of divine justice, unless they forthwith restore that part of the law, and inflict the penalty of death upon all those who in any way violate the Sabbath.

"From evening until evening you shall celebrate your Sabbath."—*Leviticus xxxiii, 32*. With the aid of this text, the minister will denounce the ungodly practice of holding markets on Saturday night, when the Sabbath has already commenced.

"Let each man stay at home, and let none go forth out of his place the seventh day."—*Exodus xvi, 29*. This part of the law, if well observed, would save a vast deal of trouble to the ministers of the gospel, as well as much unnecessary declamation. Would it not be well to force every man to remain within doors on the Sabbath?

These few passages from the Old Testament would go far towards the reformation of abuses, and others could be employed for a further improvement of the sabbatical observance, until at length all the practices of Judaism would be gradually revived amongst us; for, we repeat it, if the law of the Sabbath is obligatory, why would not the other laws also be binding?

But, dismissing the Judaical predilections of certain Christians in our times, let us see what are the real points of difference between the true method of observing the Lord's day, and the ultraism against which we protest. The first question we shall answer is this: "Is it lawful to cook on Sunday, to employ servants on that day for cooking, or for any other work necessarily connected with it, as kindling a fire, fetching water, &c.?" *Answer.* It is, unquestionably, lawful. Not only is there no violation of the Sunday in these acts, but it would be paying a superstitious and anti-Christian respect to the Jewish law, to abstain from cooking on Sundays on scriptural grounds. The reason of this decision is obvious. The law of Moses does not bind the professors of Christianity, and the Christian church never forbade necessary work on Sunday, as is plain from the universal practice of the Christian world, before the rise of puritanism. The same thing is also attested by all the councils and theologians anterior to this modern revival of Judaism. The most rigid decisions regarding the observance of Sunday, invariably except the work that is required for dressing food; and this is the principal difference between the observance of the ancient Sabbath and that of the Lord's day. It may be said, too, that Sunday being a day of thanksgiving and holy joy, there is not only no obligation of

eating cold meats on that day, but it would be at variance with the spirit of the church to do so, and at one time it was strictly forbidden to fast on Sunday. The sixty-fifth canon of those called apostolic, says, "If any one be convicted of fasting on Sunday, let him be deposed; if he be a layman, let him be excommunicated." A council of Carthage (iv, c. 64) speaks thus: "Let him who purposely fasts on Sunday be not considered as a Catholic." This constant tradition of the church is found in many passages of the canon law.

2. "Is it lawful to study, read, or apply to any mental occupation on the Lord's day?" The "convention," which abstained from saying any thing on the first question, probably through fear of some stiff-necked opponents, decides the second without the slightest apprehension.

"Nor is this interval of repose, as a law of our physical nature, less necessary to *intellectual* occupations. The mind must be statedly unladen of its cares, as the body of its burdens, or a similar penalty must be endured. The ordinary effects of systematic violations of the Lord's day, by men of business or professional men, are less clearness of perception and power of discrimination, and soundness of judgment, and generally by a diminution of intellectual vigor, often followed by a sudden breaking down of the overtaken mental faculties; in other instances, the result is lunacy or self-murder. In short, moral and religious considerations apart, nothing is gained by a violation of the divine command—a truth often learned too late. If a man would make the most of himself in all respects, he will do well to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

We do not think it ourselves, but we have no doubt that there are many who would be led to coincide in the views of this resolution, by the very fact that so many reverend gentlemen could sit quietly in the convention without protesting against such a silly doctrine. It would almost be supposed that these gentlemen, from having studied the Bible so assiduously on Sunday, experienced a sudden breaking down of all their mental faculties, and that some, perhaps, would be visited in the end with nothing short of lunacy. The doctrine of the convention, that study is forbidden on Sundays, is not, however, in keeping with their other principles; for, as they quote the law of Moses as an authority, they should have adduced some passage declaring that

mental application is prohibited, and then we should have been left to the conclusion that a Jew had no other alternative on the Sabbath than to sleep; for if the law forbidding manual labor, forbade intellectual occupations also, as going to church was not obligatory, and was oftentimes impracticable, it follows that he had no other resource than to sleep the whole day. The true Christian doctrine on this subject is this. It is agreed among divines, that the obligation of resting on Sunday extends only to *servile works*, that is, to the mechanical arts or trades, embracing the usual forms of dealing and legal proceedings. But they also unanimously teach that the *liberal* arts, such as study, reading, writing, and the like, are by no means forbidden on Sunday. Hence, in all Christian countries, a student who would refuse to spend a small portion of his time in study on Sunday, would furnish a much stronger proof of his laziness, than of his respect for the law of God. It may, perhaps, be objected that study withdraws the attention as much from the worship of God as servile works do. We grant this; or, to speak more properly, servile work and more liberal occupation are both indifferent in themselves, and can be equally directed to the honor and glory of God, by the pious Christian, and this on Sunday as well as on any other day of the week. But the church has forbidden servile work on Sunday, and not other pursuits, and therefore the former only are prohibited, and not the latter. In suspending bodily labor and the exercise of the mechanical arts on Sunday, the church wished to exhibit a sign of joy, to afford a respite to the poorer class of society, who are chiefly employed in those occupations, and to remove even from the humbler walks of life the danger of neglecting the duties of religion, under the pretext of necessary labor. These are the reasons which led to the prohibition of servile work, but they do not apply to other avocations; and were we even ignorant of the motives on which the distinction is founded, it is enough for us to know that the law forbids servile work, and no other kind of work. If a mechanic wishes to read a historical book on Sunday, he can do it without sin; but he would commit a sin by working at his trade, because the church, for very wise reasons, forbids the one, and does not forbid the other. It is true that if

Christians were strictly commanded to employ the twenty-four hours of Sunday in religious exercises, then liberal, as well as servile work, would be forbidden; but far from there being any obligation of spending the twenty-four hours of Sunday in religious exercises, we think it is altogether impossible to do so. The "convention" grounded their decision, as quoted above, on the fact that persons who apply to intellectual labor stand in need of rest, as well as others. We are perfectly aware of this, and it is partly for this reason that we wonder at their selection of Sunday as a day of rest, as if the meditation of the law of God, and listening to discourses, were not an intellectual occupation. It is a general usage for schools to suspend their exercises on other days during the year besides Sundays.

3. "Is it forbidden to recreate one's self on Sunday by means of conversation, or some innocent amusement?" On this point it is natural to expect that the language of the convention would be formal and positive. It accordingly represents all kinds of play and enjoyment as strictly forbidden on Sunday, which it declares to be "a day of rest from secular business, travelling, and amusement." In the book before us, for the instruction of young men, amusement on Sundays is represented as a most serious offence. The following is a specimen of the doctrine contained in this manual of juvenile piety.

"On a Sabbath day, two sons of a poor widow went to slide on some ice at a short distance from home. . . . In a little time the ice gave way, and, awful to relate, clasped in each others arms, they sunk to rise no more. Thus were these two youthful Sabbath breakers called to stand before the judgment seat of that Almighty Being who has said: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Again: 'On a Lord's day, at the time of the great frost in the year 1634, fourteen young men were playing at foot-ball, on the river Trent, near Gainsborough; while thus engaged in the open violation of God's command, they met together in a scuffle, the ice suddenly broke, and they were all drowned!'"

Thus is every kind of recreation on Sunday represented as an open violation of the law of God. But where is the proof of this assertion? Recreation is not an evil in itself; it is one of the wants of human nature, and may be sanctified as well as eating and drinking, by prayer and a pure intention. If recreation then is sinful on Sundays, it must arise from the prohibition

of some law: but we assert most confidently that there is no such law. The law of Moses has not a word on the subject; it forbids *working* on Sunday; but amusement, far from being work, is the very reverse of it. To say that the law of Moses forbade recreation, is just as unfounded as to assert that it forbade eating and sleeping on the Sabbath. Had the Almighty intended to prohibit all amusement on the Sabbath, his command would have been conveyed in express terms; for the Jews, a carnal people, would not have been much influenced by a slight intimation. They seem, moreover, to have understood the law according to our interpretation, and many authors affirm that they considered the Sabbath as a day of enjoyment and recreation. This view is evidently confirmed by the following words of St. Austin: "It would be better for a Jew to do something useful in his field, than to raise mobs in the theatre; and their women would do better to spin wool on the Sabbath, than to dance immodestly all day at their new moons."* Some Puritan divines refer to the 58th chapter, 13th verse of Isaiah, to show that recreation is forbidden on the Sabbath. "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord honorable, and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking words." The Doway Bible has the word *will* instead of *pleasure*. But the sense is the same. This passage indicates that travelling was forbidden to the Jews on their Sabbath, and it cautions them against doing their own will or pleasure on that day, that is, against preferring their own will or pleasure to the will of God. But it says nothing about recreations, properly so called, as will appear from the following remarks. The Scripture here says that the Jews should not speak *words* on their Sabbath, which undoubtedly means improper words, otherwise talking itself would be forbidden on Sunday, a degree of perfection which even puritanical zeal has not yet thought of, and which few would be willing to practise as a matter of obligation. In like manner the *will* or *pleasure* which the Jews were forbidden to indulge on the Sabbath was a *disorderly* will or pleasure. But

* De decem. chor. c. 3.

there is not a shadow of disorder in mere recreation ; no more than in eating or drinking. It follows from all this that we have no evidence of the law of Moses forbidding amusements on the Sabbath. But, whether it did or not, that law is now abolished. The gospel is equally silent on the subject, and, as to the Christian church, it does not forbid moderate recreation on Sundays any more than sleeping, eating, drinking, conversing, and walking, which are not servile works. The most regular and exemplary religious communities enjoy their usual recreation on Sundays, as on other days, and even a little more on Sundays, because it is a day of joy and thanksgiving. It must be observed that on this point the convention was betrayed into a palpable contradiction, no doubt on account of the different views of those who framed the resolutions. It tells us that Sunday is a day of rest absolutely necessary to the laborer and to those engaged in intellectual pursuits, and that without this their vigor and health are doomed to certain destruction. It states

"That the Sabbath is peculiarly the friend of the laborer, and comes, an angel of mercy, to give him rest from his toils."

After this declaration we should imagine that laborers have nothing more to do on Sunday than to rest from their work, to enjoy themselves, and pass a day very similar to that of our annual thanksgiving. But in this we are mistaken ; the views of the "Sabbath" men are quite different. The rest which they accord to the laborer on Sunday consists in rising early, singing psalms, or reading the Bible, eating cold victuals, observing silence, not walking out, and wearing a solemn and demure countenance during the whole day. If this be rest, it is a sort of rest which few persons would relish. We venture to assert that many would prefer working every day in the week, than to enjoy such repose as this on the *seventh*.

We are far from saying that the whole Sunday may be spent in amusement and recreations, so as to convert the day into one of public dissipation and revelry. In former times the Roman emperors were directed to prohibit public games on Sundays, as we learn from the decrees of Theodosius and others. Leo and Anthemius published the following law : "Not to infringe the rest of that holy day, we do not suffer any one to indulge in ob-

scene pleasures. Let this day witness no theatrical representations, no combats of the circus, no doleful exhibitions of wild beasts." These games were immoral and occupied a very long time : but there is no law prohibiting on Sunday a rational and moderate amusement, as all divines teach. It may be asked whether playing cards on Sunday is immoral. The question is suggested to our mind by the circumstance of having heard the opinion expressed, that to play cards on Sunday is one of the most heinous sins that can be committed. We answer that to play at cards, as many do, making use of profane and blasphemous language, betting money which justice or charity forbids us to squander, in bad company or in disreputable haunts, to play cards in any one of these ways is criminal, not only on Sunday but on every day of the week. But to play at cards without any of those circumstances which tend to immorality is not more sinful on Sundays than other days, and implies nothing more unlawful than a conversation or a simple amusement would be.

4. "Is travelling altogether forbidden on Sunday?" In replying to this question it is needless to state the sentiment of the convention. It will be readily supposed that it denounced travelling on the "Sabbath" as a manifest desecration of the day, and as an open violation of God's commands. A large portion of the time devoted to the proceedings was consumed in discussions relative to the suspension of every kind of motion on Sunday ; boats, cars, ships, stages, horses, nothing was excepted ; and we would almost infer, judging from the zeal and earnestness of the members, that they would have resolved to stop the flight of birds and the daily revolution of the earth on its axis, if these objects had appeared to them practicable. Those who view the question without prejudice will not find it difficult to admit the following explanations. Travelling was indeed forbidden by the law of Moses on the Sabbath ; but this law is not obligatory among Christians. A milder way of observing the Lord's day has been adopted by the church, as we have repeatedly stated and demonstrated. Hence to know whether travelling is forbidden on Sundays we are not to consult the Old Testament, but the sense and practice of the Christian church. This point

* Cod. L. 3, tit. 12.

however, being one of discipline, may not always have been observed in precisely the same manner : and in particular localities, or at particular times, travelling on Sunday may have been prohibited ; but it is not at the present time forbidden by the Christian church. She does not indeed advise her children to travel on that day ; but she has issued no particular prohibition concerning it, and according to the general rule that servile works alone are forbidden, divines conclude that travelling is not forbidden because it is not a servile work. From this remark, however, we would except the travelling of *burden* cars and *freight* boats, when they start on Sunday, because an operation of this kind may justly be considered a servile work forbidden on that day. But the travel, once commenced, may be continued on Sunday, according to these divines, because the stoppage of a car or boat, laden with freight, might be attended with a serious inconvenience. Such are the views of those who view the observance of Sunday in a Christian light, and not through the medium of Judaism. We, therefore, infer that to aim at stopping the mail on Sunday, under the pretext of any divine command to that effect, is sovereignly ridiculous, and we trust that the people of the U. States will never suffer themselves to be imposed upon by such fanatical ultraism in relation to the observance of the Lord's day. Even were the conveyance of the mail the most servile of all works, there would be a reason of public utility and necessity for continuing it on Sundays, and it would be perfectly justifiable. The Founder of the Christian religion, through motives of utility, selected the Sabbath for the performance of miracles, despite the murmurs of the Pharisees, who accused him of breaking the day of rest. These considerations also prove that it is by no means sinful to run passenger cars, boats, or coaches on Sunday. The great utility and even necessity of these arrangements amply compensate for the apparent servility that attaches to the work. No one is commanded or exhorted to travel on Sunday ; but there may be and very often there are circumstances which render travelling on Sunday a proper and even a virtuous action. Public utility, therefore, requires that the necessary facilities for this should not be wanting. Suppose an individual in Baltimore were informed on Sat-

urday evening that a beloved parent lay dangerously ill in Philadelphia ; should he be deprived of the means of going thither on Sunday, merely because the travel does not suit the unfounded views of certain religionists ? They who reside on the route between Washington and Baltimore enjoy the advantage of attending divine worship on Sunday in either city, if the cars run on that day, but not otherwise. These are indeed reasons of necessity ; but as travelling is not strictly forbidden on the Lord's day, if the cars run between Washington and our city, we may go to the former place on Sunday for the purpose of visiting a friend, and still have time enough to attend worship, while the leisure enjoyed in the cars affords an excellent opportunity of reading and meditation. There is nothing in all this but what reason applauds, and those who condemn it may be justly charged with affected rigorism or pitiable ignorance. If it be said that the directors of the travelling conveyances are in this way prevented from observing the Lord's day, we answer that many individuals, for instance, the sick, are no better provided for in this respect. If the directors or conductors of rail road cars, &c., can attend divine worship on Sunday, they ought to do so ; but if they can not, as they are engaged in a lawful occupation, they are no more obliged to go to church than persons at sea. And they would do well to remember that, under such circumstances, if they fulfil the other precepts of religion, they may please God as much as their brethren.

We do not intend to enter any further into the casuistry of this question ; but we can not dismiss the subject without a brief allusion to a point not always properly understood. Is a Christian bound to devote his whole time on Sunday to religious exercises ? This is a point of great importance and on which the solution of many other cases depends ; for, if we are obliged to spend the whole day in praying, reading the Bible, and singing psalms, as some believe, then it is a plain case that cooking, walking, talking, &c., are desecrations of the Lord's day. This question, however, has already been answered in the preceding remarks, and we speak of it merely for the purpose of corroborating what has been already said, by the inconsistency and ultraism of Sabbath zealots. How do they prove the obligation of

spending the whole day in religious exercises? If they have recourse to the ritual of the old law, as they do for questions of this kind, we have already shown that the law of Moses did not prescribe any thing on the Sabbath, except resting from work in honor of the creation or the rest of God after the work of six days. It is true that the law very frequently speaks of the Sabbath as holy to the Lord, and as a day to be sanctified; but these words signify nothing more than a consecration of the day to God by resting from work according to his command. In some parts of Scripture the Jews are also directed to meditate on the law of God, to wear it on their garments; but it is worthy of remark that all this bears no more reference to the Sabbath than to any other day of the week. Moreover, the command to sanctify the Sabbath, if supposed to imply something internal, may be restricted to that general consecration of our actions to God which takes place when, being lawful in themselves, they are directed to him by Christian motives. In this way a conversation on family concerns or on scientific subjects may be offered to God; in fact, if the only means of sanctifying our time was to spend it in religious exercises, most of it would be lost. The Christian religion calls every day in the week *feria* or holyday, because it is the duty of the true Christian to sanctify every day in the week, and not one only of the seven. The Sabbath may have been sanctified by the Jews in this way by offering their rest to God, without a strict obligation of spending the whole day in prayer, an obligation which, for carnal men as they were, would have been a very heavy yoke. When the evangelist St. John played with a dove, as is related by historians, he did not pretend to rob his Master of the few moments during which he indulged in this necessary and reasonable relaxation; neither does the idea of sanctifying the Sabbath necessarily imply the obligation of spending the whole day in prayer. If such were the law in relation to the Lord's day, its observance would be manifestly impossible to children and young persons, and also to the mass of the people, who are the whole week employed in mechanical occupations. To require a youth to spend the twenty-four hours or even the twelve hours of Sunday in prayer, meditation, and the singing of psalms, would be almost a moral impossibility; and, if it were enforced, the Sun-

day would be the most tiresome day in the week. This we have learned from persons who, having been trained to a puritanical mode of keeping the Lord's day, were allowed only to read the Bible and go to church. Laborers and mechanics, after the fatigues of the week, can not enter into so contemplative a mood on Sunday as to spend the whole of their time in religious exercises, without any conversation or other diversion. The tenets of certain zealots on this point are at variance with the strongest impulses of our nature. They may very well suit those who believe that man is under the necessity of committing sin, that all our actions are sinful, and that God commands things which are impossible to man, but they will never do for those who abhor these doctrines as blasphemous and demoralizing.

The Catholic church has learned, from the practice and the tradition of the apostles, that to assist at the holy sacrifice of the new law, called in the Acts "the breaking of bread," is the great means of sanctifying the Lord's day. She accordingly enjoins this duty very rigorously, and admits no cause of exemption except that which is founded on grave reasons. She, moreover, exhorts the faithful to assist at the evening service, called *vespers*, though she does not require it so rigorously as a compliance with the morning duty. She invites them also on that day to hear religious instructions, to receive the sacraments, to read good books, &c. She further obliges her children to abstain from servile work, that no one may derive from his worldly concerns a pretext for not assisting at divine worship, or neglecting other religious duties, and also that they may participate, at least externally, in the joy of Christ's resurrection. But at the same time she urges the faithful to sanctify all the days of the week, by carefully abstaining from sin, and by offering to God, in a truly Christian spirit, those ordinary actions which they perform in submission to the order of his providence.

Thus does she point out to them the way to heaven, avoiding with equal solicitude that laxity of principle which would lead men to believe that they may freely indulge themselves during the week, provided they keep the Sunday, and that hypocritical ultraism which would convert a day of joy and repose into a period of gloom and unrest.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY CHARLES F. KEENEAN.

INSCRIBED TO MY SISTER.

My child, my beautiful, and art thou gone,
Faded for ever from thy mother's sight,
Leaving her in her desolation lone,
Changing to gloom, to bitterest gloom, the light
Wherein her spirit revelled? Now the night
Shall be for her the night that knows no morn,
And in its long, long course, with sternest might,
Shall sorrows come upon her; for upturn
Are now the loveliest hopes that in this heart were born.

Ah! man may talk of sorrow, when his heart
Broods, like the captive in his dungeon cell,
Over the ruin of his hopes—and start,
When thought is frenzy, which alone can tell,
In maniac eloquence, why reason fell,
And what the weight of anguish that oppressed—
How hard it is to bid a last farewell
'To fame, the goal to which his spirit pressed,
And all the glorious dreams which fancy erst caressed.

But woman's heart is stronger; it was made
For harsher trials, and it will not break.
She droops beneath her sorrows' length'ning shade,
Hushing the throbbing pulse, the rising shriek;
Struggling with misery, which fain would wreak
Its vengeance on her; while proud man, her guide,
Deems but the half-seen struggle, fancy's freak;
Man sees not woman's heart, and, in his pride,
Records upon her tomb: "She lived, she loved, she died."

Brief history, and vain—an airy swell—
The record of man's ignorance. The stroke,
The agony which reason could not quell,
Which all the fountains of affection broke,
And bade their waters forth,—these might provoke
An angel-mind to madness. Ye saw not
How, like the mountain tempest-stricken oak,
She struggled with her weakness, and begot
An energy which shames her lord's superior lot.

And thou art gone, my child! I almost bless
The day death tore thee from thy mother's arms;
And though I ever miss the dear caress,
The kiss I gave thee, ere thy infant charms
Passed from my sight, yet still my bosom warms,
Whene'er I view thee, 'mid the cherub-band,
For ever severed from this world's alarms,
Chanting the anthems of the spirit land,
Which ever swell from groups that round the Almighty stand.

Yet thou wert lovely to thy mother's eye,
 And it was hard to give thee to the grave;
 And she stood by, and, tearless, saw thee die,
 Who would have given all, e'en life, to save;
 Yet, with a mother's heart, she dared to brave
 The maddening horrors of that baleful hour,
 Until she saw thee sink, and the dull wave
 Of death close over thee, with resistless power;
 Thy death was as the death of spring's first, loveliest flower.

And what is there of earth that now may bind,
 With cherished tie, my spirit to the things
 Which here glad other hearts? How can I find,
 Amid the desert, one bright bird that sings
 A song of hope to grief,—a fount that springs,
 And pours its coolness o'er the dreary wild
 Of my poor heart;—ah! there is nought that brings
 A solace to my woes. Earth seems defiled,
 Since thou art gone, my own, my beautiful, my child!

THE STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA E. DORSET.

Continued from p. 196.

CHAPTER X. Trials.



OLONEL Clavering looking up, and seeing his wife standing before him, angrily inquired: "Why do *you* come hither—to mock me, to triumph, or to congratulate me on my son's conversion to

popery?"

"Ah! neither; none of these unkind offices have I come to fulfil, but to share the grief which"—

"Stop, madam—no further—for, on my honor as a gentleman, I can bear any thing but double dealing. You would console me as a thief would his friend, from whom he had stolen his greatest treasure! Excuse hard words, madam; for this day a blow has descended on my heart, which has bruised it sorely. Tell me," he continued, seizing her hand, and speaking sharply, "is *madness* inherent in your family; I could bear that; tell me?"

"Madness!" asked Mrs. Clavering, in much alarm; "alas! no; you look ill, my husband; here, lean on me, and go to your apartment and lie down."

"No, I am not ill," he replied, holding himself up proudly and erect, and throwing back the almost white hair which hung in disorder over his forehead and temples; "not ill, madam. I have only been plucking bitter fruits, that have sprung from a seed which I was once mad enough to plant in my heart of hearts; it grew and ripened; it blossomed, and the leaves fell, and its fruits are *bitter, bitter*." Mrs. Clavering wept. "To you, madam, I ought to render up my thanks, for blighting the hopes that have strengthened with my age, for infusing the poison of your idolatrous sentiments into the heart of the heir of my name and fortune, making him first a mad theorist, then a dull student, and now—out upon the word—a papist! Well might he, with such a show of words, refuse the hand of Isadora when *he* knew, and *you* knew—for,

doubtless, your secret conferences have been many—that I would sooner have laid her on her last pillow than on the bosom of a papist. I suppose you will next want a mass-house put up, and one of your whining priests engaged to perform his senseless ceremonies?”

“Colonel Clavering,” said the lady, rising calmly, and with dignity, “reproaches I can bear, for your heart is full. I pity you; but insults!—forbear to insult me!”

“True, madam, true,” he answered, bowing, “a gentleman never insults a woman. I will only say that, if you have any such notions as these, I beg you will wait until I am dead before they are put into execution; and then you and Lou— my — but what is this?” said he, passing his hand several times over his forehead, and gulping down tears which the rising and terrible emotions of his heart were sending forth; “I was going to say if you and the — and your — oh, my God! vain is the effort. I loved him too well! My idol is stricken down. David! David! where is thy Absalom? Josephine, leave me; for ever, if you will. I am a heart-broken old man, and must weep; leave me, and send my slave to me, he who has been my friend from childhood; surely—surely I can trust *him*.”

Mrs. Clavering thinking it best to humor the extravagance of his grief for a season at least, left him, and despatched her maid after Albert, the colonel’s servant, and retired to her room, happy to kneel and acknowledge, with an humble and subdued heart, the chastisements of that heaven she had so long insulted, by a pusillanimous relinquishment of the consolations and privileges of her religion—a religion wherein all things necessary to salvation are fulfilled—on whose breast the martyred saints rest in peace and light ineffable, and the beatified everlastingly shine like jewels of sapphire and diamonds; where, from the cradle to the grave, onward and *upward* steps are planted, the last link of which hangs on to heaven for the soul to tread; and to him who fainteth not in the narrow ascent, angelic guards are given to aid and support him until the last step is made to perfection. The colonel, with his man, retired to one of a suite of rooms which were usually reserved for company, where he determined to devote a few hours to solitude and grief, and the remainder of the night to the adjustment of certain plans relative to the

incidents of the last few hours. Old Albert’s intellect was rather obtuse, affection for his master being the most exalted idea he was capable of; but he discovered that something unusual had occurred to distress and afflict him, and with instinctive, though uncultivated delicacy, he proceeded to show, in a thousand nameless attentions, his respectful sympathy. He soon caused every thing in the chilled and forsaken apartment to look comfortable, as he rapidly kindled a fire of huge hickory logs on the hearth, which soon blazing with ruddy glare, illuminated every recess with its cheerful beams. He drew up a table before the genial blaze, and going out, returned with lights, his master’s writing implements, and tea and toast, the only articles of food he ever tasted at night. The colonel was so accustomed to seeing Albert move about him, that he did not particularly observe him, until the latter, finding that nothing else was to be done, stood at a respectful distance looking, with an anxious and troubled expression, in his master’s face. Now the very cessation of the sound of footsteps, and the departure of his moving shadow and large black hands, that seemed as if they could never arrange properly the objects on the table beside him, caused him to look up.

“Thank’e, Albert—thank’e, my boy,” he said, observing, for the first time, the thoughtful old negro; “I shall not want you any longer this evening. I am perplexed—worried with business. Go now, my man, and say to your mistress that I shall remain here to-night, as I have writing to do; you can say, too, that I do not wish to be interrupted.” Albert delivered the message to Mrs. Clavering, and, after giving orders to every body in the house to keep quiet, as his “mass’ colonel had some werry important bisness to transact, and didn’t want to be disrupted,” returned to take his stand near his master’s room-door, that he might be prepared, like a faithful sentinel, to attend his commands on the slightest notice. Here he watched until night wore on, and the hours glided by, and he heard the last footsteps of the retiring domestics, and the final closing up of doors and windows. He felt lonely in that long dark passage, and began to think of Obi and all his frightful train of spectres. Now came the wind sighing mournfully past, shaking with fitful and tremulous motion the branches of a tree against a win-

dow near him, anon the house dogs howled, disturbed by the wind or a falling leaf, and slept again, and again roused up and whined piteously, then crept back uneasily to their kennels; he began, too, to hear heavy groans, and broken sentences, and rapid footsteps in his master's room; and now, at the upper extremity of the passage, he saw—yes, certainly, a light glimmering on towards him; with eyes strained and starting, and uplifted hands, the old negro gazed in terror, until he saw that a being, pale and solemn, bore the light; then, with a loud cry, he bounded against Col. Clavering's door, and besought him to open it. It was promptly and hastily opened, and Albert fell, or rather rolled in at his master's feet, having in his fright mistaken Louis, who had been spending some hours in the oratory, for Obi. The colonel was touched when he found for what purpose his servant had stationed himself at his door, and after gently chiding him for his cowardice, made him lie down on a chamber sofa, and taking down a cloak of his own, which happened to be hanging in the room, threw it over the abashed and terrified slave. "Lie down, Albert—lie down, sir. Come, you know I will be obeyed, if I should command you to spend the remainder of the night in this bedstead instead of the sofa you are on—so be quiet!" Alarmed at the idea of being put in the lofty and elegant bedstead, he quickly settled himself, and, drawing his knees up to his chin, his deep, sonorous breathings, ere long, gave evidence that his repose was welcome and sweet, after his unusual vigils.

The morning sun rose, clear and beautiful, on the earth, shining down, in calm and triumphant glory, as if no shadows ever fell over the hearts of those he beamed upon. But in one spot, one beauteous spot, where the diamond hues of his light were ever enshrined in exquisite setting of lovely foliage or flowers dripping with dew, or filagree frost-work, wrapped in fantastic traceries around the evergreens, in this bright spot there were hearts heavily laden and stricken. Colonel Clavering had written a few lines to his lady, requesting herself and son, with Isadora, to meet him after breakfast in the family drawing-room, and directed Albert to lay the note on Mrs. Clavering's plate. She had seen her son the preceding night, and heard from him all

the details of the painful scene that had occurred between his father and himself, and, now that the crisis had come, she determined, with God's aid, to be true to herself, and, without shrinking from the storm that lowered over her head, stand boldly forth and declare herself unalterably, and unequivocally, a Roman Catholic. There was a sad group in that drawing-room. Mrs. Clavering, in her accustomed place, sat gazing thoughtfully on her son, who stood leaning on the mantel-piece, in silent and painful meditation. Isadora was sitting at the centre table, looking with pretended interest over some small books that lay on it, and brushing off, furtively, tear after tear, as they filled her eyes and wet her heavy silken eye-lashes. The colonel soon entered, and bowed, with polite and distant dignity, to his lady, and now approached Isadora, and, drawing a chair up to the table by her, kissed her on the forehead as he seated himself, calling her by the endearing name of "my child," and addressed her in the kindest and most tender manner. He opened a small package which he had brought with him, and drew forth several papers which were closely written, and spread them on the table in the calmest and most business-like manner possible, and when every thing was arranged to his satisfaction, he said, quietly turning to his son: "I have been trying most earnestly to think that the occurrences of the last few hours are the effects of distempered imagination; I *did* feel ill for a short time; that passed off; but this meeting, and the gloomy faces I see around me, stamp it all with reality."

"Yes, sir,—reality," answered the young student, firmly.

"Well, reality if you will. I have concluded, however, to make a last effort to save and redeem you from the slavery and bondage under which it seems you have placed yourself." Clavering bowed without speaking, and his father continued: "I will not attempt polemics; you are a better theologian than I, and more deeply versed in such matters, and would anticipate all I might say. As to your wanderings into the mazes of popery, they amaze, they confound me; but I fondly flatter myself that you have fallen to rise again more than ever confirmed in the religion of your fathers."

"My respected father," interrupted Clavering,——

"Nay—nay, sir; hear me out," said the colonel; "I have a proposition to make you which I trust—I am sure, you will accede to. In a few days I expect Bishop M—— here for a short time, on his way to the south for the winter. As you know well, he is a profound theologian, and a man eminently qualified by his piety and gentlemanly manners to remove by his influence and learned arguments all those false notions which you, like a German visionary, have taken up. I wish you to travel one year with him; give him fair opportunities of discussing this question with you, and if at the expiration of that time you are convinced of your error, and return to the fold of that church which you are so sadly leaving, here is a deed which I will place in your hands, when you return, consigning to your sole control one hundred thousand dollars, one of my richest plantations, and several valuable slaves, with my unqualified consent to marry the object of your choice, whoever she may be; but if on the contrary you refuse to accede to these my propositions, it is my will that you leave my presence at once and for ever, *never to return*; for never shall I wish again to see your face over the threshold of my house—never. Consider well, young man; this is a serious matter." Clavering closed his eyes and grew deadly pale; he trembled and was compelled to sit down; he looked at his mother and saw her countenance writhing with anguish, and felt at once the full extent of the misery and loneliness he was bringing on the once happy home. Isadora too bowed her head and listened with strained ears to hear his decision, feeling but too keenly that she was in some way to assist at the sacrifice.

"Father," he at last said slowly and emphatically, "I thank you most earnestly for your kind and considerate offers. Allow me to declare to you that my affection, my obedience, my duty, are in a double measure yours. I am ready, if it were necessary, to lay down my life for you, so grateful am I for all your past care and kindness, and, last of all, for the splendid offers which you have in all good conscience and faith made me. It would be useless, indeed folly, for me to place myself under the theological guidance of Bishop M—— now, when, for several years past, I have been studying with persevering and untiring assiduity the very course of theology which he

himself directed, and, with all due deference to his intelligence, piety, his simple and unostentatious manners and gentlemanly and dignified bearing, I profess myself, without the least arrogance, fully qualified to anticipate and triumphantly refute every argument that he could advance against the tenets of the Roman Catholic church. I must, therefore, my dear father, after thanking you again and again most humbly for your kindness, decline these offers, and, with a conscience at peace with Almighty God, though a sorely wounded heart, I am ready to go forth from my home, penniless and friendless, rather than make the slightest compromise with the religious doctrines which I have with good reason forsaken."

"It is well, sir," replied Colonel Clavering calmly; "your decision is made?"

"It is, sir."

"Reflect calmly and dispassionately, young man; there is yet time. Can you give up all and bring the gray hairs of your parents in sorrow to the grave—strew thorns in their pathway—shed gloom and woe around their forsaken hearts? Think well, Louis," said Col. Clavering.

"I have counted the costs, sir," his son answered; "I give up all. The splendor of earth's riches or the love of devoted parents or sincere friends could not accomplish my salvation; neither could they redeem my soul if lost; therefore I reject all, leave all—parents, friends, wealth, standing, reputation, and luxuries, and embrace, for the sake of Christ and his truth, the most humbling confusion, which will win for me after death peace—which will raise me from dishonor to honor, from mortality to immortality. Yes, my decision is made."

"Sir," said Mrs. Clavering to her husband, unable any longer to bear the harrowing scene, and rising in great emotion,—“can you thus cast from your heart and home your only child, and heap maledictions on his head because he sees fit and finds it necessary to his salvation to change his creed? By what right is this done? After death, should he fail in this essential act, a partial parent will not be his judge or his protection, but a stern and awful God—a jealous God. Why this untiring hatred to the name of Catholic? You surely forget that you once looked on them with sufficient good faith to choose the wife of your heart from among the most pious and practical of that faith."

"Woman, silence!" exclaimed Colonel Clavering: "prate not to me of faith or religion or creed! I might respect your words if you had ever in the slightest manner evinced any consistency in your conduct respecting your religion. You might, madam, at least have caused me to respect, although I never could have believed it; but instead of this—instead of clinging to it as that which was to save your soul—why, you shook it from you—you weighed interest and love in one scale and your faith in another, and, by heaven, so heavy was the worldly weight and so light your eternal concerns that the beam kicked the sky. Oh! out, out on such a religion which has so little inducement for its votaries as this."

"Alas!" cried Mrs. Clavering, weeping; "I deserve all you can say—it is too, too true; but hereafter, so help me heaven and God, I hug it to my heart—I kneel at the feet of my forsaken religion, and, if contrition and penitence and the deepest remorse can restore me to her smile, I shall die yet with the sign of faith on my brow. Not only this, Colonel Clavering, although a weak love, yes a weak unworthy love, and, mayhap, regard for human opinion, made me conceal and keep silent my sentiments. I have never, never forgotten the church in which for generations my fathers have lived and died. I have always been a Catholic at heart, and now that it has come to this, I declare myself one, and am ready with my child to sacrifice every thing rather than live as I have lived, meanly and traitorously preferring bonds and slavery to freedom and peace."

The young student, with a flushed brow and faltering step, left the room.

"I doubt much, madam, if you would ever have uttered this tirade if your love for your son had not overbalanced every other consideration. He is worthy of you, madam. Now, my child, my only child," said Colonel Clavering, taking the hand of the weeping and almost fainting Isadora in his own, his lips quivering notwithstanding all his efforts to appear calm; "I have a few words for you: deceived by appearance and my own doting fondness for him on whom I once looked as the darling of my age—deceived by hopes which for years I had been building and painting with illusive hues, I wrung from you the secret of your preference for him, believing that it was returned ten-fold; but, my child, we are both forsaken, and you must cling

to the poor childless old man! Here are papers which will put you in possession of"—

"My dear uncle," said she, rising with dignity and sweetness, and gently putting back his hand as he held some business-like documents towards her,—“excuse me—I can not receive them; I do not feel well, and if you and my dear aunt will excuse me I will retire to my apartment.”

There was a cold pallid tint on her cheeks, and a trembling motion about her pale lips that plainly told of internal and soul-felt anguish. After she left the room, the colonel handed a small bundle to his lady and said: "As your son bears my name, I can not let him go into the world penniless; this bundle contains notes to the amount of eight or ten thousand dollars; give it to him. I shall remain in my room until he leaves this house, and recollect, madam, I am not to be disturbed."

"Oh, my God! my God!" exclaimed Mrs. Clavering, falling on her knees and clasping her hands; "humble me; do with me as thou wilt; but forsake me not; aid me by thy grace in this trial which has in it to my soul all the bitterness of death!"

The colonel turned as he was leaving the apartment, and looked for an instant on his wife; again made a step onward and faltered, while his face, sympathizing with the agony that was tugging at his heart strings, grew pale and red by turns. His wife, thinking she would make one more effort in behalf of her child, stretched out her arms towards him, and cried in a tone of piercing agony: "Save our child, for I tell you his days are numbered; send him not away in anger; if you do, you will never behold him again, I know it—oh! I know it. Recall your words, Colonel Clavering; send him if you will for a season—a year—two years—but say not for ever!" The colonel, unable to support his trembling frame any longer, fell heavily on a chair near which he stood, and would have become insensible if tears, those angels of the heart, had not gushed in torrents from his eyes. Mrs. Clavering was in an instant at his side pleading in a low broken voice for her child, and now came another—Isadora—to kneel at his feet, and, with her seraphic face, tearless but radiantly pale, and her large perfect eyes, shining with holy beams, raised to his, she prayed for him who had thrown eternal shadows over her heart.

Colonel Clavering became more calm, and he looked with a more relenting and softer expression on his lady, and gradually extended his hand towards her in token of peace. "I can not, Josephine, I can not forgive him! You have the instincts of nature and education to plead in extenuation of your error, but *he* has nothing."

"But, dear uncle, *FATHER*," whispered Isadora, "his health is failing rapidly; this harshness, while it drives your only son from your bosom, recalls him not from his error. The very chivalry of his nature, ever putting aside more holy incentives, will make him endure exile and death itself for the sake of what he deems a principle of right; persecution to a mind so exalted as his only gives it a fresh impetus towards the attainment of the object for which it has suffered. Then forbear, dear uncle; you love your child, ah! yes, well do I know that his perfect image is enshrined in the holiest recess of your heart; pluck it out, and wounds will fester there unto death."

"Enough, Josephine; enough, Isadora; he must leave my presence; I could not bear to look on that which has so fearfully wounded me! Bid him go and remain until at least I can accustom my heart to think on it—then return, but expect no more than the coldest politeness from me, nor do I ever wish any other than the most distant civility from him." He left the apartment, and Mrs. Clavering drew Isadora to her bosom and held her in a long embrace, bathing her face with tears as she lay like an infant on her breast, while the noble self-sacrificing girl or rather woman now uttered words of consolation and peace, to her who should rather have poured the oil of hope and comfort into the shattered urn of her stricken heart. But so it is. Life is filled with stranger things than this! What is woman's love but a spirit of endurance and devotion next akin to that eternal inspiration which exalts man to the angelic state; forgiving and ready to sacrifice, feeling no hatred or anguish though the heart may be rudely pierced with an abiding anguish!

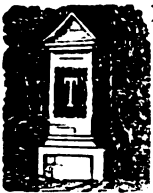
TO BE CONTINUED.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE MOST REV. JOHN CARROLL,

FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

BY B. U. CAMPBELL.

Continued from Vol. III, page 502.



HE last number of these memoirs,* which gave the history of Rev. Mr. Carroll's appointment as superior of the Catholic clergy in this country, in 1784, contained also selections from his correspondence on the important topics which claimed his attention at that early period.

A visitation of the various congregations under his charge was necessary, not only to ascertain their actual condition, to correct any defects that might be found to exist, and to devise means for improvement, but also to impart to the faithful the blessings of confirmation, which sacrament, extraordinary as

* December number, 1844.

it may seem, had never, as yet, been administered within the limits of the thirteen United States of America:

After visiting some of the congregations in Maryland, he left home on the 22d of September, 1785, as he remarks in a letter to F. Plowden: "On a progress to administer confirmation at Philadelphia, New York, and in the upper counties of the Jerseys and Pennsylvania, where our worthy German brethren had formed congregations."

Some sketches of these congregations, and of their venerable founders, and their successors, may serve to enliven these pages; and, while thus preserved from oblivion, lead to a more extended and complete history, more worthy of the apostolical laborers in the

infancy of the Catholic church in these states.

The following outline of the history of the Catholic missions in Pennsylvania, written by Bishop Carroll soon after his consecration in 1790, is copied from the original in his hand-writing.*

"About the year 1730, or rather later, Father Greaton, a Jesuit (for none but Jesuits had yet ventured into the English colonies), went from Maryland to Philadelphia, and laid the foundations of that congregation, now so flourishing; he lived there till about the year 1750, long before which he had succeeded in building the old chapel, which is still contiguous to the presbytery of that town, and in assembling a numerous congregation, which, at his first going thither, did not consist of more than ten or twelve persons. I remember to have seen this venerable man at the head of his flock in the year 1748. He was succeeded by the Rev. Father Harding, whose memory remains in great veneration, under whose patronage, and through whose exertions, the present church of St. Mary's was built.

"In the year 1741, two German Jesuits were sent to Pennsylvania for the instruction and conversion of German emigrants, who, from many parts of Germany, had come into that province. Under great hardships and poverty, they began their laborious undertaking, which has since been followed by great benedictions. Their names were Father Schneider, from Bavaria, and Father Wapeler, from the lower Rhine. They were both men of much learning and unbounded zeal. Mr. Schneider, moreover, was a person of great dexterity in business, consummate prudence, and undaunted magnanimity. Mr. Wapeler, having remained about eight years in America, and converted or reclaimed many to the faith of Christ, was forced by bad health to return to Europe. He was the person who made the first settlement at the place now called Conewago. Mr. Schneider formed many congregations in Pennsylvania, built, by his activity and exertions, a noble church at Goshenhoppen, and spread the faith of Christ far

and near. He was used to visit Philadelphia once a month, for the sake of the Germans residing there, till it was at length found proper to establish there permanently a German priest as the companion of Father Harding. The person appointed was the venerable Father Farmer, who had come from Germany some years before, and had lived an apostolical life at Lancaster in the same province of Pennsylvania. This event took place, I believe, about the year 1760, or rather later. It is unnecessary to say much concerning the labors of this venerable servant of God; his memory is fresh in the minds of all, who knew or heard of him, having died in 1786, the model of pastors, and of all priests. The congregation of Philadelphia speaks sufficiently his praises; for it must be ascribed, in great measure, to him that so much piety and religion have been perpetuated in it.

"A short time before the death of this venerable servant of God, events took place in the United States of America, productive not only of a great political change in the state of the country, but likewise of the utmost importance to the Catholic religion.

"It is known that, in the year 1776, thirteen provinces of English America declared themselves independent of the British king and nation; and this independence, after a war of six years, was recognised by England. As long as the provinces, which, after the declaration of independence, assumed the title of states, were subject to the British, the Catholic religion had not penetrated into any but Maryland and Pennsylvania. The laws were most rigorous against the exercise of it; a priest was subject to death for only entering within their territories. Catholics were subject to the most rigorous penalties for adhering to the worship which their consciences approved, and were not only excluded from every office under government, but would hardly have been suffered to remain in any of the other provinces, if known to profess the faith of Rome. In this situation of things, few Catholics settled in other states, or, if they did, dissembled their religion, and either attached themselves to some other, or intermarried with Protestants, and suffered their children to be educated in error. Even in Maryland and Pennsylvania the condition of Catholics, as was noticed before, was a state of oppression.

* A translation into French of this paper was seen by Rev. Dr. Pise, who translated the greater portion of it into English, which was first published in the Metropolitan. The extract now made is from the original paper in Bishop Carroll's hand-writing.

The few Jesuits who could be spared from the English mission, were insufficient even to answer the exigencies of the two provinces in which they first settled; and no other clergymen undertook the perilous task of carrying the true faith into the other provinces. Such was the state of things when a general revolt from England took place.

"Having renounced subjection to England, the American states found it necessary to form new constitutions for their future government, and, happily, a free toleration of religions was made a fundamental point in all their new constitutions; and, in many of them, not only a toleration was decreed, but likewise a perfect equality of civil rights for persons of every Christian profession. In some, indeed, the yet unextinguished spirit of prejudice and intolerance excluded Catholics from this equality.

"Many reasons concurred to produce this happy and just article in the new constitutions. First, some of the leading characters in the direction of American councils were, by principle, averse to all religious oppression, and having been much acquainted with the manners and doctrines of Roman Catholics, represented strongly the injustice of excluding them from any civil right. Secondly, Catholics concurred, as generally and with equal zeal, in repelling that oppression which first produced the hostilities with Great Britain; and it would have been impolitic, as well as unjust, to deprive them of a common share of advantages, purchased with common danger and by united exertions. Thirdly, the assistance, or at least the neutrality of Canada, was deemed necessary to the success of the United States; and to give equal rights to Roman Catholics might tend to dispose the Canadians favorably towards the American cause. Lastly, France began to show a disposition to befriend the United States, and it was conceived to be very impolitic to disgust that powerful kingdom by unjust severities against the religion which it professed.

"Notwithstanding this happy change in the government and laws of the different states, still religion reaped little advantage from it before the close of the war. The priests were too few; many of them were worn down with age and hardships; besides which, during the whole war, there was not the least communi-

cation between the Catholics of America, and their bishop, who was the vicar apostolic of the London district. To his spiritual jurisdiction were subject the United States; but, whether he would hold no correspondence with a country which he, perhaps, considered as in a state of rebellion, or whether a natural indolence and irresolution restrained him, the fact is, he held no kind of intercourse with priest or layman in this part of his charge. Before the breaking out of the war, his predecessor had appointed a vicar, the Rev. Mr. Lewis, and he governed the mission of America during the bishop's silence.

"Soon after the termination of the war, the clergy, in Maryland and Pennsylvania, being sensible that, to derive all advantage from the new order of things in America, it would be proper to have an ecclesiastical superior in the country itself, and knowing the jealousy prevailing in the American governments against the right of jurisdiction vesting in a person residing in Great Britain, addressed themselves to the holy see, praying that a superior might be allowed, and that he might be chosen by the clergy, subject to the approbation and confirmation of his holiness. Soon after this petition was received at Rome, the present bishop was appointed superior, with very ample powers, and, amongst others, that of administering confirmation, a sacrament which had never yet been administered in the United States. This appointment was received in November, 1784.

"The new superior, soon after his appointment, drew up a state of religion in the country committed to his care, of which an abridgment is here annexed.

"The number of acknowledged Catholics in Maryland was estimated at about sixteen thousand, and most of them scattered in the country, employed in agriculture: in Pennsylvania, at more than seven thousand; and, as far as information could be obtained, about one thousand five hundred in the other states. But it has been discovered since that this estimate was much too low; the number of Catholics having been found much larger; and in this enumeration the Canadian French and their descendants are not comprehended, who inhabit the country lying to the westward of the Ohio and the borders of the Mississippi.

"The number of clergymen in Maryland

was nineteen, and five in Pennsylvania: of these, four through age and infirmity were almost entirely unfit for any service; and others were far advanced in years, and their constitutions were broken down with continual and long labors. Their subsistence was not drawn from the contributions of their flocks, excepting in some towns, as Philadelphia and Baltimore, but from the estates which were obtained at an early time by the first clergymen."

In addition to the above interesting statements of Bishop Carroll, the writer of these memoirs has collected from various sources the facts which follow.

It is uncertain at what period the holy sacrifice of the mass was first offered in Pennsylvania, and the name of the first priest who exercised his ministry there is unknown.

As early as 1686, Wm. Penn mentions "*the old priest*" in Philadelphia, and in 1708, in a letter from England to James Logan in Philadelphia, he says: "There is a complaint against your government that you suffer public mass in a scandalous manner. Pray send the matter of fact, for ill use is made of it against us here." Watson,* who furnishes these extracts from Penn's letters, says: "This early mentioned mass probably had its origin in the frame building on the north-west corner of Front and Walnut streets, which was the first chapel in Philadelphia." He also mentions a house at the south-east corner of Chesnut and Second streets, which was said to have been built before 1736 "for a papal chapel, and that the people opposed its being so used in so public a place." He also states there was a Catholic chapel *near* the city of Philadelphia as early as 1729 *connected* with the house of a Miss Elizabeth McGawley, an Irish lady, who with a number of her tenantry settled on land on the road leading from Nicetown to Frankford; and he conjectures that it may have been there from the earliest origin of the city, and that such chapel was put there for Roman Catholics, because their religion, however agreeable to Penn's tolerant spirit, was not so to most Protestants then in power; since he had remarked in one of his letters from England to a correspondent in Philadelphia—"it has become a reproach to me here, with the officers of the crown, that you have suffered the scandal of mass to be publicly

celebrated." To avoid such offence this chapel may have been at an inconvenient distance, and as if in secrecy.* Instead of the reason assigned by Mr. Watson, it is more probable that the chapel at Nicetown was erected by Miss McGawley about 1729, and "*connected* with her house" to enable the Catholics to attend divine service under the protection which was afforded by a private residence. Near the site of this ancient chapel, Watson remarks, "is a stone enclosure in which is a large tomb-stone of marble inscribed with a cross and the name, 'John Michael Brown, ob. 15 Decr. A. D. 1750, R. I. P.' This was a priest."† The testimony of Watson is conformable to the local tradition, although the inscription does not determine the priestly character of Brown. The miscreants who disgraced the name of native Americans were so convinced of the fact that they mutilated the stone during the riots of 1844.

In 1734, Governor Gordon informed the council that a house had been erected in Walnut street (probably at the north-west corner of Walnut and Front streets) for the *open* celebration of mass contrary to the statutes of William III. The minutes of the council, July, 1734, describe their proceedings thereupon as "the consideration of the council upon the building of the Roman mass house, and the public worship there."

The late Archbishop Neale, who had been pastor and vicar-general in Philadelphia in 1796, related the following tradition of the establishment of a Catholic priest in the city of Philadelphia. "The superior of the Jesuits in Maryland having been informed that there were many Catholics in the capital of Pennsylvania, resolved to endeavor to establish a mission there. The priest designed for this duty had an acquaintance in Lancaster of the name of Doyle, whom he visited, and requested to furnish him the name of some respectable Catholic in Philadelphia. Being referred to a wealthy old lady remarkable for her attachment to the ancient faith, he waited on her in the garb of a Quaker, and, after making inquiries about the various denominations of Christians in the city, asked first if there were any Catholics, and finally if she was one; to which she answered in the affirmative. He informed her that he also was of the same

* Annals of Philadelphia, first edition, p. 394, &c.

* Annals, p. 395. † Annals, p. 394, first edition.

communion. Being informed that the Catholics had no place of worship, he desired to know if they would wish to have a church. To which the lady replied, they would most certainly, but the great difficulty would be to find a clergyman; for, although there were priests in Maryland, it was impossible to procure one from thence. He then informed the lady that he was a priest, and of the intention of his visit. Overjoyed at the sight of a priest after many years' privation of that consolation, she communicated the intelligence to her Catholic acquaintance, and invited them to meet him at her house. A considerable number assembled, the most of whom were Germans. The priest explained to them the object of his visit, and a subscription was immediately commenced to procure the means to purchase ground and build a church. With the money raised they purchased the house and lot belonging to the lady, who also acted very generously in promoting the pious undertaking."

In the absence of dates and names it is presumed that the priest referred to in Archbishop Neale's statement was Rev. F. Greateon, who came to Philadelphia in 1730 and exercised his ministry first in the house at the north-west corner of Front and Walnut streets mentioned by Watson. In 1733 he purchased lots near Fourth street, between Walnut street and Willing's alley, and erected thereon a small chapel, called St. Joseph's, which was that referred to by Governor Gordon. Rev. Josiah Greateon was born about 1680, entered the Society of Jesus 5th July, 1708, and was professed in the same 4th of August, 1719. He was at St. Inigoes in Maryland in 1721 and 1724. After laboring assiduously in Philadelphia for about twenty years, he returned to Maryland, and died at Bohemia, on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake bay, on the 19th of September, 1753. F. Henry Neale, S. J., a native of Maryland, who arrived in America from Europe in 1740, and died in Philadelphia 1748, in the 46th year of his age, was also engaged on the Pennsylvania mission, certainly in 1746, and probably earlier.

The successor of F. Greateon was the Rev. Robert Harding, a native of England, who arrived in America in the year 1732. It is probable he went to reside in Philadelphia about the year 1750, but the writer has not

been able to ascertain any particulars of his life previously. It is certain that he lived at least twenty years in that city, discharging the duties of pastor with exemplary fidelity and zeal.

The congregation of St. Joseph's having increased very much, it became necessary to purchase an additional lot for a burying-ground elsewhere, and in the year 1760 F. Harding succeeded in procuring lots between Fourth and Fifth streets, which were guaranteed to him and his heirs on condition of his building a church on a plan described in the instrument which conveyed these lots to him.

It was upon a part of these lots that F. Harding erected St. Mary's church in the year 1763; and he continued his zealous career to the close of his edifying life, which terminated at Philadelphia on the 1st of September, 1772, he being then in the seventy-first year of his age. Like the other missionaries of that period, his labors were not confined to the city of Philadelphia, but extended to places at a distance. There are records of baptisms performed by him in New Jersey.

It has been seen that missions were commenced at Conewago, and Goshenhoppen in Pennsylvania, in 1741. F. Wm. Wapeler, who made the first settlement, near the stream called Conewago, where the church of the Sacred Heart was afterwards erected, also purchased two lots in Lancaster in 1742; after laboring in Pennsylvania with great zeal, he returned to Europe with impaired health, and retired to Ghent and subsequently to Bruges, where he finished his course in 1781, in the seventieth year of his age. Before the return of Rev. Mr. Carroll to America, he became acquainted with Father Wapeler at Bruges, and in one of his letters to Father Plowden he expresses his admiration of the artless simplicity of this good missionary—and he bears testimony, in the above sketch, to his learning and piety.

Father Theodore Schneider is stated to be the first priest who came to Goshenhoppen, now in Berks county, about forty-five miles from Philadelphia, which he made his place of residence for more than twenty years. He at first boarded in a Catholic family, within two miles of the present church. In 1747 Father Henry Neale purchased one hundred and twenty-one acres of land at Goshenhoppen, for £250; and in the following year Father Greateon took up

three hundred and seventy-three acres from the proprietors of Pennsylvania, paying them fifty-one pounds. Those two tracts of land, containing together four hundred and ninety-four acres, became the missionary residence of Goshenhoppen,* in Berks county, which for nearly a century, has been devoted to the service of religion.

Whilst residing there, F. Schneider attended various other stations, to the distance of fifty miles from Goshenhoppen. He visited Philadelphia as early as 1741, and on 8th of Dec. of that year records a marriage there "*in sacello nostro*." In 1744 he visited New Jersey, and held church at Iron Furnaces there. It is stated that he suffered persecution, and was several times shot at in New Jersey. But, having some skill in medicine, he cured many sick, and travelled under the name of *Doctor Schneider*; by which means he had access to places which he could not have visited without personal danger. In 1745, he built a church at Goshenhoppen, fifty-five by thirty-two feet, and tradition says he was assisted by all the neighbors, among whom were Menonists and Hershutters, by all of whom he was respected and beloved. A relic of this venerable and zealous servant of God is preserved, which attests his patience and industry. It is a MS. copy of the entire Roman Missal, carefully and beautifully executed in his own hand-writing, and neatly bound. Poverty, or the difficulty of procuring such books from Europe at that time, probably induced the zealous missionary to snatch from his many labors occasional moments for the tedious work of transcribing a quarto volume of seven hundred printed pages, which was indispensable for his ministry.

After the most valuable services in the cause of religion for twenty-three years, he was visited in his last illness by Father Farmer, in June; and died the 10th of July, 1764, aged sixty-four years. In one of the catalogues S. J. he is thus mentioned: Th. Schneider, qui docuit Philos. et contr. Leodi, et fuit rector magnif. Universi. Heidelbergensis.

The missions in Pennsylvania, having been established by Jesuits from Maryland, continued to be supplied with clergymen from the same source; they were always under the ju-

risdiction of the superior of Maryland—who was himself appointed by and subject to the superior, or provincial of the English province, until the suppression of the Society of Jesus, in 1773.

In certain "ordinations and regulations for Maryland, April 2d, 1759," signed by Henry Corbie, who was provincial from 1756 to 1762, the following occur:

"As Maryland and Pennsylvania jointly constitute one college, or residence, the incumbents of each house or settlement, both in Maryland and Pennsylvania, are as many agents or procurators, to assist the superiors in the management of the whole, and for that end must faithfully give in their accounts of debt and credit to the said superior, once or twice a year, as opportunity shall serve to make his visit. An extract of these accounts must every year be sent to the provincial, to be according to custom, in due time, communicated to the general."

"As to conceal from the superior the real state of any house or settlement would savor of property, and be a manifest transgression of holy poverty, so the superior, as a common father, must assist the needy out of the surplus of the more opulent settlements, putting all both in Pennsylvania and Maryland in the *vita communis*, or the ordinary way of living, and succor them in their incidental losses and burdens, with the bowels of true Christian and religious charity."

The spirit of disinterested zeal for religion which pervades the regulations and instructions addressed to the missionaries in this country, by the superiors in England, is truly edifying. One of these was:

"All must leave to the superior of the mission the free disposition of themselves, and be ready to change their habitation and mission when it shall seem to him requisite or convenient, or to God's greater honor and glory; and this, though the change should prove hard and less agreeable to nature, justly fearing their labors would not be attended with a blessing from heaven, in a place of their own choosing, and without the sanction of obedience." It was urged upon the missionaries to support their establishments out of the product of their lands: in the purchase and improvement of which considerable sums of money furnished by their English brethren

* Sometimes written Cowrisseoppen, and at others Cushenhoppen.

had been expended. One of the regulations, after stating that "all independence upon seculars, so desirable in itself, so much recommended by our holy rules and constitutions, must by all possible means be maintained," further prescribes that "Maryland must necessarily order things so as to support itself, as the general's orders require, and all our colleges and districts do; lest otherwise that flourishing mission (which God forbid) run to decay for want of fresh supplies, or it be found necessary to levy charitable contributions upon those for whose help and assistance they are procured." By the term "supplies," were meant additional missionaries, which the want of theological seminaries in this country made it necessary to procure from Europe, to supply the vacancies occasioned by death or disqualification. It had been resolved, in 1751, that the sum of two hundred pounds should be contributed annually by the several missions, or settlements in Maryland and Pennsylvania, "for the public good, and for procuring fresh supplies, and sending home those who are less fit for service." The provincial directed in 1759; "but then care must be had that this burden be equalled, as much as may be, to the circumstances of each settlement, and when one is found to be overrated, the superior must see the party grieved be eased, and portion out the grievance upon others better able to bear it. And the superior was required to ascertain "if any of ours run into any unnecessary expenses in house-keeping, either not contenting themselves with more or less college fare, or affecting to keep open table, and inviting seculars, to the prejudice of holy poverty and regularity," and "if any thing be done against poverty in general."

At an early period the Pennsylvania missionaries were indebted to the pious munificence of an English gentleman for a good portion of their means of support. The writer has in vain searched for the date of the origin of what was long known as the Pennsylvania or German fund; but the earliest information he has been able to obtain is, that it was recorded by Bishop Challoner in a register in his handwriting, Sept. 29th, 1748.

Sir John James, its founder, gave four thousand pounds as a principal, out of the product of which he ordered forty pounds per annum

to be employed for the support of two priests to assist the poor in London; and the remainder to be applied to the support of missionaries in Pennsylvania.

The amount of the Pennsylvania fund was originally as much as one hundred pounds sterling per annum; it was reduced to eighty pounds in 1791, and in 1797 it fell to fifty-nine pounds ten shillings and eight pence, and subsequently declined to about fifty-five pounds sterling—which it never afterwards exceeded.*

The following state of the Pennsylvania missions in the year 1765, prepared by Rev. George Hunter, at that time superior of the Jesuits in this country, was forwarded to England, to the Rev. James Dennett, then provincial of the English Jesuits.

First. Mission of St. Mary, Philadelphia.
Missionaries—two.

Annual income—by house rents, - - - £45
by salary from London,† 20
by regular gratuities, - 25
£90

Second. Mission of St. Paul—Cushenhoppen.
One missionary plantation, five hundred acres.

Annual income—by plantation, - - - £45
by salary (from London), 20
£65

Third. Mission of St. John, Nepomucen, Lancaster-town.

One missionary—three lots in town, chiefly settled.

* One-third of the capital had been invested in a security, which in 1784 was stated to be "very precarious, the interest being ill paid, and large defalcations made from it when paid, and many people apprehend that the capital will be lost by a complete bankruptcy of the parties who hold the money." The other two-thirds were invested in the French funds, and in the years 1785 and 6, produced an annual interest of seventy pounds sterling. On the breaking out of the French revolution it was judged expedient by the trustee, who was Bishop Douglas the V. A. of London, to sell out the investment in French funds, and invest the proceeds in the English securities. Accordingly the sale was made in 1790, when the French stock was much depressed, and British four per cents purchased with the proceeds (one thousand two hundred and forty pounds, fourteen shillings and five pence); the British stock being then at one hundred two and a quarter, or a premium of two and a quarter per cent., and the fund sustaining a loss also by the difference of exchange between France and England, the result was that at least one-third of the whole fund left by Sir John James was sunk; and as the appropriation of forty pounds per annum for the poor of London was specific, the whole of the loss fell upon the Pennsylvania fund.

† Sir John James' foundation.

Annual income—by ground rent, - £4 5
by salary (from Lon-
don), - - - - - 20 0

£24 5

Fourth. Mission of St. Francis Regis,
Conewago, one missionary Plantation, one
hundred and twenty acres.

Annual income—by plantation, - £20 0
by salary (from
London), - - - - - 20 0

£40 0

Father Hunter states that the number of communicants in Pennsylvania, is about three thousand, and that the number of non-communicants, including children, is nearly the same; so that the number of Catholics in Pennsylvania, in the year 1765, was about six thousand.*

Every residence kept at its own expense a public meeting place for divine worship. The extent of country served by the missionaries is stated to be about one hundred and thirty miles long by thirty-five broad. Out of the above incomes every thing towards house-keeping was to be provided—clothing, taxes, quit rents, medical attendance, building and repairs; and where there was no land attached to the residence—as in Philadelphia and Lancaster—bread, meat, and fuel were also to be purchased. Mr. Hunter remarks that, in Pennsylvania, the missionaries were exempt from that hospitality which, in Maryland, was a heavy burthen. By which he probably refers to the custom in Maryland, of inviting those communicants who resided at a distance from the place where divine service was performed, to partake of breakfast or dinner at the residence of the clergy, after mass, on the days when they approached the holy communion,—being fasting, of course, according to the ancient precept of the church.

The above details, are condensed from the original paper, in the hand-writing of F.

* Watson, in the second edition of his *Annals*, states that "in 1767, Mr. Harding reported the number of Catholics in Pennsylvania, at the request of the Governor. In Philadelphia 139—Chester county 4, the whole number in the state, including Germans, &c. men, women, and children, about two thousand souls."

There must be some error in Mr. Watson's statement: either in the date or in the number of Catholics in Philadelphia.

Hunter. The writer regrets that he is unable to furnish a more complete history of the early days of the Catholic church, and its first missionaries in Pennsylvania. But, although, those whom he knew to be possessed of any information on the subject have responded to his inquiries with the greatest courtesy and frankness, which he acknowledges with gratitude, much remains to be supplied.*

When Rev. Mr. Carroll paid his first visit to Philadelphia, in his character of superior of the mission, St. Joseph's church was in charge of two most interesting clergymen, who were worthy members of the Society of Jesus at the time of its suppression. These were Rev. Ferdinand Farmer, and Rev. Robert Molyneux.

The former, whose real name was *Steenmeyer*, had adopted the English signification of it after he came to this country, and was known universally by the name of *Father Farmer*. Born in the circle of Suabia, in Germany, 13th October, 1720, he was early initiated in the duties of piety and the elements of liberal learning: after completing the course of philosophy, he entered on the study of physic, to which he applied with success for three years. Called by Almighty God to a religious state, he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, at Landesperge on 26th September, 1743, and was admitted to the profession of the four vows on the 2d of February, 1761, while in America. Stimulated by an ardent zeal for the salvation of souls, he offered himself for foreign missions, and was appointed for China. By the decree of Providence an unexpected disappointment changed his destination. Having been united to the English province, he was sent to the Maryland mission, in the words of his intimate friend and associate in the sacred ministry,* "to bless this western hemisphere with the bright examples of his virtues, and raise him an ornament to the little society he served, by a faithful and able discharge of the duties of his ministry."

He arrived in this country on the 20th June,

* He would feel obliged for any communications by mail, that would enable him to supply the deficiencies of these memoirs—which may, by himself, or some one better qualified, be made to assume a less imperfect form at a future day, should they be found sufficiently interesting.

† F. Molyneux, in his funeral sermon, Philadelphia, 1786.

1752, and began his mission at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where he resided six years in all the poverty and humility of an apostle. Called to Philadelphia in the year 1758, he was stationed at St. Joseph's, but made frequent missionary excursions not only in the state of Pennsylvania, but to the state of New Jersey, and subsequently to New York. He visited Concord in May and November, 1759, and the same year officiated at a station known as Geiger's in New Jersey, and he extended his visits in the latter state in subsequent years to Huntingdon, Mount Hope, Ringwood, Longpond, Charlotteburg, and various other places, celebrating the divine mysteries, baptizing, marrying, and, in short, supplying the scattered people of these various places with all the aids of his holy ministry.

The increase of his labors is shown by the records which he kept with the greatest exactitude. Thus, in 1759, the number of baptisms was seventy-eight; in 1778 they amounted to one hundred and forty-five, and, in 1783, to one hundred and fifty-nine. In one of his letters to Rev. Mr. Carroll, 6th of March, 1780, he says: "As for the members of our small congregations abroad, they are used to be served gratis." Throughout the whole of the revolutionary war, he was engaged in active missionary duties, and, amid the busy scenes which then and afterwards made Philadelphia the most interesting city in America, he discharged with great success the duties of senior clergyman or vicar at home, and was the founder of distant missions, which he visited with regularity even to the last year of his life. He was the founder of the Catholic congregation in the city of New York, and, even after other priests officiated there, the trouble and responsibility of organization, and of reconciling the discordant elements of that congregation, devolved on him, and multiplied his labors and increased his anxiety. The character of this excellent pastor may be best understood from the funeral discourse pronounced by his associate in the ministry for fifteen years, when his remains were surrounded by those who had been the objects of his pastoral solicitude and the witnesses of his virtues, during his long residence amongst them.

"His learning, and other commendable qualifications, soon drew the public notice. Hence, without seeking for honor, he was

admitted, by the suffrages of learned acquaintance, a member of the Philosophical Society. To his correspondence with Father Myers, late astronomer to the elector palatine, now duke of Bavaria, that society is indebted for some curious pieces of that celebrated mathematician on the transit of Venus, dedicated to the empress of Russia. He had since been appointed to the board of trustees of the university of this city; but his multiplied immediate functions of another nature prevented him often from giving that punctual attendance to the duties of these appointments, and from being of that general utility, for which inclination, as well as abilities, would have otherwise rendered him well qualified.

"While the poor shall bless his memory for his liberal charities and generous benefactions; while all tongues shall speak in praise of the many great endowments of his enlightened mind and upright heart; some admiring his penetrating judgment, his lively genius, his extensive memory, particularly in the sacred branches, and general knowledge in the sciences; others extolling his courteous affability and uniform deportment through the full career of life; you, who are the parents of children regenerated by his ministering hands at the font of baptism, will recollect the salutary lessons he delivered, and the charge he gave you to educate those pledges of your mutual affection, in the fear and love of Almighty God, the common Father of us all; warning them to hold fast to the vows of their baptism, that, living on earth as dutiful children of the heavenly Father, they might one day become heirs of his kingdom.

"Many will long remember with what unwearied solicitude he acted the part of a tender and vigilant shepherd, sparing no pains or labor to seek out and reclaim any of the flock under his charge, that had unhappily strayed out of the sweet pastures of virtue and righteousness, in which he strove to feed and preserve them from every infection of vice, and danger of perversion. His fatiguing and extensive excursions through a neighboring state, and various parts of this, in search of little flocks scattered in the wilderness, will be long retained in their minds, and preserved in their breasts, as grateful monuments of his unwearied zeal, and unbounded charity; and as perennial proofs of the faithful performance of the duties of his ministry.

"There is yet a hidden treasure, laid up in heaven, unseen and unknown to the world, but highly precious before God, who knows the inward man, and searches our reins and hearts. Those scenes of silent contemplation on heavenly truths, and secret conversation with God himself, to whom he daily poured forth his pious soul in ecstasies of love, and raptures of admiration of the divine perfections. Could the humble cell of his late earthly habitation but relate what hath passed in these moments, it would go beyond what you have yet heard or seen. These are those inward beauties of the righteous soul, those springs which impart life and action to all that outwardly appears for zealous and virtuous, and imprint the stamp of solid worth and merit. These will be found to shine no inferior ornaments in the celestial crown. View him, in fine, through private or public life, you will not find him intentionally swerving from that golden device of the institute of his order, *the greater glory of God*. This appears to have been the origin, the aim and end to which, through every step of life, his mind and heart have uniformly been directed."

The discourse from which the above extracts are taken was published at length in the newspapers of Pennsylvania, and translated into German.

Rev. Robert Molyneux was a native of England, born in Lancashire on the 24th of June, 1738, and admitted a novice in the Society of Jesus in 1757, and, soon after his promotion to the priesthood, was sent to Maryland. He arrived in March, 1771, and was stationed at St. Joseph's church, Philadelphia, where he continued to exercise his ministry fifteen or sixteen years. He was a man of extensive learning, solid piety, of the most amiable temper, and irreproachable purity of life. His acquaintance with polite literature, and intercourse with polished society, added to lively wit, and agreeable conversation, made him a favorite with the most intelligent, and enabled him to impart the lessons of morality and religion in circles which could not have been reached by the more austere moralist. On the arrival of the Marquis de la Luzerne as minister plenipotentiary from France, F. Molyneux was a welcome visiter at his mansion in Philadel-

phia, and became instructor in the English language to that nobleman. Eminently disinterested, his sole aim was the good of religion, and during his arduous ministry he labored assiduously among the poorer classes, and in teaching and catechising children, with the true spirit of a minister of God. He was one of the first priests in this country, if not the first, who by means of the press endeavored to disabuse the public mind of their erroneous conceptions of Catholic doctrines, and to disseminate correct expositions of the true faith. By distributing Catholic books imported from England, and by reprinting in this country such works as Challoner's Catholic Christian Instructed, the History of the Bible, and catechisms and other elementary books, he contributed much to the diffusion of correct information, and to the instruction of Catholics, not only in Philadelphia but throughout the country.

The union of Fathers Farmer and Molyneux was most happily adapted to the situation in which they were placed, and delightful to themselves. Both eminently learned, and both devoted, with their whole hearts, to every duty of their sacred calling, they were at once companions, examples, and counsellors for each other. Father Farmer was equally polished in his manners with his colleague, and both were esteemed and welcomed in the most enlightened society in Philadelphia, whenever their laborious duties permitted them the interchange or enjoyment of social courtesy. At the period of the suppression of the Society of Jesus, Father Farmer had been thirty years a member of that body, and Father Molyneux for sixteen years. Thus a long experience in the same discipline, and the practice of the same exercises had formed in them similar habits of life, and imbued them with the principles of self-denial, and zeal for the glory of God and the good of their neighbor, which were the characteristics of their society throughout its illustrious career. Though eighteen years older than Mr. M., Father Farmer's light and active person qualified him better than his colleague—who was corpulent, and less capable of physical exertion—for the labors of attending the distant missions, many of which he had founded; and, many of these missions being among German settlers, his knowledge of their language was of the utmost advantage; while his adaptation to sedentary

* Funeral Sermon on the death of the Rev. Ferdinand Farmer. Philadelphia, 1786.

pursuits made Father Molyneux invaluable in a city congregation. Hence Father Farmer generally visited the most distant missions, at which times Father Molyneux was always to be found at St. Joseph's. The labors of these two clergymen had become very oppressive previous to the visit of Rev. Mr. Carroll, although there were other priests then laboring in Philadelphia.

Though far advanced in years, and much broken in health, Father Farmer felt so much interest in the congregations in New Jersey and New York, that he determined on paying them his usual visit, and left Philadelphia for this purpose about the 10th of April, 1785.

In a letter to Rev. Mr. Carroll, dated 23d April, Rev. Mr. Molyneux thus refers to the condition of his colleague. "Mr. Farmer is now absent two weeks, on his tour to the Iron works and New York; it will be two more before he returns. He was very weak when he left here; if he lives to return, I wish some means could be devised to prevent him from going any more." And again: "He is no more fit to take that journey than I am to fast forty days and nights, like St. Stylites, without eating or drinking." Referring to the labors of his own station in the same letter, he solicits assistance, and desires to be relieved of a burden he has borne for thirteen years. He says, adverting to the failure of some to comply with the jubilee, "I am sorry for it, but can not help it. I exhort, I entreat, but the world runs away with the seed we endeavor to sow. To preserve a flock so exposed requires a multiplied care, and a zealous care—a care above our leisure and strength."

Rev. Mr. Farmer returned from his last visit to New York, 7th May; of the difficulties he had encountered there, more will be said in treating of the history of the Catholic church in that state, in a future number.

A letter to Rev. Mr. Carroll, written by Rev. Mr. Molyneux, December 7th, 1784, furnishes the following statement of the number of Catholics in Pennsylvania.

"The number of our communicants at Easter generally amount to - - - - 1,000
In the country congregations near to 200
But in Philadelphia, of non-communicants, I think I may venture to set down 1,000 more, children under twelve years excepted.

Mr. Ritter, at Goshenhoppen, two years ago, numbered communicants at - 500
Mr. Geisler (at Lancaster), I suppose, may-number about - - - - 700
Mr. Pellentz (at Conewago), above - 1,000

3,400."

If the supposed number of adult non-communicants be estimated at 3,400, and the number of Catholic children under twelve years of age at about 1,500, the number of Catholics in Pennsylvania in 1784 was probably between 7,000 and 8,000.

When Rev. Mr. Carroll arrived in Philadelphia he found two congregations, too numerous for the scanty accommodations afforded by St. Joseph's and St. Mary's, then the only Catholic churches in that city. The priests were too few to attend well to the many calls upon them, with any regard to their own comfort. But he was edified by the piety and regularity of the Catholics of Philadelphia. They were well instructed in their religion, and generally exemplary in their conduct. The prejudice, too, that had existed against Catholics, had been dispelled to a great extent, not only by their unexceptionable deportment as citizens, but by the more enlightened views of civil and religious liberty, produced by the discussion of the principles of government among the statesmen whom the meetings of congress had assembled in Philadelphia. In addition to the representatives of France and Spain, the large number of French military and naval officers who frequented Philadelphia and attended the Catholic worship, and whose chaplains celebrated mass in the Catholic churches, impressed the candid though uninformed Protestant more favorably in his estimate of a religion which is never depressed but by means of misrepresentation and slander.

At the close of the revolutionary war a *Te Deum* was sung in St. Joseph's church by the request of the French minister, at which Gen. Washington, La Fayette, and the military staff attended. Mr. Fitzsimmons, one of the most respectable Catholics of Philadelphia, was a member of congress, and, as the debates exhibit, one of the most practical and useful business men in that body. General Stephen Moylan, the first quartermaster general of the revolutionary army, and who, as colonel, commanded the fourth regiment of cavalry, which

served during the greater part of the war, and the gallant Commodore Barry, were Catholics. The latter was a constant attendant at a Catholic church when in the city, and by his will left legacies for a Catholic school; and the bright examples afforded by a Father Farmer for nearly thirty years, and of Rev. Mr. Molyneux and the many other faithful clergymen

who had exemplified in their lives, the poverty, labor, self-denial, and charity of the priest of God, who seeks not himself, but the will of him that sent him—all had contributed to produce feelings of perfect harmony and good will between Catholics and Protestants, that made Philadelphia truly a city of brotherly love.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CATHOLIC CHARITY.

WE sing of that charity sent us from heaven,
Sweetest offspring of love, by the Saviour first given,
Through this world, like a river, to roll;
Oh! see on its margin, how verdant the fields,
How beauteous the blossoms each fair meadow yields;
Their fragrance, how sweet to the soul!

From the fountain of mercy that gushed from the side
Of the crucified Saviour, this pure, sparkling tide
Of Catholic charity flowed;
It has watered all nations, and now, through the earth,
To the germs of affection it gives a new birth,
And refreshes our dreary abode.

Behold yon proud mansion, exalted on high,
Extending its columns as if to the sky,
With its lofty and beautiful dome;
It is no feudal castle, no ivy wreathed tower,
No heirloom of wealth, nor a fortress of power;
But it is, for the houseless, a *home*.

Unnumbered, such "roof-trees" arise from the soil
Which this broad river laves,—where, from anguish and toil,
The suff'rer a refuge may find;
For the waters of charity e'er bounteously flow
O'er the land, and fair flowers spontaneously grow
In a climate so genial and kind.

The friendless, forsaken, and destitute child,
On whom the glad sunlight of joy never smiled,
Is, for charity's sake, hither led;
While the fruits of benevolence, clust'ring around,
Are, with lavish profusion, strewed over the ground,
And the poor little orphan is fed.

Sweet sisters of mercy, who lowly bend
By the side of the wretch in the dungeon, and tend
So kindly to lighten his wo;
Methinks ye are ministering angels from heaven,
Sent to earth; for, oh! how is such charity given
To frail, erring creatures below!

Ne'ertheless, it is so,—for in cottage or tower,
 In palace or prison, 'mid sorrow's dark hour,
 Are these Sisters of Charity found,
 To calm the wild ravings of anguish, and lull
 The worn spirit, sweet blossoms to cull,
 And scatter their perfume around!

For the soul that has bathed in that pure crystal stream
 Becomes a rich garden, and heaven's bright beam
 Gilds each flow'ret with love's deepest hue;
 And this (with the chain of communion that binds
 In mutual kindness e'en dissonant minds)
 Seems an Eden on earth to renew.

In pestilence, famine,—in peace, or in war,—
 By sea, or by land,—at home, or afar,—
 Dear charity's power is felt;
 The savage, the warrior, the king on his throne,
 The hero, the captive its magic will own,
 And like snow in its warm current melt.

Hail, beautiful river, majestic and grand!
 That kindly refreshes each Catholic land,
 And swells, as it onward is driven;
 Surmounting all hind'rance, o'ercoming all foes,
 Submerging the powers of hell, as it flows
 To eternity's ocean in heaven!

S. R. T.

Louisville, Ky., March 4, 1845.

NOTICE OF CARDINAL CHEVERUS,

FIRST BISHOP OF BOSTON.



HIS eminent individual was born in France, in the town of Mayenne, on the 28th of January, 1768. His family was most respectable, and enjoyed universal esteem. His father held a high station in the judicature, and his mother was a lady of remarkable character, who understood perfectly the education of children. Wishing to keep her son under her own eyes during his first studies, he remained under the paternal roof, and went every day to the college of Mayenne, for instruction in the elements of knowledge. Brilliant success attended his application and efforts, whilst modesty prevented him from being vain of his superiority. He united with great talents a rare piety, which procured him admission to his first

communion, at the age of eleven years. Soon after, he felt a desire to enter the ecclesiastical state, and was tonsured the year following by the bishop of Dol. He honored the habit which he wore by the exemplary piety which he exhibited in discharging the offices intrusted to him in the temple of God. The bishop of Mans, being on a visit at Mayenne, became acquainted with him, and was so much pleased with his pious dispositions and his talents, that he offered his father a place for him at the college of Louis le Grand in Paris. Another favor which the youthful ecclesiastic owed to his precocious merit, was his being nominated to a benefice of eight hundred livres of income, by the count of Provence, afterwards King Louis XVIII, and his being appointed almoner extraordinary of the same prince.

The college of Louis le Grand, into which the young Cheverus was received, offered at that time many dangers to unexperienced students: some of its directors and pupils were then engaged in making preparations for the bloody tragedy of the French revolution. Aware of the peril of his critical situation, our pious youth adopted measures calculated to avert the dangers which threatened him. He made choice of a wise director, in the person of the Rev. Mr. Augé—a talented and exemplary priest, known since as the director of Stanislaus college, and the author of the “*Miroir du clergé*.” Encouraged and aided by this faithful guide and monitor, the religious scholar improved in virtue and science, and caused his bishop to say: “My little abbé de Cheverus will be one day the first ecclesiastic of my diocese.

After a few years’ stay at college, the young Cheverus, desirous of having better opportunities to fit himself for the sacred ministry, entered the theological seminary of St. Magloire, in which he had secured a place for himself by the display of his talents and knowledge. This institution was governed by the Oratorians—a body of learned clergy, who gave to the church many of its brightest ornaments. At St. Magloire were then studying the celebrated abbé M’Carthy, and Mr. Dubois, the late venerable bishop of New York; both of whom, like Mr. Cheverus, proved to be men of exalted sentiments, of deep piety, breathing naught but the glory of God, and the salvation of souls.

In October, 1790, Mr. Cheverus received the order of deacon, and was raised to the sacerdotal dignity on the 18th of the following December. Invested with the sacred character, he set out for Mayenne, where he celebrated his first mass on Christmas night. At the request of his uncle, who was parish priest of Mayenne, he aided him in the functions of the holy ministry in the capacity of his vicar; but the bishop, to show that he appreciated the high qualifications of the new priest, appointed him canon of his cathedral.

But the time of trial was now approaching for the French clergy. Mr. Cheverus imitated the noble firmness of the great majority of the ecclesiastics, in refusing to take the constitutional oath tendered them.

On the demise of his uncle in January,

1792, Mr. Cheverus succeeded him in the pastorate of the church of Mayenne, and was besides raised to the office of vicar-general of the diocese of Mans. These new dignities, which increased his popularity with the well-intentioned, imbibed against him the hatred of the partisans of the revolution, and he was compelled to flee, to guard his family from serious injury.

He repaired to Laval, where he remained some time, strictly watched by the authorities; but, availing himself of a slight indisposition, he asked leave to spend a few days with his family, with the intent to proceed to England. Accordingly, he bade farewell to his friends and relatives, many of whom he was destined never more to see, and set out for Paris in disguise. He reached this capital on the 25th of June. During the massacre of the 2d and 3d of September, he hid himself in the room of his brother, then a collegian at Louis le Grand. When he afterwards spoke of this memorable circumstance, he used to say: “How I could have wished that a bullet had placed me by the side of so many martyrs.” Shortly after he made his way to Calais, where he arrived on the 11th of September, 1792.

The situation of Mr. Cheverus on landing in England was any thing but pleasant. He knew not the language, and had for all pecuniary resource the moderate sum of sixty dollars. However, full of energy, and of confidence in divine Providence, he declined to receive any share of the provision made by the generosity of the English government for the French exiles. He forthwith applied himself to acquire a knowledge of the language, and after three months was capable of giving lessons in French and mathematics. At the end of a year, his zeal suggested to him the thought of rendering his knowledge of English beneficial to the salvation of his neighbor, and for this purpose he asked and obtained permission from the vicar apostolic of the London district, to act as pastor of the few Catholics residing in the vicinity. The result of his first address to his little flock gave him great consolation. On inquiring of an humble individual what he thought of his first sermon, he was answered with great simplicity: “Your sermon, sir, was not like other sermons; there was not a single dictionary

word in it, every word could be understood." After a few years spent in the labors of the ministry, Mr. Cheverus was reflecting on the propriety of leaving England, where priests were so numerous, and going where his services might be more needed, when he received a letter from Dr. Matignon, the pastor of the Catholics of Boston, inviting him to come and cultivate a portion of the vineyard placed under his care. Mr. Cheverus, after mature deliberation, concluded to accept the offer of his venerable friend, and, embarking for America, arrived at Boston on the 3d of October, 1796. The close intimacy, the virtues and learning of these two eminent clergymen soon attracted the attention of the Protestants of Boston, who publicly and frequently expressed their admiration at the spectacle presented by these two French priests. "Are these," they said, "the Catholics of whom we have heard so much ill; the papists who have been painted to us in colors so dark?" "These men," said a Protestant clergyman who had visited them to convince them of the error of their faith, "these men are so learned that there is no arguing with them; their lives are so pure and evangelical as to leave no room for reproach; and I am much afraid that the influence of so much virtue, joined to so much knowledge, will give us a great deal of trouble." Mr. Cheverus especially became exceedingly popular in Boston, owing to his superior attainments and the cordiality which he exhibited in his intercourse with all classes of people, but more especially on account of his devotedness to the duties of his ministry and the wants of the poor Catholics who formed this congregation. Protestants delighted to listen to his discourses, and he was often asked by ministers of various denominations to preach in their churches. "His eloquence," said one of their journals, "is persuasive in the extreme: one feels that all he says emanates from the purest and noblest sentiments; his sermons, which are always too short, overflow with the tenderest piety; it would seem as if a seraph had touched his lips with a burning coal from the altar of the Most High."

Bishop Carroll, desirous to show his appreciation of the distinguished merit of Mr. Cheverus, offered him the pastorship of the church of St. Mary in Philadelphia, which the latter

begged permission to decline, being unwilling to forsake his excellent friend, Mr. Matignon.

Not long afterwards, he visited for the first time the Indians of the state of Maine, and remained three months with them, performing with great hardship the various functions of his ministry, among these poor people who had adhered to the faith taught them by their fathers, although they had not seen a priest for fifty years. This excursion among the savage children of the forest, Mr. Cheverus continued to make every year for the same length of time, even after he had been raised to the dignity of bishop. A new occasion of displaying his apostolical charity awaited Mr. Cheverus when he returned for the first time from this visit to the Indians. The yellow fever was raging in Boston, and had already carried off many victims. He at once devoted himself to the care of all who were attacked with the malady, rendering every service that their situation required; acting at the same time in the capacity of a nurse or distributor of alms, and of a minister of God. It was at this period that the attachment and veneration of the people of Boston for Mr. Cheverus reached the highest point. Wherever he appeared, every one was anxious to do him honor; the first place was reserved for him; and at table he was invariably asked to bless the table even by Protestant clergymen. When John Adams, then President of the U. S., came to Boston, Mr. de Cheverus was invited to the banquet given to the chief magistrate, and sat next to his Excellency. A still greater mark of consideration was given him by the legislature of Massachusetts, who asked him to examine the formula of an oath to be taken by voters at elections, and to modify it so that it might not be opposed in the least to the principles of Catholics.

At this time the Catholics of Boston had no church, properly so called, but attended divine service in private houses that had been converted into chapels. Mr. Cheverus, seeing his flock increase, and witnessing the desire of Protestants to see the ceremonies of the church, opened a subscription for the erection of a church in Boston. The first to put his name on the list was the President of the U. S., whose example was followed by the most distinguished members of the Protestant community. Several years elapsed before its completion, as the

prudent pastor would not continue the work unless the funds to cover the expenses were at hand. At length, in 1803, by a new effort on the part of the people who wished to give that satisfaction to their pastor as a mark of their gratitude for the assurance he gave them, that he was determined to remain with them, although strongly urged to go back to his native country, the edifice was finished in four months, and the holy cross to which it was dedicated was mounted upon its roof. On the 29th of September of that year Bishop Carroll consecrated the new church. The fame of Mr. Cheverus for piety and learning, was so widely spread, that Mrs. Seton, who was then deliberating on embracing the Catholic faith, had recourse to him in an epistolary correspondence, for the explanation of her doubts and difficulties. Not satisfied with answering her objections, with the talent he possessed, he prayed and offered mass in her behalf, and thus became entitled to a share in the abundant fruits of holiness and charity that had flowed, and still continue to flow from the memorable conversion of Mother Seton. Mr. Matignon, having declined the honors of the episcopate, proposed Mr. Cheverus to fill that important station, and he was accordingly appointed first bishop of Boston, by Pius VII, on the 8th of April, 1808. Though it was repugnant to his feelings, to be elevated above his aged and venerable friend Mr. Matignon, he was obliged to acquiesce. He repaired to Baltimore for his consecration; made the customary retreat at the seminary under the direction of its superior, Rev. Mr. Nagot, and was consecrated in the old cathedral by Archbishop Carroll, who was assisted by his coadjutor, the Right Rev. Dr. Neale, and the right Rev. Dr. Egan, bishop of Philadelphia. Three days later, on the 4th, he preached in the same church at the consecration of Bishop Flaget. He paid a well merited compliment to the Society of St. Sulpice, to which Mr. Flaget belonged, and quoted the words of Fenelon on his death-bed. "I know nothing more venerable and more apostolical than the Society of St. Sulpice."

Invested with so high an office, Bishop Cheverus changed nothing in his manner of life: it was the same simplicity, the same cordiality, the same spirit of poverty. To mention but one or two facts which speak volumes, we are told

by his biographer that he cut his own firewood, and was seen to carry it in his arms to the sick and destitute.

So many virtues joined to so much talent were not without producing effects on the minds of Protestants, and causing many to acknowledge the truth and embrace it. Among the conversions wrought by Mr. Cheverus, four are mentioned as deserving particular notice. They were those of Mr. Thomas Walley, a citizen of Boston, Mr. Samuel Bishop, a lawyer of Newcastle in Maine, and, above all, those of two Protestant clergymen, father and son. The zeal of Bishop Cheverus was not confined to his own diocese; he frequently visited New York at the request of the Jesuits who directed that church, and he consecrated the cathedral of St. Patrick's, and preached on the occasion.

On the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Carroll, his successor, Archbishop Neale, pressed Bishop Cheverus to accept the coadjutorship of Baltimore, deeming him most capable of aiding him during his life and filling his place after his demise. The humble prelate remonstrated, and caused the archbishop to give up his intention, Mr. Cheverus agreeing to visit Baltimore from time to time to aid the archbishop with his advice, and to take his place immediately after his death. But Mr. Cheverus prevailed on Dr. Neale to have a coadjutor appointed.

Being now sure to remain with his flock, Bishop Cheverus, to accelerate the advancement of religion, invited the Ursulines to open an academy in Boston, and by his influence silenced the clamors of prejudice that were rising against them. He lived to see the establishment of these accomplished ladies destroyed by an infuriated mob, and the refusal of the Massachusetts legislature to do aught in compensation of their losses. The monks of La Trappe found also in him a protector when they came to this country to found an establishment of their order.

In the month of September, 1818, the death of Dr. Matignon caused the tears of his affectionate friend to flow in abundance. The loss of this venerable associate, together with a serious complaint in the form of an asthma, made Bishop Cheverus think of retiring from his diocese to end his days, which he thought near their close, in the midst of his family.

Several years, however, passed without his coming to a decision, when, in the beginning of 1823, he received a letter from the grand almoner of France, announcing his nomination to the bishopric of Montauban. Agitated by contending feelings on the reception of this unexpected letter, he consulted several persons of confidence on the course he should follow, and finally wrote back his reasons for declining the appointment. But, on being further pressed, he deemed it proper to acquiesce in the views of others, and made arrangements for an early departure. He left to the diocese, to his friends and the poor, every thing he had, determined to leave the United States with no other property than the trunk which he had brought with him twenty-seven years before.

He embarked at New York, on the 1st of October, in company with the Rev. Mr. Moranville of Baltimore, and reached the coast of Normandy, after being shipwrecked, on the last of the same month.

"It was not without feelings of the liveliest joy that Bishop Cheverus, after an absence of more than thirty years, found himself again in his native land, and surrounded by clergymen some of whom had been his companions in exile. From Auderville he went to Cherbourg, and thence to Paris, where he had the pleasure of meeting many of his ancient acquaintances. At length, having proceeded to Mayenne, where his family had long and anxiously looked for him, he visited all his relatives in the city and surrounding country, preached at Mayenne, Laval, Ernée, and other places, and delighted every one by his amiable and engaging manners.

"His arrival at Montauban, the 28th of July, 1824, was accompanied with every demonstration of joy and respect on the part of the inhabitants. Protestants as well as Catholics, in conjunction with the public authorities, went forth to meet him, evincing with rival efforts the high regard they entertained for their prelate. Here, as at Boston, he gained the affections of every heart. Every one was struck with the simplicity of his manner and the charms of his disposition. Many incidents are related of him which show the admirable facility he had of meriting the love of his people, and the devotedness with which he studied their welfare. Having understood that one of the parish priests of his diocese

was not on good terms with the mayor of the city in which he lived, the bishop called on this officer who was then at Montauban, and, without reprimanding him or entering upon any explanation of the matter, he told him simply, in a most affectionate manner, he had a favor to ask of him. The mayor immediately expressed his extreme willingness to render him every service in his power; upon which the bishop embraced him on the cheek, and said, *Carry that to your parish priest.* Overcome by this amiable expedient, the mayor could not but promise that all causes of complaint would in future be forgotten, and that a reconciliation between him and his curate was already effected.

"In the month of July, 1826, the see of Bordeaux became vacant by the death of Archbishop d'Aviau, whose piety, prudence, and amiable disposition had justly won for him the highest esteem and veneration. The distress of the inhabitants in being deprived of so valuable a man was extreme; and it was thought by the minister of France that the best compensation for so great a loss would be the appointment of Bishop Cheverus to that important station. He was accordingly nominated to the see of Bordeaux before the end of July, and shortly after he was promoted to the peerdom; a favor the more distinguished, as no one shared with him the honor of his elevation. Archbishop Cheverus arrived at Bordeaux on the 14th of December; but his reputation had long preceded him. The affliction of all who belonged to his former diocese, the glowing colors in which they represented his virtues, his charity, his amiability, his simplicity of manner, had prepossessed every mind in his favor. But the kind disposition of the prelate, the great tact and wisdom he exhibited in the first acts of his administration, far surpassed the expectation of the public, who seemed to have found in their good archbishop another Aviau, so affable was he at all times, and so zealously devoted to their welfare.

"Archbishop Cheverus was the father of his clergy. He not only received with kindness the priests of his diocese, when they visited Bordeaux, but expressly declared his desire that they should have no other table than his, unless their friends or relatives in the city invited them elsewhere. He was equally pleased in entertaining his friends in Bordeaux,

and strangers who called to see him; deeming it a great point to keep up a friendly intercourse with his diocesans, and particularly with his clergy, who were all perfectly well known to him. Politics were discarded from his parlor; even before the revolution of July he had enjoined a strict silence in relation to those subjects. Such was his prudence that, notwithstanding the diversity of opinion and the warmth of party spirit, the most inflammatory papers of the times did not dare to animadvert upon his sentiments or conduct. Only once was he represented to have spoken too strongly in the pulpit; but the charge soon fell to the ground, and was well known to be incompatible with his habits of wisdom and reserve.

"On the subject of the ordinances of the 16th of June, 1828, when the bishops of France were assembled in different places for their consideration, Archbishop Cheverus appeared to dissent from his colleagues. Undoubtedly he did not approve of the ordinances, nor did he consider it expedient to adopt the memorial presented to the king by Card. de Clermont Tonnerre, in the name of the French hierarchy. Certain passages of the memorial were too strongly expressed; but this difficulty was soon removed and the matter brought to a close.

"After the revolution in July, 1830, all those who had been raised to the peerage by Charles X were deprived of this distinction. On that occasion, the following article was inserted by Archbishop Cheverus in the papers of Bordeaux: 'Without approving the measure of exclusion affecting the peers created by Charles X, I am exceedingly happy to find myself out of the political world, and I am determined never to accept any office or function of that description. It is my desire to live in the midst of my flock, and to exercise among them a ministry of charity, union, and peace. In my instructions, I shall teach them to obey the existing government, and shall not fail to inculcate that duty by my own example. Both my clergy and myself, with those who have been committed to our charge, will pray incessantly for the prosperity of our beloved country. The inhabitants of Bordeaux have become still dearer to my heart, and I thank them cordially for the friendship they have thought proper to extend to me. My fondest wish is to live and die among them; but with no

other title than that of an archbishop and a friend.'

"From this period to that of his death our worthy prelate left his diocese but once, and that was on the occasion of his nomination to the cardinalship. Occupied solely with the duties of his station, he visited his flock and saw every thing thrive under his wise and peaceful government.

"The high reputation he every where enjoyed was a shield that protected his clergy during the most disastrous times, and averted from his diocese the unfortunate troubles that were witnessed in so many other places. While several prelates, with their ecclesiastics, were obliged to leave their homes, Archbishop Cheverus remained at his post, and was always on terms of amity with those who were in power. Mr. de Preissac, a civil officer of distinction, though a Protestant, took great pleasure in affording him every facility for the execution of his plans, and the other Protestants of Bordeaux were not less favorably disposed. The good archbishop was at a loss to account for the attentions and civilities he received from all classes of society. 'I am completely spoiled,' he used to say, 'and I have always been spoiled, but I know not why.' The fact was, his modesty concealed from him what was obvious to every one else, and attracted universal esteem.

"The eminent and able qualities of Archbishop Cheverus had, ever since the year 1832, awakened a general desire of seeing him decorated with the purple; but the troubles in Italy were for a long time an obstacle to the presentation. Far from taking any active interest in his promotion, he was much surprised to find that he had been selected for the honors of the cardinalship, and told his friends plainly that the dignity belonged to another person. In his letter to the sovereign pontiff, on that occasion, he spoke of the red hat as an object of pure indifference to him, unless it came from the good will of his holiness, and he had no difficulty in saying that the honor should have been conferred on some other prelate.

"On the 1st of February, 1836, the pope declared him cardinal, and he repaired to Paris, where the red cap was presented to him by an officer of the apostolic chamber, and on the 9th of March he received the red hat with the ceremony usual on such occasions. Shortly

after, his eminence visited his family from whom he had been separated for many years, and then returned to his diocese, from which it was painful for him to be absent. Having been solicited to spend a few days in his former diocese of Montauban, he complied with the request of his friends, and excited by his presence a real enthusiasm among the people. But, alas! these emotions of joy were soon to be followed by the most poignant grief. The health of Cardinal Cheverus had for some time been visibly declining, and he seemed to anticipate some fearful occurrence. On the 13th of July, in the afternoon, he expressed a wish to make his confession, though it was not the day on which he generally approached the sacrament of penance. During the night he appeared to suffer much uneasiness, and in the morning he was found to be in a state of insensibility. The sacrament of extreme unction was immediately administered, and prayers were offered up in the different churches of the city. Notwithstanding every effort of medical skill to arrest the progress of the disease, it became gradually more violent, and on the 19th the cardinal breathed his soul into the hands of God. It would be difficult to describe the grief and consternation that pervaded the diocese upon the announcement of this melancholy news. On the evening of the 19th an immense concourse of persons, of every class, assembled at the archiepiscopal palace, to bid

a last adieu to the worthy prelate whom they had looked upon as a father and a friend. Grief was depicted in every countenance. *Ah! what an excellent man we have lost!* exclaimed some, wiping the tears from their eyes, while others responded in mournful accents: *The poor will never forget him.* Could he have known that these eulogies would have been pronounced near his earthly remains, how much more glorious would they have appeared to him than the dignities that had been conferred on him, and to which he had never aspired! Cardinal Cheverus loved to mix with his flock, and exhibit a most sincere affection in return for the respect he universally received. Not long before his death he was heard to say, 'Pray to God that I may not be scorched by this red robe: I was much more happy without it, and I fear lest he should tell me one day, *You have received your reward in this life.*' Providence did not permit him to enjoy this honor for a long time, but the memory of his virtues will be ever graven upon the hearts of those who knew him. A fine mind, a most amiable disposition, extraordinary prudence, and eminent piety had won for him not only the respect and esteem of his clergy and the faithful under his charge, but even of those men who were strangers to religion. His funeral service was performed on the 26th of July, in the cathedral of Bordeaux, with great pomp and solemnity." P.

INVOCATION.

THE following words, adapted to the music of the prayer in "Otello," were sung at a sacred concert given for the benefit of a girls' free school in St. Louis.

O THOU bright spirit who, in heaven,
Regard'st our efforts here,
To whom Eternal Love hath given
The humble sufferer's care,
Bend low in kindness now thine ear,
As rise our voices high;
Receive each note of praise and prayer,
And gently bear it to the sky;
Oh, bear it to the sky!

'Tis mercy pleads in every strain
The cause of youthful wo;
Let not our voices swell in vain,
In vain our music flow;
But bend, bright spirit, from the skies,
Catch every note's low tone;
The heart's pure incense then shall rise,
Direct to its Creator's throne,
To its Creator's throne.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

CATHOLICITY IN GERMANY.—The good old Catholic spirit is fast reviving in Germany. Torn and distracted by the reformation, so called, the Germans have, many of them, run through the whole cycle of error, and then either sunk wholly into the lethargy of indifference, or fallen into the abyss of infidelity. But the dark clouds which have settled over this unhappy country for nearly three centuries, are beginning to be dissipated. Germany is awakening to a sense of her happiness and glory when she was Catholic. A religious movement is in progress in Catholic Germany, which promises to restore many Protestants and infidels to the bosom of the Catholic church. Munich, in Bavaria, is the centre of this movement. Vast numbers have already been converted to Catholicity in this city, and also at Walzburg, Tubingen, Friburg, in Brisgau, and Bonn on the Rhine, other radiating points of Catholic light and intelligence. The Catholic universities established in all these places have already attained to great eminence; and Bavaria, which now confessedly leads all Germany in the fine arts and in polite literature, bids fair to lead also in other branches of learning. There is no doubt, at least, that Catholicity is rapidly progressing throughout Germany.

PROTESTANTISM IN GERMANY.—German Protestantism has truly reached a very low ebb. It has come down to the level of absolute and unconditional infidelity. Such was the obvious and natural tendency of the Protestant rule of private judgment, and we are not at all surprised at the collusion reached by the more intelligent among the German Protestants. All that surprises us is, that men of sense should still be found adhering to a principle thus fraught with mischief.—*Cath. Adv.*

We translate the following startling announcement from the French *Univers* of December 24, 1844.—*Ibid.*

“On the 29th of last May there was a meeting of the friends of Protestantism held at Coethen, Germany. It declared loudly against the doctrines of original sin, of the redemption, of the divinity of Jesus Christ, against his miraculous conception and nativity, and finally against the divinity and authenticity of the Scriptures. The entire abolition of the Apostles' Creed was also there proposed, with great consistency. The pastor of Halle, Mr. Wislizenus declared with fierce energy against all the fundamental truths of the Christian faith. The day of the final shipwreck of Christian Protestantism in Germany, and of its final dissolution or absorption in absolute infidelity, seems to be already at hand.”

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Dedication.*—On Friday, the 14th of March, the beautiful church of St. Alphonsus, in Baltimore, was dedicated to the worship of God. At nine o'clock a procession, consisting of several benevolent societies, and the pupils attached to the German Catholic schools, moved from St. James' church, with banners and music, to the place of dedication. The ceremony of the blessing was now performed by the Most Rev. Archbishop, according to the forms prescribed in the Roman Ritual, and the large number of clergymen and ecclesiastical students in attendance rendered it highly imposing, while the splendor and ornamental character of the building itself contributed in no small degree to enhance the joyful interest which such an occasion must naturally inspire. When the blessing of the church was completed, a pontifical high mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Whelan, bishop of Richmond, at which the Most Rev. Archbishop assisted, in cope and mitre, attended by his vicar general, the Very Rev. Dr. Deluol, superior of St. Mary's Seminary. After the Gospel, the Rev. Charles I. White delivered a discourse from those words of Aggeus, ch. 2, “Great is the glory of this last house more than of the first.” After briefly contrasting the magnificent style of the present building, and the humble simplicity of its predecessor which occupied a portion of the same site, he was naturally led to speak of the spirit of the Catholic church in the decoration of her religious temples and the pomp of her ceremonial, and to exhibit the grounds on which this point of her discipline is established. At the close of the high mass, a sermon in the German language was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Rumpler of New York, and the whole service was concluded by a solemn *Te Deum*, sung by the choir and the congregation present.

For a description of this elegant specimen of Gothic architecture, we must refer our readers to vol. ii, p. 297, of this Magazine.

Retreat.—A spiritual retreat for the laity was opened in the church of St. Vincent de Paul, on the 9th of March, and was closed on the 16th. The exercises were conducted by the Very Rev. Peter J. Verhagen, provincial of the Society of Jesus in the Maryland province, and Rev. John McElroy, S. J. Six gentlemen were in attendance at the confessionals during the retreat, and were unceasingly occupied. About fifteen hundred persons approached the holy communion. On the last day the Most Rev. Archbishop assisted at the high mass, celebrated by Rev. Alexius J. Elder, S. S. S.,

and on the same occasion he addressed the congregation, and concluded the ceremony by imparting the papal benediction.

Tribute to the memory of Rev. J. B. Gildea.—At a meeting of the board of managers on behalf of the congregation of the church of St. Vincent de Paul, held on Monday evening, February 24, at the residence of the late Rev. JOHN B. GILDEA, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from this earthly scene to his most holy presence, in the meridian of a life of usefulness, and honor, and worth, and enjoying the esteem of a whole community, the Rev. John B. Gildea, the beloved pastor of St. Vincent de Paul's church—therefore

Resolved, by the board of the association of the church of St. Vincent de Paul, that, whilst they bow to the inscrutable mandate of a gracious Providence, they deeply sympathize with the relatives of the deceased, with the Most Rev. Archbishop Eccleston, the congregation of St. Vincent de Paul's, and the Catholic community in general.

Resolved, that in his demise the church has lost a zealous and efficient advocate, the fatherless and the widow a kind protector, mankind a sympathetic friend, and the world a good Christian.

Resolved, that as a mark of respect, the members of this board will wear crape for sixty days.

Resolved, that the foregoing proceedings be signed by the secretary of this board, and that copies of the same be transmitted to the Most Rev. Archbishop, to the Rev. Mr. Schreiber, to the Carmelite Nunnery, to St. Vincent's Male Orphan Asylum, and to the relatives of the deceased.

Lastly, Resolved, that these proceedings be published in the United States Catholic Magazine, and be entered on the minutes of the board of the association of St. Vincent de Paul.

Signed, JOHN I. GROSS, Sec'y.

Want of space compels us to omit the resolutions of other meetings relative to the Rev. Mr. Gildea. They will appear in our next.

DIOCESS OF NEW ORLEANS.—On Sunday the 16th February, the corner-stone of a new church was laid in New Orleans, by the Right Rev. Bishop Blanc. The church is to be erected on the lot of the episcopal residence.—*Prop Cath.*

DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—*Ordination.*—On Sunday last the sacred order of priesthood was conferred in the cathedral by the bishop, on Rev. HUGH McLOUGHLIN, Rev. JOHN CHARLES FLANAGAN, and Rev. WILLIAM FRANCIS JENKINS.—*Catholic Herald.*

DIOCESS OF NATCHES.—The Right Rev. Dr. Chanche, who recently visited Havana, in quest of documents relative to his diocese, which was for-

merly under the jurisdiction of the Spanish authorities, is said to have discovered some papers of great interest to the church in Mississippi.

DIOCESS OF VINCENNES.—*The Rev. Romain Weinæphlin.*—The friends of truth and justice will be delighted to learn that this innocent and much injured individual has been at length released from his confinement, and that he is now in the full enjoyment of his freedom. The reprieve of the governor of Indiana reached Jeffersonville on the evening of the 24th inst., and the Rev. M. Weinæphlin was liberated immediately afterwards. We are able to say that the *only* reason alleged by his friends for his release was the firm conviction, resting on the strongest possible evidence, that he was entirely innocent of the grievous charge preferred against him; and also that this conviction induced the governor of Indiana to grant the reprieve, which would have been accepted on no other condition. The release of our worthy and suffering brother was thus but a simple act of tardy justice.

As far as we know, there has been, ever since the date of his imprisonment, but one opinion among the intelligent and unprejudiced on the subject, and that opinion has been an ever growing conviction of his entire innocence. It is surely honorable to the Catholic church, that her doctrines can not be attacked without misrepresentation, nor her ministers without calumny. Far from injuring either M. Weinæphlin or our church, his unjust imprisonment will greatly benefit both.—*Catholic Advocate.*

THE CHURCH IN MARYLAND.—The Montreal Courier publishes a letter from a gentleman travelling in the United States, dated Hagerstown, January 20, of which the following is an extract.—*Banner of the Cross.*

Although this state was originally settled by Lord BALTIMORE and Roman Catholics, yet in the country districts there are but few Roman Catholic families: indeed the only Romanist family of note are the CARROLLS of Carrollton. Many of that family now belong to the Episcopal church, and to the honor of Maryland, at the revolution, not an acre of church of England property was confiscated, nor a single church desecrated. The churches and property attached to them then, now belong to the Episcopal church.

In this paragraph the travelling informant of the *Montreal Courier* (like most other travellers, who undertake to write about matters in relation to which they have cared very little to obtain correct data) has committed two mistakes, which deserve to be noticed; the more so, as certain Protestant prints in this country are not backward in endorsing such erroneous statements. In the first place, it is not true that "in the country districts" of Maryland there are "but few Roman Catholic families." In several counties of the state there are large numbers of Catholics spread through the

country, as in Baltimore co., Harford, Frederick, Cecil, Prince George's, Charles and St. Mary's counties. In the two last mentioned a great proportion of the inhabitants are members of the Catholic church.

Nor is it true that the only "Romanist family of note are the Carrolls of Carrollton." If by families of note the writer means such as occupy a prominent position in society, very many of this character could be enumerated. Many of the Catholic families in the state of Maryland are the direct descendants of the first colonists who emigrated under Lord Baltimore; and if several other Catholic families who came to the country at that period, subsequently renounced their faith, it was in consequence of the bitter persecution which the Episcopalians had excited against them, and by which they overthrew that glorious charter of civil and religious freedom which the Catholic colonists had established, and the enjoyment of which they had nobly offered to the professors of every other creed. Maryland would now in all probability be almost entirely Catholic, if a violent Episcopalian persecution had not thinned the numbers of the Catholic clergy, and, in thus depriving the laity of all religious facilities, caused them in this way, as well as by the most oppressive restrictions, gradually to abandon the faith of their ancestors. Many families however persevered in their religious principles, and their descendants are still living in different parts of the state, distinguished for their intelligence, patriotism and virtue.

But among the "families of note" in the state of Maryland, if such a thing must be noticed, for the purpose of showing that Catholicity has its adherents and admirers in every condition of life, we may observe that there are many now professing the Catholic faith, that were not forced to embrace it by any civil or religious oppression, but led to it by the deliberate conviction that it is the religion originally established by Christ. There is no station or profession in life which its members do not adorn; there is no department of public usefulness in which they do not take an active and important part: there are no qualities or attainments that elevate the character of man, either in domestic, social, or political life, of which they do not possess a considerable share. We often see it stated in Protestant papers, and we believe it to be an opinion generally entertained among our dissenting brethren, that the Catholics of this country consist almost entirely of emigrants. Nothing however could be more false. A very large proportion of the Catholic population consists of converts; and a great number of them are individuals of prominence in society. It is unnecessary here to mention names; but we are prepared to do so when the occasion demands it.

SPIRITUAL RETREATS.—The Very Rev. J. Timon, visitor of the Congregation of the Missions in the United States, recently conducted a retreat at Mobile for the faithful of that city, which was very successful. On the 13th of March, he was to open another course of spiritual exercises at Natchez, for the Catholics of that place.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—The article which has been published in this number on the *Sabbath Question* rather exceeds the limits which we wish to observe in our papers; but it was difficult, considering the importance of the subject, to treat it satisfactorily within a narrower compass. The writer has imbibed in this paper a vast deal of excellent information, which will amply repay an attentive perusal.

We have received from our gifted correspondent, S. R. T., a poem on the *Month of May*, which is truly a gem of its kind, and a beautiful tribute to that genial month, whose inspiration is so much enhanced and elevated by Catholic piety.

Another article has reached us, entitled *The great Schism of the West*. It is a review of Mr. Bonnechose's "Introduction to D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation," or *The Reformers before the Reformation*.

In our next number will appear a review of *Palmer's Letters to Dr. Wiseman*, on the charge of idolatry, with a variety of other matter.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 4th of February, at St. Mary's college, Perryville, Rev. J. B. ROBERT, priest of the Congregation of the Mission. This lamented ecclesiastic was born in the diocese of Lyons, France, in 1800. He came to America in 1835, with some French and Italian clergymen, accompanied by Bishop Odin, and entered into the novitiate of the Congregation of the Mission in 1836, after which he consecrated himself to God and joined the Congregation of Missions, of which he was a very useful and edifying member. The virtues with which he especially edified his brethren were his profound humility and laborious life.

On the 12th of February, Rev. AUGUSTIN DE ANGELIS, formerly pastor of St. Charles', in the diocese of New Orleans.—*Prop. Cath.*

In November last, at Havre, France, the Rev. NICHOLAS FORT, recently arrived from the diocese of New Orleans, with the hope of recovering his health, which had been greatly impaired by the labors of the holy ministry and a life of sacrifices.

In Charleston, South Carolina, yesterday (Good-Friday), at about 8 P. M., the Rev. PATRICK KENNY, aged twenty-three years and ten months, a clergyman of the diocese of New York.—*Catholic Miscellany.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Lives of the Fathers, Martyrs, and other principal Saints, compiled from original monuments and other authentic records, &c. By the Rev. Alban Butler, vol. i. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press. 8vo. pp. 184.

The first volume of this publication has been received. The excellency of this work of the Rev. Alban Butler, as a record of the fruits of Catholic sanctity in every age since the commencement of the Christian era, and as an incentive to imitate the example of those who have been most distinguished for their virtue, is universally admitted, and this alone would be a sufficient reason to welcome the publication of the present edition. But when we consider that this will be the only complete edition of the work from the American press, and that the entire cost will not exceed three dollars, or twenty-five cents a volume, we have abundant reason to congratulate the Catholic community on being enabled to provide themselves with so valuable a production, at so little cost.

The Sinner's Guide, in two books. By the Rev. F. Lewis of Grenada. Translated from the Spanish. Philadelphia: Henry McGrath. 8vo. pp. 400.

Of all books on spirituality in the English language which have for their object to lead man to the practice of virtue, that called the *Sinner's Guide*, by F. Lewis de Grenada, is certainly the most excellent. The motives which are capable of inspiring the soul with a desire to serve God are here set forth at length, and with a persuasiveness and eloquence of style which are rarely met with in works of this description. It is gratifying to perceive that this valuable work has been republished with a greater regard to typographical neatness than was bestowed upon former editions. The present issue is in every respect worthy the attention and patronage of the Catholic community.

On the Life and Institute of the Jesuits. By the Rev. Father de Ravignan, of the Company of Jesus, carefully translated from the fourth edition of the French, by Charles Seager, M. A., formerly scholar of Worcester college, Oxford, &c. Philadelphia: W. J. Cunningham. 18mo. pp. 180.

The first principle of justice requires that no one should be condemned without a hearing; and in no country on the face of the earth is this privilege more jealously secured to the citizen than in the United States, at least so far as the formalities of law are necessary. But the principles of justice are binding, not only in regard to matters which are brought before our civil tribunals; they are obligatory in all the relations of public and private life, and forbid us to form a judgment derogatory to the character of our neighbor, without sufficient evidence to authorize such an opinion. Let this rule be observed in reference to that body of men, who are so industriously maligned at the present day, by a motly crowd of infidels and errorists of every description. The most shameful means are resorted to for calumniating the Jesuits. The more imposing forms of serious discussion having been found unavailable, the more attractive and effectual method of the novelist has been adopted for poisoning the public mind, and disseminating the vilest falsehoods against a society whose members have unquestionably ranked, for the last three hundred years, among the most illustrious benefactors of the

human race. Our American literature has been recently disgraced by a work called the *Jesuit*, and by Eugene Sue's *Wandering Jew*, both of which are directed against the Society of Jesus. We trust that the enlightened portion of our fellow-citizens, and all who have a regard for the claims of justice, will not suffer themselves to be duped by these base fabrications, especially when they possess the means of obtaining correct information in reference to the subject of which they treat. The book before us is a simple statement of facts, and can not fail to vindicate triumphantly the character of the Jesuits, as a body devoted to the advancement of religion, morality, and science.

Gelobt sey Jesus Christus; ein Gebetbuch für fromme Christen, &c., mit Gutheissung des hochwürdigsten Erzbischofs von Baltimore. Baltimore: John Murphy. 32mo. pp. 448.

This is the nearest German prayer book that has ever come under our notice. It is printed on good substantial paper, in clear type, suited to all classes of readers, and contains a great variety of devotions. We understand that the publication has been conducted under the direction of the reverend fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer, or, as they are commonly called, the Redemptorists, and consequently it must be adapted to the wants of the German Catholics in the United States. We perceive in this book what we never discovered in any other German prayer book, the *Lord's prayer*, the *angelical salutation*, and the *creed*, which are generally omitted, in the supposition that every body knows them. In this country, however, many persons study the German language whose vernacular tongue is English, and they will find it a great convenience to possess the above mentioned prayers in German. The book before us, in addition to its general neatness of execution, contains four very handsome steel engravings, and numerous woodcuts illustrative of the sacrifice of the mass.

The Following of Christ in four books. By Thomas à Kempis, &c., with the Reflections and Prayers at the end of each chapter. Baltimore: John Murphy. 48mo. pp. 551.

The public will find in this stereotype edition of the *Following of Christ* a convenience which its predecessors do not possess, being reduced to a very portable size, which is a great consideration in a book that is sufficiently important to be made a pocket companion. It is neatly printed, and sold at a very moderate price.

Lectures on the invocation of saints, veneration of sacred images, and purgatory. By the Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, D.D. New York: Henry G. Daggers. 8vo. pp. 67.

The lectures here given to the public were kindly sent to us by the esteemed author, whose pen never wearies or exhausts itself in the noble effort to explain and vindicate the tenets of our holy faith. These lectures of Dr. Pise had already attracted considerable attention before they were published in pamphlet form, and we are happy to perceive that they have been placed within the reach of all who desire to be enlightened on the subjects of which they treat. To those who will peruse them we promise no small share of instruction and entertainment.

Evangelical Life of Christ, by the Rev. Henry Buller. N. York: R. Martin & Co. 4to.

Part XIV of this valuable work has been received. It is embellished with an engraving of St. Mary Magdalen.

The second Annual Report of the Physician of Mount Hope Hospital, (late Mount St. Vincent,) Baltimore, for 1844. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press. 12mo. pp. 27.

We are indebted to the politeness of the attending physician of Mount Hope Hospital for a copy of this report, the contents of which are of great interest to the community at large. The reader will here find detailed the advantages which may accrue to individuals afflicted with mental derangement, from institutions that are provided with the necessary arrangements for the treatment of this disease under its various forms. Were no other evidence at hand to demonstrate the truth of this, the eminent success which has been met with among the patients of Mount Hope Hospital, would be amply sufficient. From the statements of the report, we learn that, in the course of the last year, ninety-eight patients enjoyed the benefits of the institution in the insane department, fifty males, forty-eight females. Sixty-three were admitted during the year. Of the patients above mentioned, six died, thirty-nine were cured, and thirty-two were improved. The following extract from the report will be found interesting:

"In presenting the second annual report of this institution, we would fail to express the feelings of our heart, if we did not offer our profound and grateful acknowledgments to the Supreme Author of our blessings for the many distinguished mercies we have received during the course of the past year. To a merciful Providence we owe it, that the members of our extensive household, averaging about one hundred souls, have enjoyed a very remarkable exemption from any general disease, and that the friends of our patients have been summoned so seldom to mourn the death of those committed to our charge. It also affords us unfeigned pleasure to report a freedom from any accident of a serious nature, though we have at all times in the house one or more patients laboring under the suicidal form of mania.

"From the period of our last report, until the early part of May last, we continued at Mount St. Vincent's, but the property known as Mount Hope college having been purchased by the Sisters in April, our patients were removed there as soon as the arrangements necessary for their comfort were completed. Immediately on effecting this purchase, much expense was incurred in thoroughly repairing its buildings, and in making such alterations as were required in order to adapt it to the purposes of a general hospital. And in bringing every portion of this extensive building into requisition and use, we entertained the belief that ample provision would then be made for the accommodation of all who might apply for admission for at least ten years. The short space of eight months, the period during which Mount Hope has been occupied by us, has been sufficient to exhibit the fallacy of a calculation so reasonable. In less than six months the house was so crowded that we were compelled to reject applications. Patients have flocked to us from sections of the country as remote as New Orleans, Natchez, St. Louis, &c., as the column in the table indicating their residence will show. The cause, doubtless, of this gratifying preference of

this institution, is the high estimation in which are held the services and self-denying attentions of the Sisters. For this institution is the only one of the kind in the United States in which the Sisters of Charity are untrammelled and unrestrained in the performance of their offices of self-sacrifice for the benefit of the often neglected lunatic. The friends of the insane possess the assurance that nothing bordering on harshness could be tolerated by them; and that a conscientious desire to improve the condition of all within the sphere of their influence—to increase the happiness and mitigate the sufferings of each and all—does in truth constitute the all-pervading and governing motive of their conduct. This unexpected influx of patients, whilst it afforded evidence of a degree of public confidence most gratifying and encouraging, pointed also to the necessity of providing for their accommodation by the erection of additional buildings. As the necessity was pressing, measures were adopted without delay for erecting a wing to the west end, to correspond with the present eastern wing, and to enlarge as well as materially alter the whole of the centre building. As a preparatory measure, two of the Sisters and the physician were sent to Philadelphia for the purpose of viewing the improvements lately introduced into the institutions there. Thus prepared by a personal observation of their well-ried expedients and plans, we are enabled to enter upon the work of constructing the new buildings with much more confidence, and to much greater advantage. The basement of the new wing has already been excavated, and the stonework finished. The further progress of the work will now be arrested for the winter, and resumed immediately on the opening of spring. In addition to the new wing already mentioned, the plan contemplates the erection of a new front to the centre, having a projection of twelve feet beyond the wings, with an additional story surmounted by an elegant cupola. The architect of these improvements is our enterprising and talented fellow-citizen, Robert C. Long, Esq. When the whole shall be completed, the building will present from its commanding position a most imposing appearance; and from every window, a vast and beautiful prospect will open to the view, well calculated to please the eye, to cheer the heart, or soothe the ravings of the unhappy subjects of mental delusion who may here take up their abode."—Pp. 14, 15.

Besides the insane department of this institution, arrangements have been made for the accommodation of patients laboring under general diseases, and it is most gratifying to perceive that the establishment has been equally prosperous in this department as in that above mentioned. During the first year of its existence, only thirty-one persons were admitted; during the last year, the number amounted to eighty-five, and not a single fatal case occurred among them; all recovered. The institution has also been very useful in affording a retreat to certain individuals advanced in years, who, in consideration of a specified sum, have obtained a life support within its precincts, with all the advantages of a comfortable home, including boarding, clothing, and medical attendance when requisite.

Review of D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation.

By Dr. Spalding.

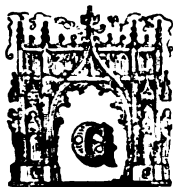
We take pleasure in announcing that this work will be shortly republished, and that the second edition will be considerably enlarged by the author, and the style of it thoroughly revised.

THE
UNITED STATES
CATHOLIC MAGAZINE
AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

MAY, 1845.

THE CHARGE OF IDOLATRY.

1. *Letters to N. Wiseman, D. D., on the Errors of Romanism, in respect to the Worship of Saints, Satisfactions, Purgatory, Indulgences, and the Worship of Images and Relics.* By the Rev. Wm. Palmer, M. A., of Worcester College, Oxford. Baltimore: Joseph Robinson. 1843.
2. *The Character of the Rev. W. Palmer, M. A., of Worcester College, as a Controversialist; particularly with reference to his charge against Dr. Wiseman, of quoting, as genuine works of the Fathers, spurious and heretical productions, considered in a Letter to a Friend at Oxford.* By a late member of the University. From the London edition. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press. 1844. 12mo., pp. 96.



GEOMETERS tell us of a curve line, which, though it constantly approximates to a straight line, yet can never come in actual contact with it. This theorem in conic sections forcibly reminds us of the past and present relative positions of Puseyism and Catholicity. Though the former has seemed for many years to be constantly approaching the latter, yet has the range of its curvature never yet actually touched the straight line of Catholic truth. Whether the approximation will yet terminate in contact, in spite of mathematical rules, the future alone can reveal. One thing is certain,

that if so auspicious a conjunction should ever take place, the result will be owing to a modification in the laws of the curve, and not to any change in the direction of the straight line; for truth moves always in a straight line, and can never deflect either to the right or to the left, else it would cease to be truth.

Whatever may be the final issue of the Puseyite movement, it has already exercised a powerfully beneficial influence on the religious mind of the age. It has awakened inquiry on the great and all important question of the church; it has aroused the attention of the sober and reflecting to the grievous evils of sectarianism, and to the vast importance of religious unity; it has learnedly and eloquently set forth, in a new and more favorable light, many of the distinctive doctrines of Catholicity; it has stimulated men's minds to inquire into the doctrines and institutions of the ancient church; it has kindled up in the hearts of many Protestants a new fervor to explore the (to them) hitherto hidden treasures of Christian antiquity; and it has thus greatly promoted patristic learning among those who before either entirely neglected this useful branch of study, or treated it even with positive contempt. Such have been the principal benefits of Puseyism.

But it has done yet more than this. It has already been instrumental in conducting many ingenuous and learned Protestants to the very

portals, and some others into the inner sanctuary of the venerable Catholic temple. Irresistibly led by the course of reasoning upon which they had entered, to the conclusion that Catholicity and Christianity are identical, these individuals did not consult their own interests or worldly reputation; they did not confer with flesh and blood; but, spurning all mere human considerations, they straightway embraced what they believed to be the truth in Christ Jesus; they denied themselves, took up their cross, and followed their Saviour in the narrow path that leads to life, in which he had walked.

To check this ever increasing tendency towards Roman Catholicism among their immediate disciples, and to prove their own orthodoxy to their Protestant friends, some of the principal Puseyite leaders published works or pamphlets fraught with bitter enmity against Rome, and filled with declamations of a strong attachment to the "no-popery" principles of the Anglican establishment. They maintained that Catholicism is one thing, and "popery" another, and that there is a broad and clearly marked distinction between Catholicity as unfolded in its official and recognized formularies and standards, and Catholicity as it exists at present, with the open sanction of the church authorities, in Catholic countries on the continent of Europe. The forms of prayer and of worship contained in the Missal and the Breviary, as well as the doctrinal definitions of the council of Trent, are, according to them, almost entirely unexceptionable, or, at least, susceptible of a sense in accordance with their own views; but the interpretation of that worship, and of those doctrinal definitions, and the system of religion embodying or based upon them in Roman Catholic countries, they professed to view with a holy horror, as strongly savoring of superstition, and even of idolatry. They were almost ready to receive the law; they objected to the commentary put upon it.

Of all the Puseyite leaders, perhaps the most active and efficient in laboring to establish this distinction between Catholicism and "popery" is the Rev. William Palmer, of Worcester college, Oxford. His letters to Dr. Wiseman on the "Errors of Romanism," have been hailed by Anglicans on both sides of the Atlantic, as a triumphant refutation of the Roman Catholic

system. We are not disposed to deny to Mr. Palmer the credit of some learning, and of considerable ingenuity; we consider him no vulgar or common-place declaimer, but we can not subscribe to the opinion that he is a very able controvertist, much less a sound or conclusive reasoner. We have already had occasion to show that he is not a correct or safe historian;* we shall now proceed to assign our reasons for believing that he is not a good theologian nor a sound logician. We hope to prove that his learning is much more apparent than real, and that his arguments are much more plausible than solid. All that we ask is an attentive and patient hearing; and we ask it with the more confidence, as to accomplish our task it will not be necessary to go into any very lengthy investigation or any very tedious details. Mr. Palmer's learning and his arguments both lie on the surface, and it will not be necessary to penetrate beyond the surface to establish the shallowness of the one, and the sophistry of the other. Strip his learning of all that it has borrowed from our most common-place theological, historical, and liturgical writers, and it will be meagre indeed; † strip his reasoning of its false assumptions and glaring sophistry, and it will appear weak and powerless, almost beyond expression.

The immediate occasion which induced the publication of the work under consideration, was the appearance of a letter of Dr. Wiseman to Prof. Newman of Oxford, in answer to certain charges preferred by the latter gentleman against the Catholic church. For some reason or other, Prof. Newman declined to answer this letter, and Mr. Palmer volunteered his services to answer it for him. He did not, however, confine himself to a mere answer, but he boldly charged the Catholic church with encouraging and sanctioning idolatry among its members; and with derogating from, and practically denying the atonement

* "See the three articles on "Church History," a Review of Palmer's *Compendious Ecclesiastical History*, published in the last April, May and June Nos. of this Magazine. The numerous facts and specifications, exhibiting and exposing the many grievous historical blunders of Mr. Palmer, have not, we believe, ever been answered by his many warm admirers on this side of the Atlantic; and no attempt has even been made to answer them!

† See, for specifications under this head, and for proofs of Mr. Palmer's barefaced plagiarism, "The Character of Mr. Palmer as a Controversialist," p. 62, note, *et alibi passim*.

of Christ, by its doctrines of satisfactions and indulgences. To establish the former charge, to which we must confine our attention for the present, he alleged a number of passages from modern standard Catholic writers, and from received Catholic prayer-books, which, according to the interpretation he put upon them, teach that divine honors are given among Catholics to the saints, and especially to the Blessed Virgin. To this train of reasoning Dr. Wiseman replied in his "Remarks," by producing an array of passages from the ancient Greek and Latin fathers containing expressions of reverence for the saints, much stronger and "more offensive" than those to which Mr. Palmer had objected in Catholics of the present day. Mr. Palmer was seriously embarrassed; for he, too, professed an unbounded reverence for the doctrines taught by the ancient fathers, and for the usages of ancient Catholicity.

How did he extricate himself from the dilemma? He became desperate, and recklessly charged Dr. Wiseman with alleging as genuine testimonies of the fathers, passages from spurious or heretical works! The accusation was as grave as it was unfounded. It was promptly met, and triumphantly answered by the writer, the title of whose work stands second on our list, at the head of this article. He entered into a learned and detailed examination of all the specifications made by Mr. Palmer in his fifth letter to Dr. Wiseman; and we think that no sober or impartial man can read attentively this able and searching critic, without being astonished at the utter recklessness of Mr. Palmer, and without repeating to himself the old adage: "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

We must be satisfied, for the present, with this general reference to the valuable little work which sets forth the character of Mr. Palmer as a controversialist; it is already before the American public, and may speak for itself. To analyze its contents, and to enter fully into the merits of the literary and critical controversy between Mr. Palmer and Dr. Wiseman, on patristic learning, would lead us much too far, and would greatly abridge, or wholly preclude, the line of investigation we purpose to adopt. Besides, we are content to waive this powerful argument from antiquity, and to confine ourselves to the examination of

Mr. Palmer's reasoning on its own intrinsic merits. The point at issue between us is just this: he maintains that the Roman Catholic church of the present day openly sanctions and practises idolatry; we boldly deny the charge, and pronounce his reasoning in support of it all mere sophistry. He prefers, we indignantly repel, the charge of idolatry.*

After having adverted to the prejudices prevalent among Protestants against the Catholic church, Mr. Palmer thus states the object he proposed to himself in writing these Letters to Dr. Wiseman.

"It will be my endeavor, in the following pages, to show that public opinion is not so grossly mistaken in these matters as you would fain have us imagine, and that, while it would be undoubtedly most unjust to attribute superstitious and idolatrous notions or practices to those individuals of your communion who disclaim them *for themselves*, the stain adheres most deeply to the community at large, and that the Roman is, emphatically, a *corrupt* church."†

Now, we are perfectly willing to abide by his own test, and we say to him in the language of the Gospel: "Out of thy own mouth I judge thee, thou wicked servant."‡ He admits that it were "most unjust to attribute superstitious and idolatrous notions or practices to those of our communion who disclaim them *for themselves*." Well, we venture to assert that there is not in the wide world *one single Catholic*, male or female, gentle or simple, learned or unlearned, who does not expressly disclaim *for himself* all superstitious and idolatrous notions and practices whatever; and we defy Mr. Palmer, or any one else, to prove the contrary. To prove it, however, mere declamation and vague assertion will not do; we must have certain and well authenticated *facts*. A long residence in Italy, and a tolerably extensive acquaintance with the religious feelings and usages of the Italians, enables us to say, with unhesitating certainty, that no Catholic in that beautiful country ever dreamed of being an idolater; and that, if Mr. Palmer were to go there and prefer his charge, the veriest old woman of them all would laugh at him for his simplicity, and would pronounce him either a slanderer or a madman. We have had occasion to see this very experiment tried

* Mr. Palmer endeavors to prove the charge of idolatry chiefly in Letters I, V, and VIII.

† Letter I, p. 10.

‡ St. Luke xix, 22.

on an old Italian beggar woman, and it resulted precisely as we have stated. If it be then an undoubted *fact*, that Catholics universally disclaim *for themselves* all practices of idolatry, Mr. Palmer, in preferring the charge against them, has proved himself guilty of the most grievous injustice, even according to his own showing.

But we are prepared to prove that his specifications do not prove the grave and insulting accusation. They consist, as we have already intimated, of forms of invocation and prayer found in our prayer-books, and in more or less extensive use amongst us, and of passages extracted from the writings of some among our standard writers. These he has torn from their connection, and wrested from their legitimate meaning, by a system of unnatural, exaggerated, and false interpretation. He has made them speak a language totally at variance with the intent and belief of those who employed them, thus thrusting down the throats of Catholics, in spite of all their protestations to the contrary, the odious charge of superstition and idolatry. This line of argument is unjust and unfair on its very face. If there was, or could be any doubt as to the true meaning of those prayers or practices of piety, surely the interpretation put upon them by those persons among whom they are received and employed, should have some weight in settling their real signification. Any other canon of interpretation is delusive, unjust, and sophistical in the highest degree. What, for instance, would be thought of a system of interpretation which would put upon the thirty-nine articles, the homilies, and the liturgy of the Anglican church, a meaning directly at variance with that generally received among Anglicans? What would be thought of the reasoning employed by a political charlatan, to prove by isolated and garbled extracts from the proceedings of congress, and from the records of our courts and state legislatures, that the American people, as a body, are opposed to the great principles of her government embodied in our noble constitution? What, in fine, would be thought of a fanatic, who, by culling a text here, and another there, should endeavor to prove from the Bible a system of belief openly opposed to certain great principles which, as *all* Christians agree, are found in the Bible? Yet this course, iniqui-

tous and absurd as it manifestly is, is precisely that adopted by Mr. Palmer to establish the charge of idolatry against the Catholic church! And it is a sad thought, that a line of argument, which would be rejected with indignation in any other connection, should be deemed good enough, and even conclusive, against the oldest, the most numerous, and the most learned body of Christians in the world!

We can not, in one brief article, attempt to go into a minute and detailed examination of all the specifications made by our accuser to establish against us the charge of idolatry. Nor do we deem it at all necessary to do so. We shall be content with offering three general remarks on them all; and if we are not greatly mistaken, those three remarks will cover the whole ground of the controversy, and prove Mr. Palmer's entire argument to be little better than a shallow sophism from beginning to end. We lay down, then, and will undertake to prove the three following propositions.

I. The true meaning of the passages objected by Mr. Palmer is clearly settled by our recognized formularies, and by the *universally* received doctrine and worship of our church; there can be no reasonable doubt, or even cavil about it; and this being once proved, the charge of idolatry falls of itself to the ground.

II. Those objected passages are generally fully explained by the context, or they fully explain themselves.

III. In answering arguments in support of Catholic doctrines, and in explaining passages from the fathers, Mr. Palmer himself adopts the very line of interpretation which he objects to in Catholics!

We hope to prove all these positions in succession.

I. Mr. Palmer admits more than once, that our recognised formularies do not sanction idolatry. Thus he says: "Their formularies do not (I believe) teach or enjoin idolatry, and yet idolatry is taught and practised; that is, Romanism is more corrupt than its own formularies."^{*} He should have said that our formularies not only "do not teach or enjoin idolatry," but that they expressly and unequivocally and repeatedly condemn it, and protest against it; and that if, notwithstanding

* Letter V, p. 4. See also Letter I, p. 30, and p. 12.

all this, idolatry is "taught and practised" in the church, it is in direct opposition both to the spirit and to the letter of the formularies themselves.

Take, for instance, the following explicit declarations on the subject, made by the council of Trent.*

"The holy synod enjoins upon all bishops and others having the office and charge of teaching others, that, according to the usage of the Catholic and apostolic church, received from the primitive times of the Christian religion, and according to the consent of the holy fathers, and the decrees of sacred councils, they should, in the first place, diligently instruct the faithful concerning the intercession and invocation of saints, the honor of relics, and the *legitimate* use of images, teaching them that the saints, reigning together with Christ, offer up their prayers to God for men, that it is good and useful suppliantly to invoke them, and to fly to their prayers, aid, and assistance, in order to *obtain favor from God through his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, who is our ONLY REDEEMER AND SAVIOUR*. . . . (Let them also teach) that the images of Christ, of the Virgin Mother of God, and of the other saints, are to be kept and retained, especially in the churches, and that to them due honor and veneration are to be paid; *not that any virtue or divinity is to be believed to be inherent in them, or that any thing is to be asked of them, or that confidence is to be placed in images*, as was done of old by the gentiles, who reposed their hope in idols, but because the *honor which is shown them is referred to the prototypes which they represent*; so that through the images which we kiss, and before which we uncover the head and kneel down, *we adore Christ, and venerate the saints whom they represent*. . . . But let all superstition in the invocation of saints, and in the veneration and sacred use of relics and images, be entirely abolished. . . . Finally, let so great diligence and care be exhibited by the bishops concerning these things, that nothing inordinate, nothing preposterously or tumultuously ordered, nothing profane, nothing immodest, should appear, since 'holiness becometh the house of God.' That these things may be the more faithfully observed, the holy synod decrees, that it shall not be lawful for any one

* Sessio xxv. Decretum de Invocatione, Veneratione, et Reliquiis Sanctorum, et Sacris imaginibus.

to set up, or cause to be set up, in any place or church, no matter what exemption it may plead, any unusual image, unless it shall have been approved of by the bishop; *and that no new miracles are to be admitted, and no new relics to be received*, except with the recognition and approval of the bishop."

If this be not an explicit and solemn disclaimer of all superstition and idolatry by the highest tribunal of our church, we know not what would be considered as such. And to charge a church with superstition and idolatry which thus solemnly disclaims both, and takes every possible precaution to preclude both, is, we apprehend, atrociously unjust, however much it may suit the purposes of a mere isolated handful of men, who would, forsooth, claim to be "the church Catholic," while they are actively engaged in slandering the Catholic church.

But this is not yet all. The Missal and the Breviary are the standard and official organs of Catholic worship, and the Missal and the Breviary have not only not a shadow of superstition or idolatry, but they expressly and repeatedly exclude both. Mr. Palmer has, in fact, presented not one objectionable passage from either of them, as he would certainly have done, had he been of the opinion that ingenuity could have tortured their meaning into the expression of any idolatrous sentiment. The prayers contained in both these liturgical works, even those in which the Blessed Virgin and the saints are commemorated and invoked, are, almost without an exception, addressed directly to God, and ask blessings directly from God, through the virtues and intercession of his saints; and they *all* explicitly recognize the one mediatorship of Christ, by terminating with the well known words, "through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour," or words of a similar import.

And yet, with all this continual and unequivocal protest against all superstition and idolatry; with all these daily and hourly recognitions of Christ's sole mediatorship of salvation; with all these solemn declarations of our general councils and recognised formularies of worship staring him in the face, Mr. Palmer could still find it in his heart to charge idolatry on the Catholic church! O shame! O shame! Well may we administer to him and to his admirers the same rebuke which

the energetic and saintly St. Jerome administered to Vigilantius, who preferred the same charge against the church, and on precisely the same grounds, fifteen hundred years ago: "*Idolatrias appellas hujuscemodi homines? Do you dare call such men as these idolaters?*"

In fact, the arguments of Mr. Palmer are as old and as threadbare as is the accusation itself which they are intended to sustain. Both have been alleged, and *better* alleged, and refuted, too, at least a thousand times already! "Romanism" has had much more redoubtable opponents than Mr. Palmer; they have all disappeared; but "Romanism" still bravely stands its ground, and still proudly maintains its position. And it will stand, should the world last so long, for thousands of years after Mr. Palmer and his admirers shall have descended to the tomb, and been entirely forgotten.

The whole force of Mr. Palmer's objections rests on a total misapprehension and misrepresentation of the nature, and of the end and aim of the Catholic doctrine in regard to the honor and invocation of saints. Why are the saints honored? Why are they invoked? It is simply and only because they are the favorites of Christ and the friends of God.

They are not honored on account of any inherent qualities or merits which they possess independently of God, or of Christ Jesus *their* Redeemer; all that they have they have received from God through Jesus Christ; they are but bright mirrors from which are reflected the attributes of the Deity; they have, they claim, they receive veneration for no other privilege than this. Every honor that is paid to them, then, is paid *solely* on account of supernatural gifts imparted to them by God, and every such honor *necessarily* redounds to the glory of God. God is honored in his servants, and every act of veneration to the saints is based on, and is elicited by the claim of the Deity, to supreme adoration from all his creatures. This is the true Catholic doctrine, as clearly developed in all our official definitions of faith, and as universally understood among Catholics. Where is the idolatry that lurks beneath it? It not only does not enjoin, but in its very nature and essence, it positively excludes all idolatry.

Again, why are the saints invoked? Have they, of themselves, and independently of the

merits of Christ, any power to assist us in obtaining spiritual succor or salvation? Assuredly not. No Catholic ever dreamed that they had. The one mediatorship of Christ is a cardinal principle of Catholic faith and practice. It reaches every where, and its influence is felt throughout the whole of Catholic theology. It is the sun of the Catholic system; the great source of light and heat. Without it, the Christian world would be in a more hopeless and gloomy condition than would be the material universe, were the sun stricken from our system; there would be no life; all would be gloom, and dreariness, and coldness, and desolation. The saints were themselves saved by the atoning merits and blood of Christ; they can aid in saving others only by and through the same great atonement. This is precisely the reason why all our most public and authorized formularies of invocation to the saints terminate with the clause "through Jesus Christ," &c. Such being plainly our doctrine, every act of invocation of the saints is a solemn recognition of the one mediatorship of Christ; it not only does not contain one element of idolatry or of superstition, but it positively and *necessarily* excludes both. And Mr. Palmer's effort to extract idolatry out of such a doctrine is about as wise and conclusive as would be the effort to prove that mankind do not believe the sun to be the great source of light and heat, from the fact that they sometimes make use of artificial light and heat!

Let us apply these undoubted principles to a few of Mr. Palmer's specifications to prove the idolatry of the Roman Catholic church. To show that we are in the habit of paying to the Virgin honors due to God alone, he alleges a passage from the encyclical letter of the present venerable pontiff, who employs this language: "We address this letter to you, on this most joyful day, when we solemnize the festival of the triumphant assumption of the holy Virgin into heaven, that she whom we have acknowledged as our patroness and deliverer amongst the greatest calamities, may propitiously assist us while we write, and by her *celestial inspiration* may guide us to such councils as may be most salutary to the Christian church."*

One must be very keen-sighted, indeed, to discover aught of idolatry in this passage. In

* Letter I, p. 15.

different parts of the encyclical letter, the pontiff distinctly recognises the great mystery of the atonement, and of the one mediatorship of Christ, and we are quite sure that the venerable old gentleman was greatly astonished, if he ever chanced to hear that a cunning seer of Oxford was able so far to penetrate into his most hidden thoughts as to discover in them some lurking propensity to idolatry, while he indited this passage. It was natural enough for the good pontiff to allude to the great festival on which his letter was dated, and to feel *inspired* by a theme so lofty as the triumphant glory of Mary in heaven. Could not the Virgin aid and assist him by her prayers to her divine Son? Could she not obtain for him from that Son a heavenly inspiration? To prefer the charge of idolatry in such a case manifests about as much wisdom in interpretation, as would be shown by a cynic who should charge a fourth of July orator with downright idolatry, merely because, kindling with the fervor of his theme, he happened to say that he was *inspired* by the virtues and patriotism of Washington!

Nor does our stern censor exhibit greater discretion when he tortures the following invocation of the guardian angel into idolatry: "Angel of God, who art my guardian, enlighten me, who am committed to thee, with heavenly piety; guard, direct, and govern me."*

We apprehend that if one man may "enlighten, guard, direct, and govern" another, those "administering spirits who are sent to minister to those who shall receive the inheritance of salvation,"† may surely discharge similar offices towards us. Else what is the office of those guardian angels so often spoken of in the inspired volume? Do they not communicate with, and act upon our spirits, imparting to them enlightenment and holy influence? Or are we to believe it idolatry to assert that God sometimes acts through second causes? Mr. Palmer must have been sadly at a loss for evidence, when he alleged this beautiful prayer as an instance of Catholic idolatry. And he seems to have been similarly straitened when he objected to the appropriate and touching prayer of Cardinal Bona to the angels, and especially to St. Michael, "the prince of the celestial army."‡ Surely Michael, who

fought with the dragon and conquered him, has not lost any of his power, but can still triumph over Lucifer whenever he dares assail the people of God. Like his first, his last victory will redound to the glory of God, from whom all his strength is derived; and there is, and there can be no idolatry in the case. In both triumphs his motto is his name itself: "Who is like God?"

II. But we go a step farther, and maintain that the most "offensive" passages alleged by Mr. Palmer, as instances of "Romish" idolatry, either clearly explain themselves, or are clearly explained by the connection in which they are found, so as not only not to sanction, but expressly to exclude any shadow of idolatry. Take, for example, the prayer to the Virgin, upon which he insists so strongly:

"We fly to thy protection, holy Mother of God, despise not our prayers in our necessities, but deliver us at all times from all evils (*dangers?*), glorious and blessed Virgin."*

This prayer, he himself tells us,† is placed at the conclusion of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, at every petition of which there occurs the significant "*pray for us,*" which explicitly sets forth the manner in which she is expected to *protect* us in our necessities, and to *deliver* us from danger. In the litany itself the distinction between prayer to God and prayer to the Virgin, is openly made and clearly marked. When God is addressed, the petition is *Have mercy on us*; when the Virgin is addressed, it is *Pray for us*. Was it ingenuous or fair in Mr. Palmer to conceal this obvious and palpable *fact*, of which he must have been cognizant?

Nor is he more candid in adducing as idolatrous a prayer of Cardinal Bona to the Virgin, the most objectionable part of which is contained in the following passage, according to his translation:

"Behold I fall down before thee, most gracious Virgin; I fall down and worship in thee thy Son, and I implore thy suffrages (prayers) to obtain that my sins may be blotted out, to reconcile the heart of thy Son to my heart, that he may possess me, and make me a man according to his heart."‡

This prayer speaks for itself, and whatever a Protestant may think of it, he can not certainly charge it with being idolatrous. The supreme adoration is evidently paid, not to

* Ibid. p. 22. † Hebrews i, 14. ‡ Letter i, p. 23.

* Ibid. p. 16.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. p. 17.

Mary, but to her Son who dwells in the heart of Mary, and he, and not she, is evidently the end and aim of the prayer. Mary is merely asked to *obtain, by her prayers* to her Son, the remission of the petitioner's sins, and the perfect union of his heart with that of Christ. Where is the idolatry in all this?

We are next treated* to a specimen of gross idolatry in the shape of an incident recorded in the life of St. Alphonsus Liguori, who, while preaching "on his favorite subject, *the intercession and patronage of Mary*," had his countenance irradiated with a heavenly light, and was honored by a vision of the Virgin herself, who appeared to him and to the immense crowd then assembled in the church of Foggia, in the guise of a girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age, with her beautiful face all beaming with heavenly grace and light. Mr. Palmer may laugh at this miracle, but it will be much more difficult for him to disprove it, in the face of the sworn testimony of the thousands who witnessed it. Be it, however, as it may, the occurrence furnishes not the slightest evidence of idolatry; nay, it excludes idolatry; for the passage opens with the declaration that St. Liguori was preaching on the *intercession and patronage* of the Virgin. The meaning of these terms can not be mistaken; it was apparent to every one of his hearers; and there could have been no danger whatever that any of them would be led to commit idolatry. How would it sound to say, *The intercession and patronage of God?* Has Mr. Palmer ever read the voluminous writings of St. Liguori on this very subject, which he treats in all its details? If he has, then he must *know* that the saint was not guilty of idolatry at this or at any other time. If he has not read them, any farther than a few isolated passages here and there, then he surely has no right to pronounce any opinion on the subject.

Mr. Palmer is greatly scandalized at the devotion of another among our modern saints to the Blessed Virgin. He can not for his life understand how the seraphic St. Francis di Girolamo should have entertained so tender a reverence for the pure and spotless Mother of his God. Should he think proper to extend his reading in hagiology, he will ascertain that this was not a trait of character peculiar

to St. Francis, but that all the most fervent and eminent saints of God, from St. John the evangelist down to those of our own day, were remarkable for this same tenderly reverent feeling towards the Virgin. Taking this wider view of the subject, he may perhaps be prepared to understand the sentiment ascribed to St. Francis di Girolamo, that "a person can hardly be saved who feels *no* devotion to the Virgin Mother of God." For how can such a person love and worship the Son while he treats the Mother with coolness or contempt? Will Christ receive graciously the homage of one who thus openly spurns the Mother that bore him, to whom he was "subject" while on earth, and whom he remembered so tenderly while expiring on the cross? No; we heartily subscribe to the sentiment of St. Francis Girolamo; and we concur with Mr. Palmer in believing that the passage in the saint's life, which records this and similar sentiments, "speaks for itself."* He is entirely welcome to all the argument which even *his* ingenuity can extract from it.

In his desperate effort to fasten the charge of idolatry upon the Catholic church, Mr. Palmer once more takes up the present pope's encyclical letter, from which he extracts the following glaringly idolatrous passage.

"We will also *earnestly beseech* with humble prayers from (*of?*) the prince of the apostles, Peter, and from (*of?*) his co-apostle, Paul, *that you may stand as a wall*, that no other foundation may be laid but that which has been laid. Relying on this delightful hope, we trust that the Author and Finisher of our faith, Jesus Christ, will at length console us in all our tribulations."†

We have retained Mr. Palmer's italics in this passage, as they present a very curious, though a tolerably fair specimen of his method of reasoning. We apprehend that the phrases italicised are meant for those which contain the idolatrous sentiment; but, for the life of us, we can not understand how there could be aught of idolatry in the pontiff's praying to the blessed Peter and Paul that they might obtain from the "Author and Finisher of our faith, Jesus Christ," the grace to enable the bishops, their successors in the ministry, "to stand as a wall," sharing in their own invincible firmness and constancy in the faith. Had we been called on to emphasize any particular clauses

* Ibid. pp. 18, 19.

* Ibid. p. 20.

† Ibid. p. 21.

of the passage, we would have laid the emphasis on those precisely which Mr. Palmer did not italicise. The pontiff is so far from even hinting that divine honors are to be paid to Peter and Paul, that he expressly states the precise contrary in language as explicit as he could have employed. Does he not refer to the passage from St. Paul: "that no other foundation is to be laid but that which is laid, Christ Jesus?" Does he not look for consolation from him who is "the Author and Finisher of our faith?" Does he not exult over the "delightful hope" that his brother bishops will continue steadfast in asserting this *only* foundation of their faith? Verily, our Oxford divine was unfortunate in his selection of an "offensive" passage, in the present instance; his usual acuteness seems to have abandoned him; he exhibits a strong propensity to reason by contraries, and to allege passages which not only explain themselves, but prove the precise contrary of what he intended!

We are almost tired of exposing the transparent sophistry, and the disingenuous special pleading of our accuser; but we must yet refer to one more objected passage, which he places at the close of his fifth letter,* as a sort of climax to his argument on "Romish" idolatry. The very rehearsal of the passage seems to have frozen his soul with horror; he breaks off suddenly, and can not find courage to offer any comments on a "scene so awful." Surely now, if ever, he has found out an undeniable specimen of genuine idolatry: men will shudder on reading it; and no ingenuity can defend or even palliate its atrocity. And yet, what will be your surprise, gentle reader, on discovering that this is no instance of idolatry after all; that it is not so strong even as many other passages which he had alleged with less flourish of trumpets; and that it fully and explicitly explains itself!! It is taken from the writings of St. Liguori, and contains advices to the priest who attends persons in their last agony. Here is the concluding portion of the passage, with Mr. Palmer's significant and *very sensible italics*.

"When the sick man is near expiring, the (following) acts should be recited *without pausing, and in a loud voice* (by the priest): Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. My God, help me; permit me to come and love thee for ever. My Jesus, my love, I love thee. I repent. I wish

* P. 50.

that I had never offended thee! *O Mary, my hope*, help me, pray for me to Jesus. My Jesus, for thy passion, save me. I love thee. *Mary, my mother*, in this hour help me. *St. Joseph*, help me. *Archangel Michael*, defend me. *Guardian angel*, guard me. *Saint N.* (here let the principal patron of the sick man be named), commend me to Jesus Christ. *Saints of God*, intercede for me. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus. *Jesus and Mary*, I give my heart and my soul to you."

If there be any idolatry in all this, we confess we can not discover it. We can not even see on what ground Mr. Palmer objects to it; for we are under the impression that he is not entirely opposed to a moderate invocation of the saints. The ejaculations given above expressly exclude every thing that savors of idolatry: they ask Jesus to *save us*, and Mary and the saints to *pray for us*. In the name of all that is reasonable, how can this be tortured into idolatry? We commend the discretion of Mr. Palmer in offering no comments on this passage, and "in leaving his readers to their own reflections." Discretion has been deemed the better portion of valor by every boasting pugilist, from the memorable days of Jack Falstaff to our own more degenerate times!

In interpreting Catholic prayers to the Virgin and the saints, Mr. Palmer has fallen into many grievous errors. Not only has he shown no regard whatever to the well known and universally promulgated doctrines of the Catholic church on the subject, but he has paid no attention to the devotional feelings, and made no allowance for the tender and thrilling emotions which often give rise to, and accompany the recital of those prayers. Of course, we could not have expected of him, as an Englishman and a Protestant, any great warmth of religious temperament, nor any great amount of sympathy with those who feel more deeply on religious subjects than himself: but we had reason to expect of him that he should, at least, have kept this circumstance steadily in view, while laboring to get at the real meaning of prayers uttered under its influence. But sorely has he disappointed us in this so reasonable a hope. He has interpreted the warm, ardent, and poetic prayer of the enthusiast Italian, by the same canon which he would have employed to interpret that of the cold phlegmatic and unimpressible Englishman. Is this fair? Is no allowance to be made for the poetry of religious feeling; for the enthusiasm which

fills the soul to overflowing, and gushes forth in speech animated and kindling with its own ardent fervor? Is it fair or reasonable to interpret such a prayer with the same rigor as if the worshipper had coolly weighed beforehand every word that he used, and been careful to employ no term that was not strictly sober and correct, and in full accordance with the letter of his creed? Is it to be supposed that Catholics mean to make, whenever they pray, a full and detailed theological profession of their faith? Is it to be supposed that they, on all occasions, take precautions against the captious cavils of cynics, or that they pray as if they believed themselves under the constant espionage of envenomed critics, ready to catch up every incautious word they may utter, to tear it from its connection, and to extract from it, with a sneer of triumph, something like a plausible proof of idolatry?

If Mr. Palmer expects all this in Catholic worshippers, he expects more than we would wish to find in them, and more than is compatible with human nature itself. Give us warm, devotional feeling, even if it sometimes appear to become excessive, rather than that cold, cavilling piety, which seems always uneasy and trembling lest it should be transported too far, and be led to say or do too much. Give us rather the religion of the heart than the religion of the head. Give us too much rather than too little religion. Let our religious thermometer be rather at boiling heat than stand below zero. Give us even an exaggerated reverence for the saints and for the blessed Mother of God, rather than no reverence at all. The soil that produces luxuriantly and superabundantly, is a good and rich soil, but that which produces nothing but thorns and thistles, is barren, and "nigh to a curse." And one great proof to our minds that Protestantism is not the religion of Christ, and has not the spirit of Christ, is the *notorious* fact that Protestants have no love, no tender feeling of reverence, for the saints and for the blessed Mother of Christ. Protestantism will not only not aid in fulfilling the prediction of the inspired Virgin, "that henceforth all generations should call her *blessed*," but they are in the habit of sneering at those who alone fulfil it! They have not a particle of that deep and filial reverence which the beloved disciple of Jesus ever cherished towards the blessed

Mother of his dear Lord, who had been given to him, and, in his person, to all the cherished friends of Jesus, as a tender and loving Mother. Which, we would ask, exhibits itself the true church of Christ; the one that tenderly reverences and loves *his* Mother, or the one that treats her with coolness and contempt, and can scarcely hear her name ever pronounced without an involuntary shudder of horror? We put this question to all Protestants, and especially to the admirers of Mr. Palmer. And, to enable them the more readily to answer it, we commend to their serious reflection the following beautiful passage from the pen of the distinguished champion of Catholicity, against whom Mr. Palmer wrote his letters.

"It has often struck us that many who in latter times have not scrupled to use the coldest and even disrespectful language respecting *her*, would shrink from the idea of acting similarly towards her, had they lived in her day, and had her near. When particularly we have heard the indignation of fancied zeal break from female lips against any respect being paid or devotion expressed towards her who is the peerless glory, the matchless jewel of her sex, we have been led to think how differently the heart that gave the tongue such utterance would have felt, had its compassion been claimed by the venerable matron whose bereavement of the best of sons had been caused for *its* sake. Many who can speak unkindly of her in heaven, would have melted with compassion over her on earth; would have kissed with deep reverential awe the hand that had lifted from the ground, and received into the maternal embrace, the same sacred body, just born, and just dead—the infant and the corpse: and would have deemed it a privilege inestimable, if granted them, to listen, low upon the ground, to her many tales of joy and sorrow—glowing in her delight, and softening in her griefs, and exulting in her triumphs. That some holy souls partook of such happiness, there can be no doubt. During the years that she survived her Son, she conversed with his and her friends, an object surely of affectionate regard and deep veneration. And of what would she discourse so willingly, or so well, as of *him* of whom her breast was ever full? Or how could they express their love better than by making *him* their theme? How easily does the imagination depict the scene of some faith-

ful follower, like Luke, anxious to have accurate knowledge of all things from the beginning, making inquiries concerning the earlier period of our Lord's life; and then listening to the marvellous history most sweetly told—how fair and reverent the archangel came, and how her heart fluttered when she heard his salutation, and her soul overflowed with consciousness of unheard of grace as she accepted his errand: how wonderfully Elizabeth greeted her; and how their infants mysteriously rejoiced in mutual recognition; how that cold December night was warmed and brightened by the first appearance of her God-like child, and her breast was enraptured with heavenly delights as he thrice drew forth his first early nourishment: how holy Simeon proclaimed his dignity, and showed him honor in the temple; and how her three days' tears were dried up when she found her lost Son sitting, mild and radiant with celestial wisdom, amidst the old men of the law. What looks, what emotions accompany the recital? With what breathless respect is it drunk in by the future evangelist? Or we may fancy John, more privileged to tread upon that tenderer ground, on which both have walked together—the path of the cross—on some sad anniversary, dwelling with her on each afflicting event, recalling faithfully every sacred word, till she voluntarily felt, over again, the sword of grief which had pierced her soul. And then would he not change the theme, and pass over to the bright Sunday morning which saw him rise from the grave to comfort the sharers of his sufferings, and how he mounted before them all to his proper seat at the Father's right hand, and thence sent down his holy Spirit on them? And who would now restrain her thoughts from following him in spirit thither, and casting up a wistful glance towards the resting place for which she longed, in which she saw him, her sovereign love, prepared to receive and crown her, when the fulness of her time shall be complete, and the perfection of her patience manifested?"*

We do not deny the possibility of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the saints being carried too far in some particular instance; but we maintain that such excesses, while they presuppose a sound religious feeling, are wholly unauthorized by the Catholic church,

* *Dublin Review*—Art. Minor Rites and Offices.

which is surely not to be held responsible for the mistakes or the exaggerated piety of individuals. We do not deny that some abuses may exist, but we maintain that they do not justify the charge of idolatry or superstition against the church, and that those "who strain at such gnats of abuses (taking them at the very worst), and justify themselves for swallowing the camel of schism—aye, and with a good haunch of heresy on it," act, to say the least, very unwisely. Such persons might have been scandalized in Christ himself because of the weakness and imperfections of his early disciples, and they might have abandoned him altogether, in consequence of the treachery of Judas! This bitter cavilling spirit is as unchristian and pharisaic as it is unreasonable and absurd.

III. Such, however, is precisely the spirit which guided Mr. Palmer in preparing his letters against Dr. Wiseman, on the "Errors of Romanism." We will now proceed to prove that this champion laureate of Anglicanism is as inconsistent as we have already shown him to be illogical. To answer the arguments of Dr. Wiseman in support of Catholic doctrines and usages, and to explain away the strong passages alleged by him from the holy Scriptures and the fathers, he employs the *very same* method of interpretation which he so strongly reprehends in Catholics while explaining the meaning of their own prayers to the Virgin and the saints! Who would have believed the redoubtable clerical knight of Oxford capable of this paltry manœuvring and of this disingenuous double dealing? Yet such is undoubtedly the fact, as we now proceed to show by a few specifications.

Mr. Palmer had strongly objected to addressing God and the saints in the same form of prayer, and he had unhesitatingly pronounced this practice idolatrous. To meet the objection, Dr. Wiseman alleged the remarkable passage from the Old Testament, in which the following words occur: "And all the congregation blessed the Lord God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads and worshipped *he Lord and the King*,"* (David). This was case precisely in point. Had the congregation been Catholic, or had the writer who recorded the incident, been a Catholic, Mr. Palmer would have greedily seized on the words of the

* I. Paralipomenon or Chronicles xxix, 20, 21.

passage as a first rate specimen of "Romish" idolatry. The Catholic would have answered: "You do us injustice; we did not mean to render the same honor to the king as to the Lord." "It matters not," the Oxfordite would have answered; "what right had you to employ the same act of worship for both?" And yet, would you believe it, gentle reader, Mr. Palmer, to explain away the difficulty presented by this text, refers to the context, and, in a word, resorts to the very species of interpretation which he will not suffer Catholics to adopt to explain their own *present* meaning, and to defend themselves from the odious charge of idolatry!* What are we to think of the logic and consistency of such a controvertist?

He falls into the same glaring inconsistency in attempting to explain away the following strong passage from St. Justin Martyr: "Him (God) and his Son who came from him, and taught us those things, and the army of good angels who follow and resemble him, and the spirits of prophecy, we venerate and adore."† True, he suggests another, and we think a very unwarrantable translation of the passage; but the burden of his answer is, "the angels are not *really* joined 'under the same form of expression' with God; for, as the Benedictine editors remark, the word *venerate* refers to the angels, and *adore* (προσκυνεῖν) to God." That is, he, following the Benedictine editors, felt that such *must* have been St. Justin's meaning, though such a meaning is not clearly implied in the context, because the philosopher martyr proved himself in his other writings to be entirely averse to every species of idolatry. What a pity that he did not think of this canon of interpretation while he was so fiercely expounding the idolatrous language of Pope Gregory XVI, and of St. Liguori! We venture to say that no modern pope, nor saint, nor Catholic divine ever employed language half so strong or so "offensive" as that of St. Justin; and that if St. Justin had been a *modern* instead of an *ancient* "Romish" saint, Mr. Palmer would scarcely have let him off so easily.

Again: Dr. Wiseman had alleged the following passage from St. Basil's homily on the forty martyrs: "These are they who, having obtained a place amongst us (their relics were deposited in the church of Cæsarea), like con-

tinual towers, afford security from the incursions of the enemies." Mr. Palmer expounds it:

"That is, their memory and *example* was calculated to encourage Christians against the assaults of heresies and evil spirits."‡

We suppose the father meant something more than this; at any rate the Oxford divine softens down his literal meaning to suit his own views, and in doing so unwittingly applies the very mode of explanation which he will not allow Catholics to use in much more obvious cases!

In a similar way he responds to almost every passage adduced by Dr. Wiseman from the fathers. If an epitaph, placed on the tomb of a martyr, solicits his *prayers* or his *intercession* for his friends yet on earth, it is a mere *poetical* fiction, not designed to mean any thing; or a pious exaggeration of tender friendship!† If such ancient writers as Gaudentius, Venantius, St. Leo, St. Chrysostom, and St. Maximus, frequently employ the terms *patronage* and *protection*, in reference to the prayers of the saints for their earthly petitioners,‡ they must have meant to convey no reprehensible idea; but if modern Catholics dare use the same expressions in precisely the same connection, they are clearly guilty of superstition and idolatry!! If St. Gregory of Nyssa assures us "that a person, by saying, '*holy Ephrem, help (assist) me,*' escaped from a dangerous position,"§ Mr. Palmer tells us that "such an expression does not interfere with the divine attributes;"¶ but if a Catholic of modern times dared employ such language, or if a Catholic writer dared record such a miracle, we would probably never hear the end of it! If St. Gregory Nazianzen employs strong language on the invocation of saints, "it is plainly rhetorical,"¶ and if St. John Chrysostom, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Basil, and St. Ambrose, all strongly advocate the honor and invocation of saints,** it all proves nothing; for they did not intend, like modern "Romanists," to give divine honors to any but God, and they clearly laid down the distinction (which "Romanists," now-a-days, as clearly do) between the veneration to be paid to saints, and the adoration to be rendered to God alone! Such is the logic, such the consistency, such the fairness, such the justice of Mr. Palmer!

* Letter V, pp. 20, 21.

† St. Justin M. *Apologia* I, p. 11, ed. Thirlby, apud Palmer, Letter V, p. 22.

* Letter V, p. 26.

§ Palmer *ib.*

† *Ibid.*

¶ *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.* p. 27.

¶ *Ibid.* p. 28.

** *Ibid.*

We might allege many more instances of a similar kind ; but these will suffice for our present purpose, and we must hasten on. From what we have thus far said, our readers will be able to form an opinion on Mr. Palmer's merits as a logician ; from what we will now proceed briefly to show, they may judge of his candor and honesty in stating facts and in quoting authorities. We might produce many instances of his utter recklessness in these respects ; many are produced by the author of " his character as a controversialist ;" but we must be content with two to which that writer does not refer.

The first of these is a glaring, though we do not say, a wilful mistranslation of a passage of Origen.* The error consists in substituting in the translation *angels* for *demons*, in order to wrest the words of the author into a meaning opposed to the veneration of angels. If he read Origen in the original, he must have perceived that he draws a broad distinction between good angels, whose office is the guardianship of mankind, and bad angels or demons, such as the pagans worshipped. His pagan opponent, Celsus, advocated this latter species of worship, and Origen argues against it with force and severity. According to Mr. Palmer's translation, his argument would have neither point nor meaning. What are we to think of a man who thus glaringly perverts the meaning of the plainest language ?

The other instance consists in a very disingenuous reference to Bellarmine, to prove

"That people may, according to the doctrine of Alexander de Hales, Thomas Aquinas, Cajetan, Buonaventura, Marsilius, Almayn, Carthusianus, Capreolus, Vasquez, and a host of our most approved writers, pay the worship of *latria* or *divine honors* to the images of Christ."†

Now, what will be thought of his accuracy when on turning to Bellarmine we find no mention whatever of *Vasquez* ; and what of his candor when we find that Bellarmine explains this very opinion in such a way as to exclude all

* Contra Celsum, lib. viii. 26. The original of the passage referred to is : Απὸ τῆ τῶν τοῦ Κελσίου συμβουλῆς, ἡ ὁποία προσκαλεῖται ἀπὸ τοῦ ΔΑΙΜΟΝΙ, which he translates : "Away with the advice of Celsus, saying that we should pray to angels." (Lett. V, p. 42.) We apprehend that Celsus never could have given such advice. See Dublin Review, vol. xvi, pp. 344, 345.

† Letter I, p. 23. His reference to Bellarmine is—de Imag. II, 20.

shadow of idolatry,* and that moreover he refutes it at considerable length in two successive chapters!!† Why did he conceal these important circumstances ? Is this manner of quotation fair or honest ? Is it right to leave on the mind of the reader the impression that the author quoted says precisely the contrary of what he does say ? Is not the *suppressio veri* almost as honest a device as the *suggestio falsi* ?

We have yet one more remark to offer concerning Mr. Palmer's polemical tactics as displayed in these "Letters on Romanism." He often makes a very strange use of his index and second-hand learning ; in fact, he sometimes wastes it entirely. Thus he devotes no less than *fifteen* closely printed pages of his fifth Letter‡ to a mass of testimony from the ancient fathers, all going to show, according to his opinion, that modern Romanism is idolatrous ! And what, think you, is the drift of nearly all those passages ? Almost all of them go to prove, what no one denies, that divine honors are to be given to God alone, and not to any creature ! Every modern "Romanist" in the world admits this ; it is explicitly stated in all our catechisms and prayer books ; and it was surely a work of supererogation in Mr. Palmer to attempt to prove it by so great an array of learning. He might as well have undertaken to accumulate passages from the fathers proving the divinity of Christ with a view to show that Roman Catholics of the present day are guilty of idolatry !

But does Mr. Palmer deny—can he deny—that, during the first ages of the church, the honor and invocation of saints and martyrs were almost universal ; and that the holiest men of that period adopted the practice without ever once dreaming that it was idolatrous ? Does he not himself admit that, as early at least as the fourth century, this practice was not unusual with the "pious fathers ;" and that "the same affection, the same veneration, with which the spirits of the saints and martyrs were regarded by the *early* Christians, attended their earthly remains ?"§ And with what

* C. xxiii, where he proves that the advocates of this opinion mean by the worship of *latria* paid to the images of Christ, a worship *improprie dictum et per accidens*. Vol. ii, p. 409. Edit. Venetus, 1721, in 6 vols. folio.

† Ch. xxii and xxiv. ‡ Pp. 29—44.

§ Compendious Ecclesiastical History, p. 68 seq. New York, 1841.

show of reason can he blame modern Catholics for imitating examples so illustrious and so hallowed? Can he, in a word, refute the evidence accumulated by an able writer in a late number of the *Dublin Review*, who conclusively proves the following positions on the subject: "That for a long time prior to the council of Chalcedon (A. D. 451) Christians believed that it was lawful,

"1. To invoke the saints, not only asking their prayers, but in the direct manner which in modern Catholics is considered idolatrous.

"2. To have confidence in their patronage and protection.

"3. To make pilgrimages to their tombs, and to expect both temporal and eternal blessings in consequence.

"4. To believe that miracles were wrought by their relics.

"5. To show their veneration for their relics by external actions, as prostrations, &c.

"6. To address the Blessed Virgin in particular as the greatest of all saints; in other words, to give her the worship of hyper-dulia.

"And, finally, that these things were then as *universally* and as *frequently* practised as in our own times."*

If these facts be true, and they can not be refuted, one of two things must be said; either that the church of Christ was generally infected with idolatry from the very earliest period, or that the Catholic church of the present day is not idolatrous in her faith or in her worship—there is no alternative. Mr. Palmer may take which horn of the dilemma he chooses; but one or the other he must take. His ready learning will not here serve him; nor will it do again to prefer the refuted charge that Dr. Wiseman has quoted from spurious works.

In conclusion, we would entreat Protestants, should these pages ever fall under the eye of any such, seriously to reflect for a moment on the sublime beauty of the Catholic doctrine on the honor and invocation of saints, and on the many signal advantages resulting from it to the Christian community. To begin with the latter; how useful is it to keep continually before our eyes the virtues, the heroic

struggles, and the glorious victories of the saints and martyrs of God! How the thought stimulates us to resist temptation, and to imitate examples so bright! And then how cheering to us, in our dreary earthly pilgrimage, to cast our eyes heavenward, and to catch a glimpse of that immortal glory which has already crowned the trials and sufferings of the saints, who were once pilgrims, like ourselves, encompassed with infirmity, but who are now shining, like the stars, in the glorious firmament of God! How the splendid vista encourages us to imitate their virtues on earth, that we may share their crowns in heaven! How powerfully and how eloquently it appeals to the noblest feelings of our nature! How strongly it attracts us to heaven! How it consoles us amidst all our tribulations! How many additional motives does it not give us "to praise God in his saints," and to love that heavenly Father who, in crowning his servants, crowns only his own mercies! And how strongly, and with what dramatic effect, does not the Catholic church call forth all these noble feelings, by her perpetual round of festivals and anniversaries! Is there, in the cold and dreary land of Protestantism, any thing half so stimulating or ennobling,—any thing at all calculated to elicit such feelings, or to stimulate to such noble emulation of saintly virtue? Protestantism has, alas! virtually abolished, if it has not wholly stricken from the apostles' creed, the beautiful article which professes to believe in the "communion of saints!"

The communion of saints! how sublime the idea it unfolds! How it annihilates time, annihilates distance, and causes the hearts of all the friends of Christ and favorites of heaven to beat in unison of feeling! How it reaches, like a golden chain, from earth to heaven, and binds both together in indissoluble love and unity! How it makes us, poor exiles on earth, already "fellow-citizens of the saints, and the domestics of God!"* How it makes the strong succor the weak, the rich succor the poor, those who abound in merits succor those who are needy, and those who are in glory succor those who are in tribulation! How beautifully it carries out the scriptural ideas, that "God is love," that "love is the fulfilment of the law," and that "charity

* *Dublin Review*, vol. xvi, pp. 343, 344. We refer our readers to the mass of patristic learning thrown together in the article of which the above extract is a summary. Those who will read the article must be convinced that every one of the above positions has been triumphantly sustained.

* *Ephesians* ii, 19.

never faileth!" How it lifts us up from this dull earth, and binds us all together, by binding us strongly to God! How, in fine, it irradiates the earth with the smiles of heaven, of the saints, of the angels, of the pure and spotless Mother of God, of God himself! *Fw-gant quid tale hæretici!*

Can there be aught of idolatry in a doctrine which thus plainly elevates human nature, adorns and ennobles Christianity, gives us new and more expansive views of the divine goodness, and redounds to the honor and glory of God himself? Can there be idolatry in a doctrine which thus leads us to God, the bestower "of every good gift," whether in heaven or on earth, and causes us to fall down reverently at the footstool of *his* heavenly throne? Can *he* be offended with the honors

which we pay to his own servants and favorites, for *his* sake, and precisely because they are *his* servants and favorites? Will the Son be jealous of the honor paid to his blessed Mother, and paid to her only because she is *his* Mother? Can he who was obedient to her, and who refused her nothing on earth, refuse her any thing in heaven? Can he be unmindful of her sufferings on earth for the love of him, and of the sword of grief which transpierced her soul on *his* account? No, no. The Catholic doctrine is as reasonable and scriptural as it is ennobling and sublime.

We here dismiss Mr. Palmer for the present, reserving to ourselves the privilege of examining, on some future occasion, his objections to the Catholic doctrine of satisfaction, with its adjuncts—indulgences and purgatory.

THE SUPREMACY OF THE POPE.

1. *Banner of the Cross*, Nos. 318 and 321. February 1, 22, 1845. Philadelphia.
2. *The Churchman*, No. 728. March 1, 1845. New York.
3. *The True Catholic, Reformed, Protestant, and Free*, Nos. 22 and 23. February and March, 1845. Baltimore.



HERE is, and there can be only one true faith, as there is but one God and one baptism.* When the Almighty promulgated his religion among men, it was certainly his will that they should all embrace it,

adhere to it, and maintain it free from any admixture of error.† With unity of faith, he established also unity of communion, and founded a society, the members of which should be linked together by the participation of the same worship, and the reception of the same sacraments.

This, however, does not suffice; some external and perpetual bond is necessary to pre-

serve among the followers of Christ this twofold unity of faith and communion. The means which his supreme wisdom adopted for this purpose, was the institution of a ministry, or hierarchy, composed chiefly of bishops and priests, whom he commissioned to go, and teach, and baptize, and to feed, by the administration of other religious succors, the respective portions of the Christian flock committed to their charge.* "And some, indeed, he gave to be apostles, and some prophets, and others evangelists, and others pastors and teachers, for the perfection of the saints, for the work of the ministry, unto the edification of the body of Christ."†

But these pastors and teachers, spread and scattered as they are throughout the whole world, would themselves be exposed to a continual danger of differing either in belief or practice, and the faithful of different countries might also imbibe very different doctrines, or form themselves into separate societies. The divine wisdom has provided against this danger also, by selecting one from the great body of pastors, and empowering him to confirm the

* Ephes. iv. 5.

† Matth. xxviii, 20, and Mark xvi, 15, 16.

* Matth. xxviii, 19; 1 Peter v, 2.

† Eph. iv, 11, 12.

faithful in the unity of truth. "And the Lord said: Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren."* This chief pastor was invested, and each of his successors has been invested, not only with a primacy of honor, but especially with a primacy of jurisdiction, that, by his authority, he might preserve the deposit of faith entire and inviolate, and be at all times the common centre to which the different parts of the church would converge.

Such is the Catholic doctrine relative to the divine constitution of the society founded by Christ, and our object in this paper is to show the grounds on which it is established. The subject of the pope's spiritual supremacy could not be discussed more appropriately than at the present moment, when it is so wantonly assailed in a certain quarter, and in another an unceasing effort is made to get up a show of church unity independently of the papal prerogative. As the pretended difficulties and novel systems advanced in reference to this subject have, together with other errors, been often refuted by abler pens,† we will not follow our opponents through all their wanderings, nor expose one after the other their various faults of omission and commission. Our only object here is to set forth, within the limits of a brief article, such authentic passages, documents and facts, as will convince any unprejudiced mind, that nothing is more clearly revealed than the supremacy of a chief pastor in the church of Christ, and that nothing is more untenable than the contrary assertion of our separated brethren. Would to God they would open their eyes to the true nature of Christian unity, and no longer be of those who are "always learning, and never attaining to the knowledge of the truth."‡

To begin with the Scripture; we read in almost every page of the New Testament, that the society founded by Christ is *a kingdom*: *Matth. xiii, xx, xxii, xxv*;—*a sheepfold*, *John x, 1, 16*;—*a body*, *Rom. xii, 5*; *1 Cor. xii, 13*;

* Luke xxii, 31, 32.

† See, among others, an excellent article in the *Dublin Review*, No. 34, Dec. 1844, and the late work of the Rt. Rev. F. P. Kenrick, *Primacy of the Apostolic See Vindicated*, especially pp. 94, 95, 169, 179, where the boasted facts of St. Meletius, and of the British church, quoted by the *Churchman* and the *Banner*, are very satisfactorily explained. ‡ 2 Tim. iii, 7.

Col. i, 24; *Ephes. i, ii, v*, etc. These are the words of our Lord and of his apostles; these are the qualifications by which they chose to designate the church. But who can conceive a kingdom without a supreme ruler, a fold without a shepherd, a body without a head? Let it not be said that our Lord himself is the supreme ruler of his kingdom, the pastor of his flock, and the head of all the faithful. He indeed possesses all these titles, and fulfils their various significations in a supereminent degree; but this he does in an invisible manner, while he has made his church a visible society, in which a visible ministry is continually to be exercised, the divine word preached, and the sacraments administered. Unless we charge him, therefore, with inconsistency, he must have appointed some one to represent him visibly upon earth in the various offices just mentioned; to do exteriorly for the faithful what he does interiorly by the influence of his grace; to hold his place among them, and govern them in his name and by his authority; just as he himself, for instance, produces all the inward effects of baptism, though he requires an exterior and human agency for the administration of this sacrament.

But it is perfectly idle, on the part of our opponents, to question the propriety of a visible head and ruler in a visible society, when we can prove, from positive testimonies of Scripture, that Christ our Lord did really appoint such a governor in his church. The first among the scriptural passages to which we allude runs thus in the Gospel of St. Matthew: "Jesus .. asked his disciples . . : Whom do men say that I am? Simon Peter answering, said: Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven. And I say to thee, that thou art Peter (*a rock*), and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven."*

Three things are plain and certain from this passage: 1. The words just adduced were

* *Matth. xvi 13—19.*

addressed by Christ to one of his apostles exclusively, viz. to Simon Bar-jona, whose name of Simon he had previously changed into that of Cephas or Peter,* which, in Syriac, signifies a rock. 2. Simon Peter was appointed to be, under Christ himself, the unshaken foundation of his church, of that church against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. 3. He was to receive the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and thus to participate, in virtue of this divine communication, in a privilege which belongs by nature to our Saviour alone, of whom it is written: "He openeth, and no man shutteth; he shutteth, and no man openeth."†

But what mean these words, "to be, under Christ, the foundation of the church," if not to maintain and support it by the divine authority? And what signifies "to have received from Christ the keys of the kingdom of heaven," if not to have been invested by him with the plenitude of power and jurisdiction over the holy society which he has established upon earth, for the purpose of guiding his disciples in the way to heaven? To be the foundation of an edifice obviously implies the same idea as to be governor of a city or province, the leader of an army, etc. The key, also, has always been considered a symbol of ownership and authority. He who sells a house is understood to have placed the purchaser in possession when he has delivered the keys to him; in the same manner, the allegiance or the surrender of a city is expressed and implied by the presentation of the keys to a monarch or conqueror. St. Peter, therefore, received, under the two-fold symbol of *foundation* and *key*, the promise of a spiritual and supreme power to govern the society of the faithful.

This magnificent promise was fulfilled by Christ a few days after his resurrection, and in presence of many of his disciples. The fact is thus related in the Gospel of St. John: "When they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter: Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these? He saith to him: Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith to him: Feed my lambs. He saith to him again: Simon, son of John, lovest thou me? He saith to him: Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith to him: Feed my

lambs. He saith to him the third time: Simon, son of John, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved, because he said to him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said to him: Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. He said to him: Feed my sheep."‡

Here, again, we plainly see: 1. That these words are addressed to St. Peter alone; he is repeatedly designated, not only by his proper name and surname, to distinguish him from every other apostle or disciple, but also by a manifest allusion to the occasion on which he thrice denied his Lord, and which he atoned for by a triple act of fervent love. 2. It is obvious that these words impart to him the power to lead and to govern; for such is the natural meaning of the word *to feed*, both in the original text of this passage, and in other texts of Scripture where the same word is used in reference to a moral body, or society of men, as when it is said of David: "Thou shalt feed my people Israel, and thou shalt be prince over Israel;" and again: "He chose his servant David . . . to feed Jacob his servant, and Israel his inheritance. And he fed them in the innocence of his heart, and conducted them by the skillfulness of his hands."† In the third place, this authority is given to St. Peter, to be exercised by him over the whole Christian flock. For he is not commanded to feed only a portion of the lambs or the sheep, but the lambs and the sheep of Christ, without exception, and consequently all of them; that is to say, the faithful, who are represented by the lambs, and the pastors themselves, bishops and priests, who are represented by the sheep. The bishops and priests are pastors with regard to the people, but sheep in their relation with Peter. The tradition of the Christian church has constantly and unanimously attached this meaning to the words of our Saviour.‡

The same conclusion, regarding St. Peter's spiritual supremacy, forces itself upon us, when we consider attentively the rank which he held among the apostles. Whenever they are enumerated in holy writ, we find him in-

* John xxi, 15—17.

† 2 Reg. v, 2; Ps. lxxvii, 70—72.

‡ See Orig. in *cap. vi. Epist. ad Rom.*—St. Cyprian, *lib. de unitate Eccl.*—St. Ambrose, in *cap. ult. Luca.*—St. Epiphanius, in *Ancorat.*—St. John Chrys. in *hunc locum Joann.*—St. Leo, *Serm. iii. de assumpt. sua ad Pontif.*—St. Gregory the Great, *lib. iv. Epist. xxxii.*—St. Bernard, *lib. ii. de Considerat.*

* John i, 42.

† Apoc. iiii, 7.

variably mentioned *the first* in order, while no special rank is assigned to the others; the one mentioned next to him being sometimes St. Andrew, sometimes St. James, or St. John his brother.* Very often, too, he is manifestly represented as the leader, the prince, and the head of the chosen twelve, or as designating a particular order. For instance, in the following passages: "Simon, and they who were with him, followed after him (Christ).†—Peter, and they that were with him, said.‡—Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice, and spoke to them.—And they said to Peter, and to the rest of the apostles. §—Go tell his disciples, and Peter. ||—Peter and the apostles said."¶ etc.

What can be implied in all these passages? Was not St. Peter a disciple? Was he not an apostle? Why then is it said: *Peter, with the disciples—Peter, and the apostles*, etc., but that he was the head and the leader of all?

The facts recorded by the sacred writers are in perfect accordance with their language. St. Peter takes the first part in every thing; he is the first to confess the divinity of Christ; the first to testify his ardent love; the first to promote the election of an apostle in the place of Judas; the first to interpret the ancient prophecies, the first to preach the Gospel and the resurrection of our Lord; the first to confirm the Christian doctrine by a miracle; the first to convert the Jews; the first to receive the gentiles into the church; in short, the first to pronounce, on the subject of the Mosaic observances, his doctrinal sentiment in which the other apostles unanimously concurred, and which the multitude of the disciples received at once with all deference and respect.**

Such being the case of St. Peter, is it not impossible to account for it otherwise than by acknowledging in him a primacy of jurisdiction? It would be almost blasphemy against the apostles and sacred writers, to ascribe their uniform style of narration to mere chance or caprice. Nor can it be said that the rank which St. Peter held among the disciples was nothing more than an honor granted him by Christ as a reward of his lively faith; for the

many passages which we have adduced, collectively taken, imply much more than this; and we know, moreover, that Christ, far from wishing to introduce among his disciples a vain primacy of honor, on the contrary guarded them incessantly against the temptation of ambition, vainglory, and merely honorable titles. It must be observed too, that St. Peter, personally considered, exhibits no claims to be thus represented at all times at the head of the chosen twelve; he was neither the eldest of them, nor the first called to the apostleship, this twofold advantage belonging to his brother St. Andrew;* nor was he the disciple *whom Jesus loved*; † it was St. John; nor was he the particular bishop of the city of Jerusalem, where they lived together for several years; it was St. James the lesser. Lastly, he did not enjoy a greater reputation of sanctity than several others, as it was known that he had been once severely rebuked by Christ, and on another occasion he had denied him three times.‡ We are at a loss, therefore, to account for the primacy of rank which St. Peter enjoyed, and for the prominent part which he acted on all occasions, unless we suppose also that he was known by all to possess a primacy of jurisdiction from Christ for the government of the whole church.

The force of this argument is nowise impaired by the other passages of Scripture, where it is related that St. Peter was once reprehended by St. Paul,§ or that he was sent by the apostles to Samaria for the benefit of the new converts,|| and obliged to explain the reason why he had admitted into the church Cornelius, the centurion, who was formerly a gentile.¶ These facts prove nothing against the supremacy of that apostle. They who have authority may very well, and sometimes even should, receive advice from inferiors; they may be sent, that is, requested to take upon themselves the execution of something important; to act with mildness, and, to render the exercise of their power more agreeable to those under their charge, they may condescend to give an expose of the reasons which have led them to pursue any particular course. Such and many other evidences of gentleness and conde-

* Compare together Matth. x, 2; Marc iii, 16, 17; Luke vi, 14; and Acts i, 13.

† Marc i, 36. ‡ Luke viii, 45, and ix, 32.

§ Acts ii, 14 and 37. || Marc xvi, 7. ¶ Acts v, 29.

** See, for all these, Matth. xvi, 16; John xxi, 15; Acts i, ii, iii, iv, x, and xv.

* John i, 40; St. Epiph. *Har.* 51.

† John xix, 26; xxi, 20.

‡ Matth. xvi, 23, and xxvi, 69—75.

§ Gal. ii, 14.

|| Acts viii, 14.

¶ Acts, xi, 2—4.

ascension are daily exhibited by those in power, without any detriment to their superior authority; and this precisely was the case with St. Peter.

Should it be further objected that the power vested in him was granted to the other apostles also by these words of Christ: "Amen, I say to you, whatsoever you shall bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven,"* we answer that the objection is very easily disposed of. As Bossuet observes, in his eloquent sermon on the unity of the church, it was manifestly the design of Jesus Christ to bestow, first upon one, what he intended afterwards to communicate to many; but what followed could not destroy what had preceded, nor did he who had received the primacy forfeit it. Christ can not contradict himself; he does not repent of his promises more than of his gifts. What he gives without any condition or restriction, is irrevocably given. These words, "whatsoever thou shalt bind," etc., addressed to St. Peter alone (Matt. xvi), implied a grant of jurisdiction over all, even those to whom it was said afterwards, "whatsoever you shall bind," etc. (Matt. xviii.) All the apostles, therefore, received the same divine commission as to the substance, but not in the same degree nor to the same extent. It is plain that a power vested in many persons collectively must be limited in each one by the very fact of its being divided among them; but if it has been previously given to one in the most comprehensive terms, it certainly imports the plenitude of authority over all.

Moreover, how many other declarations of Christ, manifestly expressive of a spiritual supremacy, were made to St. Peter only? "Upon this rock I will build my church—I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven—Confirm thy brethren—Feed my lambs, feed my sheep?" Hence all Christian antiquity—fathers, councils, historians—all unanimously style St. Peter the head, the chief, and the prince of the apostles.†

It would be idle to assert that this high prerogative of St. Peter was to disappear with

* Matt. xviii, 18.

† See Origenes, in c. 6. *Epist. ad Rom. et Hom. 2, de diversis*;—Eusebius, in *chron. ad ann. 44, et lib. ii. Hist. c. 13*;—St. Epiph. *her. 51*;—St. Jerom, *de Script. eccles.*—St. John Chrys. *Hom. ii in Matt.*—S. Cyr. *Jerosol. Catech. 2, St. Cyr. Alex. lib. 12 in Joann.*—St. Leo, *serm. i, de natali apost. etc.*

him: such was not the object of its institution, any more than the ecclesiastical ministry in general was to end with the apostles, to whom on the contrary our Lord said in including their successors: "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."‡ Is not the divine constitution of the kingdom of Christ here on earth, like that kingdom itself, to endure till the end of ages? Is not the church now, as in the time of the apostles, a visible society, a body, a sheepfold, and consequently does it not equally stand in need of a visible head and chief pastor who will be for all the faithful a constant centre of unity, so as to make *one fold under one shepherd*, as it is called in the Gospel? In fine, did not our Lord expressly preclude all idea of the supposed abolition of the primacy, by declaring it to be the unshaken foundation and support of an immortal building?† It is, therefore, as evident that St. Peter was destined to have an uninterrupted series of successors in his sublime office, as it is incontestable that he himself received the plenitude of power to govern the whole church of Christ.

The only point that remains for us, is to show who is to be considered as St. Peter's successor. But can the slightest doubt be seriously entertained on this point? Is it not a fact placed beyond the reach of cavil by every kind of monuments, by the belief of all countries and ages, and by the unanimous testimony of Christian authors,‡ that St. Peter went to Rome, founded the church of Rome, was the first bishop of Rome, and, by receiving there the crown of martyrdom, left Rome in possession of his supremacy? What other bishop than the bishop of Rome was ever chosen to be the successor of St. Peter and acknowledged as such? And what see but the see of Rome was ever called the see of Peter, or St. Peter's chair?

"This is the chair so much extolled by the fathers, and in which they have unanimously

* Matt. xxviii, 20.

† Matt. xvi, 18.

‡ Tertullian, *De præscript. c. 36*;—Euseb. *Hist. eccl. lib. ii, c. 14 et 24, et in chron. ad ann. 44*;—Lactant. *De mort. persec. n. 2*;—Sulpit. *Ser. Hist. sacr. lib. ii*;—Orosius, *Hist. lib. vii. c. 4*;—St. Irenæus, *Advers. her. l. iii, c. 2*;—St. Jerom, *de Script. eccl.*—Arnobius, *lib. ii, contra gentes*;—St. Optatus, *lib. ii, contra Parmen.*—St. Epiph. *her. 27*;—St. Athan. in *apoc.*—St. Leo, *serm. i, de natali apost.*—St. August. *lib. ii, contra litteras Petil. serm. 296—Epist. 53, alias 166*; etc. etc. Could any fact be better attested than this, and was not the learned Grotius perfectly correct in stating (*Comment. in i Petr. Epist.*), "that no true Christian ever doubted of St. Peter's having been at Rome."

acknowledged the principality of the apostolic chair, the chief principality, the source of unity, and the summit of the sacred priesthood; the mother church which governs all the other churches; the head of the episcopacy, and the centre of ecclesiastical government; the principal chair, the only chair in which all possess unity. In these words you have the declarations of St. Optatus, St. Augustin, St. Cyprian, St. Irenæus, St. Prosper, St. Avitus, Theodoret, the council of Chalcedon, and the rest; Africa, Gaul, Greece, Asia; the east and the west united.”*

But let us examine in the best and most authentic sources of history, what was the practice of the Roman pontiffs even during the first ages of Christianity in reference to the government of the church, and what the universal church believed in regard to their authority. Besides the celebrated epistle of St. Ignatius, martyr, addressed “to the church which presides in the country of the Romans,” there are still extant two letters of Pope St. Clement to the Corinthians, both of which were written before the close of the first century. The faithful of Corinth had applied to him for assistance amid the evils that afflicted their church. St. Clement in his first letter severely reproaches them with the schism that had taken place among them, and commanded those who had given rise to the disturbance to lay aside their obstinacy and sincerely to do penance.† Had St. Clement been an ordinary bishop, with no jurisdiction over the church of Corinth, why would the faithful of that city, in order to put an end to their unhappy divisions, have so earnestly appealed to his assistance, and how could he himself have addressed them in the language of reproach and authority? This instance, therefore, exhibits on the one hand the acknowledgment of the pontifical authority by a distant church, and on the other the exercise of this authority by a pope who was an immediate disciple of the apostles.

During the second century, a controversy arose between the Roman church and the churches of Lesser Asia about the time of keeping Easter. Pope Victor, wishing to

maintain uniformity of discipline, threatened the Asiatic bishops with excommunication; nor was the right on his part to pronounce such a sentence called in question. On the contrary we find St. Irenæus, bishop of Lyons, who endeavored to dissuade him from putting his threats into execution, merely urging the inexpediency of the measure, without denying or in the least contesting the authority of the pontiff.* Would this holy doctor have urged only prudential considerations, if he could possibly have alleged the infinitely weightier reason of incompetency?

We have another indisputable testimony of St. Irenæus in favor of the supremacy of the Roman see. In his great work against heresies, he condemns all those who look for truth where it is not to be found, and points to that church which is “the greatest, most ancient, and the most conspicuous, founded and established at Rome by the most glorious apostles Peter and Paul, and receiving from them her doctrine which was announced to all men, and which has come down to us through the succession of her bishops. To this church, on account of its superior headship, every other must have recourse, that is, the faithful of all countries.”† Here three things are very distinctly mentioned, viz., the eminent dignity of the Roman church, its superior headship or power, *potentiorum principalem*, and its being the necessary centre of unity for all other churches, that is, for all the faithful.

Towards the middle of the third century, a warm controversy arose about the validity of baptism conferred by heretics. “Then,” as Vincent of Lerins remarks, “Pope Stephen of blessed memory, and bishop of the apostolic see, deeming it proper that he who was above others by the authority of his chair should be foremost in his attachment to the faith, addressed an epistle to the African church, and decreed that no innovation should be introduced, but that the tradition of the church should be the law in this case.”‡

It is true St. Cyprian was of opinion that the pope, on this occasion, carried the exercise of his authority too far; but he never denied the authority itself; on the contrary his writings contain many explicit acknowledg-

* Bossuet, *sermon sur l'unité de l'église*, part i. The several texts of the fathers and councils here alluded to, may be found, with a multitude of others equally convincing, in Bellarmine, St. Francis of Sales, B. Kenrick's work, &c.

† Epist. i, St. Clem. papæ ad Corinth. apud Cotelier.

* Euseb. *Ecl. Hist. lib. v. c. 24.*

† *Contra her. lib. iii. c. 3.*

‡ *Commonitorium, c. vi.*

ments of the supremacy and universal jurisdiction of the see of Rome. Speaking of certain schismatics, he says: "They have the effrontery to convey letters from profane men to the chair of Peter, and to the principal church, whence the sacerdotal unity took its rise; not reflecting that the members of this church are those Romans whose faith was praised by the apostle (St. Paul), and to whom perfidy can have no access." He mentions elsewhere that a Spanish bishop, having been deposed by his colleagues, appealed to Pope St. Stephen for the purpose of being reinstated by him in his see. Lastly St. Cyprian himself wrote to the same pontiff, urging him to send letters without delay to the province and people of Arles; that Marcian, the proud and obstinate bishop of that city might be removed, and another substituted in his place.* Are not these testimonies sufficiently plain, and do they leave any room for doubt respecting the real sentiments of the sainted and eloquent archbishop of Carthage?

Wegather from another important fact, which occurred during the third century, that the supremacy of the Roman pontiff was well known and clearly admitted in the church. Among the faithful of the great city of Alexandria there were some who thought they had discovered erroneous opinions in the writings of their bishop, Dionysius, and, going to Rome, they accused him before the pope, whose name was also Dionysius. The bishop who was thus charged with error, did not question the authority of the Roman tribunal: he merely requested the pope to point out the errors which had been imputed to him, upon which he sent to the pontiff a satisfactory exposition of his faith, and fully vindicated his innocence.† Thus all parties attested the superior and universal authority of the see of Rome; an attestation the more remarkable and important as it issued from the church of Alexandria, which was the second in the world, and whose bishop held the first rank among the eastern patriarchs.

The great heresies which arose during the fourth and fifth ages of the church afforded the popes a continual occasion for the exercise of their power. In the beginning of the fourth

century, the case between the Donatists and Cecilian, archbishop of Carthage, was brought before Melchiades, bishop of Rome. Neither party objected to the competency of the tribunal; but the affair was fairly discussed in an assembly of eighteen prelates, in which Melchiades presided, and Cecilian was acquitted by the sentence of the pope.*

‡ In the first general council, held at Nice in Bithynia (A. D. 325), Osius, bishop of Cordova, presided, with the priests Vitus and Vincentius, all holding the place of Pope St. Sylvester, as we learn from Gelasius of Cyzicum,† Photius,‡ &c. Moreover, the sixth canon of this venerable assembly, as read at the council of Chalcedon, acknowledges that "the Roman church always had the primacy."§

Shortly after the council of Nice, Pope Julius I pronounced his justly celebrated sentence in favor of St. Athanasius of Alexandria, Paul of Constantinople, Marcellus of Ancyra, and Asclepas of Gaza. These bishops, having been driven from their sees by the Arians, appealed to the Roman pontiff, who, after mature examination, juridically acquitted them of the charges preferred by their enemies, and, in virtue of his apostolical authority, restored them to their respective sees. This act of pontifical jurisdiction, so important and decisive in itself, acquires additional weight from the following circumstances. 1. The pope, in his letter to the oriental bishops, severely reprimanded them for having held councils without his knowledge, and not having written to him in the first instance for the purpose of obtaining a correct and final decision.¶ 2. The Arians, whose interest it would have been to deny the jurisdiction of the pontiff, did not question it; they only endeavored to deceive him and retard his action, which amounts to a formal acknowledgment of his authority. 3. The ecclesiastical historians who relate this fact observe at the same time, as a certain and universally acknowledged principle, that the bishop of Rome, in acting as he did, merely exercised his prerogative; because the care of all pertained to him, by reason of the dignity of his see.¶

* St. Optatus, *De schism. Donat. lib. i.*, c. 23, 24.

† Synops. Conc. Nic. lib. ii., c. 5.

‡ Lib. De septem synodis.

§ Can. vi Conc. Nicæni, *juxta act. xvi Conc. Chalcedonensis.* apud Labb. vol. iv., col. 812.

¶ Epist. Julii ad episc. Orientales.

¶ Socrates, *Hist. Eccl. lib. ii.*, c. 15. Sozomenes, *idem, Hist. Eccles. lib. iii.*, c. 8 et 20.

* St. Cypr. *Epist.* 55, 67, and 68.

† St. Athan. *De sentent. Dionysii Alexandr. contra Arianos*, n. 13.

It is very remarkable also that this observation is not confined to ecclesiastical historians; it is made even by Ammianus Marcellinus, a heathen, and contemporary author. Speaking of the Emperor Constantius, the great protector of the Arians, he says that this prince "was very desirous to have Athanasius condemned by the authority which the bishop of Rome possessed over the others."* This language of a pagan historian, in allusion to an Arian emperor, shows plainly that the belief of the pope's supremacy over the whole church was deeply impressed upon the minds of all.

From the facts we have mentioned, it is manifest that, even during the primitive ages of Christianity, the Roman pontiff enjoyed the privilege of receiving the appeals of bishops who thought themselves aggrieved by their colleagues, of re-examining their case, and confirming or annulling the judgments passed against them. Hence in the year 347, when the celebrated council of Sardica, consisting of nearly three hundred bishops who had assembled from thirty different provinces, recognized this power in the pope, it did not establish a new form of ecclesiastical government, but merely confirmed the ancient practice by a positive enactment, and declared in an authoritative manner what was and had always been the indisputable right of the see of Rome. "It seems most advisable," says the synodical letter of that council, "that from all the provinces, the priests of the Lord refer their case to the head, that is, to the see of Peter."†

In accordance with this universal belief of the supremacy of St. Peter's successors, St. Athanasius, who had already experienced the authoritative protection of the see of Rome, wrote again to Pope Felix in these terms: "For this reason did Christ appoint you and your predecessors, apostolic rulers, in the highest station, and wish you to have the care of all the churches, that you might assist us."‡

This was also the doctrine of the great St. Basil, archbishop of Cesarea, in Cappadocia. "I think," says he, in one of his letters, "it would be well to write to the bishop of Rome, that he may take into consideration the state of things here, and by his authority may depute men

endowed with a conciliatory spirit, to bring back those who have gone astray from the right path; men who will also be invested with all the necessary powers to rescind the acts of the council of Rimini."§

We learn from the same holy doctor a fact which shows the profound veneration which the remotest provinces entertained for the Roman pontiff, and the submission which they paid to his decrees. Eustathius, bishop of Sebaste in Armenia, had been condemned and deposed by a council held at Melitina. He applied to Pope Liberius, who restored him to his see, after he had complied with the terms proposed to him. Eustathius produced the letters of the pope before the bishops assembled in council at Tyana, in Cappadocia; and upon the mere exhibitions of these letters, without any knowledge of the conditions which that bishop had accepted, he was immediately reinstated in the possession of his see.¶

In the year 381, one hundred and fifty prelates assembled in the first council of Constantinople, requested Pope Damasus to confirm their decrees. This he accordingly did, sanctioning the definition of faith which they had given; and it thus happened that this council acquired the name and authority of a general synod, which it did not originally possess. We learn all this from the narratives of Theodoret‡ and Photius.§

About the same time St. Jerom wrote, from the deserts of Syria, a letter to the same pope, St. Damasus, in which he says: "I am united in communion with your holiness, that is, with the chair of Peter. On that rock I know that the church is built. Whoever eateth the Lamb out of this house is a profane man. Whoever is not in the ark, shall perish by the flood. . . . He that gathereth not with you, scattereth."||

Not less expressive than this was the language of Theodoret, the celebrated bishop of Cyre in Asia, when, persecuted by his enemies, he applied for redress to the Roman pontiff. "If Paul," said he, "the preacher of truth, and the trumpet of the Holy Ghost, had recourse to the great Peter, that he might obtain from him a reply to those at Antioch who were doubting about the observance of the

* Amm. Marcell. lib. xv. See Bossuet's discourse on Univ. Hist. part ii, c. 26.

† Epist. Synod. Conc. Sardic. ad Julium, Rom. pont. Conc. gen. vol. ii, col. 661.

‡ Epist. ad Felicem papam.

* Epist. 52, alias 67. ad Athanasium.

† St. Basil, Epist. 74, alias 264, ad Occident. episc.

‡ Eccl. hist. lib. v, c. 10.

§ De sept. synodis.

|| Epist. xiv, ad Damasum.

law; with greater reason do we, who are humble and lowly, address ourselves to your apostolical see, that from you we may receive a remedy for the wounds of the church. For, *by every title does the primacy justly belong to you*. . . . And now, appealing to your just and equitable tribunal, I pray and entreat your holiness to assist me, and command me to appear before you, that I may show how my teaching is conformable to that of the apostles."^{*}

In the same sense did he write to Renatus, a priest of the western church, urging him to persuade the pope "*to use his apostolical authority*, and command him to appear at the Roman tribunal. For," says he, "*that most holy see has the headship over all the churches of the world*."[†]

Some time before this, and for similar reasons, St. John Chrysostom, archbishop of Constantinople, wrote to Pope Innocent I in these words: "I beseech you to direct that what has been iniquitously done against me, while absent and not unwilling to undergo a trial, *should have no effect*; and that they who have proceeded in this way may be subjected to ecclesiastical censure."[‡] These proceedings, of which St. Chrysostom complained, were conducted against him by several oriental prelates, among whom was Theophilus, the haughty patriarch of Alexandria. He therefore admitted the bishop of Rome to be the lawful judge even of the Greek bishops and patriarchs; and having learned what Innocent had done in his favor, the holy and illustrious confessor humbly thanked the pontiff for having extended to him his paternal protection.[§]

St. Augustin frequently speaks, in the most unequivocal manner, of the supremacy vested by divine right in the Roman pontiff. He says in one place, that "*the principedom of the apostolic chair always flourished in the church of Rome*."^{||}

Writing to Innocent I, in the name of the council of Milevis (held A. D. 416, as was another also at Carthage, against the Pelagian heresy), he addressed him thus: "*Since it has pleased God, by his special grace, to place you in*

the apostolic chair—we do beseech you to exercise your pastoral solicitude, in looking after the infirm members of Christ. For a new heresy has been lately broached. But we hope by the mercy of our Lord, who helps you in the discharge of your duty, and hears your prayers, that the abettors of this pernicious doctrine will submit to the authority of your holiness, *derived from the authority of the divine Scriptures*."^{*}

Besides this letter, St. Augustin, with five African bishops, wrote another to the same pontiff, to urge still more the adoption of effectual measures for defeating all the wiles of the Pelagians. Finally, when the confirmatory decree of the pope had reached Africa, the holy doctor exclaimed, in addressing his flock: "Already have the decisions of two councils been sent to the apostolic see; the answers thence have reached us; *the cause is decided*; may the error also be now at an end!"[†]

Such was also the language of St. Peter Chrysologus, archbishop of Ravenna, in his letter to Eutyches. "We exhort you," said he, "to comply submissively with all that has been written by the most blessed pope of the Roman city, *since St. Peter, who lives and presides in his own see*, presents the true faith to those who ask it of him. As for us, we can not take cognizance of a cause regarding faith without the consent of the bishop of Rome."[‡]

In the general council of Ephesus, composed chiefly of oriental and African bishops, two hundred in number, Philip, a legate of Pope Celestine, thus addressed them: "We thank you for the acclamations we have heard, and for the praises you have given to your holy head (the pope). . . . Indeed, it has been known to all ages that the holy and most blessed Peter, the prince and head of the apostles, the pillar of faith, and the foundation of the Catholic church, received from our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Redeemer of mankind, the keys of the kingdom; and to him was given power to bind and loose sins, *who lives and judges in the person of his successors, to the present time, and will do so always*."[§] Such was the doctrine proclaimed before a

* Inter opera Theodoret, vol. iii, col. 984 et seq.

† Ibid., col. 959.

‡ Apud Palladium, in vita Chrysost., vel apud Constant, Epist. iv, col. 785.

§ Constant, Epist. ii, col. 810.

|| Epist. liii, alias clix, ad Glorium et Eleusium.

* Coll. Conc., vol. ii, col. 1545-6.

† Serm. 131, alias 2, De verbis apostoli.

‡ Epist. ad Eutychem, quæ refertur in act. Conc. Chalced.

§ Acta Conc. Ephes.—Labbe, vol. lii, col. 619 et 626.

general council, and received without a dissentient voice, in the early part of the fifth century.

This council of Ephesus was assembled for the solemn condemnation of Nestorius, archbishop of Constantinople, and of the heresy which he had broached against the mystery of the incarnation. The decree enacted for this purpose began with these words: "*Compelled by the sacred canons, and by the epistle of our most holy father* and fellow minister, Celestine, bishop of the church of Rome, bathed in tears, we proceed, as a matter of necessity, to pronounce this painful sentence against Nestorius."* Could it be possible to produce a more splendid testimony than this in favor of the pope's supereminent authority? The bishops, it is true, call him their fellow minister, on account of his being a bishop like them; but they call him, too, their most holy father, and a father having such an authority over his children, even when assembled in general council, as to oblige and compel them to follow his injunction relative to the disposition of one who held a high rank in the church, as metropolitan of the imperial city.

It may be well to observe that the same pope, St. Celestine, appointed St. Germanus, bishop of Auxerre, his vicar in Great Britain, to check the progress of the Pelagian heresy;† it was he also that ordained St. Palladius bishop, and sent him to convert the nation of the Scots;‡ from him too the great apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick, received his mission, A. D. 431.§

The same supreme jurisdiction was still more frequently exercised by St. Leo the Great during the twenty-one years of his pontificate, (A. D. 440—461.) In Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Illyria, Gaul, Spain, Africa, every where, did his pontifical decrees and his letters, distinguished by their apostolic firmness, maintain the purity of faith or restore the purity of discipline. But the exercise of the supremacy attached to St. Peter's chair, was principally called forth by the Eutychian heresy, which disturbed the whole eastern church shortly after that of Nestorius, and, like it, assailed di-

rectly the mystery of the incarnation. The storm which that new heresy excited increased every day in violence, until St. Leo succeeded, with the co-operation of the pious emperor Marcian, in assembling the general council of Chalcedon, where he presided by his legates, Paschasinus, Lucentius and Boniface.*

The acts of this holy synod, which was composed of nearly six hundred bishops, throw considerable light upon the mutual relations that exist between the Roman pontiff and the church at large. Paschasinus, the first legate, opened its proceedings thus: "We have orders from the most blessed and apostolic bishop of the city of Rome, *which is the head of all churches*, that Dioscorus (patriarch of Alexandria, and the chief promoter of the heresy of Eutyches) be not admitted as a member of the council, and, should he pretend to be such, that he be expelled from it."† It was then asked what the special charge against him was. Lucentius replied: "He had undertaken to hold a synod independent of the authority of the apostolic see, *which never was done, never allowed to be done.*"‡ In consequence of this, Dioscorus was required to sit in the midst of the assembly as a criminal instead of a judge.†

On the contrary, Theodoret who had been deposed by a council (the conventicle of Ephesus, in the year 449), was honorably received by the fathers of Chalcedon, "because the most holy Archbishop Leo had acquitted him, and restored him to his bishopric."‡

When the admirable letter of St. Leo had been read in the second session, the bishops cried out with one voice: "This is the faith of the fathers—this is the faith of the apostles. All of us have this belief—the orthodox believe this. *Peter has spoken by the mouth of Leo.*"§

In the third session, the solemn sentence of deposition was pronounced against Dioscorus for the reason above mentioned, "and because he had carried his arrogance and audacity so far as to rise against him *to whom the care of the*

* Ex Act. i Conc. Ephes. *ibid.* col. 533.

† St. Prosper, in *Chron. ad ann.* 429. Fleury, *Hist. Eccl. livre xxi.*, n. 15.

‡ Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, 6 April and 6 July. Fleury, *ibid.* n. 18.

§ Butler, *ibid.* 6 April. Fleury, l. xxvi, n. 13.

* See for all these facts, besides the works of St. Leo himself, and the ecclesiastical historians or biographers just mentioned, Beraut Bercastel, *Hist. de l'Egl. l. xvi.*—Feller, *art. Leon le grand*, and especially Natalis Alexander. (*In historiam eccles. Sac. i.*, Dissert. iv. § 2; et *Sac. iv.*, Diss. 20 et 28), who with Peter de Murca is so egregiously misunderstood by the Churchman's correspondent, H. M. M.

† Conc. Chalced. act. i.

‡ *Ibid.* act. i et viii.

§ *Ibid.* act. ii.

*vineyard has been entrusted by our Lord, that is, against the apostolic see.**

Lastly, the fathers of the council requested the pontiff, in the following words, to confirm their proceedings: "*Over us; as the head over the members, you have presided in the persons of those who held your place. We entreat you, therefore, to honor our decision with your sanction; and, as we have agreed with the head, let your superior authority complete what is desirable for your children.*"†

It would be useless to cite additional authorities. We have said enough to satisfy every reasonable mind that, from the beginning of Christianity, the bishops of Rome enjoyed and exercised, as successors of St. Peter, and in virtue of the power of the keys committed to that apostle, a supremacy of jurisdiction over the whole church. We have produced a multitude of authentic documents and incontestable facts from those primitive ages which could not possibly have been blind in regard to the real constitution of the society founded by Christ, and during which the generality of our opponents confess that the purity of the true faith and the vigor of sound discipline were preserved;‡ and we have proved from them that this was the constant doctrine and unanimous belief of the whole church itself in those ancient times, no less than it has been in all subsequent ages, that the popes possessed this primacy by divine right—a right inherent in the see or chair of St. Peter, who was established by our Lord head of the apostles and pastor of the whole Christian flock.

The reader may now judge of the degree of confidence to be placed in the assertions of those Protestant divines who tell us that no such thing as Roman supremacy, *jure divino*, was known or acknowledged in the first ages of the church. And how do these writers endeavor to maintain their position? Generally by affecting to despise the mass of evidence presented to them, or pretending not to see the force of it. This is indeed a very commodious way to answer unanswerable arguments. Some of them adduce long passages from St.

Irenæus and St. Augustin on the necessity of unity in general; but they do not say a word about the still more definite assertions of these holy doctors which teach the supremacy of the see of Rome, and inculcate the necessity of adhering to it as to the only centre of Christian unity. Others tell us of certain canons of the general councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon that were intended to settle the rank of the eastern patriarchs or metropolitans, and the respective privileges of their sees; but the innumerable proofs of the pope's supremacy which are furnished by the same councils, are altogether suppressed or passed over in silence. Such is the mode of dealing in theology and ecclesiastical history, adopted by certain individuals in this nineteenth century!

But let us consider the absurd consequences to which they are driven by the assertion that the bishop of Rome never enjoyed a supremacy of jurisdiction, by divine right, but that his authority was the effect of usurpation on the part of the popes, and of concessions more or less voluntary on the part of the church. Not to speak of the flagrant inconsistency of this assertion with all the monuments of antiquity; of the preposterous supposition that such holy men as St. Clement, St. Victor, St. Stephen, St. Julius, St. Damasus, St. Innocent, St. Celestine, St. Leo, were guilty of a criminal usurpation; or that such illustrious doctors as St. Irenæus, St. Cyprian, St. Athanasius, St. Basil, St. John Chrysostom, St. Jerom, St. Augustin, should have connived at or even assented to an essential change in the divine constitution of the church; how many other insuperable difficulties does the same hypothesis necessarily involve?

It would have been necessary in the first place for *all* the bishops of Christendom to relinquish a portion of their authority, or suffer themselves at least to be deprived of it by one of their own body, to acknowledge him or to tolerate him as their superior, and thus quietly pass from a state of equality and freedom to a state of dependence and submission unknown before to the Christian world. But this itself is too extraordinary and incredible to be admitted. To account for such a state of things by gradual and imperceptible changes would be impossible; because matters of this kind are not liable to imperceptible change. To explain it by supposing the intervention of

* Ibid. Act. i, et Relatio Conc. ad S. Leonem. Labb. vol. iv, col. 836.

† Relatio S. Synod. Chalced. ad S. Leonem. ibid. col. 832 et 837.

‡ In saying this, we do not mean, of course, to coincide in the least in the charges of Protestants against subsequent ages; we merely avail ourselves of their concessions in favor of the first centuries.

the secular power, would evince a lamentable disregard of history ; for the bishops of Rome, far from having been supported, were, on the contrary, during the first ages of the church, almost continually persecuted by pagan or heretical princes.

Moreover, this transfer of power from the many to one individual, a fact so important in itself and in its consequences for the government of the whole church, must have been effected throughout Europe, Asia, and Africa, and unanimously adopted by the bishops of the whole world, without any opposition or protest against it, without any disturbance, and in so secret a manner as not to be noticed by even one of the numerous writers of those ancient times ; for no mention has been made, nor is there the slightest vestige of such pretended innovation. What is more, our adversaries must contend that the rise of the papal supremacy which they would fain believe, and make others believe, however notorious it must have been at the time, escaped the notice even of contemporary heretics, who were most interested in rejecting and discrediting an authority which condemned their errors ; for they have not, any more than the orthodox writers of the age, alluded to any papal usurpation.

Such are the absurdities which they are compelled to swallow who consider the primacy of Rome as a mere human institution. We infer from these very inconsistencies, as well as from the words of Scripture and the unanimous voice of tradition, that the spiritual supremacy of the pope, without being admitted to excuse any errors of faith or practice, as the Banner of the Cross would have it, is proved as incontrovertibly as any other point of religion.

Of course it avails nothing for our dissenting brethren in America to unite with the Anglican, Russian, and oriental churches in protesting against the see of Rome ; as well would our modern philosophers associate with heathens, Mahometans, and Jews, in protesting against Christianity in general. What did it avail the kings and the gentiles of old, "to meet together against the Lord, and against his Christ?"* How does the existence of these separate societies affect the mass of evidence which we have adduced ? Has any one of them discovered new documents to set aside its authority ? By no means ; it is impossible ;

* Ps. ii, 1, 2.

there can not exist two contradictory truths. The history of these sects, and of their authors, only furnishes additional proof in our favor ; because the founders of new sects invariably admitted the supremacy of the see of Rome, of that holy see which condemns all novelties, until the moment of their own condemnation or of their surrendering to some inordinate passion. This was the case with Nestorius and Eutyches, authors of the various oriental sects ; with Photius, the originator of the Greek and Russian schism ; with Luther, Henry VIII,* etc. Self-conceit, jealousy, ambition, revenge, disappointed pride, or lust,—such, and no other, were the causes which led these men to separate from the church of Rome, and to drag so many thousands along with them into the evils of schism. Will motives like these be a sufficient plea for their conduct with the God of sanctity and truth ? Can our opponents feel any great confidence in appearing in such company at the tribunal of the sovereign Judge ?

Catholics have, indeed, reason for exultation in standing firmly by the chair of Peter, which, founded upon a solid rock by the hand of God himself, has been victorious over all the assaults of error and violence of persecution, and has continued for eighteen hundred years, and will continue till the end of the world,† the unshaken pillar of Christian faith, the only head of the Christian world, and the necessary centre of Christian unity. They

* Who is not aware of the filial attachment which Henry VIII manifested for the Roman pontiff before the fatal affair of the divorce ? Did not Luther himself, but a short time previous to his rupture with the Roman church, write to the pope in terms of the most perfect submission ? These were his own words, at the close of his letter of the 30th of May, 1518 : "Therefore, most holy father, prostrate at the feet of your holiness, I place myself at your disposal, with all that I am, and all that I have. Vivify, kill, call, recall, approve, disapprove, as you please ; in your voice I will acknowledge the voice of Christ, who presides and speaks in you." (*Epist. ad Leonem X.*)

Another striking example of the same kind, among the many which ecclesiastical history affords, is that of the Greek bishops, who, shortly before their last relapse into schism, concurred with the Latins in drawing up, at Florence, the following definition of faith : "We define that the holy apostolic see and Roman pontiff has the primacy over the whole world, and that the same Roman pontiff is the successor of the prince of the apostles, St. Peter, and the true vicar of Christ, and the head of the whole church, and the father and teacher of all Christians ; and that to him, in the person of the blessed Peter, full power has been given, by our Lord Jesus Christ, to feed, rule, and govern the universal church ; as is also contained in the acts of oecumenical councils, and in the sacred canons." (*Definitio S. acumen. syn. Florent.*—In collect. Labb., vol. xiii, col. 151.)

† Matth. vii, 25, and xvi, 18.

may well exclaim, with two of the brightest geniuses and most illustrious bishops that ever adorned the Christian hierarchy: "O holy church of Rome, mother of churches and of all the faithful, chosen by God to unite his children in the same faith and in the same charity; we will ever adhere to thee with the fondest attachment of our hearts; If I forget thee, O church of Rome, may I forget myself! May my tongue cleave to my mouth, if I do not remember thee; if I make thee not the beginning of my joyful song!"* "O church

* Bossuet, *Sermon sur l'unité de l'Eglise*, part iii.

of Rome! O holy city! O cherished abode of all true Christians! all become one people in thee; all are citizens of Rome, and every Catholic is Roman. . . . O church, from which Peter will for ever confirm his brethren! let my right hand be forgotten, if I ever forget thee! May my tongue become parched and motionless, if thou be not, till my last breath, the main object of my joy and of my song!"*

* Fenelon, *Mandement sur la Constitution Unigenitus*.—See *Histoire de Fenelon*, by Cardinal de Bausset, l. viii, n. 16.

THE MONTH OF MARY.

At this sweet season of the year,
When nature wears her gala dress;
When suns so bright and skies so clear
Array the world in loveliness;
When beauteous buds their leaves unfold,
And all their varied hues display;
When new fledged spring, with wings of gold,
Has chased the wintry clouds away;
The air is laden with perfume,
And dew drops glitter on the trees,
The very earth is fraught with bloom,
And music trembles on the breeze.
Each transient storm that passes o'er
The smiling, radiant, glorious scene,
Leaves it more brilliant than before,
And robes the fields in deeper green.

Then lo! young, joyous, sparkling May
Spreads to the air her rosy wing,
And flies o'er groves and meadows gay,
While birds 'mid verdant foliage sing;
And emerald vales and shady woods,
And mossy hills and daisied plains,
And starry skies and crystal floods,
Proclaim, the bride of nature reigns!
All hail! most lovely month of May,
On whose fair brow appears no frown,
Whose smiles are like the genial ray
That gilds with light thy beaming crown!

Sweet MONTH OF MARY, thou art kind
To bless us with thy loveliness;
Bird, bee, and flow'r, the human mind,
Earth, sea, and air, thy power confess:

While we thy magic charms will sing,
Thou bear'st, bright month, a sacred name;
Our votive offerings here we'll bring,
And Mary's generous love proclaim.
No queenly diadem she wore,
No dazzling splendor round her shone
But *she* the world's dear ransom bore,
And thus our grateful homage won.

And in this hallow'd month of May,
Young virgins, clad in snowy white,
Surround her shrine from day to day,
And with the heav'nly choirs unite
Their mellow voices; chanting praise,
They wreath her altars with fresh flowers,
And pay the tribute virtue pays
To her exalted, wondrous powers.
Oh! MARY's cheek for ever blooms,
Unfading garlands round her twine;
Reflected majesty illumines
Her peerless brow, and gilds her shrine:
Decay, that triumphs in the tomb,
No shadow o'er her dared to fling;
For heaven her body did assume
To realms where reigns eternal spring!

But oh! alas, for fleeting May,
Her loveliest flowers wither soon,
Her roses blush, to fade away
Before the blazing suns of noon!
Too soon her balmy days are o'er,
Too soon her blooming wreath she yields;
Her velvet verdure soon no more
Will spread a carpet o'er the fields;

Too soon soft zephyrs cease to blow,
 Too soon, too soon, sweet May has fled!
 Too soon the fires of summer glow,
 And summer's reign soon, too, is sped.
 Too soon the warbler's farewell song
 Is heard amid the twilight grey,
 For he to other climes ere long
 Will go, to seek another May.
 The faded flower, the trembling leaf,
 The lurid sky and shortened day,

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 17, 1845.

The ripened corn and gathered sheaf,
 Own autumn's russet, sombry sway.
 And soon rude winter's scowling brow
 Will triumph o'er the conquered year.
 Then oh! bright May, so smiling now,
 Thy beauties all will disappear;
 Thine only glory left will be,
 A lustre borrowed from the fame
 Of HER who, through eternity,
 Will shed a halo o'er thy name!

S. R. T.

ON SACRIFICES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNT JOSEPH DE MAISTRE, FOR THE U. STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

BY EUGENE LYNCH.

Concluded from p. 187.

CHAPTER III.

The Christian Theory of Sacrifices.



UHAT truth is there which we do not find in paganism? It is very true that there are many gods and many lords in heaven as well as upon earth,* and that we ought to aspire to the friendship and favor of these gods.† But, at the same time, it is equally true that there is but one Jupiter, who is the supreme god, the god who is the first,‡ who is the greatest;§ the “better nature,” which surpasses all other natures, even those which are divine;|| *that something above which nothing is*;¶ *a god not only god, but altogether god*;** the ruler of the

* For though there be that are called gods, either in heaven or on earth; *for there are many gods and many lords*; yet, &c. &c. (1 Cor. viii. 5, 6; 2 Thes. xi. 4.)

† St. August. De Civit. Dei, viii. 25.

‡ “Ad cultum divinitatis obeundum, satis est nobis Deus primus.” (Arnob. adv. gent. iii.)

§ “Deo qui est maximus.” (Inscription upon an ancient lamp in the museum of Passeri Antichità di Ercolano. Napoli, 17 vols., in folio,—vol. viii, p. 264.)

|| “Melior natura.” (Ovid, metam. i, 24.) Numen ubi est, ubi Di? (Id. Her. xii, 119.) Πρὸς Δίος καὶ Θεῶν. (Demosth. pio Coronā.) Οἱ Θεοὶ δὲ εἰσονται καὶ τὸ Δαίμονιν. (Id. De falsā legat. 68.)

¶ Deum summum, illud quidquid est summum. (Pliny, Hist. Nat. ii, 4.)

** “Principem et MAXIME DEUM.” (Lact. ethn. ad Stat. Theb. iv, 516, cited in the Biblioth. Lat. of Fabricius.)

universe;* the father, the king, the emperor;† the god of gods and men;‡ the father almighty.§ It is also true that Jupiter can not be suitably adored, except in company with Pallas and Juno, the worship of these three persons being, in its nature, indivisible.||

It is also true *that, if we reason wisely upon the deity, the ruler of things present and future, and upon the lord, father of the ruler and cause, we will all see, as plainly as it is permitted, the most favored of all mortals.*¶ It is also true that Plato, from whom the above is taken, must be corrected with respect, when in an-

* “Rector orbis terrarum.” (Sen. ap. Lact. div. just. i, 4.)

† “Imperator Divum atque hominum.” (Plautus in Rud. Prol. v, 11.)

‡ Deorum omnium Deus. (Seneca, ubi supra.) Θεὸς ὁ Θεῶν Ζεὺς. Deus Deorum Jupiter. (Plato in Civit. opp. b. x, p. 66.) “Deus Deorum”—“the God of gods shall be seen in Sion.” (Ps. lxxxiii, 8.) Deus noster præ omnibus Diis.—Our God is above all gods. (Ps. cxxxv, 5.) “Deus magnus super omnes Deos,”—“The God above all gods.” (Ps. xv, 3.) Ἐπὶ πάντι Θεοῖς. (Plat. Orig. passim. Ps. lxxxii, 1. God standeth, &c.; he judgeth amongst the gods.)

§ “Pater omnipotens.” Virg. Æneid i, 64; iv, 2, 20; Georgics ii, 325.

|| “Jupiter sine contubernio conjugis filiaque coli non solet. (Lact. Div. Instit.)

¶ “Τὸν τῶν πάντων Θεὸν ἡγεμῖνα τῶν τε ὀντων καὶ τῶν μελλόντων, τοῦ τε ἡγεμόνος καὶ αἰτίου πατρὸς κυρίου, . . . ὃν ὁρθῶς ὄντως φιλοσοφούμεν, εἰσάμεθα πάντες; σαφῶς, εἰς δύναμιν ἀνθρώπων εὐδαίμωνων. (Plato epist. vi, ad Herm. Erast. et Corisc. opp. vol. xi, p. 92.) In truth, how can one be known without the other? (Tertull. De an. cap. i.)

other place he says, "*that the great king being in the midst of things, and all things having been made for him, since he is the author of all good, the second king, nevertheless, is in the midst of second, and the third king in the midst of third things,* and that he spoke thus in enigmas, in order that, if by any mischance, by land or sea, it should fall into other hands, those who found it might not be able to comprehend it.*"† It is true, also, that Minerva sprang from the head of Jupiter.‡ It is no less true that Venus first sprang from water; § that she re-entered it at the epoch of the deluge, during which, "*all became sea, and the sea was without shores,*"|| and that she slept at the bottom of the waters during its continuance;¶ if to this we add that she subsequently reappeared under the form of a dove, so famous throughout all the

* "Περὶ τῶν πάντων βασιλεία πάντ' ἐστὶ, καὶ ἐκείνου ἕκαστα πάντα, καὶ ἐκείνος αἰτίων ἀπαίων τῶν καλῶν, δεύτερον δὲ πρὶ δέυτῃ, καὶ τρίτον πρὶ τὰ τρίτα." (Plato, Edit. ii, ad Dionys. vol. xi, p. 69; et apud Euseb. Præp. Evang. xi.) The curious reader, who wishes to know what has been said on this text, may consult Origen. de princ. lib. i, cap. 3, No. 5. opp. edit. Rucl, in fol. tom. iv, p. 62. Huet. in Origen. ibid., lib. ii, cap. 2, Nos. 27, 28; and the notes of La Ruc., pp. 63, 135. Clem. Alex., vol. v, p. 598, edit. Paris. Athenag. leg. pro Christ. Oxoniæ, ex theatro Seldon, in 8vo. 1706. Curis Dechair, p. 93, No. xxi, in note. It is very singular that neither Huet, nor his learned commentator, has cited the original passage from Plato, upon which the citation from Origen is a remarkable commentary. We give below this latter text, as Photius has preserved it, in the original (Cod. viii): "Διὸς μιν τοῖν πατέρα δὲ πάντων τῶν ὄντων, τοῖν δὲ υἱὸν μέχρι τῶν λόγων μόνον, τὸ δὲ πνεῦμα μέχρι μόνον τῶν σποσσομένων;" that is to say, "The father embraces all that exists; the son is limited to intelligent beings alone, and the spirit to the elect solely."

† Θεωροῦντες δὲ σοὶ δι' αἰγρημὸν ἴν' ἂν τί ἢ δόλος ἢ ποντοῦ ἢ γῆς ἢ τύχης πύδῃ, ὁ ἀνάρχους μὲ γινῶ. (Plato, ubi supra.)

‡ Telemachus, book viii, "Il chanta d'abord," &c.

§ In memory of this truth, the ancients established a ceremony, intended to perpetuate the principle "that all increase in organic life proceeds from water: ἐξ ὕδατος πάντων αἰχμησις. See the Scholiast upon the 145th verse of the fourth pythic of Pindar. According to the ancient doctrine of the Vedas, Brahma (who is the spirit of god) was born upon the waters, in the beginning of the world, in a lotus leaf, and the sentient principle took its origin from water. (Sir William Jones, in Asiatic Researches, Dissert. on the Gods of Greece and Italy, vol. i. Mr. Colebrook, ibid. vol. viii, p. 403, note.) Modern physics agree with the ancient world. (Vide Black's Lectures on Chemistry, in 4to., vol. i, p. 245. Lettres Physiques et Morales, &c., par M. de Luc, in 8vo., vol. i, p. 112, &c. &c.)

|| "Omnia pontus erant, decurrant quoque littora ponto." (Ovid, Metam.)

¶ Vide Dissertation upon Mount Caucasus, by Wilford. (Asiatic Researches, vol. vii, pp. 522-3.)

east, we must confess that this was not far from the truth.* It is also true that every one has his "genius," "conductor and initiator," who guides him through the mysteries of life.† It is equally true that Hercules could not ascend Olympus, and espouse Hebe, until all that he had of humanity had been consumed by fire on Mount Ætna.‡ It is true that Neptune commands the winds and the sea, and that they fear and obey him. § It is

* Thus we can not be surprised that mankind has concurred in recognising the dove as the bird of Venus; nothing is false in paganism, but all is corrupted.

† "Μυσταγογίης τοῦ βίου ἀγαθός." (Men. ap. Plutarch. De tranq. an.) These geniî inhabit the earth by order of Jupiter, to be the benefactors and guardians of unhappy mortals (Hesiod); but without ceasing to see the face of him who sent them. (Matth. xviii, 10.) When we have closed the door, and introduced darkness into our chambers, let us remember never to say (that it is night and) that we are alone; for god and our angel are with us; and for them to see us there needeth no light. (Epict. Arr. dissert. i, 14.) Bacon, in a work of rather suspicious character, counts amongst the number of paradoxes or apparent contradictions of Christianity, "that the Christian believes that he receives many good things by means of the angels, and yet he neither prays for their assistance, nor offers them thanks, which he doth not disdain to do to the meanest Christian." (Bacon's works, 2 vols. London, 1838; vol. i, p. 342, Paradox 13.) This paradox, not altogether one in appearance simply, does not apply to all Christianity.

‡ "Quodcumque fuit populabile flammæ Mulciber abstulerat; nec cognoscenda remansit Herculis effigies; nec quidquam ab origine ductum Matris habet; tantùmque Jovis vestigia servat." (Ovid, Met. ix, v. 262, seqq.)

§ "He summoned Eurus and the western blast, And first an angry glance on both he cast; Then thus rebuked: 'Audacious winds! from whence This bold attempt—this rebel insolence? Is it for you to ravage seas and land, Unauthorized by my supreme command? To raise such mountains on the troubled main? Whom I,—but first 'tis fit the billows to restrain, And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign. Hence: to your lord my royal mandate bear; The realms of ocean and the fields of air Are mine—not his. By fatal lot to me The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea. His power to hollow caverns is confined; Then let him reign, the jailor of the wind, With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call, And boast and bluster in his empty hall!' He spoke, and while he spoke he smoothed the sea, Dispelled the darkness, and recalled the day."

(Dryden's Virgil, Æneid I, 186 et seqq.)

And rising up, he rebuked the wind, and said to the sea: Peace, be still! and the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. (Matth. viii, 26; Mark iv, 39; Luke viii, 24.)

In these two descriptions we perceive the difference between truth and fable. The first makes God speak, the second makes him discourse; but, as we shall see in another place, it is always something differently similar.

true that the gods are nourished on *nectar* and ambrosia.* It is true that those heroes who have deserved well of mankind, particularly the *founders* and *law-givers* of states, have been justly acknowledged as *gods* by the legitimate authority.† It is also true that, when an individual is sick, we should endeavor gently to *enchant* the disease by "*powerful words*," without, at the same time, neglecting to call in the aid of material medicine.‡ It is equally true that *medicine* and *divination* are very nearly related.§

* "For I am the Angel Raphael, one of the seven who stand before the Lord. . . . I seemed, indeed, to eat and to drink with you; but I use an invisible meat and drink, which can not be seen by men." (Tobias xii, 15, 19.)

† The canonization of a sovereign in pagan antiquity, and the *apotheosis* of a *hero* of Christianity, in the church, differ only as positive and negative powers. On one side are error and corruption, on the other truth and holiness; but both are alike the results of the same principle; for error, I repeat, is nothing more than the corruption of a truth; that is to say, a thought proceeding from an intelligent principle, more or less degraded, but which, nevertheless, can act only according to its essence, or, if you will, according to its natural or innate ideas. "Totum propè cælum nonne humano genere completum est?" (Cicero Tuscul. Quest. I, 13.) Most certainly; for it is its destiny. The subject is no longer susceptible of doubt or pleasantry. And why should there not be a distinction for *heroes*? As for those who refuse obstinately to see any thing more in this point, as in others, than an imitation of paganism, we have nothing to say; let us wait till their awakening!

‡ - - - - Τους μὲν μαλακῆς
ἑταυδαῖς ἀμύθαν,
Τους δὲ προσηνία πῖ-
-ντας, ἢ γυίοις περιέπταν πάντοθεν
Φάρμακα, τοὺς δὲ τιμαῖς ἵστασθαι ὀρέσθαι.
(Pind. Pyth. iii, 91—95.)

Locus classicus de medicina veterum. (Heyne, ad Loc. V. Pindari carm. Gottingæ, 1798, tom. i, p. 241.) May I be permitted to observe, without meaning the slightest disrespect to so learned a scholar, that he seems to me to have been deceived in seeing *amulets* in verses 94 and 95; for it appears evident that Pindar is speaking simply of *applications*, of *fomentations*, in a word, of *topical remedies*. But I have scarcely courage to be in the right against Heyne.

§ Ἱερικὴ δὲ καὶ μετικὴ καὶ πῦρ συζγεῖν εἰσι.
(Hippocr. epist. ad Philop. opp. tom. ii, p. 896.) "For, without the aid of Esculapius, who obtained these secrets from his father, men could never have invented remedies." (Ibid. p. 966.) Medicine located its first inventors in the skies; and even at the present day men, from every quarter, consult the oracles for remedies for their diseases. (Pliny, Hist. Nat. xxix, 1.) Nor ought this to be a subject of astonishment, since "all healing is from God; the Most High hath created medicines out of the earth, and the Most High hath given knowledge to men, that he may be honored in his wonders." "My son, in sickness neglect not thyself, but pray

It is no less true that *the gods* have sometimes come to seat themselves at the tables of just men, and at other times have visited the earth to search into the crimes of these same men.* It is true, also, that nations and cities have their patrons, and that, in general, Jupiter executes an infinity of things in this world through the instrumentality of "*genii*."†

It is true, again, that the elements themselves, which are empires, are, like empires, presided over by certain divinities.‡ It is true, also, that "*the princes of the people* are gathered together with the God of Abraham, for the *strong gods of the earth* are exceedingly ex-

to the Lord, and he shall heal thee. Turn away from sin, and order thy hands aright, and cleanse thy heart from all offence. Give a sweet flavor, and a memorial of fine flour, and make a fat offering, and then give place to the physician, for the Lord created him." (Ecclesiasticus xxxviii, 1—12.)

* "No more of talk where God or angel guest
With man, as with his friend, familiar used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast; permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblamed."

(Paradise Lost, ix, 1—5.)

This is an elegant paraphrase of Hesiod, cited by Origen, as rendering homage to truth. (Advers. Cels. tom. I, opp. iv, No. 76, p. 563.)

Εὐχαὶ γὰρ τοῖς δαίτεσιν ἔσαν ἐνὶ δὲ θεοῖσιν
Ἀθαναστοῖσι θεοῖσι κατὰ θεὸν τοῖς ἀνθρώποις.

(Genesis xviii, xix; Ovid's Metam. i, 210 et seq.)

† "Constat omnes urbes in alicujus Dei esse tutelâ, etc. (Macrob. Sat. iii, 9.) Quemadmodum veteres pagani tutelaria sua numina habuerunt regnorum, provinciarum et civitatum (*Di quibus imperium steterat*), ita Romana Ecclesia suos habet tutelares sanctos, &c. (Henr. Morus, opp. theolog. p. 665.) See Daniel x, 13, 20, 21; xii, 1; Apocal. viii, 3; xiv, 18; xvi, 5. Huet, Dem. Evang. prop. vii, No. 9. St. August. De Civit. Dei, vii, 30. St. Augustin says that God exercised his jurisdiction over the gentiles by the ministry of angels, and this sentiment is based upon a variety of texts of Scripture. (Berthier on the Psalms, Ps. cxxxv, 4, vol. v, p. 363.) "But those who, by a gross idea (and, indeed, can there be one more gross?), believe that they take away from God all that they give to his saints and angels, will they never understand the true spirit of the Scriptures?" &c. (Bossuet, Pref. to the Expl. of the Apoc. No. 27.) See 'Les Pensées de Leibnitz, tom. ii, pp. 54, 66.

‡ "When I read in the prophets, in the Apocalypse, and even in the Gospel itself, of the '*angel of the Persians*, the *angel of the Greeks*, the *angel of the Jews*, the *angel of little children* who take their part, the *angel of water*, the *angel of fire*, &c., I can not but recognise in these expressions a kind of mediation through those holy spirits. I see even the cause which induced the heathens to distribute their divinities among the elements and the kingdoms, over which to preside, for every error is founded on a truth which has been abused (Bossuet ibid.), and of which it is but a vicious imitation." (Massillon, Vérité de la Religion, 1st point.)

alted.”* But it is also true that “there is none amongst these *gods* like unto the *lord*, and none whose works are comparable to his.” For who, in the *clouds*, can be compared to the *lord*; or who, among the *sons of god*, shall be like unto *god*? *He who alone* doeth wonderful things.†

How then can we believe that paganism could be deceived with regard to an idea so universal and fundamental as that of the sacrifice; that is to say, *redemption by blood*? Humanity could not divine the blood of which it stood in need. What man, left to himself, could comprehend the immensity of his fall, or the immensity of that love which was to restore him? Yet every people, by confessing more or less explicitly this fall, acknowledged also the want and nature of the remedy. Such has ever been the invariable belief of all mankind. Modified in practice according to the various characters of different people and worships, the principle itself has ever been apparent. We find especially that all nations have been of one accord in attributing a wonderful efficacy to the voluntary sacrifice of innocence, devoting itself to the divinity as a propitiatory victim. Men have always attached an inestimable value to that submission of the just man which accepts suffering with resignation; and it is with this idea that Seneca, after having made use of that famous expression, *Ecce par Deo dignum! vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus*, ‡ immediately adds:

* Quæ pater ut summâ vidit Saturnius arce,
Ingemit; et factio nondum vulgata recentē
Fœdæ Lycaoniæ referens convivia mensæ,
Ingentes animo, et dignas Jove concipit iras,
Conciliumque vocat. Tenuit mora nulla vocatos.
Dextrâ lerâque Deorum
Atria NOBILIMUM valvis celebrantur apertis . . .
Ergo ubi marmoreo Superi sedere recessu,
Celsior ipse loco,” &c.

(Ovid, Met. lib. i, 163 et seqq.)

“The *princes* of the people are gathered together with the *God* of Abraham, for the *strong gods* of the earth are exceedingly exalted.” (Psalm xlii, 10.)

† “There is none among the *gods* like unto thee, O *Lord*! and there is none according to thy works.” (Ps. lxx, 8.) Quis in nubibus (Olympus) æquabitur Domino, in similibus erit Deo in filiis Dei. For, who in the clouds can be compared to thee, O *Lord*! or, who among the sons of *God* shall be like unto *God*? (Psalm lxxxviii, 7.) Blessed be the *Lord God* of Israel, who alone doeth wonderful things. (Ps. lxxi, 18.)

‡ “Behold a contrast worthy of a *god*! a great man struggling with adversity!” These two antagonists are worthy to occupy the attention of the Deity. (Sen. De Provid. 11.)

“*Utique si et provocavit!*” When the ferocious jailers of Louis XVI, whilst a prisoner in the temple, refused him a razor, his faithful servant, who has left us an interesting history of that long and frightful captivity, said to him: “Sir, present yourself before the national convention with this long beard, that the people may see how you have been treated.” The king replied: “I ought not to endeavor to interest them in my fate.”† What passed in the heart of the martyr king at that moment, a heart so pure, so resigned, so prepared? He seems to have feared that he might escape the sacrifice, or might render the victim less perfect. What an acceptance! and what may it not have merited? On this point, we might invoke experience to the aid of theory and tradition, for the changes which produce the most beneficial effects, upon nations, are, in almost every instance, purchased at the price of bloody catastrophes, in which innocence is the victim. The blood of Lucretia banished the Tarquins, and that of Virginia rid the people of that decemviri.

When two parties come in collision in a revolution, one might, without rashness, predict the success of that party which has the greater number of precious victims, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding.

If the history of families were as well known as that of nations, it would furnish numerous similar instances. We might well expect to see that families, which have lost most of their members in war, would be the most durable. An ancient writer would have said: “To the gods of hell and earth these victims suffice.”‡ Men, better instructed, might say: “If he lay down his life for sin, he shall see a long lived seed.”§ And war, the inexhaustible source of reflection, shows the same truth, but under another form, the annals of every people having but one cry to prove to us that this terrible scourge always rages with a violence rigorously proportioned to the vices of nations, so “that an outpouring of crime is always followed by an outpouring of blood.” *Sine san-*

* “At least if he have provoked it.”

† See the Relation of M. de Cleri. (Loud. Baylis, 1793, p. 175.)

‡ Sufficiunt Dis infernis terræque parenti. (Juven. Sat. viii, 257.)

§ (Qui) iniquitatem non fecerit . . . si posuerit pro peccato animam suam, videbit semen longævum. (Is. liii, 9, 10.)

*guine non fit remissio.** Redemption is a universal idea. At all times, and in all places, mankind have believed that the innocent could pay for the guilty (*utique si et provocaverit*); but Christianity has rectified and elevated this idea, and a thousand others, which, even in their negative state, bore in advance the most decisive witness to its truth. Under the empire of that divine law, the just man (who never considers himself such) endeavors, nevertheless, to approach his model by the path of sorrow. He examines, purifies himself, and in his own person makes efforts which seem to transcend humanity, in order to obtain, at length, grace to be able to "*restore that which he has not stolen.*"†

But Christianity, whilst testifying to the truth of this doctrine, does not explain it, at least publicly, and it is known that the secret roots of this theory occupied much of the attention of the first *initiated* Christians. And first of all, Origen ought to be heard upon a subject so interesting, on which he has bestowed so much meditation. It was his well known opinion, "that the blood shed on Calvary had been useful not only to men, but to the angels, the stars, and all created beings; ‡ an opinion which will not seem surprising, if we call to mind what St. Paul says: "Because it hath pleased God to reconcile all things unto himself, through him who is the beginning, the first born from the dead, making peace through the blood of his cross, both as to things that are in heaven, and the things that are on earth." § And if "every creature groaneth," || according to the profound doc-

* "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." (Hebrews ix, 22.)

† "Quæ non rapui tunc exsolvebam." (Ps lxxviii, 5.)

‡ Sequitur placitum aliud Origenis de morte Christi non hominibus solum utili, sed angelis etiam et sideribus, ac rebus creatis quibuscumque. (P. D. Huetii Origen, lib. ii, cap. 2, quæst. 3, No. 20. Origen, opp. vol. iv, p. 149.)

§ "Colossians i, 20; Ephesians i, 10." Paley, in his *Horæ Paulinæ* (London: Baldwin, Craddock & Joy. 1822, p. 123), observes that these two texts are the "more remarkable, because the connecting of things human and divine is a very singular sentiment, and found no where else but in these two Epistles." If the words "no where else" refer to the canonical epistles only, the expression is not entirely exact, for this *very singular sentiment* is expressly repeated in the Epistle to the Hebrews, ix, 23. If they are to be taken in all their latitude, it is plain from what has already been said, that Paley is still more mistaken.

|| "For we know that every creature groaneth." (Rom. viii, 23.)

trine of the same apostle, why should not also every creature be consoled? The great and holy adversary of Origen assures us that, at the beginning of the fifth century, it was a received opinion that "the fruits of the redemption belonged to the heavens as well as to the earth;"* and St. Chrysostom did not hesitate to avow that the same sacrifice continued even to the consummation of time, and celebrated daily by the legitimate ministry, would operate for the benefit of "the whole universe."†

It is in this broad and universal sense that Origen viewed the effect of the sublime sacrifice of Calvary. "That this theory," he says, "is connected with heavenly mysteries, is what the apostle expressly declares, when he says 'that the patterns of heavenly things should be cleansed with these, but the heavenly *things themselves* with better sacrifices than these.'"‡ Contemplate the expiation of *all the world*, that is to say, of the celestial, terrestrial, and inferior regions, and behold how many victims they needed! . . . But '*the Lamb*' alone was able to take away the sins of all the world," &c.§

But although Origen was a great author, a great man, and one of the most profound theologians || that have adorned the church, yet I will not take upon myself to defend every thing he has written; it is enough for me to sing, with the Roman church,

"Earth, sea, and stars, the universe itself,

Are in this blood washed clean!"¶

In connection with this subject, I can not avoid expressing my astonishment at the strange scruples of certain theologians who reject the doctrine of a plurality of worlds for fear of affecting the dogma of redemption.**

* *Crux salvatoris non solum ea quæ in terrâ, sed etiam ea quæ in cælis erant pacasse perhibentur.* (D. Hieron. Epist. lix, ad Abitum i, 22.)

† "We sacrifice for the good of the earth, of the sea, and of the whole universe." (St. Chrysos. Hom. lxx, in Joh.) And St. Francis of Sales having said that Jesus Christ suffered principally for men, and in part for the angels, we see (without examining the meaning he intended to convey) that he did not limit the effect of the redemption to our planet. (Letters of St. Francis of Sales, book v, pp. 38, 39.)

‡ Heb. ix, 23.

§ Origen Hom. 29 in Num.

|| Bossuet, Preface sur l'explicat. de l'Apocal. num. 29.

¶ "Terra, pontus, astra, mundus, Hoc lavantur sanguine (flumine)."

(Hymn. Lauds. of Passion Sunday.)

** A remarkable instance of this is found in the notes with which the illustrious Cardinal Gerdil has

According to them, we must believe that man is whirled through space upon this lone and melancholy planet, miserably hemmed in between Mars and Venus;* that he is the sole intelligent being of the system, that the other planets are mere globes destitute of life and beauty,† which the Almighty has launched forth into space, apparently like a tennis-player, for his amusement solely. A more unworthy thought was never presented to the human mind. Long since, Democritus said, in a celebrated conversation, "Beware, my friend, how you degrade in your mind that nature which is so great and rich."‡ We would be inexcusable if we were not to profit by this advice, we who live in the bosom of light, and who can contemplate in its full glory the supreme intelligence, instead of the vain phantom, nature. Let us not degrade, miserably degrade the infinite Being by placing ridiculous bounds to his power and his love. Can there be a proposition more evident than this: "That *all things* have been made *by* and *for* intelligence?" Can the planetary system be aught else than a system of intelligence, and each planet the sojourn of one of these families? Is there any thing in common between matter and God? Can dust know him?§ If the inhabitants of other planets have not been guilty, like ourselves, the same remedy will not have been needed, and if, on the contrary, the same remedy is required for them, will the theologians, of whom I have just spoken, indulge in any fear that the virtue of the sacrifice on Calvary could not reach the moon? The view which Origen has taken of this subject is much more penetrating as well as comprehensive. "The altar," he says, "was at Jerusalem, but the blood of the victim bathed the universe."|| He did not consider himself authorized to make public all he knew upon this subject. "To speak," says he, "of

thought proper to honor the last poem of his colleague, Cardinal Bernis.

* "Nam Venerem Martemque inter natura locavit, Et nimum, ah! miseros spatii conclusit iniquis." (Boscovitch, *De Sol et Cur. defect. lib. i.*)

† "Inanes et vacuæ." (Genesis i, 2.)

‡ "Μηδὲ μὲν ἔταίρι, κατὰ σμικρολογίαν πρὸς αὐτὴν φύσιν ἴσους." (See the letter of Hippocrates to Damagetes, *Hipp. Opp. tom. ii, pp. 918, 919.*) This is not the place to inquire into the authenticity of these letters.

§ "Numquid confitebitur tibi pulvis?"

(Psalm xxix, 10.)

|| Origen, *Hom. i, in Levit. No. 3.*

this victim of the law of grace offered by Jesus Christ, and to render intelligible a truth which transcends human intelligence, nothing less would be required than a '*perfect man*,' practised in judging between good and evil, and who has a right to say, with conscious truth, we preach wisdom to the *perfect*.* He of whom St. John says: 'Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world,' has served as an expiation, according to certain mysterious laws of the universe, having been well pleased to submit himself to death in virtue of the love which he felt for man, and to redeem us by his blood from the hands of him who had seduced us, and to whom '*we were sold by sin*.' "†

From the consideration of this general redemption effected by the great sacrifice, Origen passes to that of particular ones which may be termed "*inferior*" redemptions, but which flow from the same principle. "There are other victims," he continues, "which approach this great one—I allude to those noble martyrs who also have shed their blood; but, 'who is wise, and he shall understand these things, prudent, and he shall know these things.'"‡ To form even a very imperfect idea of the law, by virtue of which these species of victims serve to purify those for whom they are offered, requires profound researches.§ An appearance of cruelty seems to attach itself to the Being to whom they are offered for the salvation of men, but an enlarged and healthy mind will find means to repel the objections against Providence without, at the same time "*exposing the last secrets*;"|| for the judgments of God are very profound; it is very difficult to explain them, and many weak souls have found in them the occasion of their fall; but as in all nations it has ever been admitted that a great number of men have vol-

* "Howbeit, we speak wisdom among the perfect." (1 Corinth. ii, 6.)

† Romans vii, 14; Origen, *opp. tom. iv. Comment. in Evang. Johannis, tom. vi, chap. xxxii, xxxvi, pp. 151, 153.*

‡ Osee xiv, 10.

§ "The martyrs administer the remission of sins; their martyrdom, like that of Jesus Christ, is a baptism by which the sins of many are expiated, and we can in some sort be redeemed by the precious blood of the martyrs as by the precious blood of Jesus Christ." (Bossuet "*Medit. pour le temps du Jubilé, cinquième point.*") After Origen in the exhortation to martyrdom.)

|| Ως ἀποκρίνομεν ὅταν καὶ ὑπὲρ ἀνθρώπων φύσιν. (Ib.)

untarily devoted themselves to death for the common weal, as in the case, for example, of pestilential epidemics;* and as the efficacy of these offerings has been recognized, upon the faith even of the Scriptures, by that faithful element in whose favor St. Paul has left so splendid a testimony (Philipp. iv, v. 13), he who is tempted to "blaspheme mysteries which surpass the ordinary reach of the human mind, must recognise in the martyrs something 'differently similar' (*differemment semblable*)."

"He who kills a venomous animal deserves well beyond doubt of all those to whom this reptile might have been hurtful had it not been killed; let us believe that something similar to this happens by the death of the most holy martyrs—that it destroys evil powers, and that for a great number of persons it procures wonderful succors by virtue of a certain force which can not be named.† These two redemptions do not differ in their nature, but solely in their excellence, and in their results, according to the merit and the power of the agents. Upon this subject I might recall what has been already said in the "Soirées," upon divine and human intelligence. They could only differ in the same manner as similar figures which are always similar however much they may differ in dimensions.

In conclusion, let us contemplate the most beautiful analogies. Stained with crime, man could only be absolved by the death of victims. Blood being consequently the bond of reconciliation, the error of antiquity was in imagining that the gods flocked to the altars upon which it was shed; ‡ nor did our early doctors wholly reject this belief, for they believed that the *angels flocked to every altar upon which the blood of the true victim was shed.* §

* If we follow the course of the human mind from Origen to La Fontaine, we will see how natural these ideas are to man.

"L'histoire nous apprend qu'en de tels accidens On fait de pareils dévouemens."

"History teaches us that in such cases similar instances of immolations are ever found." (La Fontaine's Fables, book vii,—Fable i, des animaux malades de la peste.)

† Origen, ubi sup.

‡ Porphyry, De Abst. lib. ii, in the Dém. Evang. de Leland, Tom. II, ch. v, sec. 7. St. August. De Civ. Dei x, 2 Orig. adv. Cels. lib. iii.

§ Chrysost. Hom. iii, in Epist. ad Ephes. Orat. de Nat. Christi; Hom. iii, de Incomp. Nat. Dei, "Perpet de la foi," in 4to. tom. i, lib. ii, chap. 7, No. 1. All these doctors of the church have spoken

Following the train of similar ideas upon the nature and efficacy of sacrifices, the ancients saw even beyond this something mysterious in the *communion of the flesh and blood of the victim*. It was, according to their belief, the complement of the sacrifice and of religious unity, and so far was this opinion carried that, for a long period, the early Christians refused to partake of flesh which had been immolated, through fear of communicating.*

But this universal idea of *communion through the blood*, although vitiated in its application, was nevertheless in its origin just and prophetic equally with that from which it sprang.

It entered into the incomprehensible designs of love all powerful, to perpetuate even to the consummation of time, and by means far beyond our feeble understanding, this same sacrifice once materially offered for the salvation of mankind. The *flesh* having separated man from heaven, God has taken *flesh* upon him to unite himself to man by that which had caused the separation. But this was not enough to satisfy infinite goodness attacking infinite degradation. The flesh thus deified and perpetually immolated is presented to man under the form of his daily nourishment, "and he who will not eat of this flesh, shall have no life in him."† As the *articulate word* which, in the material world, is nothing more than a succession of circular undulations excited in the air, and similar in every possible plane to those we perceive on the surface of a sheet of water in which a stone has fallen, as this *word*, I repeat, nevertheless, strikes in all its mysterious integrity at every point, upon every ear which the vibrations reach; in the same manner the corporal essence ‡ of *Him* who is called "the *Word*," radiating from the centre of Omnipotence and Omnipresence, enters into every

of the *reality* of the sacrifice, but none have expressed that reality in such strong terms as St. Augustin, when he says, "that the Jew converted to Christianity drinks the same blood which he had shed on Calvary." (St. Augustin, Sermon. lxxvii.)

* "For we being many, are one bread; one body all who partake of one bread" (1 Cor. x, 17); or, it may be translated: "For we being many, are one bread, one body, all who partake of one bread." See note on this passage in Doway Bible, Baltimore ed.

† St. John vi, 54. "Amen, amen, I say unto you, unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of man, and drink of his blood, you shall not have life in you."

‡ *Σμας ἀνωγειν*. (Orig. adv. Cels. lib. viii, No. 33, cited in La Perpétuité de la foi, in 4to. tom. ii, liv. 7, ch. i.)

mouth, whole and entire, multiplying itself to infinity, without undergoing any division. Irresistible as the thunderbolt, swifter than the lightning's flash, the "*theandric*" blood penetrates the *bowels* of the guilty, to efface the stains of sin.* It reaches even to the unknown confines of those irreconcilable and yet united powers† where "the intents of the heart‡ combat and disturb the understanding." By an affinity truly divine, it seizes on the elements of man, and transforms without destroying them. "We have reason, without doubt, to be astonished that man should be able to elevate himself even to God; but behold another prodigy even more astonishing—God descending even to man! Nor is this all: to become

more nearly related to this cherished creature of his hands, he enters into his bosom, and every just man is a temple of the divinity."* It is indeed an inconceivable wonder; but it is at the same time an exceedingly plausible one. It crushes, but it satisfies reason. In the whole spiritual world there is not a more magnificent analogy, or a more striking adaptation of intentions and means, of effect and cause, of evil and its remedy. There is nothing which demonstrates in a manner more worthy of God a truth which men in every age and clime confessed, even before that truth had been taught among them; man's radical degradation, the reversibility of the merits of innocence paying for the guilty, and *salvation by blood!*

* "*Adhæreat visceribus meis . . . ut in me non remaneat scelerum macula.*" (Liturgy of the Mass.)

† For the word of God is living and perpetual, and more penetrating than any two edged sword, and reaches unto the division of the soul and the spirit, &c. (Hebrews iv, 12.)

‡ And is a discoverer of the thoughts and intents of the heart. (Ibid.)

* *Miraris homines ad Deos ire? Deus ad homines venit; imo (quod proprius est), in homines venit.* (Seneca, epist. 74.) *In unoquoque virorum bonorum (quis Deus incertum est) habitat Deus.* (Idem. Epist. 41.) Beautiful effort of human instinct! seeking for that which faith possesses. *In tus Christus inest et inobservabile Numen.* (Vide Hymn. in Euchar.)

QUIS DEUS CERTUM EST!

THE STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA R. DORSEY.

Continued from p. 249.

CHAPTER XI.

New Scenes—new Friends, and the "Angelus."



LAVERING, in his new and strange position, felt troubled and perplexed, and, for several days, was so ill, from the excitement of the last few months, that he was unable to leave his room.

During this interval, he endeavored to make some arrangements respecting his future course and place of abode; but events had succeeded each other so rapidly, and sentence of banishment so unexpectedly pronounced on him, that he felt bewildered and unable to come to any definite conclusion, until the Rev. Mr. Aylmer's letter recurred to his memory, and, like

a star, directed his course. He determined to proceed without delay to Baltimore, and his mother, who had watched day and night beside him with the most tender solicitude, proceeded, with much satisfaction, to write at once to a friend of her mother's, who was still alive and residing in that city, and commit her son and his affairs to her maternal care. His mind being somewhat relieved as to his future prospects, he felt stronger and better, and, requesting his mother to have his books and clothing arranged in his travelling trunk, determined to take passage the next day in the steamer "*Rappahannock*," which would pass on her route to Baltimore. He made an effort, through Mrs. Clavering, to see his father, but the colonel was inexorable and would not re-

ceive him ; so, leaving his kindest and most dutiful regards for him and a message for Isadora, he departed from the house next morning early, accompanied by his mother and two servants carrying his baggage, just as the steam-boat gracefully turned a bend in the river, and swept majestically in sight. Day had not long dawned, and, by the gray, sombre light, every object looked dim and cheerless around the beloved home ; and the forest trees—those dear old friends whose kindly boughs had so often sheltered him in his boyish sports from the noontide heat—the verdant lawn, and each familiar haunt, were almost concealed by a dense mist. He saw the taper's light gleaming from his father's window, and the white draperies undisturbed at Isadora's casement ; no shadow flitted across either ; no loving face peered anxiously out with tearful glances to wish him God speed, and he felt himself forsaken by those two, and uncared for by them who had been always accustomed to wish him a happy voyage and speedy return, amid smiles and tears and affectionate waving of the hands as long as he could discern objects on the shore. Shadows were stealing over his heart, and bitter tears filled the student's eyes, while Mrs. Clavering, whose arm lay within his, felt a convulsive shudder pass through his frame. Many of the slaves, having heard a thousand vague rumors of his departure and its probable cause, had assembled and thronged the shore to receive a last kind word and look from one who, though holding the position of a master to his vassals towards them, had been their untiring friend in sickness and health—their counsellor and protector in difficulties—the play-fellow of some and the beloved of all. Hard was it for those humble but faithful friends to believe that he who was so good, so amiable and kind to every living thing, deserved the harsh sentence that had been pronounced on him, and as Clavering turned to say a word of farewell to each, as he stood with his head uncovered, silent and respectful, tears coursed each other over their dark cheeks, and many a brawny chest heaved with emotion ; but the time had now come when he must leave all ! The usual signal having been made, the steamer hove too, and a boat, which had been quickly manned, rapidly approached the landing to convey Clavering and his baggage on board.

He clasped his mother once more in a tender embrace, and, kissing away her fast falling tears, jumped into the little boat and was soon on board the "*Rappahannock*," which now proceeded gaily on, cutting the waters on whose bosom the first beams of the rising sun glistened into a thousand glittering fragments. A loud wail of unrepressed and uncontrollable lamentation rose from the shore, and Clavering saw that his mother had fallen insensible in the arms of her women, while the poor slaves, finding that he had really left them, filled the air with their cries and prayers that he would soon return. Col. Clavering started from his bed as the piercing sound reached his ears, and demanded of Albert what was the meaning of it. After some hesitation, he replied :

"Young master, sir, is just gone away, and I heerd the people say last night as how they were gwine down to the shore dis morning to——"

"Enough, enough, sir," said his master, sharply, creeping back to his pillow with a shuddering agony at his heart.

After some hours' pleasant voyage, Clavering found himself in Baltimore hurrying along its principal thoroughfare, under the guidance of a porter, to his hotel. Here, jostled by strange and unfamiliar beings, he felt indeed all the loneliness and solitude of a stranger, and this was a dreary feeling to come home to the heart of one who had never met a cold glance, or careless, unloving, or unfriendly look before. No heart sprang forth to clasp his hand with responsive greeting, and every being who was hurrying along the crowded street, except himself, was perhaps hastening to a *home* which, humble though it might be and poor, and mayhap degraded, was still a *home* where the weary, and those buffeted by the world might claim rest and peace—but he, alas ! an outcast, an exile from the haunts of his childhood, the home of his heart's holiest affections, thrust away from the sight of an incensed parent—the comparison was too galling, and Clavering, man as he was, experienced a faintness at his heart, and felt bitter tears filling his eyes.

It is well for those who have homes and ties and comforts, and live daily under a roof tree whose branches are filled with refreshment and peace, to think of the stranger ; he is always with us—forget him not ! Extend to—

wards him some little courtesy, some act of friendly kindness, and speak gentle and friendly words, for his heart may perhaps be sore from recent and deep wounds—avert not your eye from his pale, anxious face, but with soft and gentle beams let it rest on him to light up his solitude. The first and keenest pangs were over—farewell words had been spoken, and wishes filled with hope amid much tribulation uttered, and tears wrung from the innermost depths of the maternal heart been shed! And this was all! Life's anguish, its separation and fears! But do not these, like the rod which once smote a desert rock, bringing forth from its cold bosom streams of refreshing water to cool the fevered lips of weary wanderers, do not these bruises of the heart oftentimes touch the soul over whose immortal disc earthly things have spread a dim, hard surface, and, from secret springs, not yet exhausted, bring forth gushing waters of life to invigorate its fainting energies, until its onward march is steady and unfaltering towards eternal rest!

The next day, consulting the Directory, and finding out the locality of the Rev. Mr. Aylmer and Mrs. Botelar's respective residence, Clavering called a carriage, and ordered the driver to convey him to the house of the latter, which was situated in the upper part of Carleton street. Learning from the servant that his mistress was at home, Clavering sent in his card, and, in a very few moments, received a message begging him to alight and walk in. The house was large and handsome, and, among the gaudy modern buildings which had sprung up around it with their red fronts, innumerable windows of plated glass, marble steps almost as wide as the houses to which they belonged, set off with elaborately carved iron railings and glaring brass knobs, Mrs. Botelar's mansion looked old and respectable—its large and antiquated windows, the well preserved window shutters, its sober looking front and unostentatious entrance on which hung a large plated knocker, gave undoubted evidence of the character and standing of its inmates. The respectable and gray headed negro who had for many years been the confidential servant of the family, with a polite and quiet demeanor, conducted Clavering along and ushered him into a spacious and well furnished drawing-room. A lady, who had probably passed her sixtieth year, was seated by the

fireside in an arm chair of carved ebony. A workstand, underneath which stood a large work basket filled with evidences of industry, was by her side, from which she had just taken a garment of some description and handed it to a sweet looking girl who was seated at her feet. A cap of the finest and thinnest muslin covered her head, but did not conceal her hair, which was of the most silvery whiteness, and lay parted on her noble forehead, like wreaths of snow. Her eyes were large and dark; their lustre softened but not dimmed by age; her nose high and finely formed, and her mouth which, though unadorned by the pearls that once glistened there, still retained in its good formation and great sweetness, traces of beauty. A rich black satin dress, fitting high in the neck, and falling open to the waist, displayed a spotless shawl of the finest India muslin laid in graceful folds over her breast, beneath which a small diamond cross, the only ornament she wore, could be seen glancing, like half concealed beams of light, from her bosom. The sleeves of her dress were tight, but it was very evident they were not made to correspond with the prevailing fashion of the day, for they did not extend down to her wrists, but only a little way below the elbows, and her arms were concealed by finely plaited linen cambric ruffles dependant from them, and short black silk mittens. The skirt of her dress was long and very full, and over it she wore an apron of the whitest and the most transparent muslin edged round with rich old fashioned lace. In fact, as Clavering glanced on her from head to foot, whilst exchanging the compliments of the morning with her, he thought he had never seen a more perfect picture of elegance, or a face and form more sanctified by the touches of time.

"Mr. Clavering—Louis Clavering," she said, looking at him earnestly through her glasses; "no doubt, my dear sir, I have had the honor of your acquaintance before, but I am getting old, as you perceive, and must be excused if I do not exactly recollect." Clavering smiled and handed her his mother's letter, saying:

"This letter from my mother, madam, will explain all those things, if you will oblige me by opening it at once." She looked at him again for an instant with a perplexed expression, saying, in a low voice:

"I ought to remember that smile," broke the seal, and glancing hastily over the first few lines, exclaimed: "From the child of the dearest friend I ever had, and is it possible that you, young sir, are the son of Josephine Weldon? It is very strange that I did not recollect the name of the gentleman she married, at once." Again she read—then again raised her eyes, now suffused with tears, and scanned his features, and, while her countenance expressed the deepest emotion, she reached out her hand, and, taking his with a gentle and affectionate pressure in her own, proceeded to read the letter. Clavering was touched—the very music of his soul was moving in sweet and harmonious measures to the influence of this heart-felt and sincerely kind reception. As Mrs. Botelar read of his conversion, and his father's inexorable anger which had driven him from his home and the presence of that mother who idolized him, her tears flowed freely, and, laying down the letter an instant, she arose, and, putting her arms around the child of her friend, kissed his forehead and said, in a voice rich with the mingled emotions of her heart:

"Welcome! thrice welcome, Louis! beloved as thou art of heaven—chosen in a wonderful manner to enter within the shelter of its own fold—I take you to my heart as my own son; henceforth my home shall be yours."

"Dear madam," he replied, raising her hand with profound veneration to his lips, "I already feel as if I had found a second mother. I thank you—thank you most gratefully!"

And now she read of Mrs. Clavering's repentance, expressed in sentiments of deep and sincere contrition, the very paper on which she had written being blistered with penitent tears, and, raising her eyes heavenward, folded her hands together and remained for awhile in mute and rapt communion with her own heart and God. Mrs. Botelar refolded the letter and placed it in a small enamelled case which she drew from her pocket.

"And now, my son," said she, "remember you are committed to my care—you leave my home no more. Nay, Louis, say not a word to oppose it; I have a room that will suit you exactly, and shall not rest until I see you settled in it. My dear," said she to the young girl, giving her a bunch of keys; "here, take

these to Mammy Dorothy, and tell her to make every thing comfortable in the front chamber, and tell Thomas to come to grandmother directly." The pretty creature received the keys and flitted from the drawing-room, trying sedulously to hide her eyes beneath the long curls which hung in luxuriant masses around her head; she had seen for the first time in her life her grandmother weep, and the strange sad looking gentleman had also brushed heavy tears from his cheeks, and is it wonderful that she should have been moved? Oh no! tears for tears and smiles for smiles is the currency of childish hearts.

"I can not, my dear Mrs. Botelar, I can not bear the idea of giving you trouble by adding another inmate to your family. I know you will forgive me if I decline your most kind offers. I do assure you that the liberality of my father has placed every comfort within my reach."

"Exactly, my dear," replied the lady; "but can the thousands he has given you, and of which Josephine in her letter informs me, give you a mother's care?"

"Alas! no," said Clavering, sadly.

"Which care," continued Mrs. Botelar, "I see you very much need—you are not well, my dear; I do not like that crimson flush on your cheeks; come, come, give up to an old woman who can not endure contradiction! And you see," said she, becoming grave and melancholy, "I lost a son about your own age some few years ago; I want some one to fill up the vacancy his death has made in our little circle. Can you refuse me now?"

"Dear madam, you overwhelm me with kindness which I do not merit." Just then Thomas, the old negro, who had received Clavering when he first came, entered the room.

"Tom," said the lady to him, "I sent for you to go down immediately with your boy and inquire at Barnum's for Mr. Louis Clavering's baggage; here," handing him Clavering's card, "give this to Mr. Donnelly, who attends to all these matters, and tell him I sent you, and when you get the baggage bring it here. This gentleman, Tom, is the grandson of Madame Weldon, an old friend of mine many years ago." The old man bowed respectfully to Clavering, saying "that he remembered Madame Weldon perfectly."

"And Tom," continued Mrs. Botelar, "henceforth he is my son. Business of im-

portance brings him to Baltimore, and I will not consent that he make his home elsewhere than in my house."

"Very glad, madam, very glad, young master Clavering; hope, sir, as you'll find our house agreeable." Clavering, a little amused, held out his hand which the old negro respectfully touched, and thanked him for his kind wishes. He was too much accustomed to the peculiar ways and manners of ancient family servants to feel surprised at Tom's expressing himself as he did, so he received his little act of courtesy as politely as it was offered. Finding it was useless to say any thing further in opposition to Mrs. Botelar's design, he bade her good morning, and, after promising to return that evening, proceeded to the residence of Father Francis which was not more than a half a square distant from Mrs. Botelar's, and considered himself truly fortunate when on sending in his card he was instantly admitted to his presence. In a well furnished library sat Father Francis near a table covered with books, manuscripts, and papers. His dress which consisted of a black cassock confined around the waist by a leathern girdle, from which depended a full rosary and a crucifix, corresponded well with the dignity of his tall and rather embonpoint person and the perfect repose of his quiet and dignified manner. His fine head was concealed by the black cap of his order which he wore, but his high bald forehead and the hair slightly touched by time which fell on his temples and shoulders, gave a venerable expression to his whole appearance, which would have rendered it almost stern had it not been for an ineffable sweetness which absolutely illumined his countenance when he smiled, and robbed its aspect of every thing approaching to severity or harshness. He rose and extended his hand in the most kind and paternal manner to Clavering, who, after they were seated, thanked him in well chosen but concise terms for the books he had so promptly forwarded, and which had been productive of such decided results. He soon glided into an easy and pleasant conversation, discussing with the good clergyman who led the way, the news of the day and certain occurrences that had been productive of much party strife among the people; then literature became the topic of discourse. Here Clavering was at home; culling strains from old Homer, quot-

ing passages from the eloquent pages of Sophocles and Pindar, and the more elegant inspirations of Dante and numberless others whose names adorn the pinnacle of fame: the moments passed rapidly by, and he talked and listened with enthusiasm. His modest and retiring nature which generally shrunk from display or pedantry, under the benign influence of the good father's happy manner appeared forgotten, and he talked without reserve and expressed his opinion on high literary questions in a clear and unembarrassed manner. Father Francis *could* awe when necessity required it; of this certain lines about his firm and expressive lips told an observant eye, but with a simplicity and elegance of manner peculiar only to highly gifted and polished minds, he could make those who were inferior to him in the attributes of mind and genius, forget his own superior intellect and reveal without restraint their natural or acquired talents. Clavering felt this influence, and, while it fascinated and charmed, did not awe him, but in the midst of mutual quotations and pleasant critiques, during which he was completely won by the urbane manners of Father Francis, the stroke of a mighty belt pealed near them. Clavering started in dismay, for so close did it seem to his ear that the concussion of sound for an instant stunned him; he looked around in wonder, not comprehending what it could mean, when he saw Father Francis arise and cross himself with the sign of salvation, kneel, and pray. Clavering also knelt and, seeing before him a painting of the "thorn crowned head," prayed for mercy and pardon. The bell thundered forth its deafening peals, three times three; then came a pause; again it sounded twelve heavy distinct strokes and ceased. They arose, and Father Francis remarked pleasantly: "I am not surprised, Mr. Clavering, that you started at the sound of the Cathedral bell. For weeks after my removal here, I could not hear it without starting, and sometimes, when it would come booming on my ear in a moment of deep study, I have been almost stunned and surprised into forgetfulness of the Angelus Domini; but that, like all other novelties of sound or sight when they become familiar, has from use ceased even to sound too loud."

"I was not aware, sir, that it rang for the Angelus Domini. I have seen this prayer

frequently mentioned, but can not say that I precisely understand it," said Clavering.

"Ah! true, true, I had forgotten," replied Father Francis, smiling, "that you are not yet one of the initiated. This prayer or devotion is recited by the pious faithful three times a day at the sound of the bell in honor of the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was introduced into the church of Saintes in France, and Pope John XXII gave his approbation to it in a bull dated 13th of October, 1318, and granted an indulgence of ten days to those who would perform this devotion kneeling. The practice was considerably diffused by the efforts of Calixtus III, who established the daily ringing of the bell at noon for the purpose of calling the attention of the people to prayer, and granted indulgences to those who would at that hour recite three times the Lord's prayer and the angelical salutation. Sixteen years later, Louis XI of France established this devotion throughout that country, and since that period it has always been held in high respect, and has been enriched by several popes with important indulgences. Of the divine origin and excellence of the Hail Mary there can be no doubt. You are familiar with the Scriptures, and, as you perceive, the words are taken from them, composed in heaven, dictated by the Holy Ghost, and delivered by the angel Gabriel, St. Elizabeth, and the church of Christ, to the faithful; it contains an act of adoration and thanksgiving for the great mystery of the incarnation, and in it the whole work of our redemption, the praises of Jesus Christ, and also of his virgin Mother, and ends with an humble address to her, begging the aid of her powerful prayers."

"I am not quite certain how or in what form the angelus is recited," said Clavering; "I do not think I have ever seen it, at least in its proper order, nor do I recollect perfectly the passages of Scripture which refer directly to it."

"Here, my dear sir," said St. Francis, turning over the pages of the New Testament in the first chapter of Luke, 28, 38, 72d verses, the first chapter of John and 14th verse, "you see at once the words which compose the Angelus Domini, and which have been divided by the church of Christ in the following order:

"And the angel declared unto Mary, and she conceived of the Holy Ghost.

"Hail Mary, full of grace! our Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord! may it be done unto me according to thy word. Hail Mary, &c. &c.

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us. Hail Mary,' &c. &c.

"It is a standing reproach against us Catholics that we *worship* the Virgin Mary, and pay that adoration to her which belongs properly to God; but it appears a self-evident fact that the profound veneration which the church teaches towards the Blessed Virgin is referable to Almighty God alone, and not to herself as a creature independent of his graces! She shall be called blessed by all generations as the canticle clearly explains, because the Lord regarded the humility of his handmaid, and bestowed most high honors on her in making her the vessel whereby salvation descended to men, and as the pure and sinless mother of the Word made flesh, on whom the glory of his Deity is reflected, she is honored and beloved by the faithful soul. 'He accumulated,' says the council of Trent, 'all his heavenly gifts on the most holy Virgin and to the Virgin herself, and it is for this singular felicity that we present our respectful and fervent congratulations,' and 'to this form of thanksgiving the church of God has wisely added prayers, and an invocation of the most holy Mother of God by which we piously fly to her patronage and beg her powerful aid in humble words like these: Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death.*" In reciting the inspired sentences of the Angelus Domini, how easy is the transition of the soul to the stable of Bethlehem where our Lord under the humble guise of an infant reposed on the bosom of his virgin Mother—where, with the help of devotion, we can keep our minds attentive to what passed on that occasion, and exercise in our hearts such affections and sentiments of love, adoration, thanksgiving and praise, as will naturally arise from

* And "vouchsafe, O Lord! to pour forth thy grace into our hearts, and grant that we, to whom the incarnation of Christ thy Son was made known by the message of an angel, may by his passion and cross be brought to the glory of his resurrection, through the same Christ our Lord. Amen."

a lively application of the mind to the unparalleled love which Jesus Christ showed us in this the mystery of his incarnation."

"Beyond all," said Clavering fervently, "is my heart moved when I contemplate this blessed Mother weeping in tears and anguish indescribable on Mount Calvary, at the foot of that cross on which hung in dying agony her divine Son. Truly was the prophecy of Simeon fulfilled in that tremendous hour when she suffered with him, and felt deep within her soul the sword that pierced it! Truly, my dear sir, does the *Angelus Domini* awaken in my heart the most sublime and tender sentiments of that Saviour who was her first care, and of that mother who was his last tender concern on earth, as she stood at his feet at the foot of the cross!"

Father Francis was highly gratified at the fervent manner in which Clavering expressed himself concerning this beautiful devotion to the Mother of God, and replied, taking his hand kindly :

"I hope, ere long, my young friend, that you will be one of the true fold of the church of Christ whose consolations you seem so well prepared to appreciate; the only church that has *ever* through all generations called the holy Virgin blessed, and is so far from nullifying by it the devotion and adoration due to Almighty God that he is worshipped in a more especial and grateful manner through her."

Fearing that he intruded on the time of the excellent father, for he knew that he must necessarily be much occupied, he considerably bade him good day, and received a general invitation to visit him whenever he felt inclined.

CHAPTER XII.

A Catholic Family.

GOING from Father Aylmer's to the hotel where he dined, he was a little astonished to find his baggage gone, but learning from the clerk that he was indebted to Mrs. Botelar for its disappearance, he hastened to Carleton street as soon as possible to pay his respects and thank her for her kindness and attention. Mrs. Botelar arose when Clavering entered the room, and extending her hand, playfully chided him for staying so long.

"But you see, my dear," she said, "I have gained my point; you will find your baggage all safe in your room."

After spending a pleasant hour in agreeable conversation, he informed her of the kind reception he had met with from Father Francis Aylmer, and was eloquent in his praise. Mrs. Botelar sounded a small silver hand bell, and Tom soon appeared with lights, for twilight had deepened and night stolen on; then he left the room and returned again bearing a silver waiter on which sat in dignified state the ancient though elegant teapot, sugar-bowl, cream pitcher, knives and forks, all of the same costly metal. There was nothing modern about them, even the cups and saucers and plates were of an age long gone by, and though made of the finest and most transparent china would have been banished from a fashionable board of the present day as too old timed to appear in good company. Tom set the waiter on a round table which he drew from a recess, and arranged the things on it neatly and with the most quiet air imaginable, for he had been doing the same thing in the same order and place every evening for some thirty or forty years.

After bringing in muffins, tea, toast, and sandwiches, he announced to Madame Botelar, as he called her, that supper was ready.

"You see, my dear," said the lady to Clavering as they drew up cheerfully around the board, "that I am old fashioned in my habits. I feel no where as much at home of an evening as in my drawing-room." Alice now came in, and, after devoutly crossing themselves, Mrs. Botelar in a low distinct voice besought the blessings of Almighty God in few and grateful words on the comforts his bounty had prepared for them, and proceeded, with pleasant alacrity, to do the honors of her table. An animated conversation ensued; tranquillity, enlivened by a discriminating wit, marked every expression; smiles once more beamed on the pale face of the young student as he yielded himself up without reserve to the quiet home feeling that pervaded the spot. Mrs. Botelar perceived this, and redoubled her efforts with such consummate tact that he forgot for the moment every distracting recollection in the sweet influence of peace around him. When the meal was over, a few moments of silence again ensued, and, each one making the sign of salvation, thanksgiving was offered up to the great Dispenser of all good for his mercies and blessings, and every thing

being quickly removed by Tom, the table was rolled back to its place, when, with punctilious neatness his arrangements were silently completed, and he withdrew. Mrs. Botelar invited Clavering to sit down to a game of chess with her, and Alice, who had been modestly taking part in the social chat, amused herself with an agreeable book until ten o'clock surprised the chess players, and she looked sufficiently sleepy to have given them a hint of the hour, even if the watchman had not intoned it underneath the window.

"The game is finished," said Mrs. Botelar, pushing back the chess board with a movement that upset kings, queens, castles, knights, and all; "and, in consideration of my having to-day found a son, and, in commemoration of so important and happy an era, I yield up all competition. You must feel honored by the sacrifice, young sir, for I assure you I am a most inveterate chess player. Now Alice, my love, prepare for rest." Alice left the room by a middle door, taking a candle with her, and, after a few moments had elapsed, Clavering heard low distinct notes of music; gradually they swelled louder and more distinct, and he distinguished the plaintive and rich tones of a sweet toned organ making solemn melodies. Mrs. Botelar arose, and, taking a large velvet covered book with silver clasps, said:

"Will you join us, Mr. Clavering, in our evening devotions?"

"Certainly, my dear madam," he answered, "and shall consider myself highly privileged in being allowed to do so."

He then followed her into an adjoining room which was beautifully fitted up with altar lights and holy pictures as an oratory, where the domestics of the house and one or two old pensioners were already assembled, all respectably and comfortably clad.

"Now my child," said Mrs. Botelar to Alice, who immediately commenced the sweet notes of a sacred melody, accompanied by the words of a hymn to our Lady of Grace, begging the aid of her intercessions in their behalf at the throne of her divine Son, in which all present joined, and, though the harmony would not have ravished an angel's ear by its sweetness, their voices accorded in excellent time, and in each pious soul was the essential element which would some day, in an eternal world of light and peace, make seraphic music

among the high hosts of heaven. This ceased; then followed the night prayers and the litany of the blessed Virgin, to which all responded in clear and distinct tones, and committed themselves finally to the care of heaven under her powerful protection, crossing themselves in the name of the most adorable Trinity.

They bowed to the Lady as they left the oratory and withdrew, in serious and devout order, to betake themselves to their places of repose, and Mrs. Botelar, Clavering, and Alice, who extinguished the lights on the altar, again entered the drawing-room. After a few moments' thoughtful silence, Alice approached her grandmother and, kissing her affectionately, bade her good night, while Mrs. Botelar laid her time touched hand on the gentle creature's head in benediction as she bowed it for a moment before her, and offering her hand, with a timid smile, to Clavering who wished her good night, she withdrew. He still lingered, although Tom was waiting with lights to conduct him to his sleeping room, and with a heart tranquilized by the most peaceful emotions, thanked the kind lady for the quiet and holy refuge her house afforded him, so unexpected to him, and yet so refreshing and congenial to his mind after the agitations of the last few months.

"Now, my dear boy," she replied, "I understand all this; do not talk any more to-night, but go to your rest, and take with you the blessing of age—it can not harm you," and laying her hand affectionately on his head, she added, "bless you, my child; may your rest be happy: to-morrow we will talk as much as you please. Now good night."

"Good night, my mother," answered Clavering, who, leaving the room, was conducted by Tom to his apartment, which he found large and furnished after the fashion of a by-gone age. Old family portraits, and some fine nautical sketches, and the likeness of a young officer in an undress naval uniform; a noble looking fellow with a countenance indicative of the greatest amiability and most careless bravery, adorned one side of the room. Here stood a highly polished oaken wardrobe—there a book-case of the same material, well filled with choice volumes, and, on the mantel-piece, was a miniature model of a man-of-war, with a quantity of the most perfect and shining shells that were ever brought from the isles of

the sweet sou'west. In a little recess, near his bed, was a marble pedestal on which stood a figure of Our Lady carved out of the purest alabaster, and around its base vines of the most delicately tinted shells and richest coral ingeniously wrought into buds, leaves, and flowers, were twining. An inlaid ivory candlestick, a vase of roses, and a gilt cup of holy water ornamented the little shrine, over which hung a bronze crucifix delineating with painful expression the last agony! Two or three finely executed paintings hung around, representing angel guardians, Our Lady as "star of the sea," and him whom our Lord loved, St. John the Evangelist. Holy images were these for the weary eye to rest on ere it closed in slumber; their sweet influences on the unconscious senses falling, like refreshing dews, on the folded petals of flowers, amid the darkness and shadows of night, making sleep a blessing and repose. From the portrait of the young officer and some curiosities of foreign workmanship in the room, he fancied that this apartment had been formerly occupied by the son of whom Mrs. Botelar had so sadly spoken, and, looking at the picture again, his opinion was confirmed, for he discovered a strong resemblance in it to Alice, who he presumed must be his child.

The next day, as Clavering sat in his room reading, he heard a light tap on his door, which he opened, and Mrs. Botelar, with her work in her hand, came in, and, seating herself on the sofa beside him, said:

"Do not let me disturb you, my dear; read on." But he closed his book immediately and replied:

"I was looking over an article in the 'Faith of Catholics' relative to the invocation of saints, and comparing it, my dear madam, with the opinion which Protestants entertain of the Catholic doctrine on this point. Many well informed persons, and those who ought to know better, really believe that we pay the saints and angels divine honors, when we know that there is but one God, and, as such, he only to be worshipped. We are accused of adoring them as if they were Gods, and yet how can this be when we *know* that they, including the Mother of our Redeemer, are mere creatures!"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Botelar, smiling and shaking her head, "on this, as well as every

other doctrine, we are either misunderstood or wilfully misrepresented. Our separated friends will not discriminate between the meaning of the sentence which says, '*have mercy on us,*' and which we address to Almighty God alone, and the words, '*pray for us,*' by which we invoke the aid of his beloved servants! For instance, when we kneel before the statue or picture of any particular saint, and say the Lord's prayer, or any other addressed to the Deity which our devotion may dictate, we do not worship that saint, but merely ask him, as a being living in the immediate presence, confidence, and love of God, to aid us with the assistance of his prayers."

"True, my dear madam, but I have heard persons admit the propriety of all this, who would have been glad to receive so consoling a doctrine, if the blessed in heaven, as they say, could only hear us, see us in our sorrows, and be conscious of our state in this valley of tears!"

"Ah! my dear, did they ever read of the miserable Dives, who, amidst the torments of hell, prayed for the salvation of his brethren on earth? If he, in the anguish of consuming fires, forgot not the sweet affinities of love and charity, can I believe that the saints and those who have gone up to the bosom of God through much tribulation, and dwell for ever in that land where all the immortal attributes of their natures are sanctified by his presence, forget that touch-stone of holiness—*charity*—and ever cease to pray for us whom they see afar off, struggling, fainting, and weeping in this lower world? And, oh! above all, do I hope in the efficacy of their prayers, through the atoning merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, for the release of those who meekly and patiently suffer in purgatory! I have much consolation in this dogma of our faith, my dear—I have one—who sleeps—and for him—my beloved son—I sorrowed not as those who have no hope—" Mrs. Botelar uttered these words in a broken voice, and quietly wiped away the tears that fell for a moment in torrents from her eyes. "Open the New Testament, if you please, my dear, and read the 2, 12, 13, 14, and 15 verses of the third chapter of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians," she said to Clavering, who, reaching out his hand, took the Testament from a table near him, and read: "Every man shall

receive his own reward according to his own labor. For other foundation no man can lay, but that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, every man's work shall be manifest: for the day of the Lord shall declare it, because it shall be revealed in fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereon, he shall receive a reward: if any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss, yet he himself shall be saved yet so as by fire."

"Alluding to this text of St. Paul, I think it is Origen who says: 'Would you enter into heaven with your wood and hay and stubble to defile the kingdom of God? or on account of those incumbrances remain without and receive no reward for your gold and silver and precious stones? Neither is this just. It remains then that you be committed to the fire which shall consume the light materials; for our God, to those who can comprehend heavenly things, is a consuming fire. But this fire consumes not the creature, but what the creature has built, wood, hay, and stubble. First, then, we suffer on account of our transgressions, and then we receive our reward.* But excuse me, dear Mrs. Botelar, reading this passage; the commentary of Origen on it naturally presented itself."

"No apology, Mr. Clavering," replied the lady; "I am happy to find you so thoroughly acquainted with the doctrines of our faith, and should be very glad to hear your opinion or impression of the state of departed souls after death."

"My impressions," said Clavering, "are exactly what the Catholic church teaches, I believe, and correspond so fully with her belief on this doctrine, that it would be unreasonable in me to doubt them for an instant. I believe that all such as shall be found at death free from any stain of sin will be immediately admitted to the beatific vision, and a happiness which 'neither the eye has seen, nor the ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' That all such as shall be guilty of mortal sin, that is, of wilful, deliberate, and grievous violation of the divine law, will be immediately banished from the pre-

sence of God and consigned to the torments of eternal fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. That those who shall be found neither so pure as to be capable of admission into that holy abode, where 'nothing defiled can enter,'† nor yet so guilty as to deserve eternal banishment from God and consignment to eternal torments, will undergo a temporary punishment proportioned to their guilt, and then be admitted to the sight and enjoyment of God!† As the faithful on earth, who are continually engaged in a spiritual warfare, are aptly called the church militant, so the blessed in heaven are called the church triumphant, whilst those detained in purgatory are called the suffering or patient church. Thus the whole body of the faithful, whether in this world or the next,' writes Bishop Baines, 'constitute but one church under the same divine Head—one sheepfold under the same heavenly Shepherd. Whilst the earthly portion of the spiritual empire may be considered as a distant province governed by vice-regal authority, heaven and its adjuncts may be considered as the main body of the kingdom over which the Sovereign himself holds immediate sway.'"

"I found the other day," said Mrs. Botelar, "in one of the 'Tracts for the Times' which Judge Melville sent me, certain passages which admit without doubt that all the ancient liturgies used by the different Christian churches, contained a prayer (which has been excluded from the English ritual) '*for the rest and peace of all those who have departed this life in God's faith and love.*' This coincidence among the ancient liturgies, all of which, they admit, can be traced back to the middle of the fifth century, 'proves,' say the modern divines of Oxford, 'the facts which coincide to be more than one thousand three hundred and eighty-three years old.'"

"I recollect perfectly," answered Clavering, "the passages referred to; they admit also that the said liturgies were, in the middle of the fifth century, considered ancient, and were believed to have been handed down from the apostles; their coincidence on this head carries back the belief of the Christian world in its full extent to a much more remote period."

"What a pity, and how strange it is," said Mrs. Botelar, "that there should be such dis-

* Origen's tenth homily on Jeremias.

* Rev. xxi, 27.

† Bp. Baines.

putations about *facts*. God grant that the day may speedily come when these bickerings will cease, and all men worship in the same divine doctrine of unity and love which is taught by the church of Christ. But, leaving this question in its polemical point of view, I tell you, my child, had it not been for my unshaken belief in a place of temporary punishment after death, from which the soul is to be delivered by the prayers of faith, through the atoning merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, I should have lost all hope and with it reason."

"May I be allowed, my dear madam," said Clavering, "to ask how?" Mrs. Botelar paused a few moments, and pressed her hand over her eyes, while a flush of pain burned for an instant on her face, and replied:

"Without doubt, my dear Mr. Clavering; without doubt you may. I told you that I lost a son some two or three years ago. He was my only child living, and the father of Alice—there hangs his portrait—he was a lieutenant in the navy, and this was his room; all these little mementos, those shells, curiosities, that model of his ship, I preserve with tenderest affection; they remind me of the virtues of my gallant boy, for he had many, and mutely appeal to me by their fond associations, to pray for the repose of his soul whenever my eyes fall on them."

"And," thought Clavering, "because Catholics preserve and venerate pictures and relics of the illustrious martyrs and saints of God, that they may be constantly reminded of their holy example, and also ask the aid of their prayers, they are ridiculed beyond expression, and branded by many with the name of idolaters."

"My son had lost his wife, a beautiful southern lady, and was absent upon furlough a few months for the purpose of arranging his affairs and bringing his little girl, their only child, from Savannah to place under my protection. With tears in his beloved eyes he besought me to supply to her the loss of her mother. His fine spirits were much sobered down by his loss, and his mind subdued almost to melancholy, and, for a long while, the consolations of religion presented themselves in vain to his stricken heart, but, thanks be to our Lord God, he at last yielded, and found much tranquillity in the discharge of his Christian duties, he frequented the sacraments, and the church seemed a refuge into which it was his chief

joy to fly. But he was unexpectedly ordered on duty to a ship attached to the home squadron which was to cruise along the coast from Cape Hatteras to St. John's, and return in the course of a month or two to Hampton roads to await further orders. He left me—Henry left me full of hope and bright anticipations of a speedy and safe return. I received one letter from him in which he wrote: 'We are rolling and pitching about the gulf stream, have had gales, storms, and comparative calms, but our gallant little schooner weathers them bravely, and we shall soon, dear mother, shake hands, when I will recount to you the 'dangers I have passed,' and you will see me I trust much improved in health and spirits.' Yes! he left me, and *never returned!* Oh mother of sorrows! can I ever forget the day on which they told me that, in a gale, somewhere off the coast, the schooner went down prow foremost, and every soul on board perished! Days, hours, long nights of agony, weeks of feverish anxiety passed, and every morning my eyes ran wildly over the ship news, hoping in my anguish to see some news of the 'Sea-Gull;' but no! time passed, and no fragment of her wreck—no dead body had even floated to any shore by which we could know certainly her doom. If I had not been a Catholic I should have gone mad! the cold and unloving creed of Protestants, who believe that death separates all the ties and affinities, all communion between those who when living loved, and those who, still living, deplore and weep their loss. As it was, I prayed, I hoped in my tribulation; for well I knew that, in the sudden and awful plunge which quenched the light of his life's meridian, and ushered his soul unexpectedly before the tribunal of God, his imperfections along with his virtues accompanied him, and that these frailties, however slight, made him unfit for 'that abode into which nothing defiled shall enter.' And when, notwithstanding all, a *hope* that perhaps he might have been washed on a fragment of the wreck to some far-off shore, and still lived, lit up the sorrow of my heart with its cheering ray. I still prayed, *knowing* that, whether living or slumbering in death under the shadow of the mighty sea, my prayers, with a due spirit of resignation to the divine will, were available for him at a throne of mercy. When blessings come, my dear, we are apt to think

they are intended especially for us, and receive them as coming direct from the hand of God, but when trials, anguish and sorrow, dismay our hearts and weigh heavily on us, with what anxiety we endeavor to thrust them afar off, with repinings and regret, as if we were to be exempt from life's ills for ever, and the chastisement which our sins deserve, from the same unerring hand of wisdom that bestowed on our ungrateful soul gifts and blessings."

"Your bereavement," said Clavering in a gentle voice, "has truly been unusually painful."

"Yes," she answered, wiping her eyes, "unusually so; and the blow at first descended heavily on me, but I am resigned, and happy in the hope of his being eventually admitted into the ineffable presence of that God who, from the high throne of his purity, beholds blemishes in the holy angels!"

The Angelus just then rang, and both knelt before the little altar of Our Lady and recited the beautiful prayer, after which Mrs. Botelar approached the portrait of her son, and, after looking on it a short time, pressed her lips on the open, manly forehead, saying:

"Our Lord deliver thee, my child," and then left the room.

"Ah!" thought Clavering, "with what a spirit of fortitude she bears her most grievous affliction—that little act, how expressive of her affection and commemoration of the good qualities of her Henry, and yet what Protestant seeing the same act transferred to the picture or relic of a saint or martyr of the most high God, with the whispered invocation of 'pray for me' accompanying it, would not say, 'lo! and behold the idolatrous practices of this Romish creed!'"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE AUSTRIAN SYSTEM OF PUBLIC EDUCATION.*

BY J. F. MELINE.

(From the April number of the Western Literary Journal and Monthly Review, which was kindly sent to us by the author.)



HE reputation of the government of Austria, in all matters relating to public education, has long been below mediocrity. Most strangers enter that country under the impression that, as regards general instruction, it is one of comparative darkness. They are, of course, proportionately surprised to find not only that she possesses an excellently organized school system, but that it is carried out with admirable energy and success.

Next to its extent and completeness, an observer is most struck with the matter-of-course

light in which the people appear to view it. Not that they regard it with indifference, but with an absence of that self-complacency so often met with elsewhere. Thus, none of them appear to labor under the pleasant delusion that they alone enjoy the blessings of public education, while all the world beside are groping in ignorance; but simply look upon it as matter of duty on the part of the government to give it, and of right in themselves to enjoy its advantages. In this, they appear to have caught the spirit of their administration, which, eminently practical, pursues the even tenor of its way, with but little care for blame or eulogy.

There is no government whose reputation abroad is so poorly commensurate with its solid merits, as the Austrian. At the same time there is, probably, none that possesses means more ample of justifying any manifestations of vanity in which it might choose to

* The following are the author's sources of information:

1. Personal observation in 1840.
2. Statistik des (Esterreichischen Kaiserstaates von Johann Springer, Doctor der Rechte und K. K., Professor an der Universität zu Wien. 2 Bände, Wien., 1840.
3. De L'Instruction Intermediaire dans le midi de l'Allemagne, par M. Saint Marc Girardin, Professeur a la Faculté des lettres, Paris, 1836.

indulge. A stranger to the arts of self-glorification, it makes no effort to procure itself that fame which, as an energetic, beneficent and paternal government, it amply deserves. It is, undoubtedly, from this indifference to the means by which a national reputation for some particular merit is frequently built up, that has arisen its undeserved name of being an enemy to publicity. So far as this enmity relates to political matters, Austria is in precisely the same position as every other country of Germany; but as regards her domestic institutions, nothing is more ill-founded than this idea. The logical result of the principles upon which the Austrian government is conducted, is to discourage comments on its operations, whether they be in praise or dispraise; for where the people have no direct share in the making of laws, nor in the direction of their public affairs, it would be useless, and worse than useless, for all the purposes of society as there constituted, to permit them.

Its light, however, is not hidden under a bushel. Every fact relating to the country and government may be known. Thus, upon the condition of every department of its administration, no monarchy in Europe gives to the world more ample and minute statistical details than the Austrian.*

There is, though, of late, a gradual change in public opinion towards Austria. All recent travellers there vie with each other in their favorable accounts of the general physical and commercial prosperity, the diffusion of the benefits of education, and of the loyal devotion of the people to a government which is, nevertheless, in its principle, a despotism. No where is more liberal provision made for elementary instruction, and no where is the mass of the people happier. Upon this subject we could not, perhaps, have any testimony more reliable than that of M. Chevalier, whom we know, by his admirable work on the United States, to be eminently gifted in all that makes an

* The work of Professor Springer, "Statistics of the Austrian Empire," published at Vienna in 1840, in 2 vols. 8vo., gives the clearest insight into the condition of all the resources and institutions of Austria. It is strongly marked by the characteristics just mentioned. Thus, in the statistics under the head of internal improvements, where mention is made of the rail road from Budweis to Gmunden; its length (132 miles), cost (\$1,187,000), and date of construction (1832), and various other particulars, are given; but no self-laudation indulged in from the fact that to Austria belongs the credit of constructing this first rail road in Germany.

acute philosophic observer, and faithful reporter.

The Paris correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* gives the following abstract of his late work on Austria:

"In Bohemia, Professor Chevalier found believing, obedient, and contented people, who in the thirty years past, have made as much progress as any other of Europe in physical concerns. At the same time he saw that their elementary education was good, their enjoyment of music vivid and nearly universal; and he was particularly struck, as a Frenchman accustomed to a fitful, fanciful, over-eager, and sometimes very turbulent existence, all around him, with the quiet, sobriety, and equable confidence of Bohemian and Austrian life. The government he represents to be truly paternal, scarcely less sensible of its duties than tenacious of its prerogatives; laboring to substitute a popular for an aristocratic monarchy; studying, originating, or aiding public improvements of every description.

"Prince Metternich has been at the head of Austrian politics for *thirty-five* years; the higher functionaries in every branch of administration are reputed the most capable men of the empire; they have, in general, raised themselves by merit, through the subordinate grades of office, and they are secure in their preferment while they carry out—as they do, for the most part, by the force of habit and personal probity—the ameliorating system of the state. Rudimental education is obligatory for every family; parents that neglect to send their children to school, incur severe penalties, and practical and professional instruction has obtained every possible assistance; what the Emperor Francis meant when he said he did not desire or love *savans*, was that he would discountenance the race of conceited, metaphysical, sceptical theorists, who make generations of dreamers or wild innovators, instead of straight-forward intelligences, productive and effective with regard to the essential weal and ends of all human society. M. Chevalier happily contrasts the effects of Austrian practice with those of French speculation. He witnessed in the Austrian empire administrative success in the situation of the masses; thorough, affectionate *royalism*, in return, and a common satisfaction with the order and ten-

dency of things. 'The French and the Spaniards,' he remarks, 'have ceased to be monarchial; the Austrians, however, remain so to the very marrow of their bones; *patriotism* with them means loyalty—with us the antagonistic sentiment.'"

Professor St. Marc Girardin, who, some years since was specially appointed by the French government to visit Germany and report upon the systems of public instruction pursued there, published the result of his researches. Among other things he remarks: "I have not met with a government that does not desire that its people should know how to read or write, and the government that I believed the least zealous in this matter, Austria, is a country, I feel myself bound to admit, where there is the greatest degree of instruction among the people."

In fostering this well-being, and in communicating this instruction, the Austrian government, it is further remarked, appears to have sought the solution of two most difficult problems, viz., to allow its subjects to gain riches without an overweening independence of feeling, and instruction without too great confidence in their intelligence. These two powerful levers of independent action, wealth and intelligence, appear to have lost their distinctive effect on the body of the people. This must, of course, be the result of remarkable ability in the direction of her domestic policy and institutions. Some observers have partially accounted for it by the great personal popularity of the imperial family. This popularity is so high as to make the feeling between the people and the emperor more resemble the tie of children and father than that of subjects and monarch. There is not, in fact, a more remarkable spectacle in the great panorama of social and political Europe than is presented by the affectionate and devoted loyalty of the population of Austria.

The character of the Austrian government is impressed upon all its institutions. Every thing in them is calculated to attain its object with precision and certainty. The whole system is directed with wakeful reference to results. Whatever else may be objected, the merit without stint must be allowed it of being one of perfect harmony and regularity. The administration in all its details is organized in accordance with the principle of the govern-

ment. Austria appears to have appreciated, in all its force, the necessity of both instruction and education in forming a people. The training, therefore, given in its common schools, has a plain avowed object, and that is, to attach the pupil to his country, and to make him a practical Christian. *Der Oesterreicher soll für Oesterreich gebildet werden*, say they. "The Austrian is to be educated for Austria."

The age at which children are received into public schools of most countries, is from five to seven years. The children of the opulent or easy-circumstanced are, from this early training, capacitated to reap substantial and immediate benefit in them. But not so with those whose childhood has been passed in poverty more or less abject, and the unwholesome influences necessarily attendant upon it. The education given in these five years is all-important. To provide for this want, the first grade of popular instruction in Austria is

ASYLUMS OR INFANT SCHOOLS.—These philanthropic institutions were first founded at Cremona in Lombardy, in 1829, by the Abate Ferranti Aporti, who had already distinguished himself by his successful efforts for the education of the deaf and dumb. They were not introduced at Vienna until 1831. In January, 1832, an aulic decree was issued, authorizing their establishment throughout the empire. In 1838 their number in Austria, exclusive of Hungary, had reached to sixty-two, in which seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-five children were received and maintained at an expense of 50,793 florins.*

Children are received into these establishments up to the age of five years. They are, in truth, an asylum for the children of those who depend upon out-door labor for their daily subsistence—offering a place of safe keeping for the child from the danger of accidents and vicious idleness, to which it would otherwise be exposed, and preparing it for a later period of education, by inculcating habits of attention, obedience and cleanliness. At so tender an age it would be injurious to occupy too seriously the attention of children; and the duty of the master is to develop their physical faculties by certain regular exercises, to occupy their attention with some trifling occupation proportioned to their intelligence, and, above

* The florin is worth about fifty cents.

all, to teach them daily to recite their prayers with attention and devotion.

As these schools are based upon the principles of the model school at Cremona, a better idea can not be given of their great utility, and the mode in which they are conducted, than by quoting the language of their founder, the Abate Aporti, in a paper written by him, and addressed to the royal academy of Florence. He first points out the evils arising from the want of education in infancy.

"1st. In the moral habits, obstinacy and caprice often manifest themselves, originating in the over-indulgence of their parents; the spirit of revenge taught them by the practice of satisfying the child for any pain which he endures, by guiding his hand to strike the real or supposed author of the injury; shyness and awkwardness, caused by living only with their families; no habit of order, no practice of moral or religious duties.

"2d. As to their intellectual culture: all teaching is confined to that of some uncouth, and, sometimes, indecent provincialisms; to telling them stories of witches, fairies, and apparitions, of ghosts and goblins, fit only to fill the mind with vain terrors; no development afforded to the intellectual faculties; no direction adapted to form their young judgment, so that, in short, the whole system of education given to their virgin minds seems rather adapted to corrupt them in their first exertion, and in their earliest development.

"3d. In reference to their physical faculties: innumerable mischiefs arise, whether from the practice of condemning children to sit for many hours a day without stirring, in baby-chairs, or from allowing them to indulge, without check, their naturally immoderate spirits. Excessive restraint causes weakness of body, and every deformity which alters its proportions, and which often renders them wretched and useless through the remainder of their days. From the contrary extreme serious accidents often occur, which leave behind them permanent injuries, or lameness and mutilations, which render them a burden to society. From these causes result injury to their bodily health and strength, a moral corruption not easily remedied, and false ideas of things, and habits of forming erroneous judgments are implanted in the tender minds of the children. These last two evils are the more worthy of attention,

inasmuch as daily experience proves how indelibly are the early impressions and first ideas which we receive in early infancy. It is a false opinion that at an early age children are incapable of learning any thing reasonable. Children are apt to learn as soon as they can speak, and it is a sad waste of the most precious time of life to allow them to occupy their first years in trifles. Having established the possibility of instruction and education, we select only those subjects adapted to the nature of infants, and *such as are suggested by the exercises which they practise when left to themselves, without the direction of a guide or master.* For instance, we observe that children (even of a tender age), at the sight of a new object, immediately ask its name. Now, why may we not profitably excite their curiosity, either by offering to their consideration objects necessary or useful to be known, or by asking them the names which they do not yet know of objects already familiar to them. In this way is obtained the advantage of teaching them the pure Italian (the patois of all Lombardy is detestable), and this, not by dry grammatical rules, but by actual examples (*per via di fatto*), the most efficient method at that age. 2d. They are particularly fond of hearing stories and histories, and thus they listen with eager attention to the nurses or their parents, when they relate the absurd fables common amongst the people. Let us avail ourselves of this natural curiosity, and we may advantageously substitute for these foolish and tasteless stories some solid information, as for instance, a sketch of sacred history, which may besides serve as an introduction to the doctrines of Christianity.

"The children are our best guides as to the fittest method of communicating this sort of information to their young minds. If we show them a picture representing either a figure or an action, they eagerly examine it, and immediately begin to ask,—who is this?—who is that?—what is he about?—what is that? &c. Selecting, then, the best pictures representing scenes of sacred history, and showing them to the children, explaining the subject and persons represented, they will acquire with pleasure, and insensibly from their earliest years, much important religious knowledge.

"Again, it is a well known fact that chil-

dren are fond of singing, and this exercise, when well directed, serves to give a proper tone to the voice, and to communicate to the ear a sense of proper intonation and harmony. It is, besides, of great use (and of this the schools afford repeated examples) in preventing every defect in the organ of speech, which, if neglected during the first years of childhood, may cause at a more advanced age the habit of stuttering, a most serious defect, which often becomes ridiculous and humiliating to persons of distinguished intellect. Lastly, children like to write, read, and count objects.

"In conformity with the above observations the following plan of education is constructed. As to the education and instruction of the intellect, it is proposed to effect this by the knowledge of familiar objects, and of their names disposed systematically and distributed into classes; so that, while children learn them, they may be directed to distinguish their likeness, or unlikeness, the whole and its various parts, the gender and species. In this part of instruction are comprised the names of the parts of the human body, our clothes, and of the most common natural objects, divided into animals, vegetables, and earth; of food, of buildings and their parts, &c.

"The method employed for the communication of this and all other knowledge, is the demonstrative, that is, by the actual exhibition of the objects themselves, or of faithful representations of them. To this department of education belongs also the study of the alphabet, of reading, writing, and the first rules of arithmetic, as well as of religion, regarded as a principal object, and treated historically, as is most adapted to this tender age, when we are almost incapable of abstraction.

"To moral education and instruction belong the daily prayers in Italian for morning, noon, and evening, and for returning thanks, containing short, but fervent liftings up of the mind to God, taken from the Scriptures and from the Catholic Liturgy, and which are always accompanied with the Lord's prayer, the salutation of the angels, &c. Add to these the explanations of the pictures of sacred history, from which we do not fail to deduce moral principles for the regulation of the conduct. The very discipline of the school, too, is all a moral education, since it is indispensable to exact obedience and subordination

from all, by which they are habituated to order. Whenever, too, slight differences arise between the children, they are taken advantage of to establish principles of conduct and of mutual kindness, which are not slow to strike root in their tender minds, nor easily lose their influence in after life.

"Their moral education is also promoted by the Psalms, which they learn as they sing them. It is true that they may not comprehend all contained in these hymns, but the time will come when they will understand their meaning; then, instead of the indecencies and nonsense contained in the songs of the people, they will find themselves instructed and strengthened with sentiments of a divine morality.

"We now come to the physical education. The organs of the voice and of hearing are educated by the exercise of singing, and by the inspection of prints (in the choice of which the best and most regular should be selected) the sight is educated to appreciate what is beautiful and well proportioned. The games and gymnastic exercises, adapted to their age and strength, contribute greatly to give them force and agility. As a part of physical education, we must, besides, consider the regular life which they lead at the school, their frequent recreations, even the studies being conducted in manner of a diversion, their eating at fixed hours, and of wholesome food, the marching round the school room, and the walking to and from the school."

Each asylum is under the care of a master (lehrer) and a nurse (warterinn). These are, generally, husband and wife, and selected with a special view to the peculiar duties of the station. A necessary qualification is the attendance at the course of lectures, on the physical education of children, given at the normal school.

In its care for uniformity and consistency, the government has caused the publication of a manual of instruction for the use of the masters of these schools. It is looked upon as a model among elementary works on education, both for style and matter. It commences thus: "Masters and guardians of asylums, remember that parents confide to you their greatest and most precious treasure. Respect these little ones, children of poverty though they be, and clothed in rags; they are all, like"

ourselves, children of our Father who is in heaven; they are all created after the image of God, and Providence may, perchance, have special destination for some of these little ones."

These institutions are not supported by the government especially, but are aided by a voluntary association under the immediate patronage of the imperial family. This association is supported by subscriptions and donations, and is authorized to receive legacies. One of its statutes forbids the giving of balls or public representations in its aid.

MEASURES TAKEN TO EXACT ATTENDANCE AT THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.—The elementary instruction given in the Austrian schools is obligatory. At the age of five years all children, of both sexes, must be sent, and continue to attend them until they have completed their twelfth year. Parents are obliged to send their children, and every precaution is taken to see that the law is enforced.

In each parish a list is kept of all the children in it, which is compared with the registry of births. It is forbidden to receive into service any laborer or shepherd who does not present a certificate from the curate of the parish in which he went to school, certifying the fact, and stating further, that he has received catechetical instruction, and passed the prescribed examination.

This is not done by fines or strict compulsion, as in Prussia; but the inconveniences and disadvantages of non-attendance are so serious as to leave no choice.

The parish clergy are forbidden to solemnize marriages, where the parties can not produce a certificate of education. Whoever adopts an orphan, or takes into service a child under the age of thirteen, is bound to send it

to school, and in particular to the Sunday schools. Indigent persons, who receive assistance from public charities, are deprived of it so long as they retain their children from school. Those who are too poor to pay the almost nominal charge for tuition in these schools, are exempt from it, and their children supplied with books gratis.

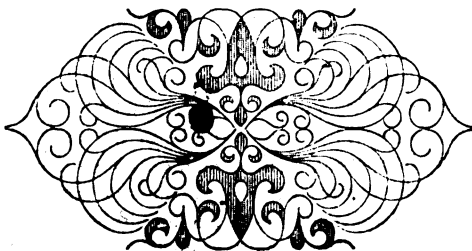
By an imperial rescript, published in 1839, it is forbidden to receive into manufactories children under the age of twelve, except in cases of absolute necessity, and then only when they have completed their ninth year. A sufficient number of hours of repose and recreation must be given them, and they must not be employed on Sundays and holidays. The proprietors of factories are held responsible to give them religious instruction, to have them taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, or to procure their admission to the Sunday schools.

They are also bound to provide them in food, clothing and washing, and in the dormitories, which must be divided according to sex, each child must have its separate bed.*

The faithful execution of these provisions is enforced by the public authorities. The Austrian government has thus effected all that philanthropy has so long and in vain endeavored to bring about in France, and, more particularly, in England, to prevent the moral and physical degradation of children employed in factories. By this plan, the bodily and mental welfare of these indigent little ones, is fully cared for; while on the other hand, neither the manufacturing interests, nor the poor parents, are deprived of the advantages of their labor.

* *Das Fabrikenwesen von M. Wildner.*

TO BE CONTINUED.



DE RANCÉ, THE REFORMER OF LA TRAPPE.

(From the Dublin Review, on Chateaubriand's Life of De Rancé.)



ARMAND Jean Bouthillier de Rancé was the second son of Denis le Bouthillier de Rancé, private secretary of Mary of Medici. He was born in 1626, in Paris, where his parents were then residing. The family from which he was descended held high rank among the nobility of France. He was called Armand Jean after his godfather, the Cardinal Richelieu. His elder brother, Denis Francis, besides being a canon of Notre Dame, held also, "in commendam," the abbey of La Trappe, and possessed its revenues from his childhood. He died young; and as the custom of the times made such property a kind of heirloom, the abbey descended to the next of kin, his brother Armand. A child with such expectations deserved and obtained the best education which the schools of Paris could afford. He had one tutor to teach him Greek, another to teach him Latin, and a third to teach him virtue. The latter, we are sorry to say, does not seem to have been as successful or as diligent as the others. The young Armand had scarcely put off the dress of childhood, when he was able to translate the poets of Greece and Rome. We are told that a benefice of some value was then vacant; the name of the godson of Richelieu was, of course, put on the list for promotion. A violation of propriety so outrageous was made the subject of remark; the clergy remonstrated, and the people were scandalized. Caussin, a Jesuit, the king's confessor, sent for the boy. He had a copy of Homer on the table when he came, and requested him to translate a passage, which he placed before him. The youth did it so much to his satisfaction, that he supposed at first that he read it out of the Latin translation at the bottom of the page. This he covered with his hand; but finding that he translated as fluently as before, he exclaimed, "*Habes lynceos oculos*," embraced him with affection, and

made no further opposition to his preferment. He was only twelve years of age when he published an edition of Anacreon, which he dedicated to the Cardinal Richelieu. A boy of such promise and such patronage was on the high road to preferment. He was already abbot of La Trappe and canon of Notre Dame, the benefices which had been held by his elder brother. He was in due time made prior of the abbeys of Chambor, of Notre Dame de Val, of St. Symphorian near Beauvais, of St. Clémentin near Poitou, archdeacon of Angers, and a canon of Tours. What a shower of honors for the editor of Anacreon! If the bard of Teios were to return to earth again, how amazed he would be at the rewards that awaited a commentator upon his labors. De Rancé made his studies in the usual course, and took out the degree of doctor at the Sorbonne with much distinction. Among his classfellows was one whose name is not without honor in the annals of his country—Bosuet. We suspect that when they were boys together, the future looked and promised more favorably for the godson of Richelieu and the editor of Anacreon, than it did for the eagle of Meaux. He received the order of priesthood in 1651, and said his first mass at the Chartrreuse. Soon after, he commenced his career as a preacher, for which duty he possessed many qualifications, and in which he would have acquired celebrity, if the seductions of Parisian society had not diverted his thoughts from his professional avocations.

The fashionable society of the capital, to which his rank gave him easy access, was split up, at this period, into several coteries, each of which was under some distinguished leader of the ton, and held its meetings in one of the elegant mansions which, after the disturbances of the Fronde, were erected by Italian architects, on the plan of the princely mansions of their own country. There can be no question as to the luxurious taste and costly

elegance which shed their charms over these social circles. They were formed on the model, and in many respects had adopted the phraseology, of classic times. The locality of each "réunion" was honored with an appellation borrowed from the shores of the Egean; and none but the initiated could find out the precise latitude and longitude of "Corinth," and "Delos," and the "little Athens." We know not whether there was among them a "little Cyprus;" but if the private memoirs of the times tell truth, the name would not be altogether misapplied to many a mansion upon the banks of the Seine. Tomfooleries which now would be tolerated but in the nursery; shepherds and shepherdesses wandering about, in would-be Arcadian simplicity, through shady bowers long after night set in; ditties, sung by love-sick swains, which, without the elegance, had all the voluptuousness of Tibullus, were the prevailing fashion of the age. It must be admitted that such society was but an indifferent school for the young ecclesiastic. When he should have been poring over the pages of Aquinas, the fashionable abbé was, perhaps, discussing the rival pretensions of a Longuevil and a Rambouillet, and devoting to the Duchess of Montbazou those hours that would have been more profitably given to Augustine or the master of the sentences. The life of De Rancé, at this period, is one on which we would not wish to dwell. The abyss into which he sunk in a very few years, is one from which he could have been rescued only by an angel's hand. We think that our author has evoked rather unnecessarily the spectral images of voluptuousness with which several pages of his work are filled. Such details are repulsive enough in the memoirs of living men; but they are beyond description loathsome when the actors have long since gone to their dread account, and the skeleton and the charnel-house are visible in the back-ground of the picture. If the nobles of France have done deeds unworthy of a Christian people and a Christian country, they have been severely tried, and let us hope that the dark stains upon their scutcheon have been washed away in the bloody stream of the Place de Grève. God may have armed the hand of Robespierre to avenge the excesses of the Regent Orleans.

De Rancé had a beautiful country residence at Veretz. Thither he frequently repaired,

when tired of the gaieties of Parisian life, or when he wished to indulge in the pleasures of the chase, of which he was excessively fond. The house at Veretz was remarkable for the magnificence of its decoration, and the extent and splendor of the accommodation it afforded. Every thing that wealth and taste could do—and what is there that they can not do—was done. The gardens and surrounding lawn were laid out with exquisite taste, and every feature of the landscape was made to harmonize with the splendor which pervaded the whole establishment. A succession of fêtes attracted from all quarters the gentry of the neighborhood—and there were no entertainments like those of the Abbé de Rancé. When even these pleasures had palled upon the taste of their author, he determined on varying the monotony of existence, by sallying forth, like some knight-errant of the olden time, in quest of adventure. It was an age of superstition, too, with all its fancied refinement, and there were many who, like Catharine of Medici, tried to read their fate in the movements of the heavenly bodies. The tower which she had built for the purpose is still, we believe, shown to the stranger in Paris. De Rancé was led by the prevailing opinions of the day; but we should hope that there was some lingering sense of his Christian, if not of his clerical, profession, and some promptings of his better nature, to save him from the folly of yielding seriously to so monstrous a delusion. One day at Veretz he ran great risk of losing his life. He heard in a distant part of his lawn the noise of some persons who were trespassing upon his preserves of game: he rushed out upon them, unarmed as he was, accompanied only by a single servant, and after a short struggle disarmed their leader. But he little knew the danger to which he exposed himself. This leader was a gentleman well known in the sporting world of that day. He was notorious for the many duels in which he had been successfully engaged—and the shedding of human blood was a thing of very little moment in his eyes. The law could not reach, and the public opinion honored, instead of stigmatizing, the murderer who could show the emblems of nobility upon his scutcheon. From such an adversary, and in the excitement of the chase, he could scarcely hope for quarter or for mercy. And after the event had taken place, the trespasser was wont to say, that Providence

had something yet in store for De Rancé, for though he had him in his power, and feared neither God nor man, yet there was something he could not tell which prevented him from killing him upon the spot, as he intended more than once to do.

The darkest page in the history of De Rancé is that which describes his connection with the Duchess of Montbazon. The duke, her husband, had been an old friend of his father, and the friendship was extended to the son. He was near eighty years of age when he married Mary of Bretagne, daughter of the Count de Vertus. She was then only in her sixteenth year, and as happens in almost all such unequal connections, sacrificed her happiness at the shrine of her vanity and ambition. In this instance the sacrifice included, it is said, her virtue also. The husband died after a few years, leaving her a widow while the sheen of girlhood yet lingered upon her cheek. The intimacy of De Rancé with the family continued after the duke's death. He took a great interest in the management of her business. He was a constant visiter at her house; he was always present at her parties; and had a right of admittance to her presence when many others were excluded. The widow was young and handsome, and the abbé was gay and fashionable. Is it surprising that the world, which is never sparing of its censure, or charitable in its constructions, should have said more in reference to them both than it had a right to do?

Our readers may wish to know something of his outward garb at this period of his life. The following sketch is by an eye-witness:—

“He wore a tight coat of beautiful violet-color cloth. His hair hung in long curls down his back and shoulders. He wore two emeralds at the joining of his ruffles, and a large and rich diamond ring upon his finger. When indulging the pleasures of the chase in the country, he usually laid aside every mark of his profession; wore a sword, and had two pistols in his holsters. His dress was fawn-colored, and he used to wear a black cravat embroidered with gold. In the more serious society which he was sometimes forced to meet, he thought himself very clerical indeed, when he put on a black velvet coat with buttons of gold.”

As for the great and important function of his ministry, the writer says a great deal in a few words—“*Pour la messe il la disait peu.*”

The worldly and unprofessional habits of the abbé do not seem to have in any material degree impeded his promotion. He was offered the bishopric of Laon in Brittany, but, deeming the revenue too small, or the distance too great from court, he declined its acceptance. His uncle, the archbishop of Tours, who largely shared in the ambitious views of the family, wished him to be appointed coadjutor and provisional successor to himself, but could not prevail on Mazarin to comply with his wishes. Disappointed in this hope, he resolved on giving his nephew an opportunity of displaying those brilliant talents which he unquestionably possessed, and had him nominated one of the deputies of the clergy of Tours at the general assembly of the French church which was then about to be held. He attended only one of the two years which the meeting lasted, but during his attendance he attracted much attention by the seasonable aid which, in the course of a stormy debate, he afforded to Harlay, who was subsequently archbishop of Paris. He was also commissioned, in connection with the bishops of Vence and Montpellier, to superintend a Greek edition of Eusebius, for which his previous study and well-known proficiency in that language had qualified him; and he reached the culminating point of his clerical promotion, when, on the resignation of his uncle the archbishop in his favor, he was appointed almoner to Gaston duke of Orleans. If Providence had not some other object in view for De Rancé, the inevitable consequence of this appointment would have been his speedy promotion to some episcopal or archiepiscopal dignity.

We have hitherto contemplated only the young and gifted cleric, climbing the rugged steep of ambition, and striving for those honors, which his great connections promised to secure for him. We have seen him the victim of pride, ambition, perhaps of other and less worthy influences. A great mind, and a noble, generous heart, were perverted from their high purpose, as many such have been perverted before; and we turn with pleasure to the consideration of those events by which they were brought back to God. Why should not we rejoice at such a salutary change in one who is of our own flesh and blood, when even seraphs are filled with joy, on seeing from their starry thrones some poor erring child of

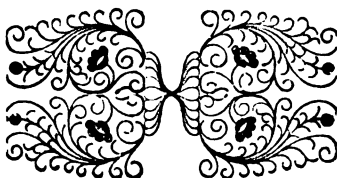
Adam returning from the evil of his ways? The precise circumstances of De Rancé's conversion are not correctly known. Some of his biographers, perhaps the most trustworthy, ascribe it to the natural working of his own mind, directed and sanctified by a special grace, without which it could do nothing; but occasioned, it is said, by his providential escape from those dangers to which he had been sometimes exposed. One of these we have just now alluded to; another occurred while he was one day on a shooting excursion. The conversation between him and his only companion was of that irreligious nature then fashionable in many circles in the capital; and the abbé, so far from opposing the principles in vogue, was expressing his concurrence in them; and some even go so far as to say that with him the subject originated, when a shot was heard from a neighboring copse, and De Rancé was struck in the side by the ball of some rival sportsman. On examination it was found flattened against the steel buckle of his shooting-bag. So slight was the thing that preserved him from a sudden and unprovided death. What would have become of him, had he thus unexpectedly been called before the judgment-seat of God? In this reflection, so natural in the circumstances, we may discover, it is said, the germ of his reformation, and the immediate occasion of his repentance. But this is too homely a way to account for a great man's conversion; and accordingly, we find that romance has come in to lend her aid, and by filling up the details, has contributed to give a beauty and interest to the narrative. And though we have called it by the name of romance, we know not but we may be bearing false witness, or uttering a malicious insinuation against the facts of history; for it has often happened that history has outstripped romance in the wildness of its narrations. It is said that after the circumstance just related, he was returning to the residence of the duchess of Montbazon, whom he had not seen for some days, having been absent in the country on the shooting excursion during which it occurred. It was late in the evening, and he was sad and thoughtful. When he came to the door he found it closed, and apparently deserted by all its inmates. Surprised and alarmed, he went round to a postern, through which he had often before got admittance, and tied his

horse to a post. The servants, knowing his attachment to their mistress, were unwilling to tell him what had taken place, and he ascended a small private stair that led to the apartments of the lady. On the top was a small chamber,—half library, half dressing room,—where she was wont to see her most friendly visitors, and where De Rancé now wished to give her an agreeable surprise. He tapped softly at the door, and hearing no sound, he opened it slowly and went in. She was there indeed, but—it was in her coffin. She had been carried away by the small-pox after a short illness, and the horror of the dreadful contagion was such, that neither friend nor attendant would keep her company. The undertaker was the only one who ventured to touch her remains, and perform towards her the last duties of respect. Yet, even so hastily and carelessly was his task discharged, that on finding the coffin too short, he had recourse to the barbarous expedient of cutting off the head, to find room for the remainder of the body in the coffin. The head was placed in a dish,—clotted blood upon it,—the teeth were firmly set, and the lips drawn back, as if she had expired in great agony,—her features, once beautiful, were now disfigured by the ravages of the horrible disease,—the face was turned towards the door of the apartment, and was the first thing that presented itself to De Rancé as he entered. There on that clotted dish, and on her neglected mutilated bier, lay the lifeless Mary of Bretagne. Where was her loveliness now? where the group of admiring worshippers? where the votaries of fashion? What did it avail her to have been loved and esteemed? or the gaieties and amusements of life, what now did they profit her? De Rancé hurried away to his green fields and sunny lawns at Veretz. He wished to bury himself in the shade of his forest trees, and recover his peace of mind, in silence and alone. He took long walks in the woods and fields about him, to try to get rid of the weight that was pressing upon his heart. He wandered about in his gardens amid sweet-smelling flowers, and shrubs fragrant with the odors of far off lands, hoping that his mind would be diverted thereby from the horrible thought that was pressing upon his brain, and goading him well nigh to madness. He wandered by running streams on the surrounding hills, and watched their

crystal waters as they ran in murmuring whis-
pers along their pebbly bed, and wished to for-
get the world and the world's cares ; but there
was a harrowing remembrance that followed
him even there. He reclined upon the green
sward, or sat in some shady arbor of his own
princely domain, or gazed upon the many
forms of sculptured beauty, which for years
had been collected within its walls, and asked
himself why he should not be happy and at
ease ? But a spirit was evoked which would
not suffer him to be at rest, and whithersoever
he turned, or to what dissipation soever he ap-
plied himself,—whether in his hours of forced
occupation, or sullen loneliness in the silence
of his chamber, or the world's noise, in the
midnight darkness, or the glare of noon,—
that countenance so sad, so horrible, cast its
reproachful look upon him, and, calling up
many a remembrance of other days, seemed to
accuse him as the author of its ruin. He had
recourse to the wizard's skill and dark preten-
sions, to penetrate the secrets of the tomb ; but
the summoned spirits refused to answer. He
spread before him the book of the heavens, and
attempted to read in its mystic page the doom
of the departed ; but he found there no intelli-
gible sound ; all was void and empty, and there
was darkness upon the face of the abyss. In the
rush of confused and distracting thought that
pressed upon his mind, he would at times turn
back upon the lessons of his early years, and
found some clue to hope and certainty in the
promises of religion. It is said, that once
he left his bed, after a sleepless night, and

went out to cool his fevered brow in the fresh
morning air. After a short walk, he was re-
turning by the avenue which approached the
front of the house, when he fancied he saw the
basement story in flames. A ruddy glow lit
up the entire front of the building, as if a
considerable portion was already consumed.
Alarmed and surprised, he rushed towards the
house. The blaze, by some strange influence,
seemed to sink and die away as he approached,
and, at a short distance, assumed the appear-
ance of a pool of fire, on which a female form
lay floating, half enveloped in the liquid flame.
It needed but one glance to tell him who that
female was. Could this have been the crea-
tion of his own disturbed imagination, excited
to a high degree of tension by the thoughts of
the precedings days ? or could it really have
been a salutary warning given him, as to many
holy men of other times, by God, for his own
wise purposes ? That De Rancé himself was
firmly convinced of its reality, we have his own
express and written declaration. Whatever
its nature may have been, it exercised a salu-
tary influence upon his mind. Terrified at the
judgments of God, his soul was at length
humbled before him, and he resolved to return
to him by a sincere repentance, knowing that
a contrite and humble heart God will never de-
spise. He had often preached that truth to
others, but he never felt it himself till then ;
and it became in his breast an active element
in his existence, which never lost its power or its
activity during the remaining portion of his
life.

TO BE CONTINUED.



THE CATHEDRAL BELL.

Heard at a distance on Sunday evening, while meditating on a tomb, alone, in a Catholic burial ground.

How sweetly sounds that evening bell ! how soothing is its toll !
It comes like mellow music on the meditating soul ;
It speaks, as with a tongue from heaven, to every heart of care,
And, like an angel whispering, it calls the soul to prayer.

It seems to speak of Him who loved the world, and deigned to give
His blessed Son to die that man—ungrateful man—might live ;
That glorious Son who to mankind his Gospel page unfurled,
And hung redemption's rainbow round a dark and dying world.

O thou, most holy, only church ! at whose all sacred shrine
The God of heaven, in truth, pronounced devoted and divine,
What millions in all ages since have at thy altar knelt,
And all the luxuries of faith, of hope, and love have felt !

The infidel in vain may strike ; in vain the fool may mock ;
In vain all opposition, too : 'tis built upon a rock ;
" The gates of hell shall not prevail " against its holy name ;
When ages, yet unborn, have passed, that church will stand the same.

From age to age, alas ! the church has been severely used,
By persecution butchered, and by bigotry abused :
But still she sends out from the ark of peace the gentle dove,
And holds out to the world around the olive leaf of love.

Ah ! would that all mankind were thus inclined to live in peace !
The heart would be a heaven on earth, the storms of strife would cease ;
The dagger would no longer drink the guiltless victim's gore,
And every man would go in peace, ay, go and sin no more.

O happy day ! it were, indeed ; the angels high in heaven
Would tune their harps of gold, and sing the truce of mercy given ;
But man, because he *will not* join the holy church of God,
Gives vent to vengeance, and uplifts fell persecution's rod.

Her doors are open unto all ; the tree of life is there,
And every one may of the fruit in rich abundance share ;
Come, one and all, a mother she will ever truly prove ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness, her paths are peace and love.

Sweet bell, thy tongue in mournful tones speaks to my silent heart,
And bids me to prepare, for soon I must from earth depart ;
And lie down in the grave alone, like him who slumbers here,
And who, like me, could once in life thy mellow music hear.

I love to muse, at evening hour, when thou art sounding far,
And, while I listen, gaze upon yon bright and blessed star ;
And think of all the happy host that dwell, ye dead, with you,
Beyond the starry skies above—sweet evening bell, adieu !

M. B.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

(From our European Correspondent.)

PROPAGANDA, ROME, Nov. 27, 1844.

MY DEAR B—,

The Ave Maria.—That is the beautiful name that the Romans always give to this hour, the close of the day, half an hour after sunset, when the clock strikes 24, and the bell rings for the angelus. All the other hours are called by their numbers, but this I have never heard called other than the Ave Maria. It is the last of the three times in the day that all are called on to think of the great mystery of our redemption—and it is becoming that after it rings, ecclesiastics who live in community should not be seen in the streets. We have just returned from our Thursday evening's recreation. Our laughing and romping might have been heard by the strangers promenading the public walk; and if any of them had the curiosity to come and peep at us, I am sure they thought we were children of ten or twelve years. But I am gradually filling up, without the main subject I wanted to speak of—our excursion to the classic and romantic neighborhood of Tivoli. I could never satisfy myself with the descriptions I read of it; because they never explained the topography. If you perhaps have been similarly dissatisfied, you will not be displeased with my giving it to you briefly and dryly, and if I have not room to talk particularly of the beauties, you can find them well described in books; among others, I think in Father Geramb's Pilgrimage. The river Anio, rising almost in the heart of the Appenines, flows along through a very pretty little winding valley, the bottom of which is so elevated, that the river makes its principal fall, by a cascade, just as it comes in view of the Campagna. From the level of the river above the fall, down to the Campagna, is I suppose not less than three hundred feet: the cascade was about one hundred and fifty feet. But just at the cascade the river made a very sharp turn back, and after a course of about two hundred yards, made another in the opposite direction so as to form a Z, with the two parallel lines about five hundred feet distant, and with a difference of about one hundred and eighty feet in their level. The town of Tivoli, like almost all the towns about here, is situated high up on the side of the hill, and looking out towards the Campagna. Its upper edge just extends a little over the river, above the first bend:—the river, you

know, is but a small stream, perhaps as large as our Monocacy. The bed of the river is all limestone rock, and rather narrow, so that when the thawing of the snows in the Appenines, or heavy rains swelled it beyond its banks, the whole city was liable to inundation;—and the damage to property and life was frequent and great. Many improvements were made, to lessen the danger, but at length a terrible catastrophe in 1826, determined Pope Leo XII to devise some means of removing the danger entirely. It was, however, under our present illustrious holy father, that the bold design was undertaken and accomplished, of cutting a tunnel through the rock, above the first bend, so as to join the two parallel lines by a perpendicular, and thus avoid the zigzag and the old fall, cutting off the water above the town, and letting it discharge itself at once into the valley below. It is a stupendous work, worthy of the name of the old Romans, and of the pontificate of a Gregory. There are two tunnels, side by side, each sixteen feet wide, twenty feet high to the top of the arch, which is pointed, and five hundred feet long; every inch of it through solid rock—and the whole work was completed in eighteen months. With the usual attention of Italians to visitors (for which they are too often repaid by grumbling, ridicule and falsehood), there are steps, bridges, balustrades, &c., which enable one to go to almost every point where curiosity can tempt him; and even a ledge left for a path, inside of each of the tunnels, on which we could walk in security the whole length and see every part of the work; and this without even toll:—perhaps some one gave five cents to the little girl that sat at the gate.

You may have gathered, if I have spoken clearly, that from the mouth of this grand emissary there is a great and sudden fall, and this is now the principal cascade. Its height is about seventy feet; in its first leap the water falls between two rocks whose edges jut out perpendicularly: driven so forcibly into this wedge-like trough, it boils out again most furiously, and rolls foaming and roaming down the rest of its broken course. We viewed it first from directly over its edge, and afterwards, by a long circuit, we got a fuller view of it from in front. It is really a beautiful fall, and from this second point it was more pleasing, from the contrast of the raging, bellowing waters there among the rocks, with the quiet, smooth stream directly after, that

flows along at the bottom of the deep valley, with green vineyards along its narrow banks, and the town standing in security two hundred feet above. But not all the water goes through this emissary. A part still runs through the old bed, for the use of the town, and a part runs by aqueducts under the town to supply the grand iron foundry, and the numerous smaller work-shops, which make Tivoli the Pittsburg of the Papal States, except that here all the motion is by water instead of steam. This part then discharges itself into the same valley, about half a mile further down, and in its fall makes what are called the little cascades, *cascatelle*, esteemed by many as more beautiful than any thing else at Tivoli, or even in Italy. The water issuing from the different manufactories, just on the brink of the steep hill, appears at fifteen or twenty different points, already beaten into a foam by its action on the machinery, and goes leaping and rolling down, sometimes four or five little streams united in one large fall—again divided, here bouncing over a little rock, and there shooting swiftly down an inclination, forming the thousand wild vagaries that you may imagine in their course of one hundred and eighty feet, and all this down a bank just inclined enough to be covered with verdure, which the water keeps fresh and bright, as if it knew its own snowy whiteness was made more beautiful by contrast with the rich green that borders it. Add the picturesque appearance of the workshops themselves, not great monster manufactories, but little independent shops, poor and industrious, with the sound of their numerous tilt-hammers which told of cheerful business. But for my own part I think the grand wonders of Tivoli, are those seen in that little portion of the river's course that lies between the two bends. Three or four different times the place of the fall has changed, as the water wore away the rocks, and in two different places, it has worked a passage under the rock, so as to disappear entirely, and burst out again farther down the valley. There is now just water enough running through this course to give a person an idea of what it must have been when the whole river was thundering through these winding and narrow places. We went down to the grotto of the Sirens, just below the first bend. A little winding path, guarded all the way by a hedge, led us down this steep hill side. Full twenty minutes we took to get to the bottom. At length we found ourselves down at the edge of the stream. Looking up we could see the sky no where but almost straight over our heads. We were closed in on two sides by a steep bank, the top of which we could not see for the bushes that hung over us: on the other two, by a naked and almost perpendicular rock, about one hundred and sixty feet high, and, on a jutting point of the brink, there stood the beautiful little temple of Vesta, peering

down over the terrible precipice, like a playful little child thoughtless of its danger. I never, not even at Harper's Ferry nor on the Hudson, felt so impressed with the grandeur of nature, as down at the bottom of that tremendous abyss. When I had recovered a little from my bewilderment, my companion pointed to some large broken rocks; they were the fragments of the grotto of Neptune, once the greatest wonder here: but the roof has fallen in, and now we see only the hole through which the water issues from its first subterranean passage under that great mass of rock. We turned round then to the grotto of the Sirens which was close at our side. This is the cave through which the water loses itself the second time in the earth, to emerge just to meet the grand body that falls over from the emissary. It has received its name, on account of the great danger run by those whose curiosity enticed them too far on its slippery rocks. The mouth is low and wide: the water enters and rolls over two or three small rocks—then makes a plunge and goes foaming and thundering over its steep and rough course down—down. We could see the white froth for about twenty yards—beyond, all was a dark abyss. A good balustrade which removes both temptation and danger enabled us to enter the mouth, and lean over the torrent. The roof above looked scarcely less frightful than the waters below; for huge unseemly blocks of stone were hanging as if ready to fall at the first concussion: I wonder how they have held so long with such a stunning noise below them. There were some very pretty green sprigs hanging down from the moist roof: I plucked one as a memorial, and admiring its tenderness and delicacy, and looking again at the grandness of all around, I thought of the justice and love of him who made all things so as to be "neither greater in the greatest, nor less in the least of his works."

The tale about the shutting up of a meeting-house here, may have had its origin in a joke practised on some Methodists or other Protestants, who were holding a meeting in a boarding-house to the great annoyance of their fellow-boarders. Some young fellows got into the room overhead, and there made a tremendous racket by jumping and stamping. A servant was sent up to beg them not to disturb the worship; and they replied that they were only performing their own worship; for, having the Bible to interpret for themselves, they had become members of the pious sect of jumpers. Or it may have originated in the failure of an attempt to evade the laws of the city by procuring a large house for the parson that he might invite his friends to meet him *at home* on Sunday morning. It was stopped, or at least has been suspended; I do not know whether by a formal prohibition or by an intimation, that frequently a large assembly of

strangers around any one man are suspicious in their nature, and might be interrupted rudely. It was a mean attempt to extend by evasion a privilege which was given them gratuitously, and which made them full of gratitude and praise for about two days: namely, the granting them a public meeting in a house only a few yards outside of the gate, a place of their own choosing, and convenient to the large and fashionable hotels. These are the only facts that I can hear of that could give a shadow of foundation to the report. It is possible that some prayer meetings in private houses and hotels may have been stopped by authority, because too noisy or too large in public, so as to amount to a violation of the law; but I do not think so. At all events there are two essential and absolute falsehoods, namely, that there has been any Protestant meeting house publicly known in Rome (unless the chapels of ambassadors) for the last fifteen years, and that there has been any interference on account of the conversion of Romans. Why, it is commonly said that one reason why the actual meeting house was selected outside of the walls was from fear that if in the city the people would pull it down in spite of the authorities. Moreover, whatever favors or indulgence may have been shown to those strangers whose conscience tells them to worship God in a way different from ours, it is certain they were never indulged nor even tolerated in trying to induce Catholics to join them in an act which the authorities believe with divine faith to be a *sin*, and which, therefore, they are bound in conscience to prevent. Freedom to worship God is very different from freedom to disturb the established and *unanimous* faith of the people and the government, the precious legacy of eighteen centuries. Moreover, there is *meanness* in the spreading of these reports; for it is well known that to give them the indulgences they already have the holy father has risked a good deal of his popularity and the affection of his people, and has met a good deal of opposition among his admirers, who have foreseen these attempts to steal what can not be given.

CHINA.—A Canton letter of November 1st, published in the Commercial Advertiser, says that the French have secured some advantages in their treaty with China which were not stipulated by either the English or Americans. One of them is (according to the current report in Canton at the date of the letter), that Roman Catholic missionaries assuming the Chinese dress, are to be allowed access to any part of the empire; and the people of China are permitted to embrace the Christian religion whenever they may choose.—*Nat. Intel.*

AUSTRIA.—The Austrian Government has taken the Christians of the holy land under its especial

protection, and authorized an annual collection in behalf of the church of the holy sepulchre. It is hoped that the annoyances to which the Christians of the Latin rite have been so long subjected will now be heard of no more.—*C. Telegraph.*

SPAIN.—Spain, so long a victim of British Protestant intrigue and French infidel philosophy, has never entirely forfeited her Catholic faith. The recent debates in the Cortes, on the indemnity to the church, for the late spoliations, have demonstrated that she is still "*energetically faithful to her Catholic instincts.*" The deputies, of various political complexions have, almost without a single dissenting voice, voted for the COMPLETE INDEPENDENCE OF THE CHURCH AND ITS MINISTERS, FRANKLY ESTABLISHED AND STRONGLY GUARANTEED.

FRANCE.—*Anglican and French Episcopacy.*—Setting aside the more formal part of the question so well known under the denomination of *surplice question*, let us at once strike at the real object of this quarrel. From the very beginning up to this day matters of faith have been placed under the eyes of the bishops of England. From the very beginning up to the present hour hardly a single day has elapsed without some serious attack being made upon the church, or some terrible objection being made to the dogmas of the Establishment. If ever unity, if ever strength, if ever devotedness were necessary, surely the day for such qualifications is now at hand. And yet we view with astonishment the episcopacy constantly waiving the questions on which they are called to decide:—one right reverend proposes to wait for better times; another discards the body of the thirty-nine articles; a third maintains them all in *globo*; a fourth vainly endeavors to enforce his authority over his factious flock; while a fifth is afraid of removing a clergyman who decidedly supports doctrines alien from the church of England; or, as a shift, appeals to the state as the paramount judge of *spiritual* dogmas. A Brougham, a Peel, a Graham, the umpires of Christian faith, and scriptural doctrine! At a juncture, when Christianity in England appears cast on one single die, dependent upon the most accidental turn up, bishops, yea, bishops, place their very all at the feet of a set of politicians, who care not a rush for staunch morality, or Christian principles, if those Christian principles or tenets should stand in the way of their own wily cobwebs!

The system upheld in France for national education is one deeply mixed up with the manners and habits of the people. It is the offspring of an incendiary revolution on one hand—the tool of imperial despotism on the other. From the former it has inherited those loose principles of morality, graced with the name of eclecticism as a proper substitute for Voltairianism; from the latter the system

has received an iron organization, destined to mould and model future generations for slavery.

Now let us go one step further: supposing the French episcopacy to have connived at this sort of national education, would they not have secured at once the favor of government, and a firm, a durable influence over the nation for years to come? Before 1830, the Liberals pleaded high and loud for a free education system; have they been the losers, since that period, and in the worldly sense, by abjuring their former principles? Had, therefore, the French clergy kicked likewise away the tenets of their church, in a question even less vital in *prima facie*, than the one which now agitates England, would that body have lost in the worldly sense? I think every man, who has any tolerable knowledge of France, will soon answer: no.

But the conduct of the bishops has precisely been the very reverse. In the new constitution a solitary article was introduced, a kind of momentary forgetfulness or want of foresight, we may say, an article was introduced in favor of liberty. Standing steadfastly on this firm ground, the good bishops sometimes one by one, sometimes all together, have rallied round the cause of religious freedom! inch by inch, foot by foot, they have won the vantage ground; sword in hand, with the Gospel for a target, they dared the enemy, and fought incessantly for Christian faith, Christian youth, and—out with the word—for Christian civilization. The laws of the country are so warily woven that the prelates can not move a limb from place to place without the high permission of government; they set at defiance the law by having recourse to the press. No charge was left unanswered, no accusation allowed to pass unnoticed, and those men who were supposed to be nothing but old dotard preachers, have been found very keen dialecticians, excellent spokesmen, and no indifferent philosophers. The faithful, in their turn, began to rely fully in their pastors; a sort of electric action and reaction seemed to play between one body and the other; or rather, the whole appeared to breathe, to move, to live, but as one body.—*Tablet*.

ENGLAND.—*Northampton*.—*Rev. Dr. Fletcher*.—We regret to have to announce to our readers the death of one who we believe was respected by all who knew him; we mean the Rev. Dr. Fletcher, who died in this town on Tuesday last. Like many others of his creed and profession who lived in those strange times, he was under the necessity of seeking abroad what the penal laws forbade him to acquire at home, viz. the blessing of an excellent and suitable education. He pursued his studies at St. Omer's, Paris, and Douay; had the honor of twelve months' imprisonment at the period of the French revolution; and at length, being promoted to the priesthood, devoted himself to the duties of the

mission in the northern parts of England, where he received his birth. His career was one of a gentle, peaceful, and studious cast. He was passionately devoted to books, and few have handled the pen more vigorously, more voluminously, more elegantly, and less acrimoniously; for never, we believe, was one drop of bitterness permitted to mingle with the ink that flowed so copiously from his pen. His various works, chiefly of a spiritual character, are a proof of his extensive literary acquirements, of his chaste and polished style, and of his gentle and benevolent disposition.—*Ibid*.

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—*The Most Rev. Archbishop*.—On Saturday afternoon, April 19th, as the Most Rev. Archbishop was about to ride out in his carriage, the horse, starting prematurely, wrested the reins from the hands of the driver, who had not yet mounted on his seat. The reins thus dangling at the horse's feet increased his fright and speed. The archbishop, who was alone in the carriage, and had no means to check or guide the horse, was left to the alternative of either being precipitated down a steep street with gullies on each side, or of leaping from the carriage. He chose the latter, but not without receiving very serious injuries in his head and various parts of his body. We are gratified to be informed by his physicians that he is rapidly recovering from the effects of his wounds.

Dedication.—We had intended to notice, in our usual laconic style, the dedication of the new church at Elkridge Landing, seven miles from Baltimore, but having received several communications respecting it, we feel bound to publish at least one of them.

"The new church of St. Augustin's at Elkridge Landing, Howard district, Anne Arundel county, Maryland, was solemnly blessed on Sunday, the 20th of April, by the Rev. C. I. White, assisted by the Rev. Oliver L. Jenkins, Rev. S. B. Piot, pastor of Howard district, and Mr. Norris, a clerical student of St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore. An unfortunate accident prevented the attendance of the Most Rev. Archbishop, who had intended to dedicate the new edifice himself. Although the clouds threatened rain, a large number of persons assembled on the spot, some of whom had come from a distance of six, eight, and ten miles, to witness the ceremony, to make the offering of charity, or to contribute to the solemnity of the service by their assistance in the choir. We had the pleasure of noticing among those present a considerable number of our dissenting brethren, and we were informed that some Protestant ladies had rendered important aid in the decoration of the altar and sanctuary.

"The prayers for the blessing of the church being terminated, the mass was sung by the Rev. Mr.

Jenkins. After the Gospel, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. White, who was listened to, during a full hour and a quarter, with profound attention, not only by those in the building, but by many who for want of room could not obtain admittance within its walls. The Rev. orator, in a series of remarks characterized by elegance of language and fitness of illustration, and delivered in an animated manner, proved the apostolicity of the Catholic doctrine from the impossibility of a change ever having taken place in the belief of the church. "The fullest evidence," he said, "of such a fact, had it occurred, would be found on record, and as history, which details so minutely the circumstances of the various fruitless attempts to alter the deposit of the faith, is utterly silent on this point, the inference is that no alteration occurred, and that the faith originally promulgated by the apostles, is still the faith announced by their successors." In showing forth the superior excellence of the Catholic system by the security which it offers in the investigation and belief of religious truth, the Rev. speaker carefully avoided whatever would be grating to the feelings of our dissenting brethren, though, at the same time, he distinctly pointed out the obligation of seeking with earnestness and sincerity to ascertain the doctrines revealed by Christ. It is highly gratifying to the friends of religion, and especially to the Catholics of Howard district and its vicinity, to reflect that two churches have, in the space of a few years, been erected within its limits, and one at the Laurel Factory, on the dividing line between Howard district and Prince George's county. Seven years since, there stood but one Catholic temple in that extent of country, the old and venerable chapel of Dougharagan Manor, built a century ago, which was attended only once a month. In this time-honored building many an illustrious personage has officiated. The Carrolls, the Mareschals, the Brutés, the Moranvillés, the Garniers and others, have left in it souvenirs not soon to be effaced. The new churches, we hope, are destined to see at their altars ministers of the like worth and talent; at all events, the blessings dispensed within their walls will be considerable. Already much good has been done at Ellicott's Mills, and at the Laurel Factory, since the building of their respective churches. No less good, we trust, will be effected at the Landing. Indeed we have an earnest of what will be accomplished in the zeal manifested in the erection of the church, and in the piety exhibited on the day immediately following the dedication, when many came to hear mass and receive the sacraments.

"The generosity of some of the faithful deserves great praise. Mr. Brinker made the donation of the large lot on which the church stands, and contributed his share in money. The contributions of Messrs. Lee and Fislage have been extremely liberal,

and their efforts in procuring means and superintending the building, have been indefatigable. Other individuals have also shown the greatest readiness to aid the undertaking by donations which proved them to be animated by the desire of procuring the glory of God and the salvation of their brethren.

"St. Augustin's church is a substantial, neat, and tasteful brick building, measuring forty-one feet by thirty-one. It stands on a small hill on the western edge of the Baltimore and Washington turnpike, a few hundred yards west of the rail-road track: it was built by Messrs. Flaherty and Sawner of Baltimore. Its cost, including the pews and furniture of the altar and sanctuary, was about two thousand two hundred dollars. Notwithstanding the willingness of the people to contribute to the expenses, as most of the congregation are laborers, there remains a large debt to be paid; but with the assistance of our charitable friends in Baltimore, Washington, and elsewhere, we hope to cancel it before the expiration of the year. Mr. Fislage is authorized to make collections for this purpose, and Rev. Mr. White and Rev. Mr. Jenkins have been requested to receive whatever their friends will have the charity to offer them to be applied to the same object." P.

Rev. J. B. Gildea.—We publish with pleasure the following proceedings which we were compelled to omit last month, for want of space.

At a meeting of the Sunday school association of St. Vincent de Paul's church, held March 2d, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted in consequence of the death of the Rev. Mr. Gildea, president of that society.

When death, in his unsparing course enters an association, and takes from it a member, custom has made it obligatory on the survivors to assemble and give expression to their regrets as well as bear testimony to those virtues which were the characteristics of their departed friend. But, in our case, we assemble not to conform to custom—duty has made it imperative—a duty which gratitude and love alone prompt us to discharge, for we have lost a devoted pastor and beloved president.

As founder of our Sunday school and as our president, we were brought into an intercourse with him where we had opportunities of experiencing his kindness of heart, his gentleness of manners, his paternal admonitions, and the many amiable qualities which truly entitled him to the fond and affectionate title of *Father Gildea*.

When we commenced our pleasing, though arduous duties, we had many difficulties to surmount, but, encouraged by him, we persevered, and, fostered by him, our association soon arrived at its present stage of prosperity.

We would look upon his death as being too severe a shock, did we not remember his admonitions to

submit with resignation to the dispensations of an all-wise and just God, whose decrees, although mysterious to us, are given for holy purposes.

Resolved therefore, 1. That we are deeply afflicted at the unexpected death of our beloved pastor, the ever zealous president of this association.

2. That we feel his loss the more sensibly on account of the many amiable qualities which endeared him to the affections of all who knew him, and on account of that disinterested zeal and unbounded charity which rendered him emphatically the friend of the poor, the consoler of the afflicted, the father of the orphan.

3. That we sincerely sympathize with his afflicted relatives and friends in being deprived of one in whom were centred their nearest affections.

4. That we wear the usual badge of mourning in testimony of our affectionate regard for the deceased, and our heart-felt sorrow for his death.

5. That there be a mass offered up for the repose of his soul in the chapel of St. Vincent of Paul's church, at which the teachers and children assist in a body.

6. That the above preamble and resolutions be published in the United States Catholic Magazine, and that other Catholic papers be requested to copy.

M. J. KERNEY,
OWEN O'BRIEN,
B. D. DANIELS,
JOHN STAYLOR,
MAURICE BUSH,

Committee.

At a monthly meeting of the Calvert Beneficial Society, Baltimore, held March 13th (the first held since the death of the Rev. Mr. Gildea), the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

Resolved, That this society, in the death of their beloved chaplain, the Rev. John B. Gildea, feel most sensibly the deprivation which an all-wise Providence has meted out to them in taking away their guide, adviser, and friend, their earthly mediator, whose ministration on the altar of God was not only for the prosperity of the society, but for its members, both living and dead ; one whose life of virtue, and self-sacrifice, and charity, endeared him to all, and whose devotion to the welfare of the society and its members, while it engraved his memory deeply in their hearts, calls for at least this publicly recorded, but imperfect testimonial of gratitude for his services, love for his virtue, and sorrow for his loss.

Resolved, That as a testimonial of respect for the character of the deceased, the members will wear the usual badge of mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded in the journal of the society, and be published, signed by the president and secretary, in the city newspapers,

with a request to all Catholic papers to oblige us by copying them. CHARLES SORAN, *President.*

THOS. RILEY, *Secretary.*

DIOCESS OF N. YORK.—*Ecclesiastical Seminary.*—On the 27th of March the corner stone of the new theological seminary, at Fordham, N. York, was laid by the Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey, bishop coadjutor of N. York. Most of the clergy of the city were present, with others from more distant points, and a considerable number of the laity, to witness this highly interesting ceremony. Bishop Hughes delivered an address on the occasion, in which, after having shown the object and importance of the new undertaking, he proceeded to sketch the origin, progress and actual condition of religion in his extensive diocese. The following extract from his discourse, which we take from the *Freeman's Journal*, contains valuable historical data.

"A venerable member of our communion, still living, and whose memory the orphans of New York will hold in perpetual benediction, tells of the time when the entire Catholics of the diocese were accustomed to assist at the holy sacrifice in the parlor of the Spanish consul. The next mark of progress and increase of number was the necessity to find a larger place for divine worship. For this purpose they rented a barn outside of the city of New York, limited as the city then was to a small portion to what it is now. The third evidence of progress was the arduous attempt to build St. Peter's church, which they could not have accomplished had it not been for the collections raised by their only clergyman in other places, especially in Mexico, at that period a province of Spain. The foundations of the second church (St. Patrick's cathedral) were laid, if I am not mistaken, in 1806. It was a gigantic undertaking at that time, and the scale on which it was commenced shows that our predecessors were filled with a Catholic sentiment which dwells as much in the future as in the past. In 1816 the first Catholic bishop of New York took possession of his see. He found in this immense diocese two churches and three priests. In 1823 it was noted as a great evidence of the progress of religion in the diocese of New York, by the late Bishop Dubourg, that New York had already her bishop and eight priests. From the year 1823 until 1838 the number of clergymen had gradually increased from eight to forty. During all this period the bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Connolly, first, and after him my own immediate and venerable predecessor, Bishop Dubois, had to depend in some measure upon the charity of other countries, or of other parts of this country, for clergymen to provide for the wants of the faithful. This is not an unfit occasion on which to make due acknowledgments, in the name of this diocese for the earliest missionaries, by some of whom the seed of eternal life was plant-

ed and by others watered, whilst God gave the constant increase. Several of the most zealous and efficient missionaries came from Ireland,—that land of unconquerable faith, and to which the universal church is indebted for the unparalleled example of constancy which it has furnished to the world's admiration for three hundred years. But the great source of supply had been from Mount St. Mary's Seminary, near Emmitsburg, in the diocese of Baltimore. This Institution had been founded by the late Bishop Dubois. It grew up almost without patronage or countenance, except what it derived from the immense labors and indomitable energies of its zealous founder. There is scarcely a diocese in the United States to which it has not furnished zealous and exemplary clergymen, and among others, it becomes us on this occasion, and in the name of this diocese, to make the pleasing and grateful acknowledgments of the obligations which it has conferred upon religion among ourselves.

"In the year 1839, under the approbation of the late bishop, an effort was made for the establishment of a theological seminary in the northern part of the state. This seminary, so far as teaching and subjects are concerned, has continued to the present time, and it is impossible not to ascribe to its existence principally, if not entirely, the extension and growth of religion in the diocese, the multiplication of new churches, and the remarkable increase in the number of the diocesan clergy. I have already remarked that, in 1838, the number of priests was forty, and at the present time it is above one hundred. Neither are the wants of the diocese yet entirely supplied. There are many portions even that can scarcely be said yet to have been visited by a Catholic priest. In missions already established the solitary pastor will require an assistant to discharge the increasing duties of the ministry. For how can the members of the church glorify God by the mere profession of religion, unless they unite thereto its practice also? and how can this be accomplished unless the number of the clergy bear just proportion to that of the faithful? Here, then, you perceive the motives for establishing the seminary of which you have just witnessed the ceremony of laying the corner stone. One hundred priests more would not be too many for the wants of this diocese. But, besides this, age and sickness and other causes will no doubt diminish the number that are now laboring so arduously on the mission. Their places are to be prospectively provided for. And how could either of these all-important objects be accomplished if we did not determine to establish and support among ourselves a preparatory school of apostleship, in which the young levites who are to continue this work of redemption are to prepare themselves for the holy state to which God

has called them by the discipline of self-control, of humility, obedience, order and Christian studies?"

DIOCESS OF CHARLESTON.—*Episcopal Visitation.*—We learn from the *Cath. Miscellany* that the Rt. Rev. Dr. Reynolds recently visited a portion of his extensive diocese, leaving Charleston on the 24th of March and returning on the 11th of April. During his tour he preached frequently to large audiences, administered confirmation in several places, and dedicated three new churches, one in Lincoln co., N. C., another at Cheraw, S. C., and a third at Walterborough. The bishop was assisted by Rev. Messrs. Gifford and Lynch, the latter of whom delivered several discourses.

DIOCESS OF NEW ORLEANS.—The legislature has passed a bill granting to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum of New Orleans \$3,000 annually for two years. This institution now contains one hundred and forty-one little orphans, with no other resource for their maintenance than the precarious one of private donations, and the zeal and devotedness of the Sisters of Charity. The sole mission of those ladies seems to be to assist the helpless and destitute, to nurse the sick, and to assume, on behalf of the orphans, the tender care of the parents of whom it has pleased Providence to deprive them.

Liberality.—The late J. Mager, an ancient merchant of New Orleans, and a native of France, has bequeathed \$5,000 to charitable purposes. He died in the most edifying sentiments of religion, and his funeral was attended by all the orphans of both the Catholic Orphan Asylums of the city.

New Church.—On the 16th of February, Mgr. Blanc, bishop of this see, with the usual ceremonies, laid the corner-stone of a new church, to be erected in the immediate vicinity of the present St. Mary's Church, which, being formerly the chapel of the Ursulines, it is destined to replace.—*Cath. Cab.*

Confirmation.—On Sunday, 6th of April, in the afternoon, Bishop Blanc confirmed sixty-seven persons at St. Mary's church, New Orleans, most of whom had made their first communion on the morning of that day.—*Prop. Cath.*

DIOCESS OF NASHVILLE.—*Dedication.*—On the 8th of December, 1844, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Miles, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Maguire and Schacht, dedicated a new church at Clarksville, under the title of the Immaculate Conception of the B. V. Mary. The bishop and Rev. Mr. Maguire both preached on the occasion. In the evening the bishop administered confirmation. On Easter Sunday, the Rev. Mr. Schacht blessed another new church, in Humphrey's co., nine miles from Waverly.—*Cath. Adv.*

DIOCESS OF CINCINNATI.—*New Churches.*—The *Catholic Telegraph* contains a very interesting description of a ceremony which took place in Cincinnati on the 25th of March, and which consisted in the solemn blessing of the corner stone of a new

church for the German Catholics of that city. The ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Purell, assisted by the clergy of the place, and surrounded by an immense concourse of persons. At least twelve thousand Catholics were present. This will be the third church erected by the German Catholics in Cincinnati. We learn from the same source that a lot has been secured for a new church, St. Peter's, at Cleveland. It is 108 by 212 feet, on Main street, in the very best and most enchanting spot, and bordered by the buildings in the city.

At *Canton* a similar unanimity prevails for the building of the new church.

At *Circleville* the church is hastening towards completion, and at *Chillicothe* a beautiful lot has been secured for a church, the corner stone of which will probably be laid on Ascension day.

DIOCESS OF DETROIT.—A new female religious association, called "The Sisters of the Blessed Virgin of the Cross," have lately established themselves in the village of Bertrand in this diocese, for the education of female youth. It is also the intention of the Sisters, who are now eleven in number, to open schools among the Ottawas at Arbre Croche, and among the Pottowatomies at Pokegan.

DIOCESS OF ST. LOUIS.—The Missouri Legislature, during its last session, chartered St. Vincent's school of this city, situated on the corner of 10th and St. Charles streets. This free school, under the direction of five Sisters of Charity, is daily frequented by about three hundred girls. The Sisters, in order to extend the sphere of their usefulness, have already commenced a two story addition, measuring forty by thirty feet. When completed, the whole building will be about one hundred feet long, and will accommodate five hundred pupils.

Religious Profession.—On March 25th, Miss Ellenor White took the white veil of a novice, in the convent of the Ladies of the Visitation, on Broadway. The name given to her was Sister Mary Bernardina.—*Cath. Cab.*

DIOCESS OF CHICAGO.—*Confirmation.*—On *Low Sunday*, the 31st March, the Rt. Rev. Wm. Quarter administered the sacrament of confirmation in the Cathedral of St. Mary's, Chicago. *One hundred and thirteen* persons were confirmed. Some were converts to the Catholic faith, and two of that number had the happiness to be baptized by the bishop on holy Saturday, previous.

Spiritual Retreat.—During the last week of Lent—holy week—the Catholics of Chicago enjoyed the privilege of performing the exercises of a spiritual retreat. The bishop opened the retreat on Monday evening, at 4 o'clock. He gave instructions twice each day, whilst the retreat lasted, at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. Clergymen were constantly engaged in

the confessionals, and it was with difficulty they were able to hear the crowds of penitents that approached the tribunal of penance. It is said that at least *one thousand* persons approached the holy communion on Easter Sunday! On holy Thursday a large number had also the happiness to communicate.—*Freeman's Journal.*

DIOCESS OF PITTSBURG.—While we sincerely sympathize with our fellow-citizens of Pittsburg at the recent calamity that visited their city, we have reason to be thankful for the preservation of the Catholic churches, which sustained no injury. A very laudable spirit has been manifested in many places, and measures taken to relieve the sufferings which have been created by this sad disaster. We hope that this example of charity and philanthropy will be widely imitated. We read the following in the last No. of the *Pittsburg Catholic*.

"Yesterday was set apart by the mayor and city councils to be observed as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer. We believe every portion of the community readily complied with this order. At St. Paul's cathedral divine service commenced at half past ten. The bishop delivered a feeling exhortation—animating all to convert to their spiritual gain the present calamity, and draw from it those lessons of instruction which a chastening Providence intended it should convey."

OREGON.—"By intelligence received at New York from Oregon territory," says the *Catholic Herald*, "it appears that the residents have organized a government, and appointed executive officers. The climate is said to be rather mild, and the soil rich and adapted to agricultural pursuits. On the 1st of August last, a Belgian brig arrived at Oregon city, with several Catholic missionaries and Sisters of Charity, from Belgium. It is stated that the Methodist mission has been abandoned, and their mills and other property divided or sold, and the members secured for themselves suitable places for settlement in the colony."

DR. MORIARTY.—Dr. Moriarty has written a letter to a gentleman in this city, in which he denies the accuracy of the various reports of his speech at Conciliation Hall, Dublin. He complains of the language there put into his mouth as erroneous and injurious.—*Phila. Spirit of the Times.*

DEPARTURE OF BISHOPS.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Kenrick, bishop of Philadelphia, and the Rt. Rev. John Odin, vicar apostolic of Texas, recently embarked for Europe.

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS.—We have recently had an opportunity of inspecting some rare specimens of the style in which the Scriptures and other sacred books were preserved by our Catholic forefathers before the discovery of printing. These volumes, three in number, are now exhibited in Baltimore, No. 75 Market street, and consist of the

various portions of the liturgy and canonical office which form the public chant of the Catholic church. They are incorrectly called *missals* in the newspaper advertisements, the *missal* being the book which is used by the officiating clergyman at the altar, while the above mentioned volumes are used only in the choir. Each volume measures four feet in length, and nearly three in width, and contains an average number of more than two hundred pages. The letters are nearly an inch long, and with the musical notes, are beautifully executed on sheets of vellum, which have still a fresh appearance and a wonderful durability, though these books must have been written at least four hundred and fifty years ago. But the most extraordinary feature of these magnificent volumes, is the illumination or ornamental part, which places them far above any typographical efforts of modern times in point of elegant decoration. The illuminations are two thousand in number, and many of them are charming specimens of art. We hope that this great curiosity will be visited by Catholics and Protestants. The former will discover in this splendid collection an evidence of the laborious industry and admirable achievements of their ancestors in the faith, and the latter will find in this evidence an illustration of what Mr. Maitland and other enlightened commentators upon the middle ages have wished to designate in alluding to the beautiful manuscripts of these times. They are also incontestable proofs of the beauty and durability with which the sacred books, and particularly the holy Scriptures, were preserved by the monks; for these volumes, although of surpassing splendor, do not equal in the richness of their ornament many copies of the Bible which have been transmitted to us from those days.

THE BOSTON PILOT.—The editor of this print, in a very complimentary notice of an article on "Ireland and the Irish," which appeared in our April No., travels out of his legitimate province, and casts a very unwarrantable aspersion on "many Catholics of America, both layman and priest," whom he charges with entertaining a "lurking dislike" for their Irish fellow-citizens. He even singles out Baltimore as sharing in this "unworthy" feeling, and shrewdly intimates that the Magazine is worthy of blame for not having had the "pluck" to denounce this spirit sooner. Now all this, we apprehend, is, to say the least of it, in very bad taste. The editor of the Pilot might surely be much better employed than in throwing out such intimations against large and respectable portions of his Catholic brethren. They can do no good to any

one nor to any cause. Their manifest tendency is to keep up that very spirit of "nationality" which he cordially agrees with Count Montalambert in denouncing. The Magazine has not certainly deserved this censure, nor have the Catholics of Baltimore, "layman and priest," any need of instruction, on this or any other subject, from the editor of the Pilot. We utterly detest and abhor every attempt to blend our holy religion with any mere national or partisan feelings. The combination can do no good; it has often done much harm. The Catholic spirit is too wide and expansive for any such alliance: it is averse to selfishness of every kind. Our uniform course as editors has been predicated upon this belief, and we trust that our pages have proved to the world that we neither cherish in ourselves nor would brook in others any unworthy "lurking dislike" for any class of our fellow-citizens, much less for our Irish Catholic brethren in America. We hail them as among our most zealous and liberal Catholics: we are prepared on all suitable occasions to vindicate their rights and sympathize with their wrongs, as we have hitherto done; and if we have not made more frequent or more enthusiastic professions on the subject, it was not from a want of friendship for "Ireland and the Irish," but from the conviction that it did not belong to us as Catholic journalists to do so, being determined to avoid whatever might be fairly construed into a sectional or partisan spirit.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received from various sources the following articles, for which the respective authors will please accept our thanks.

1. *John Huss and the Hussites*. We venture to assert that no unbiassed mind can read this paper without coming to the conclusion that the precursors of the reformation, so much extolled by our dissenting brethren, are far from being entitled to the praise so lavishly bestowed upon them. This article is a second review of the "*Reformers before the Reformation*." The first paper on this work, "*the Great Schism of the West*," will appear in our next.

2. *The Catholic doctrine of Satisfaction*, which is a second article in refutation of *Mr. Palmer's Letters to Dr. Wiseman*. The sophistry and superficiality of the Anglican divine are here clearly exposed.

3. *On the use of Images in churches*, a very acceptable explanation and vindication of this practice of Catholicity.

4. *My Native Land*, a poem from S. R. T., which possesses great merit both in point of sentiment and style.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Professor Bedford's Valedictory Address, delivered before the Medical Class of the N. York University. New York: Printed by J. H. Jennings. Pp. 20.

We are indebted to a friend in N. York for a copy of this address, which we have perused with unmingled pleasure. It is replete with information of the most interesting description relative to the origin and progress of the Medical school in N. York, and with reflections of a highly instructive character. Four years ago medical teaching was at a very low ebb in that city, when the scheme was projected by a few members of the profession, of elevating it to a standard worthy of its high and important objects, and even of "creating a national medical school that would meet the wants of the profession and confer honor on the country." They had numerous and serious difficulties to contend with; but relying upon the facilities of the position which the great commercial emporium of the country afforded them, and furnished for the undertaking with the ablest talent that could be procured, they entered upon the work with confidence, and the result of their efforts so far is of the most flattering nature.

"We opened our first session of lectures," says Dr. Bedford, "in 1841-42, with 239 students—in 1842-43, we numbered 271—in 1843-44, we were greeted with a class of 328, and we terminate the present session with 378. Is not this more than success—is it not an unexampled achievement? This is indeed a proud night for the University of New York—it is a glorious spectacle to contemplate—and the pleasure which the heart feels at such intellectual triumphs is far greater than language can tell."

Well may the accomplished lecturer indulge in such a strain of thought, so honorable to the faculty of which he is a member, and so gratifying to the medical profession at large. Dr. Bedford must necessarily look upon the progress of this school with feelings of intense delight, having been himself, if we mistake not, one of the most active and influential in effecting its organization, and in forming its high character by his eminent abilities and his ardent devotion to the science of medicine. We sincerely rejoice at the brilliant success which has crowned his labors, and we rejoice the more that he finds in the phenomena of medical science and in

the scenes which daily present themselves to the practitioner, the evidences of religious truth and the nutriment of the best feelings of the heart.

"The study of medicine, so far from tending to unbelief, fortifies the Christian mind, and elevates the Christian hope. The splendid demonstrations of anatomy—demonstrations which take a strong hold of the human heart—expose the fallacies of the sophist, whilst they portray most emphatically the absurdities of the skeptic. The contemplation of the dead, after the spirit which animated the cold clay has taken its flight, is indeed a fit occupation for the reviler of God's work's: he there finds, what all the lessons of the moralist have failed to show him, positive and undoubted demonstration: his reason becomes convinced by the eloquence of nature, and her silent, yet graphic displays, force him to exclaim—the finger of Omnipotence has directed this beautiful, yet inexplicable mechanism!

"No! gentlemen, the study of medicine can never be made subservient to the purposes of the materialist. On the contrary, if he should perchance cross the threshold of this temple, consecrated as it is to medical science, and unite with us in our daily pursuits, his philosophy will not be found adequate to resist the evidences which every hour will reveal to his mind. The skeptic, who revels in doubt, and who is anxious to perpetuate the delusion, must not come here if he wish to preserve from destruction the idol of his heart. You will find, on perusing the history of the great men who from time to time have adorned our profession, the names of some of the purest and most exemplary Christian philosophers recorded on the page of biography. It was a maxim of the illustrious St. Francis of Sales that 'a good Christian should never be outdone in good manners.' Is it not equally true that the most enduring trait in the character of an accomplished physician, is probity of purpose and respect for Christian truths?

"It is also said that familiarity with disease and suffering, and daily contact with the scenes of affliction exhibited in the chamber of death, blunt the sensibilities of the medical practitioner, and make him indifferent to the agonizing distresses of his patient, and the bitter anguish of surviving friends. This charge, too, is without foundation, and rests entirely on popular delusion."

Pictorial Definer, Part 2: with relative and associated words. A new and original work. By Elizabeth Oram. New York: J. C. Ricker. 12mo. pp. 228.

Not having received the first part of this work, we are unable to form any opinion of the relative use for which the second part was intended; but, independently of any connection with other books, it certainly possesses great merit. The plan consists in

defining the meaning of the principal words in our language and their associate words, and at the same time placing before the eye a representation of the objects signified by these words. Of course every definition has a wood-cut corresponding to it. The idea, though not new, may have been an original one in the author: at all events it is plainly the dictate of nature and experience, and has been found in Europe admirably adapted to the instruction of young persons. It is the method long since introduced into the elementary schools of Italy and Austria, and has proved eminently useful in the communication of knowledge. The volume before us is very neatly executed; we allude particularly to the wood-cuts. We must also admit that, in general, the definitions of words are accurately given; but in the compilation of a work like this it is impossible not to fall into mistakes, when incorrect standards are adopted for the explanation of terms belonging to a particular class. For this reason, some of the definitions of religious objects are not exactly what they ought to be. For instance: "Altars in Christian churches are not places for sacrifice, but of communion." This is incorrect, since by far the vast majority of the Christian world erect altars for *sacrifice*, as well as for communion. The few inaccuracies of this kind which are met with in the book before us, do not affect it substantially, and we therefore take pleasure in recommending it to parents and teachers as a very useful volume for the instruction of young persons.

Lives of the Saints, by the Rev. Alban Butler: No. 2. Baltimore. Metropolitan Press. 8vo.

We have received the second part of this cheap and valuable publication, which contains the biographies of the saints for February.

The Evangelical Life of Christ. By Rev. Henry Rutter. New York: Martin & Co.

Part XV of this excellent work has reached us, containing an engraving of the lord of the vineyard. This publication is, we perceive, drawing to a close, the present No. containing a portion of the appendix. It is worthy of universal patronage.

The Apostolicity of the church. Tract No. IX. Balt. Metropolitan Press.

This is the title of the last tract issued by the Metropolitan Press, and selected from the pages of this Magazine.

Address delivered before the Philodemic Society of Georgetown College, D. C., by R. Emmet Doyle, of N. York: with the remarks of R. C. Clarke of the District of Columbia, before reading the farewell address of Washington. Washington: Gales & Seaton.

We have been favored with a copy of this pamphlet, which brings to us the usual patriotic strains of young men, whose minds and hearts are growing

in earnest devotion to their country, in proportion as they advance to a maturer period in life. It must be a pleasing spectacle to those who have charge of their education, a proud reflection for their friends and relatives, and a source of high gratification to the republic at large, to witness the salutary influence which is thus exerted in the formation of their principles as citizens of the United States, and which will lead them, in their future career of public usefulness, to rally round the banners of civil and religious freedom, by the active and effectual support of those great lessons and privileges bequeathed to us by our forefathers. They will prove that they possess something more of patriotism than the *magni nominis umbra*, and that liberty is not merely on their lips, nor its real meaning and value a sealed mystery to their understanding.

The Weekly Volume: a select circulating library for town and country. Lloyd R. Smith, publisher, No. 19, St. James street, Philadelphia.

The plan of this work "embraces the publication of the newest and best books in the various departments of Travels, Voyages," &c. Novels are also introduced, which is a class of works almost universally prejudicial to the minds and hearts of those who devote much time to the reading of them, or who read such as are offensive to good morals. The editor of the *Weekly Volume* professes to aim at the judicious selection of matter for his periodical, and we hope that amidst the profusion of disgusting trash that is issued from the press now-a-days, he will keep clear of all objectionable publications, and furnish, as he promises to do, "good and wholesome literary aliment" to his readers. Terms, \$4 for fifty-two numbers, forming two volumes of quarto size.

The Boston Tablet, to be edited by John R. Fitzgerald.

We are pleased to learn that a new weekly paper is to be commenced in Boston. It proposes to be "thoroughly and strictly Catholic" in its tone, and free from every thing at variance with the dictates of Christian charity and benevolence. This is distinctly held out by the prospectus of the *Tablet*, and we wish it all success in the great cause to which it will be devoted. A private correspondent informs us that this paper will be sanctioned by the ecclesiastical authorities of the diocese.

Dr. Wiseman's Lectures on the Principal Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church.

This valuable work is about to be republished by Mr. Murphy of Baltimore. For the lucid arguments drawn from the holy Scripture in favor of Catholic doctrine, these lectures are unrivalled, and carry conviction to the mind when all other expositions have failed to produce this effect. The new edition will be printed in good style, and sold at a reduced price.

THE

UNITED STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1846.

THE GREAT SCHISM OF THE WEST.

An Introduction to "D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation." The Reformers before the Reformation. The Fifteenth century. John Huss and the council of Constance. By Emile de Bonnechose, librarian of the king of France, author of "Histoire de France," "Histoire Sacrée," &c.

In ea tempora natus es, quibus firmare animum expediat constantibus exemplis. *Tacitus, lib. xvi.*

"L'homme n'est un homme et ne demeure libre et vrai qu'à condition de rester au pouvoir de sa conscience, ce qui est la vraie liberté." *Vinet.*

Translated from the French by Campbell McKenzie, B. A., Trinity college, Dublin. Complete in one volume, 8vo., pp. 199. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1844.



SUPPOSE it was the shrewd Irish translator, or the enterprising American publishers, who prefixed to the title-page of this work the additional sentence, "An introduction to 'D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation.'" Whoever did it, it was a lucky idea, based on a proper appreciation of the peculiar qualities and relationship of the two works. D'Aubigné and Bonnechose are evidently of a kindred spirit; they are a

par nobile fratrum. Both are filled with a pious horror of Catholicity; both can find nothing good in the lives, character, or motives of popes, cardinals, or bishops; both, we apprehend, are thoroughly imbued with the stern, unyielding, and gloomy spirit of Calvinism; and both have earnestly endeavored to infuse their own dark prejudices into the minds of others. Both write with great spirit and vigor; both have a sufficient smattering of learning to mislead the unlearned and unwary; both are violent and unscrupulous partisans. In fine, both are disingenuous, and deal largely in sophistry.

But we consider the "Introduction" a far more able, and, therefore, a far more dangerous production, than the work itself by the historian "of the Great Reformation." D'Aubigné is a religious fanatic and a historical romancer; he wholly suppresses at least one half of the evidence properly belonging to his subject, and greatly perverts the other half. He labors to invest his heroes with all the romantic interest which attaches to the personal history of the paladins of knight-errantry; he dragoons them into the ranks of saintship whether they will or not; he entirely conceals their many gross and glaring vices, and

* Only think of the burly friar, Martin Luther—the knight of the bottle, and the hero of the Black Eagle tavern of Wittemberg for fifteen years—being a saint!

invents incidents and anecdotes to exhibit their superior righteousness!

This is so notoriously true, that a distinguished (Protestant) cotemporary—the Southern Quarterly Review—freely admits “the utter futility of the ‘History of the Great Reformation,’ as a text book, or an authority.” He adds, with what we take for withering sarcasm, that “D’Aubigné may do for the Sunday school,”—where piety, based on a holy hatred of Rome, is more appreciated than truth,—“but for the student, the scholar, the theologian, the polemic, he is utterly useless—nay, he is worse than useless—he is positively pernicious.”*

We think that the same verdict will be ultimately rendered by all intelligent men on the historical merits of M. Bonnechose, author of the book with the somewhat Hibernian title: “The Reformers before the Reformation.” Yet this must be the work of time. M. Bonnechose is, as we have already intimated, a very different man from M. D’Aubigné. He at least has some pretensions to be a historian. He has evidently examined the original authorities; at least as many of them as he deemed necessary to establish and illustrate his own favorite views of the subject which he undertook to handle. As a writer, he is grave, earnest, and often eloquent. His narrative is succinct and correct; and its interest is tolerably well sustained to the end. His statements and explanations of facts are ingenious and plausible: he is not, like D’Aubigné, glaringly inconsistent and absurd on almost every page. He even makes an occasional admission in favor of popes, and of the Catholic church, when the evidence is such that he can not well help it: but even then he qualifies the admission; and you almost perceive that he makes it as much with a view to appear impartial and to lure on his readers to receive implicitly his other statements, as through a sincere love of truth.

In short, to refute him, a man must travel back to the record; he must minutely examine and thoroughly sift the original authorities; he must verify his references; must see whether he has given the true sense of the authors he quotes, whether he garbles passages, whether he omits portions of the testimony which would prove the contrary of what he asserts;

* Art. VII of No. xii. Oct. 1844.

and, in fine, he must see *what* authors he quotes, what is their weight and authority, what influences impelled them to write, and how far their testimony is to be relied on. Then another most important consideration must not be neglected: does the historian quote the cotemporary authors who wrote on *both* sides, or does he confine himself almost entirely to writers on *one* side? If the former, then may he claim the palm of impartiality, provided he quote honestly and *fully*; if the latter, he is a thorough partisan, who needs watching, and whose word you may rely on only so far as, by your own researches, you may ascertain that it is founded in truth.

Now, we don’t profess to have gone through all the patient labor, and to have made all the researches just indicated. But we do claim to have done enough in the premises to satisfy our own minds, and to be able to convince all impartial men, that M. Bonnechose is any thing but a safe or impartial historian. He quotes chiefly on one side only; and we distinctly charge him with garbling his own authors, in more instances than one. We have examined the originals, and we speak advisedly on the subject.

We will, at present, indicate but two instances of this inexcusable disingenuousness. The first occurs on p. 12, in the quotation from a work of Nicholas de Clemangis,* the secretary of Clement VII, the claimant of the papacy at Avignon; the other on p. 50, in the translation of the well known safe conduct given by the emperor Sigismund to John Huss. In both cases, he gives the passages as continuous; and yet, what is your surprise at finding, on turning to the originals, that he has left out whole lines and phrases, materially affecting and even changing the sense! Can a man who will do this be relied on as a safe guide?

* He does not tell us even from what work of Clemangis or Clamengis he quotes. Nor does he furnish any marginal reference. The passage is found *entire* in Hardt—Council Constant. C. 42, p. 46 of tom i, part III, in a work ascribed to Clemangis, entitled *De corrupto Ecclesie Statu*; and, at a later period, *De Ruina Ecclesie*. The work was, in all probability, not written by Clemangis at all, but about a century after his death, either by Bishop John de Chlem of Poland, or by another John de Chiemsee in Bavaria. The first edition of it appeared in Landsbut in Bavaria, in 1594. This consideration upsets the whole authority of the book as a cotemporary history; and yet our author breathes not a syllable of all this! He could garble the book, but could not find space to tell his readers that its authenticity is very questionable.

But this is not all. Only think of a grave historian, in the nineteenth century, writing a book, too, which he wishes to be received as veracious history—of a librarian of the French king who *ought* to have known better—seriously and solemnly quoting as authority Fox,* the notorious English martyrologist; the man who was convicted of having put down, in his canting book, the names of many martyred victims of papal cruelty who, however, survived the publication of his work, and openly declared that they were not dead at all, but living yet, in spite of Fox's zeal against popery! Only think of his praising this same notorious Fox, and ranking him with the Bollandists!†

But again. M. Bonnechose is often as inaccurate in his statement of impartial facts, as he is unsafe in his authorities, and loose in his manner of quoting them. We can, at present, stop to furnish but one instance of this: many others will come up in the sequel. He flippantly tells us‡ that, “in *three* months after his (Urban VI) elevation to the popedom, the very persons that had chosen him protested against his election.”

Now, if this means, as the sequel would seem to imply, that, after *three* months, the cardinals proceeded to a new election, it is wholly unfounded in fact. Urban VI was elected at Rome on the 8th day of April, 1378; and Clement VII was elected at Fondi on the 20th of September of the same year, making the interval between the two elections *five months and twelve days*. If the assertion about the *three* months mean only to mark the time of departure of the cardinals from Rome to Anagni, (not *Agnani*, as he writes it), it is still wrong. The proclamation of the cardinals assembled at Anagni, containing the protest alluded to, is dated August 9, 1378, *four* months and one day after the election of Urban VI. Nor let us be told that this is a very trifling fault, and that, in animadverting on it, we are hypercritical. The precise time intervening between the two elections is very important in settling the relative claims to the papacy of the two aspirants; and surely a grave historian, who pretends to

write a veridical history, should have been more exact.

These are a few out of the many reasons which have led us to the conclusion that M. Bonnechose is not a safe historian, and that his assertions need confirmation other than his own bare word. But the chief fault we have to find with him is his glaring partiality, and his open hostility to the creed and persons of those who figure most conspicuously in his history. He evidently gloats over the evils and disorders attending the great papal schism; he has no sympathies to bestow upon a suffering and agonizing church, torn by schism within, and fiercely assailed by heresy from without: the sufferings of John Huss, of Jerome of Prague, and of the Hussites, seem to have engrossed all his sympathies, and to have exhausted his whole stock of humanity! In a word, he exhibits *all* the shades, without scarcely any of the lights of the picture. This is the greatest fault of the book.

We wish from our heart it had been otherwise. We are heartily tired of seeing history, which should be the noble and fearless witness of the truth, prostituted to the vile purposes of sectarian strife, and engaged in a grand conspiracy *against* the truth. We wish M. Bonnechose had approached his subject with a mind free from undue prejudice, and determined to ascertain and to publish the truth at all hazards. We wish he had been true even to the purpose he conceived in undertaking his work, and to the object he proposed to himself in writing it, as he declares it in the preface.*

“This work, in a historical point of view, is intended to make known and appreciated the great religious movement which took place a century before the reformation in Europe. It embraces a period of seventy years, which elapsed from the beginning of the GREAT SCHISM of the WEST in 1378, to the end of the war of the Hussites, towards the middle of the following century. The principal doctrines which divided Europe during that memorable period are exposed to view in it; and the illustrious men who originated and defended them are *carefully* depicted.”

The plan of the author thus embraced the history of the great schism, and of the rise and progress of the Hussites. It was a most disastrous period in church history; perhaps the most disastrous in all the annals of the church. Never, since the days of the apostles, had so

* P. 193. Note. He depends on Fox for the articles of John Huss condemned in the council of Constance! Why not quote them at once from the acts of the council? Was Fox a cotemporary historian? On turning to the acts of the council, it will be perceived that Fox has cruelly misled him, both as to the order and the meaning of the propositions condemned.

† Preface, p. 1. ‡ Historical Introduction, p. 11.

many evils beset the church at the same time, and threatened her very existence. More than once before, her peace had been disturbed by schism; but there never had been a schism so appalling, of so long continuance, and so seemingly incurable, as that which rent her bosom during the last quarter of the fourteenth and the first quarter of the fifteenth century. Never had she passed through an ordeal so fiery; never had her institutions to abide so severe a test. To add to her embarrassment, a fierce and truculent heresy, threatening the very foundations of all society, both religious and political, then burst on her, like a terrific storm, threatening to leave nothing but ruins in its course.

As our author says, it was truly "a strange period and fruitful in storms,"* "an unfortunate period when a spirit of boldness and violence agitated all classes of society, and produced in every direction sanguinary disorders."† We may almost apply to it what Tacitus says of a certain disastrous era in Roman history, that it was a period "fertile in vicissitudes, atrocious in wars, discordant by seditions," and we add with him, in a qualified sense, "fierce even in peace."‡

If ever the church could be destroyed, this seemed the time marked for her destruction. If ever "the gates of hell could prevail over her," this seemed to be the time for their triumph. If ever the solemn promises of Christ were to go unredeemed, and the church, his spouse "without spot or wrinkle or blemish," "subject to him in all things,"§—a spouse whom he had so long and so dearly loved, and for whom he had shed the last drop of his heart's purest blood—was to be torn from his bosom, and to be rudely insulted, trodden under foot, and crushed by the nations—now seemed to have arrived that time. But if Christ's love could not fail; if his purpose could not be baffled; if his promises could not be falsified; then might the bosom of this cherished spouse, no matter how dark the clouds which overhung her pathway, be still filled and still throb with hope. She might still hope, even against hope; and the result would prove, and *did* prove, that she hoped not in vain!

We care not how many and how appalling were the disorders and dangers which then

threatened the church; we care not how dark may be the shades of the picture which the *truth* of history may compel us to draw of the period in question: if the evils had been a hundred fold worse and more aggravated, the final and glorious triumph of the church has *proved* that she is indestructible—indestructible by moral disorders reigning in her midst, but never, for a moment, sanctioned by her authority—indestructible by human passions—indestructible by heresies—indestructible by causes violently rending her very bosom, and which would certainly have inflicted death, had she been at all mortal.

We hope to show, as we progress, that we are not afraid of the truth, and of the whole truth. We are not surprised at scandals, because Christ foretold that they should come; and they are a necessary result of human depravity combined with free agency. The most ardent champion of the papacy never once dreamed that the pontiff is either impeccable, or personally infallible in his private capacity. He is a man like others, knowing infirmity, beset with temptations, and exposed to commit sin. If Peter sinned, we need not be surprised that a few of his successors have sinned. If one of the twelve, raised under the very eye of the blessed Jesus, and imbued from his lips with his holy doctrine, became a traitor and an apostate, it is not surprising that a few popes should likewise have fallen into vice. Every impartial man, no matter what his prejudices, will, however, admit that it is a fact, highly honorable to the venerable line of the popes, that, out of more than two hundred and fifty of them, only five or six, at most, can be pointed out as immoral and wicked men. And it is a proof of the true Catholic spirit, and of the noble freedom and candor which Catholicity inspires, that the vices of those men have been exposed and rebuked by Catholic writers more sternly, perhaps, than by even the bitterest enemies of the papacy.

As we can not, within our narrow limits, undertake to examine the statements of M. Bonnechose in detail, we propose to do what may, perhaps, be better and more interesting and satisfactory to the general reader—rapidly to go over the same ground which he has traversed, partly in his company, and partly in that of certain venerable old chroniclers whom he appears to have studiously avoided. And

* P. 117.

† P. 37.

‡ *Optimum casibus, atrox prœliis diors seditionibus, ipsa etiam pace sævum.* Hist. l. i, c. ii.

§ Ephesians ch. v.

first we will endeavor to furnish a condensed sketch of the causes, rise, progress and termination of the great schism of the west: and then, in a separate paper, we will attempt to discuss the character of John Huss and his treatment by the council of Constance; and to unfold, in a summary manner, the history of the Hussites, both before and after the death of their founder. As we advance, we will endeavor to supply some of the manifold deficiencies, to correct the occasional blunders, and to expose the sophistry of our historian; so far at least as we shall be able to attain these objects without turning too much from the path we have marked out. And we will advance nothing important without a clear warrant from the original authorities themselves.*

Our author's theory on the origin of the schism† is obscure and vague enough. If his remarks have any definite meaning—and it would require one more sharp-sighted than ourselves to extract from them any clear signification—they must imply the opinion that the schism originated in the lofty ambition and exaggerated pretensions of the popes. This is, to say the least, a very short-sighted and narrow view of the case. For more than seventy years before the schism, there had been steadily at work a number of influences, partly internal and partly external to the papacy, which slowly but surely brought it about. The lawless ambition cherished by the different claimants of the popedom may have perpetuated the schism, after it had already commenced; of itself it could scarcely have caused it, without the coöperation of other powerful influences.

We are, however, free to admit, at the very outset, that the veneration universally paid to

* The principal authorities on the great schism of the west are the following: the original documents contained in *D'Achery—Spicilegium*, t. i, p. 763, seqq. in *Martene and Durand—Thesaurus novus Auecd.* tom. ii, p. 1073, seqq., and in the *Veterum Script. amplissima collectio* by the same authors, tom. vii, p. 425, seqq. Also *Theodorici de Niem* (writer to the Roman popes from 1378 to 1410), libri iii, de Schismate, to which a fourth was afterwards added, with the title—*Nemus Unionis*—all published together, Basileo, 1566, fol. &c. This writer is bitter in his tone, barbarous in his Latin, and exaggerated in his statements. He is a special favorite of M. Bonnechose. To these add the more recent writers—*Louis Maimbourg* (Catholic) *Histoire du Grand Scisme d'Occident*: a Paris, 1675, 4to. *Pierre du Puy* (Catholic) *Histoire du Schisme*, Paris, 1700, 12mo.—the *preface* to the *ampliss. Collectio* of Martene and Durand *supra*; and the work of *Jaq. Lenfant* (Calvinist) *Hist. du Concile de Pise*, l. i and ii—Amsterd. 1724. 4to. Consult also *Labbei Concilia Pisanum et Constant.* and *de Hardt—Conc. Constant.* tom. ii, p. 836, seqq.

† *Introd.* p. 10.

the Roman pontiffs during the middle ages, and the temporal and political consequence with which a long train of events had invested the papal office, made the tiara a glittering prize for the ambitious aspirant. But that same deep and abiding reverence would not have brooked the ambition which sought the dignity by undue means, or to the sacrifice of unity. It was the ambition of princes, at least as much as the ambition of popes, which originated and perpetuated the great schism. Had the church been left to herself, she would never have been rent by division.

In her humane efforts to subdue the ferocity, to correct the morals, to humanize the manners of the European nations, during the earlier portion of the middle ages, the church had been necessarily drawn into the vortex of European politics; and once drawn into that vortex, she was compelled to share in all its dangers, storms, and vicissitudes. The papacy had stooped to conquer; it had descended from its lofty position of mere spirituality into the arena of worldly affairs; and the result was that, to maintain itself in its new relations to society, it had to intermingle in scenes of worldly strife, and to surround itself with worldly consequence. The princes of Europe, who had freely acknowledged and encouraged these political relations of the papacy, and who derived from them so many signal advantages, at length became weary of the restraints thus imposed on them, and shook off the yoke: and the papacy was thus compelled to return to its original position. But, ere it did return, it bore on its body the marks of cruel wounds received in the conflict with the princes of the world. The great schism of the west was a severe but, perhaps, a necessary lesson. It taught the papacy what it had to expect from the treacherous world which had crucified its Founder; it threw it back on its primitive resources; it taught it wherein lay its true strength, and the true secret of its vitality and indestructibility.

This general view of the subject sheds great light on the origin of the schism. As we have already intimated, to explain the causes which led to it, we must go back more than seventy years, to the period of the unfortunate controversy between Pope Boniface VIII* and Philip

* He was elected pope Dec. 24, 1294, and died Oct. 11, 1303. He was the successor of St. Celestine V.

the Fair, king of France. The circumstances of that unhappy difference are familiar to every reader of church history, the results which grew out of it are too marked to be easily forgotten. Both of the illustrious disputants no doubt went too far; but we think the impartial will admit that Philip was more in the wrong than his opponent. Young, ardent, ambitious, and unscrupulous, the French monarch seemed to aim at nothing less than universal empire. He was the Napoleon of his day; and, like Napoleon, he dragged the popes into captivity. He had embroiled himself in a war with England and with Aragon; and the consequence was an almost general war throughout Europe. Boniface, treading in the footsteps of his predecessors, sought to pour oil on the boiling waters; and he offered to mediate between the belligerent sovereigns. He succeeded in bringing about a peace between France and Aragon; and his proffer of mediation between France and England, though at first declined, was at length accepted by the fiery French monarch. His award, though very wise and impartial,* was, however, contemptuously refused by the ambitious Philip; and the war raged on with renewed violence.

To raise the amount necessary to prosecute it with vigor, Philip imposed most exorbitant taxes on both the clergy and laity of his kingdom; he reduced the church of France to a cruel servitude; and he even went so far as to debase the coin of the kingdom! Boniface protested against his iniquitous conduct, in the face of all Europe; he issued bull after bull against him; he waxed stronger and stronger in his denunciations; and finally, he excommunicated Philip, and placed France under an interdict. Philip treated his menaces and excommunication with contempt; and, though the bold pontiff more than once evinced a disposition for an accommodation, he spurned all his offers. The states general of France were convened; and William de Nogaret, the keeper of the royal seals, was despatched to Rome with a strong protest against the proceedings of the pope. This envoy seized on the person of Boniface at Anagni; and one of his attendants, Sciarra Colonna, a personal enemy of the pontiff, is said to have struck him on the face

with his gauntlet. Though rescued from the hands of his enemies by the people of Anagni, Boniface soon after died at Rome, probably of his ill treatment and of chagrin.

Thus rid of his dread opponent, Philip did not, however, cease to persecute his memory. The better to effect his object of vengeance, he used every effort to have a successor elected who would enter into all his views. But at first he did not succeed to the full extent of his wishes. Benedict XI was chosen by the cardinals; but, though he consented to modify some of the more obnoxious among the bulls of his predecessor, yet he would not, during the few months of his pontificate, consent to all the wishes of Philip. On his death, Philip brought every influence to bear on the conclave of cardinal electors; and the result was the election to the papedom of one among his own subjects, Bertrand d'Agoust, archbishop of Bordeaux, who took the name of Clement V. He was chosen on the 5th day of June, 1305; and, in accordance with the wishes of the French monarch, with whom he is said to have had a secret understanding, he took up his residence at Avignon in France.

This was, in every respect, a most unfortunate step. It made the popes entirely too dependent on France. It crippled their energies, and greatly diminished the sphere of their usefulness. Their acts were often viewed with suspicion by those of other kingdoms; and, when France was at war with any other European power, the pontiff was scarcely free to hold communication with its subjects. No one can read the history of the seven* popes who successively reigned at Avignon, from 1305 to 1378, without being convinced of the evils consequent on this state of dependence, and without feeling that the pontiff should be independent of all the sovereigns of Europe. Most of them were entirely too much taken up with mere worldly business, and too subservient to the interests of France; and a few of them, as John XXII, were too much addicted to nepotism. With these exceptions, however, they were in the main good men; many of them were very exemplary. Benedict XII

* Gieseler, a Protestant, admits "that this decision was not partial." *Text Book Eccles. Hist.* vol. ii, p. 241. Note. American edition, in 3 vols. 8vo.

* Clement V, John XXII, Benedict XII, Clement VI, Innocent VI, Urban V, and Gregory XI. We could easily multiply quotations from the original sources to prove all the statements made above, did we not fear to cumber our margin too much with references.

in particular won the esteem of all by his zeal and disinterestedness: he was wont to say that a pontiff should be, like Melchisedech, "without father, without mother, without genealogy."

When Clement V determined to reside in France, it is not probable that he foresaw all the evils which would result from this step, or that his successors would imitate his example. He and they were still bishops of Rome, which they governed by their vicars. On the death of Clement V, a long contest ensued in the conclave in regard to the choice of a successor. The two parties of the French and Italian cardinals, the mutual jealousy of which afterwards caused and perpetuated the schism, already began to show themselves in all their antagonism. The Italians, however, gained the day, so far at least as to exact an oath from the newly elected pontiff, that he would, without delay, return to Rome. John XXII, upon whom the choice fell, evaded or forgot the fulfillment of his promise.

His successors unfortunately imitated his example. The number of French soon exceeded that of the Italian cardinals in the conclave. French influence thus became paramount in the election of pontiffs; and the return of the popes to their see seemed to be almost indefinitely postponed. Seventy-one years elapsed ere the papacy could recover from the false and unnatural position into which the intrigues of Philip the Fair and the rashness of Clement V had betrayed it.

Meantime Rome, deprived of the presence and influence of its chief pastor, was desolate in its widowhood, and was torn by factions; caused by ambitious noblemen or demagogues striving for the mastery. Her voice of wailing was heard throughout Europe, and its sounds were most pathetic and emphatic at the gates of the pontifical palace at Avignon. Embassy after embassy was sent to implore the pontiffs to return to their see. The eloquence of the great poet laureate, Petrarch, was enlisted in this noble cause. To its mere human accents was added a voice from heaven, calling back the pontiff to his widowed church. The sainted females, Bridget of Sweden, Catharine, her daughter, and Catharine of Sienna, all approached the steps of the papal throne, adding to the eloquence of their sex and of the cause they pleaded, certain heavenly visions

which they alleged had been vouchsafed them, all warning the pontiff to return without delay to Rome.*

At length Gregory XI determined no longer to resist the appeals so numerous and so touching. He left Avignon on the 13th of September, 1376; reached Rome on the 17th of January, 1377; and died there on the 27th of March, 1378. His death was the signal for that long and bitter struggle between the Italian and the French cardinals, between Italy and France, between Rome and Avignon, which originated and perpetuated the fatal schism.

Of the sixteen cardinals who had accompanied Gregory XI to Rome, and on whom now devolved the task of choosing his successor, only four were Italians; eleven of the remaining twelve were Frenchmen, and one was a Spaniard. The French influence greatly predominated; and a Frenchman would, in all probability, have been elected, had not the Roman people assembled around the conclave in great numbers, and clamored vociferously "that a Roman, or at least an Italian, should be nominated." Urged by motives of prudence or of fear,† the cardinals acceded to the wishes of the people, and on the 9th of April, 1377, selected a Neapolitan, Bartholomeo di Prignano, archbishop of Bari, who took the name of Urban VI. The vote was unanimous; and the cardinals, for more than four months, continued to acknowledge and to obey Urban as the lawfully appointed pope.‡ During this time not a whisper is recorded to have been heard about the invalidity of Urban's election; not a word about the bodily fear which had

* It is almost needless to remark that M. Bonnechose says not a word about all this preliminary history. Here, as frequently elsewhere, his brevity is evidently studied. It was enough for his philosophy that the schism really happened, no matter by what previous influences or train of events; and it was enough for his theory, to intimate that the ambition of the popes had caused it! He knew, at least, that this flippant theory would satisfy the class of readers for whose tastes he catered.

† According to most of the French accounts (see I et II Vita Gregorii XI, apud Baluzium I, 442 seqq. and Froissart's Chronicles), the election was not free, but brought about by popular commotions and threats. But according to the much more respectable and probable Italian accounts, the choice was entirely free, and the popular commotion occurred in consequence of a misunderstanding, after the election had been already made (see Theod. de Niem, L. I, c. 2. Raynaldus ad Annum 1378—also L'Enfant Hist. Conc. Pis. I, 7 seqq.)

‡ All grant this; even Leonardus Aretinus, Flavius Blondus, Platina, and other sharp writers against the popes.

seized on the electors and trammelled their freedom.

But Urban VI, whom all writers concur in representing as an humble, pious, and disinterested man before his election, began soon afterwards to act with a vigor, and even harshness, which greatly astonished his electors. As Theodoricus de Niem tells us,* "he began to rebuke the bishops who flocked to Rome, calling them perjurers, because they had abandoned their churches." He then preached a sermon, "in which he openly reproved the vices of cardinals and prelates, which they took very ill."† The same author relates the following characteristic anecdote: "A certain collector of moneys for the apostolic chamber came, about that time, from a certain province into the presence of the said Urban, and offered him a small sum of money as a remuneration for his office of collector; to whom the pontiff said: '*thy money be with thee unto perdition*;'—and he would not receive it."‡ He adds that Urban, by doing "things similar to this, from day to day, provoked against himself the anger of most of the cardinals and prelates;" and that the subsequent schism "was caused more by the mutual rancor of the parties, than by the alleged fear in the election of Urban."§

We have been thus particular in our quotations from *de Niem*, because he is a great favorite with M. Bonnechose, who quotes him in this very place, but takes special care to suppress the testimonies which we have here supplied. He furnishes only a garbled quotation to prove the tyranny of Urban, but he says nothing of the praiseworthy zeal which actuated the pontiff. He can rebuke the pride and vices of cardinals and bishops; but if a pope, in virtue of his office, dare do the same, his testimony must be suppressed, and all that need be said in the premises is, that he is a tyrant! Such is modern historic justice! Now, we have no doubt that Urban was a plain and blunt man, sincere in his zeal for the correction of abuses, but often harsh and indiscreet in the manner of enforcing obedience. The cardinals could not brook his severity; they remembered the comparative ease and comfort they had enjoyed in their own country; and they determined at once to proceed to the election of a pope who would be more pliant and accommodating to their wishes, and whom

they might probably induce to accompany them back to France!

Accordingly, they left Rome under various pretexts, and met first at Anagni, and then at Fondi, where, after having issued a manifesto remarkable only for its violence and its utter recklessness of truth, they declared Urban an intruder into the papacy, and elected Clement VII in his stead. Thus altar was set up against altar, and pope against pope! Europe was divided in its obedience between the two claimants. All Italy except Naples, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, England, Poland, and Prussia, declared for Urban; while France, Naples, Scotland, Savoy, Lorraine, and subsequently Castile, Aragon, and Navarre declared for Clement. The latter claimant soon betook himself to Avignon, where he placed himself entirely under the overshadowing influence of France.*

France might have extinguished the schism at once by refusing to recognise Clement; but she fostered and perpetuated it with all her might. It was through her influence that most of the kingdoms and provinces, which acknowledged Clement, were induced to do so. She sent her ambassadors every where, in order to extend the *obedience*† of the French pope. She urged all kinds of political motives to induce the various states of Europe to accede to her views; and she succeeded but too well in her purpose. She had too long tasted the political advantages accruing to her from the residence of the popes at Avignon, to submit, without a struggle, to their being permanently located in their own proper see at Rome.

Thus political ambition perpetuated, if it did not even originally cause, the great schism of the west. The church was torn by schism mainly through the intrigues of secular princes. The reckless ambition of Philip the Fair had originally dragged the papacy into captivity at

* The chief difficulty in deciding between the two claimants resulted from the different and contradictory statements of the partisans on both sides. However, the most famous jurists of the day, *John di Lignano*, papal vicar at Bologna, *Baldus*, professor in Perugia, and *Jacobus de Sena*, doctor Bonon. pronounced Urban's election valid. (See *Raynald*. ad Ann. 2378, and *Bulsius*, Hist. Univ. Paris.) St. Catharine of Siena (ep. 31) expressed the greatest abhorrence for the revolted cardinals, whom she called *demonces humana carne induti*.

† The territory which acknowledged and obeyed a pope, during the period in question, was called by this name. For the active exertions of France in favor of Clement, see *Prima Vita Clementis V* (in *Baluzio* I, 496 seqq), and other cotemporary writers *passim*.

*De schismate, l. 1, c. 4. †Ibid. s. 5. ‡Ibid. §Ibid. c. 7.

Avignon, as we have already seen; and the same reckless spirit now sought to renew and to perpetuate that captivity, at the expense of the peace and unity of Christendom. It was, indeed, a most deplorable state of things; a spectacle well calculated to draw tears from the eyes of every sincere lover of the church. But was there no remedy for the evil?

There was; and that remedy came, under God, chiefly from France herself! This fact is as undoubted, as it is remarkable and honorable to the nation, which has well merited the title of "Most Christian;" and which has ever been the most redoubted champion of the papacy in the hour of its greatest need. Had not the French University of Paris, the French clergy, and, through their entreaties and influence, the French government, thrown their influence in the scale of unity, we know of no *human* means by which the great schism would or could have been healed. No other power in Europe could have effected this object. "Richard II, in England, and Charles VI, in France, were beginning their disastrous reigns;—in Spain, Italy, and Hungary, feeble or ferocious despots alternately rose or fell. On no throne was there seated a man capable of applying a remedy to the schism, or of giving a salutary impulse to Europe. One could almost have said that an open field had been left to the papal power, only that it might inflict on itself the most terrible wounds,—as if it were of so indestructible a nature that its ruin could only proceed from itself."*

Years rolled on; the schism still continued, and pontiff still succeeded pontiff, both at Rome and at Avignon. The church wept and sighed for unity; and the cardinals at each succeeding election were implored to terminate the schism, by coalescing with those of the other claimant, or by some other effectual means. The means they usually adopted for this purpose proved very inadequate. It consisted in exacting of the newly elected pope an oath,† that he would do every thing in his power, and even, if necessary, that he would resign the popedom, to secure unity to the church. But a com-

pliance with this oath was evaded under one pretext or another; and the schism still continued. There seemed to be no *human* remedy for it: it was like a circle which has no end. And this very comparison was adopted by a contemporary French preacher, the famous *Pierre-aux-Bœufs*:

"To this circle do I liken the schism, from the great similitude I perceive between them. Alas! does not the present schism exhibit the form of a circle, in which can be found neither end nor outlet? Several others there have been, but they were only semi-circles, whereof the end could be found, and the issue arrived at. But in the present schism, we find neither bottom nor shore."‡

In this conjuncture of affairs, the university of Paris stepped forth to the rescue. Rendered illustrious by the talents and learning of the famous *Peter d'Ailly*,—"the eagle of France,"—and by those of his no less distinguished disciple, *John Charlier Gerson*, the university was then the first in Europe. Sustained by the French prelates and clergy, but often thwarted and baffled by the intrigues and chicanery of the French court, the university proceeded boldly and fearlessly to discuss the knotty question of the schism, and to devise means for bringing it to a happy termination. On the 6th day of June, 1394, fifteen years after the commencement of the schism, this learned body promulgated its famous opinion, in which it recommended three methods of putting an end to the schism, and of securing peace to the church: a resignation by the respective claimants, a compromise between them, or, both of these means failing, a general council to pronounce definitely on the whole merits of the question. The first method was most strongly recommended; the last was represented as a dernier resort, to remedy an otherwise incurable evil.† The university, at the same time, addressed a strong letter to Clement VII at Avignon, who was not, however, much moved by its contents, and died soon afterwards.‡

He was succeeded by the too famous Peter de Luna, who took the name of Benedict XIII.

* Cited by Bonnechese, *Introd.* p. 13.

† This oath, in the case of at least one of the Avignon popes, was rendered entirely nugatory by the condition annexed to it, that the resignation should take place whenever a majority of the cardinals should deem it necessary. As the pope could multiply the cardinals at will, this could scarcely ever be.

† See the opinion in full in *Bulæus* (*Hist. Univ. Paris*, Tom. IV, p. 687 seq.), and in *D'Achery*, (*Spicilegium I.*, p. 776 seq.)

‡ It is reported that Clement said of this letter, containing the opinion of the French university, *Litteræ istæ males sunt et venenosæ*.

This man at first promised much, but in the end did nothing. To the earnest solicitations of the French national synod, convened at Paris in 1395, he returned an evasive answer. Disgusted with his tergiversation, France withdrew from his obedience in another national synod held in 1398. Castile soon followed the example, and the refractory pontiff was kept a close prisoner at Avignon. Every thing seemed then in a fair way for a general peace. But Benedict was as adroit as he was obstinate. He seemed to yield to the wishes of the French court, university and clergy, and promised to do every thing that was in his power to promote the union: and France once more returned under his obedience.*

Innocent VII, the second successor of Urban VI, the Roman claimant of the papacy, having made a similar promise at his election, in 1404, negotiations were immediately opened between Rome and Avignon for the purpose of bringing about a compromise. They consumed much time, and ended in nothing. The failure caused general dissatisfaction; and France again threatened to withdraw from the obedience of Benedict XIII. Meantime, Angelo Corario, under the name of Gregory XII, had succeeded Innocent VII; and, impelled by the loud murmurs of France and of the whole Catholic world, Benedict and Gregory arranged a meeting to be held at Savona, in September, 1307. This meeting never took place: every expedient was, on the contrary, resorted to to consume time, and to prevent the interview.†

Disgusted with all this paltry manœuvring, so unworthy of both exalted personages, and so much at variance with their solemn promises, the cardinals on both sides abandoned them, met at Leghorn, and entered into an arrangement to call a general council at Pisa, in March, 1409, for the final settlement of the difficulty. The council met at the appointed time and place. There assisted at it about 200 archbishops and bishops, besides 24 cardinals, and the ambassadors of all the principal European kingdoms.

* A. D. 1403.

† *Leonardo Aretino*, a cotemporary, but a very sharp writer, and unsparing of the popes, humorously describes these expedients by saying that in arranging the place of meeting, Gregory seemed like a land animal which dreaded the water, and Benedict, like an aquatic animal which dreaded the land! (*Apud Muratori—Scriptores Rerum Italicæ*, Tom. xix, p. 926.)

“Never,” says M. Bonnachose,* “had such an imposing assembly been seen in Europe, and never had any, from the number and quality of its members, been so justly entitled to claim the name of an œcumenical council.”

We humbly beg his pardon: this is much more flippant than true. The great council of Lateran, held at Rome under Innocent III, in 1215, was at least *twice* as large and imposing; and that of Vienne, held under Clement V, in 1311, numbered, according to Villani, 300 bishops. Whether the Pisan synod was strictly an œcumenical or general council, we venture not to decide, nor do we deem it very important. It was convoked by neither claimant of the papacy, and its acts were strongly condemned by both, as might have been anticipated. Whether this defect was healed by the necessity of the case, or not, we can not say. It was an extraordinary case;—such a one as had never occurred before, nor has ever occurred since.†

The council, guided by the counsels and eloquence of the two ablest men of the day, Peter D'Ailly, bishop of Cambrai, and John Gerson, chancellor of the university of Paris, immediately cited both pontiffs to appear before it; and, on their refusal to obey the summons, proceeded to depose them as contumacious and schismatical; and immediately elected in their place another, who took the name of Alexander V. After adopting some measures for the reform of existing abuses, the synod was dissolved by the newly elected pontiff.

The two deposed pontiffs now hurled their anathemas at the heads of those who had ventured to depose them; and each of them still had, unhappily, some adherents. Spain and Scotland still remained faithful to Benedict XIII, while Naples, and a few of the smaller states of Italy and Germany adhered to Gregory XII. Instead of two, the Christian world now had three claimants of the papacy! The council of Pisa thus left the church in a more de-

* P. 19.

† We believe the French writers more generally maintain that the Pisan council was a general one; and that the Italians defend the contrary proposition. By St. Antoninus and by Bellarmine it is set down as doubtful: *nec approbatum nec improbatum*, says Bellarmine;—though he inclines to the opinion that the pontiff named by it and his successor were true popes. (*De Conciliis et Ecclesiis*, L. 1, c. 8.) It is not usually reckoned among the general councils by our standard writers.

plorable state than it had found her; and the schism was yet to continue a few years longer, under still more aggravated circumstances.

This state of things could no longer be endured. The church rose *en masse*; and the declaration went forth that the schism *must* be terminated. A voice proceeded from the university of Paris, which was re-echoed throughout Christendom, that the church *must* be reformed, "both in its head and in its members."* John XXIII, the successor of Alexander V, who was considered to have the best claims to the papacy, was compelled by the force of public opinion to convoke a general council at Constance. The council was opened, according to all the forms prescribed by law and usage, on the 5th of November, 1414. All were agreed that it was a general council.

It was soon perceived by the assembled fathers that the only means of bringing about a permanent accommodation was to induce or to compel all three of the claimants to resign, and then to proceed to the election of a new and undoubted pope. A great difficulty arose at the very commencement of the deliberations in regard to the authority of the council of Pisa, under the decrees of which John XXIII claimed the papacy. After a long and stormy debate, it was decided that the matter should proceed as though the council of Pisa had never been held. John XXIII was requested to resign; and fearing, it is said, an investigation into his moral character, which was none of the purest, he promised to do so, on the 2d of March, 1415. But nevertheless he fled† from Constance on the 21st of the same month; and the council, after a formal and regular investigation, pronounced against him the sentence of deposition on the 29th of May, of the same year. On the 4th of July following, Gregory voluntarily tendered his resignation to the council.

There yet remained one claimant, whom neither the entreaties nor the menaces of the council could move; whom all the influence of the emperor Sigismund could not turn from

* This famous saying, so current at that period, had reference to the unnatural state of the schism, and to the moral and disciplinary disorders which had obtained, to a painful extent, both in the papal courts of Rome and Avignon, and among many of the cardinals and bishops, and inferior clergy. It had certainly no reference to doctrine, or to the spiritual supremacy and prerogatives of the pontiff.

† He fled more than once.

his purpose; whom the desertion of Spain in January, 1416, could not shake; who was determined to be pope, even if all the world abandoned him, and he had no one left over whom he might exercise the papal authority! This man was Peter de Luna, calling himself Benedict XIII. Only one little Spanish town—Peniscola in Valentia—remained under his obedience; and yet the obstinate old man still held out! He thus verified what Maimbourg says of him: that "he was furiously obstinate, beyond all that might be expected even from an Aragonese."* Nor did he at all heed the sentence of deposition pronounced against him by the council of Constance, on the 26th of July, 1417.

Having thus, after nearly three years of patient labor and mature deliberation, disposed of the three claimants to the papacy, the council proceeded to the election of a new and undoubted pope. On the 11th of November, 1417, the choice fell upon a noble Roman, Otto de Colonna, who took the name of Martin V. All minds and hearts united on him; and his election was received with general joy and acclamations throughout Christendom. The great schism was at an end:—for the obstinacy of Benedict XIII gained him not one new proselyte, and he died—pope of Peniscola—in 1424.†

Such is a summary history of the great schism of the west. We have endeavored to present the facts as we found them in the original records, without concealment, fear, or favor. We fear not,—we court the truth. Truth never yet has marred a good cause, nor materially served a bad one. If the facts had been a hundred fold worse than they were, we would not have feared to state them fully, plainly, and without any disguise.

And now, we would ask, what does the history of the great schism prove? The first thing it proves to our minds, is, that the church and the papacy are alike indestructible and imperishable. Both the church and the papacy came out of the schism much stronger than they went into it! The result fully proved that, even in the darkest hour of her history,—when all boded division, destruction, death,—

* *Histoire du Grand Schisme*, Liv. iii, p. 236.

† He left four Cardinals, three of whom elected a Clement VIII as his successor; the fourth, a Benedict XIV!! Verily, the disciples were worthy of their master.

there was a certain innate reactive energy in both the church and the papacy, which caused both to ride the storm in safety, and to triumph gloriously over a combination of evil elements, which would have destroyed any mere human institution. The previous history of the church had proved that she could triumph over external persecution and internal heresy in all their most hideous and multiform assaults; this chapter in her history proved that she could triumph over a more dangerous enemy still—a long and inveterate schism rending her very bosom, and preying upon her very vitals for forty years! The experiment was fairly and fully made, under circumstances, too, the most unfavorable to her, and its result has been her signal and permanent triumph. Surely such an institution as this must be of divine origin!

Nor let us be told that, during the schism, the boasted unity and infallibility of the church were at an end. Unity of faith, of worship, and even, in a certain sense, of government, was preserved, even in the midst of the schism. Those belonging to the different obediences did not disagree in doctrine, even on the smallest article; they worshipped at the same altars, and in the same way; they all subscribed to the same doctrine that the pope, as the successor of St. Peter, is the divinely appointed visible head of the church on earth;—they merely differed on a question of *fact*,—which was the true and lawful pope, or which had been regularly and canonically elected? And as soon as this matter of *fact* could be examined and definitely settled by the proper authority, this doubt ceased, and *all* immediately acknowledged the *undoubted* pontiff. That this fact could be, and was, definitely settled, is another proof of the divine wisdom with which the church was organized by her founder. Until it could be settled, Catholics might, without comprising any doctrine or principle, safely follow their ordinary guides, and yield obedience to the individual whom in their conscience they believed to possess the best claims to the papacy.*

To make good their position, the adversaries of the Catholic church should prove that, du-

ring the schism there was a change effected in the doctrines universally received and held by the church, before its commencement; or they ought to show, at least, that some of the old doctrines were called in question. But can they prove this? Can they point to the bold innovator, whether pope, bishop, or professor, who ventured to take this stand? We defy them to do so. The truth is, the schism left *all* the doctrines of the church intact, and just where it found them.

Nor is the contrary of this proposition established by the admitted fact that, during the period in question, and for some time afterwards, long and animated controversies were carried on in the church itself concerning the relations of popes and general councils; the Italians maintaining the pre-eminence of the popes, the French that of the general councils. The controversy was carried on under extraordinary circumstances, when there were two or three claimants of the tiara at a time; and the assertion, by the council of Constance, of the superiority of a general council over the pope, could have contemplated nothing other than this anomalous state of things. A *doubtful* pope might certainly be brought under the action of the council; otherwise there could be no remedy for the schism. Except in its application to this extraordinary case, the whole controversy was really one of words rather than about substance. It was agreed on all hands that a council could not represent the *whole* church, nor therefore be general, without the concurrence and sanction of an undoubted pope; and the controversy, if it contemplated a council with this condition essential to its œcumenicity, amounted merely to the question, whether the pope and council together were superior to the pope alone! Even during the fiercest excitement of the schism, Catholics were *unanimous* in admitting the infallible authority of a general council sanctioned by the pontiff;—and this was all that the Catholic church ever taught on the subject, as an article of faith. Thus, there was really no controversy among Catholics on any article of faith or any thing necessarily connected with one, even during the schism.

Protestant historians are unanimous in painting the moral condition of the church as truly frightful and appalling during the continuance of the schism. We do not deny that there

* It was a maxim current in those troublous times, that "a doubtful pope is no pope"—*Papa dubius, est papa nullus*—which could only mean that none but an undoubted pope could claim an undoubted obedience, and the undoubted prerogatives of the papacy.

were, at that period, many grievous abuses, and many wide-spread disorders in the church. The different claimants of the papacy carried on a scandalous war of bulls and excommunications and interdicts; they often wielded these terrible weapons without cause, and merely to extend the boundaries of their respective obediences; they resorted to disgraceful expedients to raise money, in order to increase the pomp and to swell the pageant of their own courts; they promoted unworthy men to bishoprics, and even to higher dignities in the church; and their private lives were sometimes not the most edifying. We freely admit, and we weep over these dreadful scandals. They were deplored and sternly rebuked by the greatest and best men of the time; the great body of the bishops, and the church at large, never approved of them;—no, not for one moment. The various national synods of France, and the councils of Pisa and Constance, not only rebuked these disorders, but adopted wise and strong resolutions to remedy them, and to reform the church “in its head and in its members.” The church is surely not fairly responsible for scandals which she deplored, over which she wept, and which she took every possible means to prevent and to remove.

But every impartial man will admit that there exists much exaggeration on this subject. During those dreadful times men’s minds were greatly excited, and their blood boiled with honest indignation at the desecration of holy things which they were daily called on to witness. Hence they wrote strongly and in a tone of hyperbole and exaggeration. Their invectives against vice and scandal were commensurate with their love for the church. Even the great Gerson often exaggerated, and sometimes dealt in declamation and open extravagances. His preceptor, the illustrious Peter D’Ailly, archbishop of Cambrai, though more cool and judicious, was likewise occasionally betrayed into ultraism. And as to persons of less intellect, sanctity, and standing in the church—such as Theodoricus de Niem, Nicholas de Clemangis, Leonardo Aretino, Cramaud, and others—they wrote and spoke under the evident influence of strong excitement and passion. No one can open their works without coming to this conclusion. The adherents and partisans of the different papal claimants, naturally spoke with great harshness and bit-

terness of those belonging to the opposite party: they often seized upon malicious rumors and published them as facts: local they magnified into general disorders:—in a word, their imagination was fired, and their passions inflamed, and their statements are to be received with many grains of allowance. The evils growing out of the schism were bad enough—they made them appear much worse than they really were.

But, exaggerated as is the picture of those times drawn by the cotemporaries to whom we have just alluded, such modern writers as Bonnechose make that picture a hundred fold darker, by disingenuously accumulating only those extracts from cotemporary writers which portray evils and scandals, and studiously leaving out those which speak of eminent virtues, of edifying examples, and of touching incidents. They put to the lips of their readers only the bitterest ingredients—the very dregs—of the cup of history; they allow them to sip none of its cooling and refreshing waters. And they even cut up and garble the passages which they profess to give entire and continuous! M. Bonnechose, as we have proved, makes a practice of doing this!

If he wished to tell the *whole* truth, and to be a historian indeed, why not furnish his readers the facts on *both* sides of the question? Why not inform them that, if there were great vices, there were also signal virtues, during the schism? Why not, at least, drop a hint that there were great, and good, and holy men and women, in great numbers too, and pre-eminent in merit and sanctity, during that whole unfortunate period? Why omit entirely the name of the great apostle of that era—of the Paul and the Francis Xavier of the fourteenth century—the great, the eloquent, the sainted thaumaturgus, St. Vincent Ferrier? Why not say a word of the holy Catharines and Brigits?—to say nothing of numberless others.

The truth is, that the moral disorders which prevailed to a great extent during the schism, instead of proving aught against the sanctity or infallibility of the church, or against the authority and rightful prerogatives of the papacy, prove precisely the contrary. They may be fairly traced to the unnatural and anomalous condition of the church, growing out of the distracted condition of the papacy, the great directing and conservative principle of the Christian religion. Had the papacy not been

divided, had it remained untrammelled and unchecked in its influence, those disorders would, in all probability, never have occurred, or they would have occurred in a much milder and more mitigated form. If the church was nearly ruined by the crippling of the papacy during only forty years, what would have been her condition had the papacy been entirely and permanently destroyed? And what would *now* be her condition without this conservative element in her organization? We repeat it, the moral disorders consequent on the great schism of the west present to our minds the strongest proof of the great utility, and of the absolute necessity of the papacy, as an essential element of church government!

There can be no doubt that, as we said above, the papacy came out of the schism much stronger than it went into it. It went into it trammelled with political importance and

worldly grandeur, which impaired the energies and dimmed the splendors of its spiritual character; it came out of it in a great measure rid of these incumbrances; shorn of a great portion of these *accidental* trappings, but endued, more strongly than ever, with the impenetrable panoply of its own spiritual strength. Christendom now revered and loved it more than ever: it was more in conformity with its original type; it had returned to its natural position in the world. It was tried by the schism, as by a fiery ordeal. It emerged unscathed, and more pure, radiant, and vigorous than ever. The "wood and stubble" of its earthly pomp and worldly-mindedness were consumed by the fire; but "the gold, silver, and precious stones" of its spiritual power and heavenly strength yet remained. It suffered loss, but itself "was saved yet so as by fire."*

* 1 Coriath. iii, 12—15.

THE MORMONS, OR LATTER DAY SAINTS.

1. *Latter Day Saints*. By Joseph Smith, Nauvoo, Illinois. An Article in the History of all the Religious Denominations in the United States. Philadelphia, 1844.
2. *An Authentic Account of the Massacre of Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, and Hyram Smith, his brother, together with a Brief History of the Rise and Progress of Mormonism, and all the circumstances which led to their death*. By George T. M. Davis, of Alton, Illinois. Pp. 47. St. Louis, 1844.



ITHIN the last year much has been said in certain quarters about and against *foreign religions*. However silly such allusions may sometimes be, they can not at least be made in reference to Mormonism, which is peculiarly American, as far as the place of the author's birth, and the field of his impostures and wickedness can make it such. As the history of this sect, together with the extraordinary career and melancholy end of

the conspicuous character who founded it, is likely to occupy a page in the ecclesiastical annals of the United States, a brief notice of them at present may not be inappropriate. Among the many religious absurdities that have sprung up in our day, and in our country, Mormonism certainly claims a pre-eminent place. Its course already fully illustrates the fact that however monstrous the doctrine, and however pernicious the practices of a false religion, adherents will be gathered in from those who are guided more by their distempered imaginations, than by the safe teaching of God's holy church. It has been not less remarkable for the rapid increase of its numbers, than for the grasping, ambitious aims of its inventor, who, from an ignorant and visionary ploughboy, gradually enlarged his deceptions, his influence, and his ambition, until he aspired to the presidency of the United States, for which he was a candidate at the time of his assassination. It is believed that he chose Mahomet for his model, and endeavored to ape him as far as his own abilities,

the character of his dupes, and the circumstances of the times would permit. Among professing Mormons there are readily discerned two classes: one consisting of knaves who hope to improve their fortune by imposing on the credulity of their fellows, whilst they know that their system of religion is merely a "cunningly devised fable;" the other, composed of those who, though fatally deluded, honestly believe that Joe Smith was an inspired prophet, raised up for the accomplishment of mighty ends. Whilst thus one portion of them, influenced by an erroneous conscience, blindly conceit themselves to be right, the other is led on by the spirit of hypocrisy and speculation, "to make merchandise of the souls of men."

Amid the conflicting testimony that has reached us respecting the character of the prophet, the history and doctrines of his sect, it is some satisfaction for the cause of justice to be able to adduce, side by side, the evidence of witnesses who view the whole matter from different positions, and are supposed to represent faithfully the classes to which they respectively belong. Before us are the works whose titles introduce this article. The first, written by the impostor himself, presents the view he would wish the world to take of him, his disciples, and his creed. Though many of the statements are glaringly false, it is entitled to consideration as far as it is the version of the tale told by the organ of the "latter day saints." His writings betray not the spirit or style of a prophet, but rather the outpourings of a vindictive mind, tinged with fanaticism. It was written only a few months previous to his untimely end, and brings down the narration to the day on which he wrote; so that, with all its perversion of facts, it is a document worthy of preservation, more, however, as a curiosity, than as a history. The other professes to be "an authentic account" of the Mormons, their history, their prophet, and his massacre. The author, George T. M. Davis, appears to have a complete knowledge of the subject he treats, and verifies many of his statements by authorities and documents. He is, without doubt, strongly opposed to the Mormons; less, however, on account of their creed, than their civil and social bearing. His style is passable, his thoughts clear, and forcibly expressed. Much perplexity had hitherto

been experienced in tracing out the circumstances, and the causes which eventuated in the death of Joe Smith. Our author has effectually removed this difficulty by the account he gives. These, together with some detached authorities, and oral testimony, will form the basis of our remarks in the pursuance of our subject.

Among the earliest and most persevering disciples of Joseph Smith, Jr., were his father and brothers. Through weal and through woe they clung to him with the utmost pertinacity, for reasons best known to themselves. They figured more or less conspicuously during his career in the various arrangements and adventures that characterized him. As he himself was the inventor as well as the imbodiment of Mormonism, the particulars of his life can not be without interest. By birth he was a yankee, but let him narrate his own early history.

"I was born," says he, "in the town of Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont, on the 23d of December, A. D. 1805. When ten years old my parents removed to Palmyra, New York, where we resided about four years, and from thence we removed to the town of Manchester, a distance of six miles. My father was a farmer, and taught me the art of husbandry. When about fourteen years of age, I began to reflect upon the importance of being prepared for a future state; and upon inquiring the place of salvation, I found that there was a great clash in religious sentiment. If I went to one society they referred to one place, and another to another, each one pointing to his own particular creed as the 'sum-mum bonum' of perfection. Considering that all could not be right, and that God could not be the author of so much confusion, I determined to investigate the subject more fully, believing that if God had a church, it would not be split up into factions, and that if he taught one society to worship one way, and administer in one set of ordinances, he would not teach another principles which were diametrically opposed."

After this he states that, whilst praying in a retired grove, he was favored with a celestial vision, during which he was informed that all existing religions were wrong, "and that none of them were acknowledged of God as his church and kingdom," but that at some future period the "fulness of the gospel" should be revealed to him. This promise was fulfilled on the 21st day of September, 1823, by the apparition of a heavenly messenger

who "proclaimed himself to be an angel of God," and announced "that the time was at hand for the Gospel, in all its fulness, to be preached in power," to prepare mankind "for the millennial reign." Joe was also informed that he "was chosen to be an instrument in the hands of God to bring about some of his purposes in this glorious dispensation." Besides other wondrous matters, Joe was told where plates were deposited on which were engraved the records of many mysteries in history and religion.

For four years long he was occupied in receiving angelic visits, before another event transpired to form an era in his life. An important moment was now at hand. He was about to receive the great Mormon treasure, the Golden Bible. It was delivered to him on the 22d of September, 1827, by an angel; so says he. This Book of Mormon, or Golden Bible, makes up such an important item both in the history of Mormonism, and in the life of the impostor, that it will prove interesting to hear his own narration of it, though utterly fabulous.

"These records were engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold; each plate was six inches wide and eight inches long, and not quite so thick as common tin. They were filled with engravings in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume, as the leaves of a book, with three rings running through the whole. The volume was something near six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed. The characters on the unsealed part were small, and beautifully engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks of antiquity in its construction, and much skill in the art of engraving. With the records was found a curious instrument which the ancients called 'urim and thummim,' which consisted of two transparent stones set in the rim on a bow fastened to a breastplate. Through the medium of the urim and thummim I translated the record, by the gift and power of God. In this important and interesting book the history of ancient America is unfolded, from its first settlement by a colony that came from the tower of Babel, at the confusion of languages, to the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era."

Thus prates the prophet. Nor does his marvellous story end here. Giving full play to his fancy, substituting fiction for facts, he recounts some of the leading wonders of the book more in detail, showing the origin of the Indians, and asserting that our Saviour ap-

peared on this continent after his resurrection, established his church here as he had done in the east, and, finally, to account for the plates, he adds:

"That the people were cut off in consequence of their transgressions; that the last of their prophets who existed among them was commanded to write an abridgment of their prophecies, history, &c., and, to hide it up in the earth, and that it should come forth and be united with the Bible, for the accomplishment of the purposes of God, in the last days."

This is the style in which the impostor endeavored to impose upon the credulity of the ignorant and unsuspecting, and to prepare a foundation for his own authority, and his feigned religion. Without one word of truth in all he advanced, without a shadow of reality in all he pretended, without one particle in his composition that savored even of extra gifts, he still succeeded, whether by craft, or cunning, or high-handed deception, in deluding some of his neighbors. True, his success was not immediate, nor rapid in the beginning. For, according to his own showing, nearly three years had passed away before there were converts enough to make a commencement. In his own words:

"On the 6th April, 1830, the 'church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints' was first organized, in the town of Manchester, Ontario county, state of New York. Some few were called and ordained by the spirit of revelation and prophecy, and began to preach as the Spirit gave them utterance."

Their numbers soon began to swell. A great variety of visions, and miracles, &c., are reported to have taken place, for which there is no better authority than Joe's assertion, little as that is. Frequently there were published the detection and exposure of the attempted miracles of Joe, or his preachers, yet they none the less stoutly continued to claim the power of performing them. Being men destitute of principle and character, they regarded little a mere public exposure.

Such, then, is the reputed origin of the Mormons. Little need be said of their doctrine, if any they have really defined. For although Joe Smith has given a formal profession of their faith, the history of his career proves that he adhered to it not very scrupulously, since he had a new revelation whenever it suited his purpose. His published creed shows

that his system is a combination of many of the past and present condemned heresies, with some few of his own peculiar errors interwoven. Here is its avowed doctrine :

"We believe in God, the eternal Father, and in his Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

"We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.

"We believe that through the atonement of Christ all men may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel."

"We believe that these ordinances are : 1st. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. 2d. Repentance. 3d. Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins. 4th. Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

"We believe that a man must be called of God by 'prophecy, and by laying on of hands' by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

"We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz., apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, &c.

"We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, &c.

"We believe the Bible to be the word of God as far as it is translated correctly ; we also believe the book of Mormon to be the word of God.

"We believe all that God has revealed, all that he does now reveal, and we believe that he will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

"We believe in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the ten tribes. That Zion will be built upon this continent. That Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisaical glory."

This is the medley which the false prophet has put together as the form of his belief. It would be ill-spent labor to refute such a combination of errors, fanaticism, bold presumption, and visionary expectations ; because a mere statement of the doctrines, and the history of the sect, are a sure and ample refutation.

Soon after the organization of the society, Joe and his band of followers, now considerably increased by new recruits, determined to remove from New York to Ohio, there to build up Zion. Having already seen a great deal that Joe had to say respecting himself up to this period, fairness demands that the opinions of others in his regard should also be heard ; more especially of those among whom he sojourned previous to his departure for the

west. Closely observed by his surrounding neighbors from the time he first revealed his lofty pretensions, they must be accredited as competent witnesses to testify to his character and demeanor. Moreover, their evidence concerning his original disciples—also their neighbors—must be equally authoritative. With the views thus, as it were, of the two sides weighed together, a just estimate may be formed of the characters in question. A knowledge of character will aid us vastly in appreciating motives. Up to this time Joe's life was comparatively secluded, extending his name little beyond the limits of his immediate neighborhood. On this account, the testimony of those among whom he moved is the only reliable source through which an insight into his early character can be obtained. From about the period of his departure from New York, his career became notorious, enabling the public mind to form a deliberate opinion in his regard, without any individual evidence. Soon after he reached Ohio, the certificates here given were obtained for the purpose of showing the people at large the depraved characters of the Mormon leaders, more especially of the prophet himself, and are thus prefaced by the author of the "Authentic Account :"

"The founders of the sect, comprising the prophet, his brothers and parents, were unprincipled, depraved, and shiftless. Instead of resorting to habits of industry for their maintenance, they relied upon *imposition* as the means of acquiring their daily bread. They consequently professed to be 'money finders,' or 'money diggers,' and Joe was the *magician* who, by the aid of a charmed stone he professed to be in possession of, that the hidden treasures of the earth were to be found. The following certificates of character, made by many of the most reputable citizens of Palmyra and Manchester, New York, sustain most fully my assertions concerning Joe Smith, as well as his parents :

"PALMYRA, December 4th, 1833.

"We, the undersigned, have been acquainted with the Smith family for a number of years, while they resided near this place, and we have no hesitation in saying that we consider them *destitute of that moral character* which ought to entitle them to the confidence of any community. They were particularly famous for visionary projects, spent much of their time in *digging for hidden treasures*. Joseph Smith, Sr., and his son Joseph, were, in particular, considered *entirely destitute of moral character, and addicted to vicious habits*. And in reference to all with whom we are ac-

quainted that have embraced Mormonism from this neighborhood, we are compelled to say, were very visionary, and *most of them destitute of moral character*, and without influence in this community; and this may account why they were permitted to go on with their impositions undisturbed. . . .

“Geo. N. Williams,
Clarke Robinson,
Lemuel Durfee,
E. S. Townsend,
Henry P. Alger,
C. E. Thayer,”

and forty-four others, whose names we omit, to save space.

“MANCHESTER, N. York, Nov. 3, 1833.

“We, the undersigned, being personally acquainted with the family of Joseph Smith, Sr., with whom the celebrated Gold Bible, so called, originated, state that they were not only a *lazy, indolent set of men, but also intemperate, and their word was not to be depended upon.*

“Pardon Butts,
James Gee,
Warden A. Reed,
Abel Chase,”

and seven others.

Such is the reputation the Mormon leaders bore with them to the state of Ohio, exhibiting them as abandoned and dangerous characters. They settled at Kirtland, and there commenced building their Zion. Joe, in the history of his life, entirely omits any notice of his having been in Ohio, and that *for good reasons*. The Mormons by this time had become notorious throughout the union. Public attention was fixed upon them. In addition to prophesying, Joe commenced banking and swindling, by which he improved neither his own reputation nor that of his sect. Whilst sending out apostles to propagate his false doctrine, he was zealously engaged in sending forth his spurious, irredeemable paper to cheat the public. Speculation, banking, and swindling, it appears, were not foreign to the prophet's mission! After having defrauded the community of a large amount of money, as Joe's bankrupt schedule, filed in this state, shows, they, compelled by the force of public opinion, left Ohio, and sought a new home in the western portion of Missouri. Previous to their decamping, the prophet asserted that he was favored with a revelation from the Almighty, in which the western part of the state of Missouri was pointed out as the promised land upon which the chosen people of God were to build up Zion, and there await the second advent. This

move was made in the year 1833. Selecting a desirable location upon unentered land in Jackson county, they commenced a *second time* erecting their Zion. For a season they here increased with unexampled rapidity, and, as their numbers augmented, the designs of the prophet became more and more apparent. Emboldened by success, they committed many depredations, through the injunctions of the prophet, upon the liberty, the property, and the lives of many of the citizens of Missouri. Their nearest neighbors were that hardy race of pioneers who, foregoing the comforts of more refined society, sought a home in the bosom of the untamed forest, regardless of its perils and its toils. With these bold and adventurous spirits the Mormons came in conflict. Joe has endeavored to stigmatize them as the vilest banditti, restrained by no law, and guided by neither principle nor reason, and this to account for the hostility that soon sprung upon between them and his disciples. There are strong reasons for believing that there was transgression on both sides. The citizens were convinced, from the aggressions of the Mormons, that to them they must either submit or that every member of the sect should be driven away. The latter is the alternative they resolved upon, and executed. The Mormons were doomed to receive the vengeance of an exasperated populace, and to experience the mercies of an infuriated mob. However manifold were their crimes, they had a right to expect in a civilized country immunity from at least lawless punishment. Their crimes might have been reached and punished by the constituted authorities of the land, had their power been duly exerted. After the Mormons had gone to Illinois, Joe Smith was indicted in Missouri, says the “Authentic Account,” “for the crimes of theft, arson, murder, and treason. And although requisition upon requisition was made by the executive of Missouri upon the executive of Illinois, for the delivery of Joe Smith for trial, by the aid of his *political as well as moneyed* influence, he was always successful in escaping and evading the ends of justice.”

The flight of the Mormons from Missouri took place in November, 1838, after having spent five years there; part of the time in Jackson and Clay counties, and part of the time in Caldwell and Davies counties. Public

odium, excited by their crimes, drove the Mormons from Missouri, as already stated. It is curious to see the account Joe himself gives of the cause of their final departure from that state:

"We were not allowed to live in peace; and in 1838 were again attacked by mobs; an exterminating order was issued by Gov. Boggs, and under the sanction of law an organized banditti ravaged the county, robbing us of our cattle, sheep, horses, hogs, &c.; many of our people were murdered in cold blood, * * * * and we were forced to sign away our property at the point of the sword; and * * * * from twelve to fifteen thousand souls, men, women and children, were driven from their own firesides, and from lands for which they had warranted deeds, to wander houseless, friendless and homeless (in the depth of winter), as exiles on the earth, or seek an asylum in a more genial clime, and among a less barbarous people."

Were facts as Joe represents them, the Mormons would be a fair example of persecuted innocence. One of his statements should be corrected here: he states the number of his sect at twelve or fifteen thousand; other authorities reduce the number to about one-fourth of that. To Illinois they now directed their steps, and recrossing the Mississippi, they made a stay at Quincy. They were kindly received and treated, they excited the sympathy of the people, by reciting their persecutions, their wrongs, their sufferings and their privations. Here they remained until the prophet purchased the present site of their city, Nauvoo. Geo. T. M. Davis relates that:

"Hither he repaired with all his forces, and aided by another revelation from God (as the impious wretch asserted), proclaimed that the place where he was then located had been designated by the Most High as the very spot where the temple of the Lord was to be erected."

Nauvoo is favorably situated for commerce on the Mississippi, in Hancock county, Illinois. They commenced building the city in the year 1839. It now numbers upwards of fifteen thousand inhabitants. The legislature of Illinois in 1840 gave it a charter conferring unprecedented powers and privileges. This shortsighted act is attributed to the fact that the Mormons, increasing so rapidly, soon held in their hands the balance of political power in the county; both parties, wishing to conciliate their favor, yielded to their demands, unreasonable as they were. The legislature passed

the act of incorporation *sub silentio*, without its undergoing the usual form of being read before the house—relying entirely upon the favorable report of the appropriate committee. Among many other powers, this charter authorized the city to form the Nauvoo legion, which was to be under the control of the corporation, and not under the militia laws of the state, except in cases of war or rebellion. It also gave power to establish a court of record, to be denominated the municipal court of the city of Nauvoo, the presiding officers of which were to be the mayor and aldermen of said city. This court was also empowered to issue the writ of habeas corpus, and to determine all cases that might arise under the ordinances of the city. These privileges almost erected the city into an independent government within the state. Such are some of the powers with which the city was clothed, and which we must bear in mind to understand clearly events that grew out of them.

Having the city thus organized to his liking, Joe was prepared to make further advances in his schemes and operations. He accordingly commenced a building, huge in dimensions and odd in construction, which they denominated the temple. Describing this edifice, Joe impiously says:

"The temple of God, now in the course of erection, being already raised one story, and which is one hundred and twenty feet by eighty feet, of stone, with polished pilasters, of an entire new order of architecture, will be a splendid house for the worship of God, as well as an unique wonder for the world, it being built by the direct revelation of Jesus Christ for the salvation of the living and the dead."

Emissaries were also sent from Nauvoo to England, Ireland, Scotland and other parts, who made converts to their delusion. As soon as converted, they repaired to Nauvoo, the "city of the chosen people of God." Joe about one year since wrote that "Missionaries of this church have gone to the East Indies, to Australia, Germany, Constantinople, Egypt, Palestine, the Islands of the Pacific, and are now preparing to open the door in the extensive dominions of Russia." Throughout large portions of the United States their preachers have rambled, and preached, and sometimes gained proselytes. Ignorant themselves, they succeed mainly among the ignorant. Bold and presumptuous, they thrust them-

selves forward wherever they can. Vulgar curiosity often gains them an audience, where their dulness would insure them as little heed as the voice of one in the wilderness. Considering their well-told tale of the Golden Bible, the easy conditions required for conversion, the hopes held out of better prospects in life, and the proneness of people to grasp at novel absurdities in religion and to be swayed by fanaticism, it is not surprising that Mormonism has increased with alarming rapidity in many sections of our country, as well as throughout the lower and more ignorant classes of England. Of the exact number of this sect there can be no certainty: Joe Smith thought before his death that there might be one hundred and fifty thousand, scattered over the various nations of the earth. He undoubtedly overrated the number very largely.

As the Mormon strength increased, the prophet gradually developed more and more his ulterior views and hopes. His deluded followers reposed in him a confidence beyond all credence. He was rogue enough to cherish it by means fair and foul. He pretended to receive weekly direct revelations from heaven, which he delivered to the Mormons, who received them with devout reverence. Thus every new project, or every change in old ones, was authorized by a revelation made to the prophet! This blind confidence could not be destroyed, even by those who seceded, and published candidly the impositions practised by Joe, and the immoralities sanctioned by his authority and example; because his policy in all such cases was to defame their character to such a degree as, in the minds of his disciples, to render them unworthy of belief. Many did at various times renounce this pernicious religion: some who honestly yet ignorantly embraced Mormonism, and afterwards saw through the delusion and forsook it. Others who through interested motives adhered to the prophet, but who at length becoming disgusted with him, or finding that their speculation was not realized to the full extent of their hopes, left the "saints." All these and their united efforts were unavailing. The sect in the aggregate increased. Joe enlarged his pretensions until he eventually caused himself to be crowned king. This portion of Joe's history is not so generally known as most others: it is, however, well described in the "Authentic Account," p. 7.

"The great aim of Joseph Smith was evidently to clothe himself with the most unlimited power, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, over all who became members of his society. And to that end his whole efforts were put in requisition, from the day of their organization under their charter, down to the hour of his death. The first step taken by him was to satisfy his people that he had received a revelation from God, disclosing his origin, as well as that of his wife, and detailing the events that were to occur, as well as the part he and his descendants were to take in their consummation. This he succeeded in, and gave the following as the substance of his revelation. He stated that Emma, his wife, was of Indian descent, in a line from one of the tribes of Israel. That he (Joseph) was descended from Joseph of old through the blood of Ephraim. And that God had appointed and ordained that he, with his descendants, should rule over all Israel, meaning the Latter Day Saints or Mormons, the Indian tribes, and ultimately the Jews and gentiles. That the authority with which God had clothed him, being "*jure divino*," extended over all mankind, and was paramount and superior to any human authority. Joe further stated that God had revealed to him that the Indians and Latter Day Saints, under Joe as their king and ruler, were to conquer the gentiles, and that their subjection to this authority was to be obtained *by the sword!* From this revelation, he enforced upon them that it was necessary he should be crowned king, and they, believing in the gross imposition, yielded to his edict. Joe was accordingly crowned king under God, over the immediate house of Israel. This ceremony was performed in 1842, by a council of fifty in number, denominated the '*Ancient of Days*.' And thenceforward his authority as such was recognised and obeyed by the church and its authority in all respects and under all circumstances. The peculiar attributes of his power Joe insisted were—that he could direct the actions of the entire house of Israel—that they were bound to obey his commands, *whatever they might be*—and that finally the whole earth was to become under subjection to him. He further impressed upon the council crowning him, that God's desire was, as revealed to him, (Joe) that, for the time being, this was to remain a *perfect secret* until God should reveal to the contrary. And accordingly Joe swore them all to present secrecy, *under the penalty of death!* It is also a fact, ascertained beyond controversy, that the Indian tribes of Sacs and Foxes, Siouxs and Pottowatomies, were consulted, and their assent obtained previous to the *mock* crowning of this unmitigated impostor, and that delegations were sent to Nauvoo from each of the above tribes about the time of the ceremony being performed by the council of fifty. These delegations of Indians were seen by hundreds and hundreds at Nauvoo, but the object of their visitation never was ascertained

without the pale of the church, until secessions commenced taking place from the Mormons."

These facts are derived from the only source that they possibly could—from some of those who aided in the ceremony, but who have since left that perverse sect. In his manifold character Joe must have wielded an unlimited influence over the *faithful*. He was at once a king, a prophet, general of the Nauvoo legion, commissioned by the state authorities,—mayor of the city and presiding officer of the municipal court. He was also trustee of the Mormon church, and in his name held all the property, and in his hands held most of the treasures belonging to individual Mormons. In addition to all this, he aspired to the presidency of the United States, for which he had been nominated in Nauvoo a few weeks previous to his massacre. His power was not merely nominal—he used it freely, at least for evil. Frequently by it he baffled the laws of the state, and was liberated from the custody of the officers of justice, particularly so when under arrest as the instigator of the attempted murder of Gov. Boggs, of Missouri. The municipal court, the jury, and most of the officers in the county of Hancock where he resided, were Mormons. An intimation of his wish would insure any decision. In virtue of the charter, the city of Nauvoo defined by ordinance that no person should be taken without the limits of the city, upon any charge or process, issued from any court, either state or federal, until that person had been brought before the municipal court, by writ of habeas corpus, and his guilt or innocence determined there; and that if the judgment of the court were in favor of the accused, he *should be discharged*. Under this ordinance Joe Smith, when arrested upon process issuing from courts of Illinois, as well as upon requisitions from the governor of Missouri, caused himself to be taken before the municipal court, of which *he was the presiding officer, and discharged from arrest!* In like manner other Mormons were rescued from the hold of the law, and justice was impeded. Such proceedings as these exasperated the neighboring settlers against them, and induced them to believe that the law could not be brought to bear upon the guilty Mormons. Alleged depredations committed by the Mormons on the bordering population increased the hostility between them. To add

to the excitement, false rumors and accusations against them were actively circulated; so that finally both parties were openly arrayed one against the other. Many other minor circumstances seemed to keep up this unhappy state of feeling. Even the political course of the Mormons gave umbrage. The cause of this is ably set forth by the Hon. D. L. Gregg in his celebrated speech, recently delivered in the Illinois legislature, in favor of modifying the Nauvoo charter.

"In addition to this," says he, "their conduct in political matters created a prejudice against them in the minds of many. Led by choice, or forced by circumstances, they gave their votes as one man; they were a political unit, and were regarded as the unprincipled supporters of the highest bidder for their suffrages. The bitter feelings thus generated against them, spread wider, and settled deeper; hatred begot hatred;—revenge brought retaliation; and all was consummated in a crime disgraceful to our country. The abuses that have arisen are not wholly chargeable against the Mormons—they were surrounded by persons ready to misinterpret their motives, and misconstrue their conduct. The prejudice against them was sown abroad, and at length the whole country was aroused in opposition to the new sect."

What made the citizens in general more disposed to believe every evil report that reached them, was the well known immorality of many of the Mormons, and particularly of the prophet. He had been indicted by the grand jury for perjury and adultery. "He has," says the Authentic Account, "outraged every feeling of decency and humanity in the gratification of his beastly propensities, which has caused his wife three times to separate from him." Thus many facts and fictions combined to augment the deep-seated prejudice against this ill-fated people, until in June, 1844, it was vented in the assassination of their leaders.

The murder of Joe and Hiram Smith is not only an important event in the history of Mormonism, but a sad one in the annals of our country. It is a point respecting which contradictory accounts have been circulated, so that, to arrive at the truth, no little caution must be used. In view of all the facts, it is clear there has been guilt on both sides. To understand the subject, we must bear in mind the highly exasperated state of public feeling for months before the assassination. The facts which preceded, and eventually led

to the massacre, are these:—Some Mormons, of high standing, seceded from the sect, and established in the city of Nauvoo a paper, entitled the "Nauvoo Expositor," having for its object the exposure and explosion of Mormonism. The first number was issued, and abounded in the disclosure of the fraud and infamy practised by the Mormons, and more than all, by the prophet himself. By a clause in the city charter, the council of Nauvoo was empowered to "*define and abate nuisances.*" Joe and the council met. The "Nauvoo Expositor" was *defined* to be a nuisance, and ordered to be *abated*. In obedience to this ordinance the city marshal proceeded, with his posse, on the 10th day of June, 1844, and *abated* the nuisance by destroying the press, type, &c. The owners repaired to Carthage, the county town, and obtained from a justice a process for riot against the Smiths, and all others concerned in the destruction of their press. The officers apprehended some of the rioters; the usual *panacea* for all Nauvoo culprits was sought—the writ of *habeas corpus*! By it they were taken before the municipal court, went through a mock trial, and were declared by the Mormon judges "*honorably discharged.*" The officer returning to Carthage, and declaring his inability to serve the process on all on account of the resistance made by the Smiths, a posse was ordered out to aid the civil process, and a deputation was sent to the governor conveying to him information of the whole proceedings. Whilst the posse was being raised, and the governor was hastening to Carthage, the Mormons were providing ammunition, organizing their military forces, and placing the city in a state of defence. There was ample reason for believing that the officers and the posse could not arrest the offenders whilst they had to encounter the opposition of the "Nauvoo Legion," which was ordered to resist to the last the arrest of any of the persons named in the process—thus making an open resistance to the execution of the laws! Gov. Ford, however, entered into negotiation with the authorities of Nauvoo, and finally succeeded in inducing Joe Smith and the others charged with riot, to surrender themselves, under the assurance of executive protection. The accused repaired to Carthage, gave security for their appearance at court to answer the charge of riot; but be-

fore these proceedings had terminated, a writ was served upon Joe and Hiram Smith, upon a charge of *treason*, and they were remanded to prison to await their trial the next day, when it was believed the witnesses would all be in attendance. This occurred on the 25th of June. Every hour added to the popular excitement. Troops were despatched to maintain peace in and about Nauvoo. On the 26th the prophet and his brother Hiram were brought before the court for examination, but their counsel wished it to be deferred another day. They were returned to prison. Threats were made by the populace that the Smiths should never leave Carthage alive. Previous to this, on the 25th, the governor had pledged the faith of the state to the Smiths that they should be protected. The following day he visited them in the prison, and repeated his promise. The next morning he disbanded all the troops except two companies to guard the jail, and another company of horse. This step has been blamed, yet the governor was in a critical position. The troops assembled to enforce the law, had themselves become turbulent, and threatened the extermination of the Mormons. Scattering the troops, by sending them home, it was hoped would be the best. Most of them returned home immediately. Many who wished to attack Nauvoo were displeased. The Mormons murmured, because they relied upon the troops for protection. Such was the state of affairs at Carthage; about noon the same day the governor departed for Nauvoo to calm the excitement there. Of the two companies left to guard and protect the prisoners, eight persons were placed on duty around the jail, and the others were encamped in the public square, about one hundred rods distant. At 6 o'clock, P. M., an armed mob of painted men, numbering about one hundred and fifty, came from the direction of Warsaw to the jail. A demand was immediately made upon the guard of eight men to deliver up the Smiths, which was promptly refused. The mob rushed into the prison, and *the guard fired over their heads*. The tragedy which ensued is thus described by the author already frequently quoted:

"Five minutes, to the very extent, did not transpire from the first demand upon the guards for the prisoners, until the deed was committed, and the assailants had retreated from the ground. Upon the first discharge of

musketry from those without the room, Hiram Smith was instantly killed, and Taylor, the editor of the Nauvoo Neighbor, wounded with at least four bullets. Joseph Smith, the prophet, fired his six barrel revolving pistol three times, and one of the balls took effect in the wrist of a man named Wills, who was among the assailants, as is generally acknowledged. The prophet, immediately after discharging his pistol at those within the jail, retreated to the window and sprung upon the sill, with the design, as is believed, of jumping to the ground and attempting an escape. Upon reaching the window, and throwing aside the curtain, and perceiving unexpectedly a large armed force in disguise at the end of the building, upon the ground, he exclaimed 'Oh, my God!' when a number of muskets were, with the rapidity of thought, discharged at the unfortunate wretch, five or six of which took effect. He fell, head forward, to the earth, and was dead, as I am informed by one who examined him immediately on falling, when he struck the ground. He was wounded in the breast by five or six different shots, either of which would, in all human probability, have proved fatal. Hiram Smith was wounded in the

head, one of the balls passing immediately under the eye ball, another through the neck, and the residue through his body. . . . There were, in addition to those disguised, . . . about three hundred others who were not disguised, and who remained at a short distance from the jail in ambush, as a reserved corps, should further assistance prove necessary."

Thus perished Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, on the 27th day of June, 1844, a victim to the furious mob spirit which, for a few years past, has tarnished the fair fame of our country. Since his death there has been much confusion among the Mormons; some have made settlements in Iowa and other parts of the west; the most are still in their "Zion." The charter of Nauvoo has been unconditionally repealed by the legislature of Illinois. Public curiosity is excited to know whether Mormonism shall continue to increase, or whether it has lived out its day of iniquity, and must quickly wither away and die. Time will answer.

MY NATIVE LAND.

LET others sing of brighter skies,
Of milder climes, or sweeter flowers;
Of lofty pyramids that rise
T' aerial height, enchanted towers,
Proud monuments of ancient art,
Or *Ætna's* fires—in very sooth
I chide them not; yet my fond heart
With rapture turns to *thee*, whose youth
And buoyant promise now do stand
Pre-eminent, MY NATIVE LAND!

Thy lakes, like molten silver seas,
Thy mountains bright with rainbow hues,
Thy boundless plains, majestic trees,
And valleys, where kind nature strews
The richest verdure, waterfalls,
Whose thunders wake the solitudes;
Thy caverns, in whose trackless halls
The curious traveller ne'er intrudes;
Thy noble rivers, wide and free,
That roll in silence to the sea:

Thy waving forests, in whose shade
The wild deer sports at liberty,

Where once the savage warrior swayed
His ruthless power right royally;
Thy skies piled up with gorgeous clouds,
Thy mellow autumn's golden sun,
Thine evenings fair, ere darkness shrouds
The scene, or when the moon has won
The sceptre, and assumed her reign
O'er earth's broad face, and ocean's main.

When thunder roars, and lightnings flash,
When storms terrific o'er thee rave,
When forests groan, and proud oaks crash,
When wave leaps madly over wave;
When all the winds, in furious strife,
Contend alone this fearful tide,
And earth, and sea, with ruin rife,
Portend destruction far and wide:
E'en 'mid this tumult, *thou* dost stand,
In grandeur peerless, NATIVE LAND!

E'en as a gem, from the deep sea,
Outshines its foil, so *thou* hast done
All other lands; they turn to thee,
As turns the sunflower to the sun.

Old ocean's waves, both east and west,
Thy boundaries are. From Libra's line,
Unto the frigid north, thy crest
Waves proudly. The domain is thine;
Unnumbered millions bow to thee,
Thou darling of the brave and free!

Unconquered Britain ruled the waves
In by-gone days, but now she yields
Before the gallant flag that braves
Her fleets; for well fought fields
And matchless deeds of valor won
Freedom for those her haughty power
Would have enslaved; and many a son
Of liberty now hails the hour
When first our valiant sires withstood
Her despot rule in fields of blood.

Sons of America, proclaim
With triumph to the admiring world,
Thy cherished country's brilliant fame!
Say: Freedom's flag, here first unfurled,
Waves gracefully o'er many lands,
And many a sea; and every race
From old Circassia sprung, now stands
United here, while every face
With hope and cheerful ardor blooms,
For freedom's sun the land illumés.

Columbia's daughters, too, I ween,
Would gladly swell the rapturous song,

Louisville, Ky., April 2, 1845.

And, 'neath the placid silvery sheen
Of Luna, modestly prolong
The grateful theme; for woman's pride
Enkindles, as she chants the deeds
Of those who stemmed oppression's tide;
And *her* fond heart, by far exceeds,
In thrilling pathos, *his* whose soul
Will dare stern death, and spurn control.

America, the chosen spot
O'er which the eagle spreads his wings
Protectingly!—one only blot
A shadow o'er thine ermine flings.
And, oh! ere history's muse shall weave
Thy story, may the blight, that now
Mars thy fair beauty, cease to grieve
The patriot's breast; and may thy brow
Be girt by honor's brightest crown,
Thy fame the day-star of renown!

Dark bigotry has raised his hand,
Despoiling God's most holy shrine.
Rise, in thy majesty, proud land,
And let thy just decrees outshine
His lurid torch. Let not the eye
Of shrewdest chronicler e'er see
The trace where this foul fiend passed by.

Let freedom e'er thy motto be,
And then to after times thou'lt stand
A beacon-light—MY NATIVE LAND. S. R. T.

THE AUSTRIAN SYSTEM OF PUBLIC EDUCATION.

BY J. F. MELINE.

(From the April number of the Western Literary Journal and Monthly Review, which was kindly sent to us by the author.)

Concluded from p. 323.



SYSTEM OF POPULAR EDUCATION.—The leading object of this system is to give the people an education calculated for their situation in life, and founded upon religion, to exercise their memory, to develop gradually their intelligence, to inculcate principles of morality and respect for authority. A system like this, philosophically conceived, and whose success depends entirely upon its being fully and accurately carried out in the spirit of its founders, might yet fail, through the difficulty of procuring teachers sufficiently

intelligent to appreciate and put into practice its maxims. To avoid this, the teachers are enjoined to follow the method of instruction prescribed in a Manual of Schools (*Methoden Buch*) written for the express purpose, and to use no other elementary works than those especially pointed out. This manual lays down with preciseness what is to be learned and taught in the elementary schools. Among other counsels given to the tutors for the intellectual direction of the children under their care, we find the following: "It is not necessary to give them other ideas than those fit for their rank. Above all, they should be accus-

tomed to obey and respect authority, and this respect should form the motive of their obedience. Example, in this matter, will be the best lesson. The books used in the schools should contain examples likely to affect their minds, but the teacher must attend to their development." "Clergymen, in particular, are charged with this, for it is their duty to form the morals of the people."

The Manual remarks in another place, "Memory is the chief faculty of children; it is, then, especially requisite to form it properly. It should, nevertheless, be remembered that memory alone should not absorb all the cultivation, but that it is also necessary to be careful of the education of the mind and the heart."

It has been remarked that Austria, more than any other country, appears to be penetrated with the importance of the influence exerted upon society by education. Her children are her future subjects, and her object is to form them in childhood such as she wishes them to remain through life. "To blame this spirit," says M. St. Marc Girardin, "is to blame the government, for the one depends upon the other." We find here no practical contradiction between education and policy, as in other states where one direction is given to the schools and another to society. To teach each one what is absolutely necessary to know in order to exercise his calling in the best possible manner, but nothing more; to neglect nothing to develop the intelligence of the mechanic in the sphere of his vocation, to avoid teaching him matters that have nothing to do with his profession, and of which the inevitable effect would be to give him wants that he could never satisfy; such are, in all its stages, the principles of popular education in Austria.

DIVISION OF SCHOOLS.—The Austrian public schools are divided into three classes, viz.

1. The elementary schools (*trivial schulen*).
2. Primary superior schools (*haupt schulen*).
3. Practical schools (*real schulen*).

1. *Elementary schools.*—There is one in the neighborhood of each parish church. In places remote from this point, if there are one hundred children of an age to go to school within a circle of two miles, a school must be established.

The elementary (*trivial*) and superior (*haupt*) schools are not, strictly speaking, different establishments, but different degrees of the same establishments. There are, in all, four classes in the two schools, two of which are in the elementary schools. In the first class, which lasts two years, children are taught the alphabet, reading printed and written characters, the smaller catechism, and the first exercises in writing and mental arithmetic. In the second class, which lasts one year, religious instruction, reading and writing are continued, to which are added orthography, arithmetic, and the composition of easy sentences. The catechism is taught by the curate of the parish. The Lancasterian method of mutual instruction is expressly forbidden. Wherever it is possible, there is a separate school apartment for girls, in order that the more appropriate instruction for each sex may be given from the beginning. In the village schools, where the children belonging to the different classes attend the same schools, there are five hours' attendance each day, viz., in summer three hours in the morning for the second class, and two hours in the afternoon for the first; in winter two hours in the morning for the first, and three hours in the afternoon for the second. The school authorities have it in their power to modify these arrangements, so as to conciliate as much as possible the obligation of attending school with agricultural labor. In all cases, the instruction in these schools is given in the language of the country.

SUPERIOR SCHOOLS.—In order to enter the first class of the superior schools, a satisfactory examination must be passed on the matters taught in the elementary schools. If the examination be unsatisfactory, the pupil must repeat the course of the second elementary class. In the third class (first of the superior schools) the pupils receive religious instruction (including the history of the Bible and the Gospels),* reading, writing, orthography, arithmetic, German grammar, exercises in

* "Moreover, I found, to my great surprise, that not only is the Bible—a German translation of the vulgate—not proscribed, but that it is to be found in every school, and sometimes in the very cottages. So mistaken is the prejudice which charges the Romish clergy in general with waging a war of extermination against the written word of God."—Germany, Bohemia and Hungary, visited in 1839, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M. A., Chaplain to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. 3 vols. London, 1839.

composition, and for those children who are to enter the gymnasium, the elements of Latin.

Thus far, instruction is obligatory. The studies of the third class complete the system of elementary instruction. Upon leaving it, some of the pupils return to their homes with the obligation of attending the Sunday schools until their fifteenth year; others enter the lyceum or gymnasia, or go to the fourth class of the superior schools. In this class, which is divided into two sections, occupying a year each, besides the subjects taught in the third class, instruction is also given (with special reference to the occupation for which the child is intended) in the higher branches of arithmetic, geometry, mechanics, architecture, natural history, geography (first year of Austria, second year of foreign countries), physics, drawings of flowers, ornaments, plans, and machines. In each provincial capital there is a model superior school, connected with which is a course of pedagogy for the instruction of schoolmasters.

The principal recommendations of the Manual, with regard to the studies pursued in the primary schools, are the following:—They evince the decidedly Austrian taste for the practical and useful. Instruction in religion is to be conformable to and regulated by the catechism. In reading and writing, care must be taken that both be done with facility and

distinctness; no finish and grace is required; no calligraphy, a plain current hand suffices. In teaching grammar, there is no necessity for going into philosophical definitions. Composition should be taught more by exercises than by arid rules. Particular care should be taken to teach the styles of letters, receipts, accounts, &c.

In the third and fourth classes of the primary schools nothing is to be taught that has not some connection with the subjects already learned, giving, at the same time, the child's intelligence more liberty and self development. As the fondness for universal knowledge is no where more useless than in ordinary life, where good sense is the most especial requisite, and as a life of labor and business is to be that of the far greater number of the pupils who attend primary schools, the teachers are to guard against instilling this dangerous mania. They must not apply themselves exclusively to the development of the memory, but endeavor to exercise the intelligence of the pupils on the subjects taught, and accustom them to discriminate.

The following statistical table, compiled from official sources, shows the number and character of the elementary schools, and the number of children in attendance upon them during the year 1839, and, in some points, a comparative view of their condition in preceding years. Hungary is not included in it.

**Statistical View of the
ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS IN THE EMPIRE OF AUSTRIA, FOR 1839.**

PROVINCES.	SCHOOLS.				SCHOOLS DIVIDED AC- CORDING TO RELIGION.			Auxiliary Schools.....	Number of Teachers and -Student Teachers....	Expense in Florins....	Children from 5 to 19 years of age capable of attending School....	Number in attendance..	Number in attendance once out of every hundred of age to attend.....	
	Superior Schools.....	Elementary Schools.....	Girls' Schools.....	Total.....	Catholic.....	Non-Catholic.....	Jewish.....						1839	1837
Lower Austria.....	22	1,046	32	1,100	1,096	5	1	1,019	3,339	341,067	157,105	154,179	98	98
Tyrol and Vorarlberg.....	15	1,378	225	1,618	1,617		1	1,191	3,724	101,436	106,439	107,507	101	91
Upper Austria.....	8	610	8	636	611	15	1	606	1,832	185,871	90,576	86,485	95	94
Moravia and Silesia.....	25	1,840	21	1,886	1,791	61	34	1,855	4,425	984,706	987,732	973,638	95	94
Bohemia.....	45	3,383	42	3,470	3,400	54	16	3,431	7,143	475,967	536,569	494,229	94	93
Styria.....	8	605	11	624	620	4	1	567	1,601	89,626	101,990	76,869	77	81
Lombardy.....	63	2,068	1,434	3,565	3,565			230	6,437	512,023	336,401	179,849	53	53
Carinthia & Carniola.....	9	347	9	365	334	31		401	876	110,545	85,533	97,817	33	33
Venice.....	25	1,554	34	1,613	1,613			3,165	314,377	252,264	78,167	31	31	
Dalmatia.....	7	48	6	53	53			144	19,370	17,978	3,624	30	20	
Gallicia.....	32	1,808	29	1,869	1,793	75	1	591	2,942	194,697	514,308	67,978	13	13
Coast.....	15	76	30	111	101	6	4	84	397	63,738	59,250	9,917	13	13
Military Frontier.....	24	1,059	30	1,113	569	542	2	776	2,126	136,598	126,674	64,550	50	49
Transylvania.....	45	1,195	282	1,522	978	1,244		30	1,930	60,000	66,818	50,394	75	75
Total in 1839.....	343	17,009	2,184	19,536	17,441	2,037	58	10,781	40,019	2,785,791	2,799,537	1,673,496		
“ in 1837.....	315	15,130	1,849	17,994	15,130	2,122		9,865	2,500,000	2,755,261	1,675,145			
“ in 1830.....	243	13,975	1,419	15,837	13,975	2,234				2,459,998	1,470,536			

The reader will remark the discrepancy in the number of pupils in attendance at school with the number of children in the Tyrol. This is evidently an inaccuracy; and, in all probability, the proportion for Lower Austria is not so large. On the other hand, the returns for several other provinces (Galicia and the Coast for instance) are certainly too low. The number of sick and infirm children, who are sent to school at an advanced age, and the number who receive instruction at home, will readily suggest themselves as some of the causes of the discrepancy. In addition to the proportion for Lombardy, 5,000 children receive an education in the boarding schools (convicts), poor houses, and orphan asylums, not included in this computation. For Venice more than 5,000 children are educated in orphan asylums and other institutions. The whole number of children of age to attend and in attendance in Dalmatia and in Transylvania as stated, is for 1837. In the whole number of teachers for 1839 are included 9,186; assistant teachers not reported in 1837.

If to the 19,536 elementary and other primary schools we add the 10,781 auxiliary schools, we have a total of 30,317 public schools, which, divided among the population of 23,783,496 (Hungary not included), yields a proportion of one school for each 780 inhabitants. According to an official statistical statement in the Prussian Staats-Zeitung of October 29, 1838, there were in the Prussian monarchy in 1837, 22,910 elementary schools, 307 mittel schulen, making a total of 23,217 schools, which, divided among the Prussian population of 14,098,125, gives one school in 607 inhabitants. This disproportion will not be so great if we take into consideration: *First*, that the population of the fourteen Austrian provinces included in the school estimate is much more dense than in Prussia—viz: in Austria 3,814 inhabitants and in Prussia 2,816 inhabitants to the square geographical mile. *Secondly*, that in Prussia five-sevenths of the population are Germans, whilst in Austria, of the twenty-four millions included in the above table, scarcely six millions are Germans. This difference merits consideration, when we reflect that the attendance of the German population, from their habits and tastes, is voluntary; while the difficulty of compelling the Galician peasant, the Morlachs, the Montenegrins, Wallachians,

and other half civilized people of the remote provinces, is very great, and one scarcely to be appreciated out of Austria.

In the separate provinces, it will be perceived that the proportion of schools is greatest in the Tyrol.

Tyrol, (population German and Italian, proportion 53 of the former to 30 of the latter),	one school in	503 inh'ts.
Lombardy, ...	700	"
Military Frontier, ...	890	"
Moravia (Slavonian and German, 15 to 4), ...	1130	"
Bohemia, do. do. do.	1155	"
Galicia (almost entirely Slavon'n)	2190	"
Coast, do. do. do.	4050	"
Dalmatia, do. do.	7050	"

The proportion of children attending school in all Austria (Hungary excepted) is one in thirteen inhabitants.*

The 19,536 elementary schools are thus divided according to language.

German, ...	6,286
Italian, ...	5,881
Slavonian, ...	4,750
Hungarian, (Transylvania and Military Frontier), ...	989
Wallachian, ...	525
All others, ...	1,110

19,536

AUXILIARY SCHOOLS.—These schools are, for the most part, Sunday schools. Some of them are also held on holidays and in the evening. All children, whether they have strictly attended the elementary schools or not, are bound to attend these from the age of twelve to fifteen. The minimum of time to be passed in these schools during this period, is fixed at two hours per week. The pupils here review and complete the studies they have gone through in the elementary schools. Hence their name (wiederholungs-schulen, repetition schools). They are also taught some branch of practical utility with especial reference to their intended occupation. All apprentices, without distinction of age, are bound to attend these schools during the entire term of their apprenticeship. They can not be admitted into the society of journeymen, unless they produce a certificate

* In England and Scotland, 1 in 16; in Holland, 1 in 14; in Denmark, 1 in 15; in Belgium, 1 in 10; in Bavaria, 1 in 8.

of their faithful attendance in these schools. Parents and guardians neglecting to send their children, are subject to a fine of four florins. The following classes of children are exempt from attendance upon them.

1. Those who have a certificate of completion of studies in the fourth class.

2. Those who enter the gymnasium upon leaving the third class.

3. Those whose parents have the means of giving them private instruction.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND INSPECTION OF SCHOOLS.—Every parish curate is, *ex officio*, an assistant teacher in the elementary schools. They are especially charged to give the pupils a course of religious instruction twice during the week at the school, and once on Sunday at the church or Sunday school. That the government may not be disappointed in its dependence upon the clergy of the different persuasions, they are all, without distinction, obliged to attend a course of catechetical and pedagogy; and no student in theology can be ordained unless he produces a certificate of having followed these courses. For each school there is an inspector (*orts aufseher*) chosen from among the inhabitants of the parish by the authorities of the district. He is especially charged with the financial arrangements.

This inspector, together with the curate, form a special committee charged with the surveillance of the conduct of the tutors, the strict observation of the school regulations, &c. &c. In September of every year a joint report of the schoolmaster, the curate and the local inspector must be sent to the district school inspector.

Examinations take place every six months, and once every year the district inspector, accompanied by the local authorities and the curate, examines the condition of the school and the progress made by the pupils. After the examination, the names of six pupils who have most distinguished themselves are published; and if the school funds permit, prizes are awarded them.

QUALIFICATIONS AND COMPENSATION OF TEACHERS OF THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.—No one can be qualified as teacher unless he has gone through a course of pedagogy at one of the normal schools, of which, as we have seen, there is one at the capital of each province. This course is as follows:

	Hours.
Method of religious instruction, ...	2
Pedagogy, ...	3
High arithmetic, ...	3
Writing, ...	3
Exercises in composition, ...	2
Geography, ...	1
Principles of physical education of children, ...	3
Lessons on the organ and singing, ...	3
Per week, ...	20

The salary is the same as fixed in 1785, viz: from 130 to 150 florins per annum.* Notwithstanding the smallness of this salary, the number of applications for situations has of late been so great in Bohemia and Lower Austria, as to oblige the authorities to raise the standard of the qualifications required. Every teacher is exempt from military conscription; and is entitled to a pension for life when compelled by age or infirmities to quit his active duties.

Those persons who give lessons in private houses are likewise bound to procure a certificate from the normal school, and no one is allowed to open an educational establishment without previously submitting to an examination, and obtaining the permission of the local authorities.

ARRANGEMENTS IN THE SCHOOLS WITH REGARD TO RELIGION.—The classification according to religion of the entire population of the Austrian empire is as follows:

Catholic, ...	24,720,000
United Greeks, ...	3,444,700
Other Greeks, ...	2,699,250
Lutherans, ...	1,213,380
Calvinists, ...	2,080,470
Jews, ...	623,782
Unitarians, (Socinians), ...	45,000
Armenians, about	15,000

The regulations for schools in those districts where the population is composed of a variety of religious denominations, are liberal and easy of execution. As the very great majority of the people are Catholic, the system, as a whole, is based upon the communication of a conformable religious instruction. Where, however, non-Catholic children are not sufficiently numerous to have separate schools, they are obliged by law to attend the Catholic schools,—

* About \$ 75. In Baden it is from \$ 70 to \$ 150. In Wurtemberg from \$ 75 to \$ 150.

with this exception, that they are dispensed with attendance at the first or the last hour of the school exercises, which is devoted to religious instruction. The same regulation applies where Catholic children attend non-Catholic schools, as also where Jewish children attend other schools. Where non-Catholics are sufficiently numerous to have separate schools, they are obliged to support them themselves, but are exempt from all school taxes for the support of other schools.

PRACTICAL SCHOOLS (REAL SCHULEN).—These schools follow the primary schools. Attendance upon them, as already stated, is not obligatory. The only condition of entrance is the production of a certificate of having gone through the two years' course of the fourth class of the superior schools, or an examination in branches taught in the fourth year of that course. The instruction given in these schools is general, and special. All, without distinction, are required to perfect themselves in the usual general branches. The special branches are, for those intended for the counting room, book keeping, commercial science, and the law of exchange; for administrative officers and agriculturists, book keeping, physics, natural history; for manufacturers, artists and mechanicians, mathematics, drawing, history of arts, chemistry, and some foreign language, the most useful to them, French, English, or Italian, or all if they wish. The philosophical definitions in orthography and grammar, forbidden in the elementary schools, are recommended in this course.

EXAMINATIONS.—In passing from one class or school to another, an examination is rigorously required. The object of these examinations is to prevent pupils from advancing to the study of new matters before they thoroughly comprehend the subordinate branches which precede and support them. It is in this manner alone that true and solid instruction can be imparted. At each step every precaution is taken to prevent the growth of sciolists. Where the pupil satisfactorily passes the examination in the secular branches, and is found deficient in religious instruction, the curate may refuse to sign the certificate, without which he can go no farther. Nor does this watchfulness stop here. Wherever it is remarked in one of the upper classes that the pupils from a certain school are generally

weaker than those from another, the teachers are bound to report to their superiors, who admonish the teacher or teachers below of the deficiency. The teachers preferred for these schools are those who have themselves gone through them. They are familiar with its routine, its object and discipline. None, however, are refused who pass the required examination.

INTERMEDIATE INSTRUCTION.—From the infant school to the university, in the plan of instruction laid down in Austria, the most salient idea appears to be the necessity of communicating special and practical instruction, as applied to some particular calling or profession, rather than a general and classical one. The view suggesting this is, no doubt, the very natural and common sense one, that, as a matter of experience, those who have thoroughly acquired the special knowledge appropriate to their calling, are more useful members of society than the sciolists who have received the varnish of a general but incomplete education, just sufficient to stimulate their ambition, and exaggerate their belief in the capacity for every thing, when, in fact, they are fit for—next to nothing. This is most marked in the courses and regulations for the practical schools. At the head of these establishments are the polytechnic schools of Vienna and Prague. Their reputation is European. We pass to

THE GYMNASIA.—M. Schwartz, a professor of theology at the university of Heidelberg, published in 1832 an excellent work upon schools, in which he treats with great ability the question of the relative merits of the systems of classes and faculties. M. Saint Marc Girardin gives an excellent analysis of the professor's views in the fourth chapter of his book. In the system of classes, the professor teaches the class in every branch. In the system of faculties, the pupils pass from one study to another, hearing a different teacher in each. Throughout the greater part of Germany, the system of faculties prevails, both in the gymnasia and the universities. In Austria, it is adopted in the universities, but not in the gymnasia. In the universities, where the young men have already acquired a certain degree of manliness and self-control, the inconvenience and evil of leaving pupils entirely free—as the faculty system does—of any restraint without the lecture room, is comparatively slight. But in the

gymnasia, where the pupils are still of an age to need close attention to their moral growth, the system adopted by Austria is probably preferable.

In the faculty system, the pupil passes rapidly from one teacher to another, looking upon him merely as his instructor in that branch. There is thus no opportunity for moral influence—no communication between the pupil and his master—no education in the proper sense of the term.

In the system of classes, there is unity of influence, attention, and application. The younger the child is, the better does he learn from one whom he is accustomed to look up to, and towards whom he has contracted a habit of respectful and affectionate obedience. "But," justly observes M. St. Marc Girardin, "reflect for a moment what masters you need—men who know and can do every thing, great and little—and one as well as the other;—teachers of the elements, who are able to be professors of rhetoric and philosophy, and good professors of rhetoric and philosophy, who are willing to go back and become modest teachers of rudiments. So much science! So much talent! And so much humility! Where are you to find such men?" After analyzing the two systems, he expresses the opinion that it would not be prudent to adopt either exclusively; that, according to the age of the pupil, the one or the other may be preferable.

A similar view appears to have been entertained by the framers of the plan of studies for the Austrian gymnasia. The course of the gymnasium is six years, viz: four classes of grammar, and two of humanities. In the grammar years, the class system is adopted. In the humanities, the faculty system.

Pupils are admitted into the gymnasia between the years of ten and fourteen. The examination for admission is more strict than for other schools. A moderately good one will not suffice.

By a comparison of the gymnasia courses in Prussia and Bavaria with those of Austria, it appears that the time devoted to the study of Latin and Greek is greater in the two former countries. In Austria, Latin is studied during six years; Greek, four years. In Prussia, Latin, from ten to twelve years, and Greek from six to ten years. In Bavaria, ten years of Latin and seven of Greek. These courses

are, in all three cases, preparatory to the university. If we compute the number of hours devoted in the entire course of the grammar schools and gymnasia of these countries to the study of Latin and Greek, we find the following result:

	Hours.
Austria, for Latin and the German classics, ...	2,460
" Greek, ...	328
Total, recitations only, ...	2,788
Prussia, Latin, ...	4,400
" Greek, ...	1,320
Total, ...	5,720
Bavaria, Latin, ...	5,148
" Greek, and German classics, ...	1,980
Total, ...	7,128

The number of gymnasia in Austria in 1838 was one hundred and thirty-five, attended by 30,167 pupils, taught by nine hundred and eighty-six professors and tutors, and supported by government at an expense of 513,912 florins. The expenditure of the Austrian government for the higher educational establishments was, in 1838, ... 5,099,196
Elementary and primary schools, 2,795,791

Total, ... 7,894,987
or nearly four millions of dollars. A large portion of this sum does not come from the direct revenue of the government, but from funds devoted to educational purposes under its control.

UNIVERSITIES.—The Austrian universities differ but slightly in their leading characteristics from the other universities in Germany, except in one important feature. This is religious instruction. In the other German universities, if we except the strictly theological course, confined necessarily to the students of that science, there is no such thing as permanent and pervading religious instruction given to the student.* We can not better convey an idea of the reasons upon which the

* "Amongst the whole number of German students whom I have known," says Mr. Howitt, who had not, it appears, visited the Austrian universities, "it would be difficult to select a dozen who were not confirmed deists. Let those who doubt the extent to which this philosophical pestilence is spread, go and judge for themselves; but let none send out solitary youths to study in German universities who do not wish them to return very clever, very learned, and very completely unchristianized."

Austrian school commission has prescribed it as a special branch, and the manner in which it desires it should be communicated in the universities, than by translating the following passage from the rescript, erecting a professorship of religious instruction: "Desirous that the youth who follow the course of the philosophical faculty be preserved from error and libertinism, at an age when the passions most rapidly develop themselves, and when their reason, by the very nature of their studies, tends to reflection upon the objects surrounding them, it is ordained that a chair of religious instruction be created, and that this instruction be confided to a special professor nominated *ad hoc*."

This instruction should amplify and complete the religious instruction given in the gymnasia. The professor should not treat of those questions that are included in the course of philosophy proper, as, for instance, the immateriality and immortality of the soul, free will, the existence and attributes of the Divinity, &c., and should commence the instruction by doctrines on the destiny of man, and upon his natural inclination to religious sentiments.

After having impressed upon the minds of his auditors, the object of religion and its salutary influence in general, and demonstrated how highly indispensable it is to the intellectual ennoblement of the human race, he will draw their attention to the difference which exists between the knowledge we acquire in regard to religion by the natural channel of re-

flection, and which revelation affords us. He will point out the utility, but also the insufficiency of the first, drawing his proofs from the history of philosophy, and will develop by a succinct, but solid and rational course of argument, the truth and divine origin of revelation.

In lecturing on the New Testament, he should recapitulate the leading doctrines of Christ, as well in matters of faith as of morality, in such a manner as to present to his pupils in a new light all the divinity and sublimity of the precepts of revelation. In combating the objections raised against religion, he should only touch upon those which may be supposed to be the most generally spread among the pupils or among the higher classes of society. In order to fulfil this duty well, he should carefully observe and make himself familiar with the spirit of the age, and of his auditors. He should likewise endeavor to ascertain the causes of *indifferentism*, of skepticism and incredulity, and to preserve his pupils from them, in representing forcibly the sad results of unbelief, compared with the salutary influence of Christianity for the well-being and happiness of nations and individuals.

The necessary limits of an article like the present must be the author's excuse for abbreviation in the treatment of some important topics and silence on others—his object being merely to present such a sketch as will give an idea of the spirit and actual condition of the schools of Austria.

HISTORY OF THE PAPACY.

Continued from volume III, p. 710.



BENEDICT I, surnamed Benosus, a Roman by birth, after a long vacancy, occasioned by the troubles in Italy, was elected on the 17th of May, 573, and died on the 30th of

July, 577, regretted by his people whom he had protected from famine and the incursions of the Lombards.

The ravages of these barbarians, who at that time besieged Rome, prevented the authorities

from awaiting the consent of the emperor for the consecration of Pelagius II, a Roman, son of Wingil, who was elected on the 10th of November, 577. During a pontificate of twelve years and three months, this pope labored zealously, but in vain, to recall to the unity of the church the bishops of Istria and Venetia, who had caused a schism in defence of the Three Chapters. In the commencement of his reign, he withdrew from his monastery Gregory, his future successor, and made him

one of the seven deacons of Rome, after which he sent him to Constantinople to obtain help against the Lombards, and named him his nuncio.

The barbarians having destroyed the convent of Mount Cassino, as its founder had predicted, the monks took refuge in Rome, where Pelagius permitted them to build a monastery near the palace of Lateran. He himself, notwithstanding his abundant alms, was enabled by economy to rebuild the church of St. Lawrence, whose tomb he adorned with tablets of silver. During this pope's reign, an extraordinary malady appeared, which was as sudden as it was violent.* Touched by the misfortunes of the poor, who were suffering from illness, or from the presence of the enemy, he collected the old people in his palace, which he converted into a hospital. Having been attacked by the plague himself, he died on the 7th of February, 590, deeply mourned by those whom he had so charitably assisted.

We have already named St. Gregory I as the successor of Pelagius. He is surnamed the great—a title which he acquired by his eminent virtues, his eloquence, the depth of his writings, by his apostolic undertaking for the conversion of the English, and by the admirable regulations which he made for the government of the different churches.

Gregory the Great, grandson of Felix III, was a native of Rome, and of a senatorial family. He was formerly prætor of that city, but, renouncing the world and its dignities to serve God alone, he retired, the succeeding year, to the monastery of St. Andrew, which he had established in his own house. He presided there in the capacity of abbot, when Pelagius II withdrew him to make him one of the seven deacons of Rome. This pope sent him to Constantinople about the year 579, on a mission regarding the affairs of Italy, and he resided there till 584, with the title of nuncio.

His *Reflections on Job*, full of instruction calculated to form the heart to virtue, date from his sojourn in that city. On his return to Rome, he became secretary to Pelagius, whose death opened to him the way to the papacy. He was raised to this station with-

out a dissenting voice, on the 28th of February, 590. Gregory believing himself incapable of bearing a burden, of which all had judged him worthy, wrote to the emperor Maurice for the purpose of inducing him not to give his approval to the election; but the letters were intercepted by Germanus, prefect of Rome, who urged the prince to ratify it, which was accordingly done. Gregory fled and concealed himself in such a manner as effectually to prevent his discovery; but God manifested his servant, who was then ordained pope on the 3d of September. When his friends complimented him on his new dignity, he seriously complained of it, and felt so deeply the responsibility of the office which he had undertaken, that he composed his work on the *Pastoral Charge*, which treats of the duties of pastors, and is distributed into four parts, showing the marks of vocation to the episcopacy, the duties it imposes, and the virtues it requires.

The plague was at this time making frightful ravages in Rome. To arrest the scourge which reduced the city almost to a desert, Gregory ordered a general procession, whence arose, it is believed, the custom of singing the litanies on St. Mark's day.

In the year 593 he wrote his *DIALOGUES*, in which are related the miracles of many saints of Italy. It has been said, though without foundation, that this work is too strongly imbued with the dominant taste of the age for the marvellous. This holy pope could not be suspected either of weakness of mind or of artifice. The same year he induced the king of the Lombards to raise the siege of Rome.

Gregory sustained the decrees of the fifth council, strove to reclaim the schismatics, and reunited to the communion of the bishop of Milan, Theodelinda, queen of the Lombards, who was separated from it. John the Faster, patriarch of Constantinople, having taken the title of *universal bishop* under Pelagius, that pope forbade Laurence, his nuncio, in 589, to assist at his mass; Gregory, on his part, neglected nothing to make him abandon a title so full of pride and extravagance, as he styled it in his letter to him in 595. Not being able to repress the self-love of the patriarch, who nevertheless remained submissive to his jurisdiction, he opposed humility to pride, by styling himself, in his letters, *servant of the servants of God*,

* During this epidemic, persons often expired in the act of sneezing or yawning, whence, according to historians, arose the custom of saying, when any one sneezes, God bless you! and of making the sign of the cross upon the mouth when yawning.

a form which has been used by most of his successors.

In the year 596, Gregory executed the design which he had long meditated, of carrying the light of faith into England; he had already sent bishops into Sardinia to convert the idolaters. St. Augustine was at the head of the English mission; he was prior of his monastery of St. Andrew, where the young English, who were destined to evangelize their country, were educated. On the arrival of the missionaries, Ethelbert, king of Kent, embraced the faith, and was baptized, with a great number of his followers. The pontiff testifies of Augustine that *he and those who accompanied him wrought such miracles, that they seemed to approach those of the apostles*. In these missions, Gregory desired them to employ persuasion and mildness, and held as a maxim, even with regard to the Jews, that the Christian religion is to be diffused by gentleness, goodness and instruction, and not by menaces and harshness. In the year 599 he composed his Sacramentary and reformed the office of the Roman church, which was one of the most important acts of his pontificate. He even extended his care so far as to found a singing school at Rome, which existed for three hundred years afterwards. St. Augustine, on departing for England, took with him singers from that school, who also instructed the Gauls, when passing through their country.

In the midst of all these occupations, to which he attended, notwithstanding his infirmities and his sufferings from the gout, which had reduced his naturally powerful and vigorous frame to a skeleton, Gregory still found time for writing, and acquired additional claims to the title of *Father of Christian ethics*, which his former works had obtained for him. Besides his *Homilies*, he has left twelve books of *Letters*, which contain various historical facts, and decisions on matters of discipline. We learn from them that the custom of dividing into parts the venerable remains of the saints, had not yet been introduced into the Latin church, because, he says, "When the Romans bestow relics of the saints, they do not touch the body; they merely enclose in a box, a cloth which has been previously placed near the holy body, and this cloth is placed with due veneration in the church which is to be dedicated, and through it are wrought as many miracles as are effected by means of the body."

Another letter of St. Gregory decides that to receive the *pallium*, the bishop should ask the favor earnestly from the see of Rome, obtain also the consent of the king, and even that of the emperor. In the same letter, Gregory denounces the conduct of many persons who frequented the Christian temples, and yet participated in the worship of demons, immolating to idols, honoring trees, and sacrificing the heads of animals. His letters abound in interesting particulars.

This learned pope has been ridiculously accused of having burnt the library of Mount Palatine, established in Rome by the emperor Augustus, but, although he did not attach much importance to the profane sciences, he never carried his indifference for them to such an extreme. He merely condemned the books of judicial astrology, and it is even doubtful whether he destroyed a single manuscript of the Palatine library, as it is very improbable that that collection was extant in his time, Rome having been sacked two or three times by the barbarians prior to his pontificate.

The reign of this pontiff is also a refutation, by fact, of all that the enemies of the holy see have imagined in regard to the pretended effects of the false decretals; the authority of the popes never having been, since those decretals, more clearly and more generally recognised in the church, than it was under Gregory. To the bishops this pontiff wrote with all the dignity and firmness of the head of the church; he warned, instructed, and reprehended kings, and his paternal exhortations were received with filial respect. The pontificate of Gregory presents to our view a vast theocracy, in which religion, stronger than laws and arms, united all Christian nations under the spiritual guidance of one chief pastor; and in winning glory for itself, it promoted at the same time the temporal happiness of the people. This view of the subject has not escaped the observation of Protestants themselves. "The union of all the western churches under a sovereign pontiff, says one of them, *facilitated the intercourse of nations*, and tended to make Europe a vast republic; *the pomp and splendor of the worship*, which belonged to so rich an establishment, *contributed in some sort to the encouragement of the fine arts*, and commenced to spread a general elegance of taste, by its connection with religion.

The papacy, from this period, acted an important part in the government of Rome. The Roman church was, besides, very rich; it had a very extended jurisdiction, with the right of proceeding judicially against criminals in Sicily, Calabria, Campania, the territory of the Sabines, Dalmatia, Illyria, Sardinia, Liguria, &c. It enjoyed also a *patrimony* in Gaul. "They who, in alluding to this fact, speak of *religious grasping, avarice, sacerdotal influence*," says M. De Maistre,* "prove that they keep pace with their age, but are not acquainted with their subject."

But the power of the pope and his wealth as a temporal sovereign are fully vindicated by the use which he made of them. The Roman church employed the greater part of its revenue in alms and the exercise of hospitality. St. Gregory the Great sent considerable aid to the most distant provinces, and even to the east. At the same time he was austere towards himself, his table was very frugal, and his retinue was of a simple character. Sinking under his labors and infirmities, this illustrious pope died on the 10th of March, 604, after an administration of thirteen years, six months, and ten days.

With the close of St. Gregory's life opens the seventh age of the church. Before we enter upon the notice of the pontiffs of this period, we will take a rapid glance at the century which has just elapsed. Morality had declined in the western church from contact with the barbarous tribes, which the hope of pillage or the desire of establishing themselves by force of arms had drawn from their native countries. The ferocity of their character appeared even in their laws, which authorized duelling in certain cases, and by subjecting murderers merely to pecuniary fines, virtually licensed the commission of homicide. Their ignorance and their credulity, moreover, gave rise to a false piety which exhibits to us a perpetual contradiction in the actions of some Christian kings. They were the founders of many monasteries, and showed the greatest zeal and respect for religion, yet violated its laws by their injustice and lust. In such a state of society the clergy, and especially the bishops, necessarily acquired great influence; the clergy, chosen for the most part from among the native inhabitants, were better informed, and the vices of the conquerors contributed to exhibit

* Du Pape, tom. i, p. 244.

in bold relief the sanctity of their lives. Gregory of Tours, however, intimates that a portion of the ecclesiastics were governed by ambitious views, because he shows that kings commenced at that time to barter the episcopacy for money, and that it was bought by clergymen. St. Gregory the Great also testifies that simony was practised in the east.

Rome had been often threatened with famine during Gregory's pontificate; but the inexhaustible charity of that holy pope had amply provided for the emergencies created by the ravages of the Lombards, and the inclemency of the seasons. The famine was at length felt under pope Sabinian, who practised, though in a far lower degree, the virtues of his predecessor. He opened the granaries of the church possessions, but instead of distributing their contents gratuitously, he offered them for sale. The poor flocked together, demanding with loud cries that those whose life had been so often preserved by Gregory, should not now be exposed to suffering. Sabinian's answer was such as to reflect no honor upon his virtue. God did not permit him to occupy the chair of the common pastor more than five months and seventeen days. This pope, a native of Volterra, and deacon of the Roman church, after having been nuncio to Constantinople, was elected on the first of September, 604, and died on the 19th of February the following year, in sentiments of deep repentance. We may remark here that, in the election of a pope, the preference was generally given to a deacon; this arose from the fact that the deacons, attending to both temporal and spiritual matters, and being masters of both, were more successful in conciliating the esteem of the people.

The use of bells has been wrongly attributed to Sabinian, that invention having been introduced before his reign, at Nola in Campania. Large bells, however, are scarcely of an older date, because in 610, Loup, bishop of Orleans, being at Sens when Clotaire besieged that city, spread terror throughout the camp and put the whole army to flight by causing the bells of St. Stephen's church to be rung, which proves that they were not then a very common thing. If Sabinian had not the honor of this invention, he encouraged the use of it, to mark the canonical hours, and to call the people to church.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

(From Missionary Letters in the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.)



AM sure that I render you an agreeable service by sending to you the observations which I have made, during my apostolical excursions, upon the customs, manners, and religion of the New Zealanders; another time I will write to you concerning the happy change which the preaching of the Gospel has already wrought amongst these neophytes. I have endeavored to give some arrangement to the matter of my letter, for the purpose of avoiding repetitions; but do not, I pray you, look for the graces and art of style in the writings of a missionary, who, for five years back, has only studied the barbarous language of savages.

Birth of the New Zealander.—So soon as an infant is born, the mother wraps it up, and embraces it tenderly, after the manner of the country; that is, by striking her nose against its nose; she enlarges by incisions the lobes of its ears, in order that they may subsequently be loaded with ornaments; she then attends as usual to the cares of her hut.

When the infant is between five and eight days old, in certain tribes, the mother suspends it to the branches of a tree called *haramo*, and repeats to it some popular verses of Oceanica; after this, she rolls it round with the leaves of the *haramo*, suckles it, and rocks it, while she sings. In other places there is another custom; a woman carries her infant to the bank of a river, and presents it to an old paid *taura*; the priest takes a stick, makes notches in five different places, and fixes it in the ground; he then takes the new-born infant in his hands, and holds it for a moment standing before the stick. If any thing unpropitious occurs, either the child will not live, or it will be unfortunate, or a coward; but if no sinister omen appear it will be brave; if it should happen that a dove be heard to coo at the birth of a boy, this would be a sign that he will one day see great events; and from this moment he becomes the hope and joy of all his family;

he is reared with the greatest care. The ceremony does not terminate here; the priest plunges the infant into water, imposes on him a name, mutters some words, which those about him comprehend not, but which they suppose to be addressed to a certain genius charged with presiding over the destinies of men and birds; they believe also that the words express supplications that the young Oceanican may subsequently become familiarized with all sorts of crimes. The initiation being finished, the infant is carried in the arms of the priest to the house of his parents. If his name be offensive to no person, they give themselves up to rejoicing; but if he has received the sacred name of a great chief, he is guilty of a serious wrong, and he will be mercilessly killed and eaten, unless his life be ransomed by dint of presents.

In general the children are ill taken care of; and often even, through a certain superstitious fear, those who have given them life absolutely refuse to sustain them; and as charity is unknown amongst the idolatrous women, if the mothers will not, or can not take care of them, the little innocents meet no one who will save their lives.

Their food.—Besides the productions imported into our islands, such as the potato, the sweet potato, the watermelon, the great green gourd, the cabbage, onions, the tara, the peach, and maize, the New Zealanders have many indigenous plants which serve them as food; amongst these are the *fern-root*, which, reduced to a paste, possesses for the native an agreeable relish, although it appears insipid to strangers; the *ti*, a root, of which the sugary taste is scarcely distinguished from the cooked potato, when it has been prepared in the fire, after having been allowed to dry for two or three days in the sun; several kinds of fruit, as the red *koroi*, which is two lines in circumference! *woirarapa*, of the size of the preceding, and of a white color; the *titoki*, which is red and sugary, but a little wild; the *rimu*,

which is black and as small as the *koroi*; the *tawara*, with long leaves that grow in masses upon a tree called *kiekie*; the *kupere*, a yellow fruit concealed under a thin covering; it has an inviting taste, but it becomes fatal to those who eat of it too freely; the *kohoho*, which is of a scarlet color; *kohutuhutu*, black, of the size of a gooseberry, and of a very agreeable flavor; the *tupakihi*, the wild vine of New Zealand; the juice of it is very sweet, but the root, and particularly the fibres, contain a poison; the *rito*, a name also given to the sugary and medicinal root of the *nicao*; the *kinau*, a sort of purple colored almond, the kernel of which is substantial; the *tawa*, which is black and agreeable to the taste; a species of *ananas*, small, acid, and very watery; in fine, the *ka-wo-kawa*, of which the fermented juice forms a strong intoxicating liquor.

Although the hog and fish abound in our island, the natives eat of them only on days of great rejoicing; they are particularly reserved for the whites and the strangers. The above are nearly all the aliments of the New Zealanders. And how do they prepare them for food? In the first place, to procure fire, they take two pieces of a particular dried wood; they make in one of them a notch, and with the point of the other they rub in the notch until there is formed in it dust, which the friction sets on fire. A hole is then made in the earth, which is filled with wood and small stones; when the stones become burning hot, this sort of oven is cleaned out; a part of the stones are left around it, the others remain in a heap at the bottom; over them are placed the potatoes, moistened with a little water; then, to protect these, there is placed a light layer of vegetables and fresh leaves, and the whole is again moistened with water and covered with earth. The food, cooked in this manner for half an hour, is both clean and savory.

When the meal is ready, etiquette does not require that one should be called twice; at the first signal the guests run with all speed, and in a few minutes every thing is devoured. Our islanders have an enormous appetite; in seeing them eat, one could not venture to pronounce them less voracious than the ravenous dogs that beset them, in order to have their share. They take only two meals in the day, morning and evening. The people have nei-

ther dishes, plates, nor kitchen utensils; as for the chiefs, they have two sorts of plates, the one flat, the other shaped like a basket; both kinds are made of the leaves of the *phormium-tenax*, skilfully woven by the women. The chiefs do not admit to their table persons belonging to the people; and usage does not allow the strangers of distinction to eat with the slaves.

The Maori dress.—How is one dressed after the Maori fashion? A simple little garment covers the body from the waist to the knees; the women only wear it; they call it *patai*. The *tatata*, which is longer and more ornamented than the *patai*, is the usual under garment; the upper one, called *karowai*, is loaded with ornaments; oftentimes the whole of this tunic, and always its edges, are furnished with fringe six inches deep, dyed a handsome black; the islanders are also very fond of giving it a red color.

We distinguish here four sorts of mantles; two of them are intended to keep off the rain; the *ngeri*, short, impenetrable, and so stiff on the outside that it gives to the wearer an immense size and a savage air; the *pata*, which descends from the shoulders to the feet; although it is not stiff, it is very compact. The two others are merely for dress; the *kaikata*, which is woven of the silky thread of *phormium-tenax*, is remarkable for its whiteness, its neatness, and the red and black figures which are drawn on it with perfect symmetry; the *topuni* is only a dog's skin, which the chiefs wear as a mark of honor, and which the slaves are forbidden to use.

The houses.—The habitations, which are always so placed as to be sheltered from the cold winds, are constructed of aquatic plants. A sort of palm tree, called *nikao*, supplies its large parasol-shaped leaves to form the roof, which presents two inclined surfaces, terminated in angles. The surface to the front, which is larger than the other, is bounded by a plank, a foot and a half wide, painted red, and ornamented with sculptures, for the purpose of perpetuating, by their grotesque figures, the memory of ancestors and warriors that have died on the field of honor. Every house has generally, along with the narrow entrance, which the door hermetically closes, several little windows, intended not only to give admission to the light and air, but also allow the

escape of the stifling smoke of the fire that the natives kindle, particularly at the fall of night during the winter.

The plates and dishes, of which I have spoken above, a mat, which serves as a bed, and a block of wood in place of a pillow, are all the furniture with which the cabins of the great are supplied. The huts of the people are smaller and less ornamented: oftentimes the New Zealander does not even take the trouble of procuring for himself a mat and a pillow of wood; he finds it more simple to sleep upon the bare ground.

Rights of property.—Proprietorship is as well known amongst our savages as it is amongst the civilized nations: the children succeed to all the possessions of their parents, in virtue of a right which the chiefs even can not defeat. The natives have no written deeds or contracts; but their memory preserves, as faithfully as writing, their titles, and even the minutest circumstances that can prove their rights.

The slaves possess nothing beyond what the bounty of their masters has bestowed upon them.

Besides the right of succession, the New Zealanders acknowledge also the right of conquest, in virtue of which the conquered can not alienate their properties without the permission of the chief of the conquerors. Since the cessation of war, this right seems to have fallen into disuse.

The possessor of land easily allows a friendly or allied tribe to sow or plant upon it, in consideration of a rent; but if one sowed a field, without the authority of the proprietor, the latter might gather from it all the fruits of his labor.

In New Zealand the fields are, generally, very remote from each other; hence the natives lead here a rather wandering life. One must enclose their grounds to protect them against the devastation of the swine and other voracious animals. Before the strangers had introduced farming implements, our islanders used to cultivate their fields with a spade of hard wood; when the ground is prepared, they make, as it were, little mole-hills, in which they deposit the seed. The ashes of wood, fern, and other vegetables, serve them as manure. It is usual for the husbandmen to assemble and assist each other; they en-

courage each other at work by singing and cries, and they have an understanding amongst themselves for the consumption or sale of their provisions.

Fishing.—Necessity, the parent of inventions and resources, has inspired the New Zealanders with excellent methods of fishing; they attach nets of extraordinary dimensions to stakes fixed under water; with these they make use of a hook made from the tooth of a shark, or of the shell of a large oyster, called *paua*; elsewhere they attract the fishes during the night with torches, or with the lighted resin of the *haori*, and then they spear them with wooden lances.

Canoes.—The war canoes are, in general, very large; there are some which can carry a hundred persons. What labor, what patience, did it not require, until lately, to cut down, to hollow, and prepare for use such enormous trees, when the workmen possessed no other tool than a marble or jasper hatchet! The warriors take delight in ornamenting these vessels with carvings, of little variety, certainly, but which are regular and graceful; they paint them red and surround them with a black border. The prow is always distinguished by a horrible human face, with the tongue hanging out, exhibiting violent contortions, emblematic of the writhings of countenance that the combatants exhibit on the field of battle. The ordinary canoes are smaller, and without ornaments: they are merely hollowed trees.

Tattooing.—Tattooing, with all its variations, is the distinctive mark of the several conditions. The chiefs alone have the privilege of painting the legs. The women, of an illustrious extraction, are recognised by a slight tattooing on the lips, and by two parallel straight lines traced on their foreheads. The people and the slaves are variegated on the back. These marks are hereditary, and the children pride themselves in bearing those of their ancestors. This singular adorning is performed in the following manner: Black lines are first traced upon the skin; upon each of these a succession of small wounds is made with the gentle application of a chisel; at every puncture, the instrument is dipped in a liquid in which there has been dissolved the powder of the root of the *phormium tenax*. Such is the painful operation which all our savages, when ar-

rived at the age of discretion, are obliged to undergo: honor rigorously demands it.

Constitution and legislation.—Formerly the power of the chiefs was despotic: at the first signal of their will a slave, a woman, or a child, was put to death; they possessed themselves almost as they pleased of the property of their subjects, and they designated at their pleasure the human victims whose flesh was served for their horrid banquets.

The New Zealanders have never had a regular form of government; but, besides certain glimmers of natural justice, which they have always preserved, they have maintained many customs of their ancestors, by which they regulate their determinations and conduct.

It is always the great chief that presides over the council of war, in which every one has a deliberative voice. The dignity with which he is invested commands such respect, that his presumed wish exercises a complete influence over the minds of all.

Every tribe recognises also a great number of subordinate chiefs, and this circumstance is unfortunate. Being disunited and independent amongst themselves, they embarrass the greater number of useful projects by a desire that each has for the adoption of his own opinion. I think it is to their broils that must be attributed their innumerable massacres and endless wars, which desolated, until latterly, New Zealand.

Below the chiefs and their subjects are the slaves or prisoners of war; they were formerly treated in a very cruel manner; they paid with their life for the smallest fault: sometimes they even suffered the penalty of the injuries that their ancient king had done to their new master; and oftentimes, when a distinguished personage perished, his death was revenged by that of an unfortunate prisoner. At present, the ordinary punishment which the conquerors inflict on their captives is reduced to imposing on them labor without payment; there are some persons who even reward them for their fidelity and zeal, either by presents, or by restoring them to their tribes and families.

Slavery is reputed so ignominious, that it would be a disgrace to bear the same name as a slave. However, there are some slaves who command esteem, and who are introduced into the deliberative assemblies, where their opinions are adopted upon the most important affairs.

Character.—The New Zealander is good; but, at the same time, passionate and vindictive: in receiving from you a benefit, he has given you his heart without reserve; yet, if you do him an injury, he will instantly forget all he owes you; his fury will burst out like a flash of lightning: incapable of hearkening to reason, he will rush to the greatest excess. In the same degree that he is violent in his anger, and terrible in his revenge, is he kind in the proofs of his affection: you will perceive this by what takes place when they visit each other.

When a relative or friend arrives, they express to him the joy they feel by these welcoming words—*Come, come*; by the most affectionate looks, with sighs and with cries, accompanied by torrents of tears; then, whilst their noses are pressed against each other, and their countenances are altered by the strength of feeling, voices, melancholy, discordant, and broken by sobs, and divided into two choirs, entone in extempore verse the *song of affection*. They are not content with this; the women mark, with sea-shells, bloody furrows on their faces and arms: "It is only by tearing themselves and shedding their blood," say they, "that they prove they know how to love."

The interview must last for several weeks, and even for several months; otherwise the family visited would complain in language as tender as it is poetic, saying, "*Thou art going away; we have not seen thee as yet; scarcely have we seen thy eyes*," &c. When the relative or friend is about to depart, the songs of affection and regret re-commence: then they accompany him far on his journey, and, making him sit down from time to time, they beg of him to turn back once more. If a favor is to be asked, this moment is chosen to demand it.

The visit of a chief is something more solemn: the place where he is to be received is carefully cleaned, strewed with leaves, and covered with handsome mats, which are to serve as seats.

Let no person be surprised at the tears which the New Zealanders shed on re-seeing and leaving their friends; they have them at will when usage requires them; and the stranger is sometimes surprised at seeing a smile in an instant succeed to tears, and calmness to the extreme emotions. After a great chief has received the homage of affection from his people, he seats himself in the most honorable

place; the inferior chiefs range themselves on either side, more or less near to him, according to their dignity. Each one observes silence for a moment; an inferior would not speak before his superior; all reflect for a long time, and mature well their thoughts before expressing them. It is also the custom, in visits of this kind, to bestow presents mutually: the great chief ought to be the more generous, and he is so in effect.

War.—For a long time New Zealand was the theatre of continual and bloody wars. What mountains, what valleys and plains now deserted, which have been not long since peopled by tribes which our old people knew, and which they name to their grand-children! This terrible scourge has exterminated them. If you ask me the cause of these hostilities, I find one of them in the education; our islanders, after having imbibed from their mothers a warlike disposition, have heard, during every day of their childhood, their fathers, their mothers, and their neighbors, cry up the glory of arms, sing of the valor and the actions of the warriors, and applaud the massacre of enemies. It is easy then to comprehend that men thus reared should breathe only battle and slaughter. Besides, the reasons for which they fell out were infinite: the slightest insult offered to a member of the tribe; the death of a chief attributed to the enchantment of a Maori priest; the devastation of a field; a robbery; an insulting word; neutrality observed in a quarrel between two rival families; the pleasure of cooking in the *kanghi* (kitchen), the head of the vanquished; in fine, the mere ambition of a chief who wished to acquire a reputation for bravery, was sufficient to set the whole island in a flame. If a chief was unfortunately killed or wounded, the war became interminable, because he could not be fully avenged except by the extermination of the enemy.

The arms of the New Zealanders are the bow, from which they can shoot deadly arrows to a great distance; the sling, of which they make use to throw red-hot stones, which falling upon houses, constructed entirely of inflammable materials, cause great conflagrations; a lance of hard wood, well formed and jagged towards the point; the *kani*, of which one end is flat and sharp, and the other represents a tongue and two eyes; the *mere-pounamu*, or head-breaker, made of green marble,

chrystalized and well polished; this is the favorite arm of the chiefs.

It is sometimes treachery, sometimes stratagem, and oftener downright strength that decides the victory. Generally, the natives begin by assembling in council; the deliberation is lively and animated; the orators direct the attention of the assembly at first by a song; they display in turn the resources of eloquence and those of poetry, to determine the suffrages of their hearers. With these orators every thing speaks: the arms, the eyes, the features, the whole body adds to the effect of the harangue. If war be resolved upon, they send to demand reparation of their injured honor from the tribe which is declared guilty. The deputies make the demand in long speeches, which they deliver walking about in the attitude of fury, threatening the enemy with their *kani* or their *mere pounamu*. If they obtain the required satisfaction, both parties assemble at the same place to perform a warlike dance, as a sign of reconciliation; all take part in it, by simultaneous leaping, and uttering shrill cries. But if the reparation be refused, their minds become exasperated, the two camps exchange defiance and insults: they emulate each other in the most horrible contortions; at length they rush upon, and tear each other like furious wild beasts. When the enemy is routed, he is pursued with the songs of victory, broken by terrific howlings. After the dispersion of the vanquished, the cannibals seize on the unfortunate that have not been able to escape from their vengeance, they tear leisurely their limbs, drink their blood, and devour with delight their reeking flesh. They preserve the heads to serve as trophies, and on particular days of rejoicings they expose them upon the roofs of their houses.

Ornaments.—The natives carry always about them as ornaments, and as tokens of remembrance, some articles that have belonged to those beloved persons from whom death or absence separates them. These articles, rudely fashioned after the human face, have eyes formed of a brilliant shell, called *paua*. Sometimes, on the arrival of a friend whom they have not seen for a long time, they take off the venerated tokens, place them upon a tuft of leaves or grass, stand around them, and, every time that they pronounce the names of the loved beings which the tokens recall, they re-

peat the expressions of affection which I have already described when speaking of visits.

The other ornaments are as various as they are fantastic. The New Zealanders load their heads with feathers in the form of plumes; they hang to their ears sharks' teeth, whale-bone, whole birds, daub their skin with red and black; they have also the custom of anointing their body with oil.

Conversation.—Our islanders take great delight in talking, and their conversations are interminable. Gifted with an observing mind and a happy memory, they relate, detail, and expatiate upon the most minute circumstances of time, place, and persons; it requires patience to listen to them recounting, with scrupulous exactness, all the words of the personages they introduce, imitating, at the same time, their tone of voice, gestures, and manners. They abound in witty raillery; but the first repartee disconcerts them. Their conversations are very animated. Those amongst them who possess in a high degree the talent of speaking are listened to with great interest;

they are, besides, happily aided by the richness of a language which abounds in bold figures, poetic turns, and picturesque expressions.

Amusements.—Besides the war dance, of which I have already spoken, and which takes place on the circumstance of treaties of peace, on the visits of the great chiefs, and other public rejoicings, there is another very remarkable one, in which the actors, all turned to the one side, holding a branch of a tree in their hand, and having a green crown on their heads, and singing all at once, make simultaneously, without moving their feet, evolutions to the right and left. Amongst the most usual games they reckon the *rumuri*, which consists in sitting at first in a circle or semicircle; then each one, at the same time and in measure, strikes his legs and breast, moves with rapidity his arms and fingers, and whistles, pronouncing with volubility a kind of burden of a song; among all these movements, gestures, whistling, cries, and rapidly uttered words, there is an astonishing accord.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF REV. JOHN B. GILDEA.

BY J. AUGUSTUS SHEA.

God of the mercy-throne,
Eternal and alone,
Who liv'st in light no mortal can behold—
To whom for ever, ever,
The angels, ceasing never,
Their truth and love in heavenly song unfold;

With bended heart and brow
Do we approach thee now;
God of our faith! to whom, if not to thee,
Should we our hearts reveal
Their depths of wo or weal,
Past, Present, Future of eternity?

A pastor of thy flock,
Who led us to the Rock
Whence flow the living waters of thy grace,
Thou'st called from earthly care
Immortal joys to share,
And see, as angels see, thee face to face.

O Lord of wondrous love!
Our hope below, above,
Thy words are life; life through the Gospel taught;
We pray thee to accord
To him this best reward,
The God he worshipped and the heaven he sought.

As, rapt in Ela's vale,
On the ecstatic gale,
The shepherd psalmist sang the sacred song;
So with a holy power,
Even to his latest hour,
Sang he to whom, through thee, we did belong.

And when, from Ganges' tide,
Embarked with pagan pride,
Came the empurpled plague with poisonous breath,
Where was our pastor found?
Where lay his sacred round?
Through the wild paths of pestilence and death!

Where sin became despair,
 Blaspheined the midnight air,
 And dared a future to such world as this,
 He sat and soothed, and saw
 The triumph of thy law,
 Pardon through grace—eternity of bliss!

In him the virtues three,
 Faith, hope, and charity,
 Found illustration of a holier world;
 And when thy love he spoke
 The trump of heaven awoke,
 Hope filled the air, and faith her flag unfurled.

Well may we weep for him;
 But, Lord! we must not dim
 One moment of his glory with our grief;
 Better that he should see
 Our hearts thus turned to thee,
 The Way, the Truth, the Life, the sole relief.

Deign, then, O Lord! to hear
 The spirit of our prayer;
 Render it worthy through atoning grace,
 That we too yet may sing
 Hosannas to our King,
 Among the saints within thy holy place.

THE STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Continued from p. 318.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sunday—High Mass at the Cathedral, and Benediction at St. Mary's Chapel.



LAVERING descended to the parlor the next morning, much invigorated and refreshed by a night of delightful and uninterrupted repose, and found Mrs. Botelar and Alice waiting breakfast for him, for he had slept some hours beyond his usual hour of rising. The compliments of the morning were cheerfully exchanged, and after mutual kind inquiries relative to each other's rest and health, they sat down to the table.

"We must wait on ourselves this morning," said the lady, "and excuse the servants. Tom and Dorothy prefer going to high mass at St. Mary's, where they hear a sermon, and the others have gone to the Cathedral to a low mass."

"I am afraid, my dear madam," said Clavering, "that I have trespassed on your usual hours this morning; truly have I been indolent, but as I am not in the habit of sleeping late, I can safely promise you not to do the like again."

"Promise me, my dear," said the kind lady, "to consult your own feelings—your health, above all things—and I shall feel much happier."

"As you please," replied he; "but I fear I am in great danger of being too much indulged!"

"Well, well, I'll see to that; we will go this morning at eleven to the cathedral, if you have not determined to go elsewhere, and in the afternoon hear vespers, and receive the benediction of the blessed sacrament at St. Mary's chapel," said Mrs. Botelar.

"The arrangement suits me exactly," he answered, "and under your guidance, kind friend, I hope to assist at the first mass I have ever attended, without being distracted by the novelty of the ceremonial."

"No fear of that, my dear; my pew is only a short distance from the sanctuary, and you will have an opportunity of paying close attention to the movements of the officiating priest; this, with the assistance of your prayer-book, and your intimate knowledge of Latin, will, without doubt, enable you to participate in all the solemn ceremony without distraction."

After breakfast Mrs. Botelar, as was her

custom, retired to her room to spend the hour before going to mass in meditation and pious reading, thinking wisely and well that the importance of those high and solemn mysteries required from her, who had time and opportunity, something more than ordinary preparation. Sundays and holidays of obligation were literally days of rest in Mrs. Botelar's house; her servants, well managed and kindly treated, had great incentives to the performance of their duties to her. Their labors always met with constant and judicious rewards. Although her inferiors in position and education, her domestics were always treated as rational and sensitive beings; and the barriers imposed by society, to them so impassable, opened for her towards them a road for the exercise of kind, Christian charities. She required certain things of them, in the observance of which she was particularly careful, and this, without exercising over them that continual and soul-fretting surveillance which some mistresses think so necessary, telling them that such were her rules, and they, as men and women in the full exercise of rational faculties, must abide by them, and once knowing their duty, perform it without being constantly reminded of it by her. They felt all the influence of her gentle and systematic control. She did not teach them dishonesty and double-dealing, by a prying and suspicious manner, but, as far as she thought it prudent, confided in them—thus appealing, for the discharge of their duty, to their self-respect, religion and honor. Yes, honor; for although far beneath us in station, and occupying, as they do, an unthankful position; they have all the attributes of humanity in common with ourselves, and oftentimes only require the fostering influence of kindness and generosity to develop their excellent qualities, in freshness and strength, and redeem them from the noxious and destructive growth of vicious propensities. Mrs. Botelar was not one of those exacting ladies who think that every moment of their servants' time ought to be devoted to them and their concerns, whether conveniences required it or not, but knowing that they, like all other human beings, required recreation sometimes, allowed them the privilege, after their duly appointed tasks were over, to sit down in quiet, cleanliness and peace, either to read, sew, or, if they

chose, go out and visit a friend, on condition that they returned at a proper hour; and their spiritual concerns were as wisely attended to as their temporal comforts; they knew well that it was much to their advantage to perform their duties faithfully and well, because by so doing they had more time at their own disposal, and ample opportunities of going to church;—but, dear me! the bell is tolling the second time, and Clavering, with Mrs. Botelar and Alice, are about entering through the main door into the cathedral. He paused a moment to give Mrs. Botelar and Alice time to dip their fingers in the marble vase containing holy water, and bless themselves with the sign of faith, by which act they declared their belief in the adorable Trinity, ere they entered further within the portals of the temple of God, and was much struck by the beautiful and impressive *coup d'oeil* presented to his eye from the spot. Arches, pillars, and domes seemed gradually receding in harmonious perspective, until lost in the immense dome that covers the intersection of the nave and transept, and beyond these the grand altar of costly marble, with its lofty candles, from whose summits emanated bright and twinkling beams; its chaste and polished tabernacle, surmounted by a massive crucifix; its kneeling angels, who, in attitudes of holy and imploring aspect, knelt on each side, imparted to the whole a grace and harmony inexpressible. They had scarcely knelt in the pew and uttered a prayer, when the notes of the organ pealed forth its solemn harmonies, and then

—“was heard so sweetly ‘Tu, asperges me,’ that I May not remember, much less tell the sound.”

Purg. xxxi.

And a priest arrayed in sacerdotal vestments, preceded by a white robed assistant bearing a vessel of holy water, left the sanctuary, and passing up and down each aisle, sprinkled the congregation with it, who, as the blessed drops fell on each, bowed for a moment, crossing themselves, and uttered, in a low voice, the prayer with the priest, “Thou shalt sprinkle me, O Lord, with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed; thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow.” He then returned to the sanctuary, and at the foot of the altar begging the “Lord to show him mercy and grace, and grant salvation to the people,” retired with his assistant to the sacristy. Cla-

vering well knew that this ceremony was not an idle novelty, or empty pageant in the church of God, for as St. Paul declares* that by the fall of Adam all things were made subject to vanity, and by the death and merits of Christ are to be rescued and sanctified by the word of God and prayer, nothing was more common among the primitive Christians, than, before using any thing, to pray for its sanctification through Christ, making at the same time the sign of the cross for this purpose. As the prophet Eliseus is recorded to have mingled salt with water, that with this infusion the bitter waters of Jericho's turbid fount might become sweet, and no more cause sterility and death, but bring forth life and fruit, so the church, desirous of turning to spiritual account some of these same creatures spoken of by St. Paul, mingles water, which cleanses from filth, with salt, which preserves from corruption, and prays, by the ministry of her priests, "that, released from every evil spirit; and blessed by the powerful hand of God, the water (thus specially prepared) may sanctify the persons and places to which it may be applied, bestowing on them the life of grace, and cause them to bring forth the fruits of virtue, so that, being cleansed from iniquity, and preserved from the corruption of sin, they may be saved through Christ." He looked about him

"As a pilgrim, when he rests
Within the temple of his solemn vow,
In breathless awe, and hopes some time to tell
Of all its godly state, e'en so his eyes
Coursed up and down."—*Dante, Paradise xxxi.*

In the rear of the grand altar he beheld a large cross, on which, in "chiselled agony THE MAN OF SORROWS HUNG," elevated high above the tabernacle, and on each side, between the columns, suspended two oil paintings of the "Baptism of Christ," and the "Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary." These appendages, with the rich shrines of highly polished and variegated marble, in large niches, to the right and left of the grand altar, on which stood chaste tabernacles, massive candlesticks, and statues, one representing holy Madonna and the divine infant, the other our Lord, as "the good Shepherd;" the spacious sanctuary, and the archbishop's chair, over which was painted in gold the armorial insignia of his office,

* Romans viii; Ephesians i; 1 Tim. iv.

the cross, crosier, and cardinal's hat, with the inscription of "Auspice Maria," and which, being elevated a few steps from the floor, stands under a crimson canopy, between the grand altar and altar of the good Shepherd, presented, as a whole, a simple and chaste harmony to the attentive eye of the young convert. Whilst he was observing these prominent objects, and last, though not the most insignificant, a cluster of rich exotics and shining evergreen that some pious soul, with pure intention, had placed on the altar of the blessed Virgin, the organ again pealed forth its solemn melodies, and the officiating priest, clad in rich vestments, entered the sanctuary on one side, preceded by eight acolytes, arrayed in surplices of white, one of whom bore the censer, while the archbishop, in his purple cassock, cope, and surplice of transparent and heavily wrought material, came in at an opposite door, and approaching, with the celebrant and acolytes, to the foot of the altar, where they knelt, and making the sign of the cross, all, priests and people, bowed in silent adoration before the most holy sacrament. The archbishop now ascended to his chair, and the solemn ceremonies commenced. Soon was heard, in lugubrious accents, melodious and full, the "Kyrie eleison!" that prayer so sublime, yet so humble, and well suited to penitent souls, chanted by voices little less than heavenly, and borne aloft on the mellow peal of the swelling organ. Kyrie eleison!—the safest language for sinful hearts—the involuntary supplication of contrite and weary spirits! On it peals!—Kyrie eleison!—the outpouring of interior prayer, and the whispered petition of kneeling thousands, moving upwards to the throne of mercy in sad and deprecating accents, ere they participated with the priest in the most holy mysteries. Then in ecstatic strains poured forth, aided by those same seraphic voices, but now tuned to more exulting notes, the Gloria in excelsis burst on the ear, that song "began by the angels of heaven, and finished by the doctors of the church," so full of inspiration, that the very soul trembles at the words which tell, in sublime and melodious numbers, of the majesty of God, and Jesus Christ his Son. Clavering, enrapt in solemn wonder, and fully appreciating the great import of what was passing before him, united his heart with sentiments

of earnest devotion to the prayers of the priest in the collect, wherein he lays before Almighty God the necessities, desires, and vows of his people, and offered his grateful prayers at the Epistle for having been called to a knowledge of his faith. At the Gospel all stood, respectfully waiting to receive the rule of faith drawn up by Christ himself, and by which we shall certainly be judged; and as the words "*Sequentia sancti Evangelii*," &c., were intoned, all that vast congregation, with a simultaneous movement, raised their hands and made the sign of the cross on their forehead, their lips, and breast: on their forehead, that they might never be ashamed of Christ or his word; on their lips, that they might never fear to declare it, and on their breasts, that they might always carry it in their hearts. Clavering saw not, in the lights that blazed on the altar, vain or foolish pageants; ah, no! he was carried back to the first ages of the church, when the early Christians, flying from the wrath of Roman tyrants and pagan hatred, sought out dens and subterranean caverns, whose noxious and almost palpable gloom they were obliged to dissipate by the light of tapers, ere they could celebrate therein the sacred mysteries, and where often, by the quivering beams of those same holy tapers, their persecutors, like a torrent, rushed in, drenching the earth with martyrs' gore, laying waste their rude altars, and trampling under their polluted feet the sacred symbols. He saw also in them an emblem of that light which arose in Bethlehem under the beams of a new born star, and shone on, higher and higher, till blazing on the sacrificial altar of Mount Calvary, it lit up with hope a ruined world, and accomplished the salvation of man. He scarcely heard the eloquent preacher who had ascended the pulpit, but was scanning, with earnest eyes, the vestments of the priest, tracing in them throughout all the simple explanations he had read of their emblematic meanings. In the *amice*, or white-cloth around the priest's neck, he saw no pagan folds, but wandering back again to those troublous times of the early church, when by a custom of the country all men wore their necks bare, he saw the faithful and persecuted servant of God covering his neck with a linen cloth to protect it from the stagnant damps of those subterranean cells, and also beheld in it the rag or bandages with which the Jews blindfolded our

Lord when they bade him prophesy who it was that struck him. In the alb he saw the afflicted Saviour clothed in a white garment by Herod, and in the girdle, maniple, and stole, the cords and bands with which he was bound in the different stages of his passion, and in the chasuble or outer vestment, on the back of which was a cross to remind us of that which Christ bore on his lacerated shoulders, he saw commemorated the derision and scorn which the Jews heaped on his thorn-crowned head, when, arraying him in a purple garment, they hailed him KING. Here were no idolatrous or heathen robes, or patterns borrowed from a pagan mythology; oh no! but in the very lights of the altar, and equipments of the priest, he read a distinct epitome of the birth, passion, and death of our Lord, as well as some of the woes through which the primitive Christians waded. Clavering was aroused from his train of reflections by seeing the priest arise, and go up in front of the altar to the tabernacle, and intone the "*Credo*," which was chanted, in full sweet chorus, by the choir, accompanied by the organ's religious music. He heard nothing in this holy hymn to remind him of earth—nothing irreverent, or unsuitable—but on its strains of harmony his soul, in rapt devotion, floated up to the very portals of heaven, and when, with subdued tones, the melody came stealing through the lofty arches, like harp-strings touched by passing winds, and a voice like those which swell the melody of heaven, sang in strains of sublime and plaintive sweetness the "*Et homo factus est*" of the creed, and every knee bowed for a moment in honor of the incarnation of Christ,

"Then all his sense in ravishment was lost,
And the rest after, softly and devout,
Followed through all the hymn with upward gaze."
Dante.

With attentive and devout manner, Clavering accompanied the priest through the solemn offertory, the lavaho, preface, and canon of the mass, up to that tremendous moment when he raised in his consecrated hands the immaculate host, pronouncing it, by the power of God, and the words of consecration, to be the body and blood of Christ; and the whole assembly bowed in prostrate awe before it, "all blending in the belief of an incarnate God, who, by his flesh, hath redeemed, and by his

flesh still feeds his creatures." Now stole forth—after the *Nobis quoque peccatoribus* and *Pater noster*—the heavenly strains of the *Agnus Dei*, after which followed the communion, the last Gospel, and the benediction of the people, who were dismissed with the holy charge of *Ita, missa est.*

"Mr. Clavering," said Mrs. Botelar that afternoon, "we will go to St. Mary's a little before the vesper hour; I want you to see one or two things that I know will interest you!"

"As you please, dear madam; I am under your guidance, you know, particularly to-day."

"Well, so you are, and I will even take advantage of it, my dear, by leading you directly to Mount Calvary!"

Clavering did not comprehend her meaning, but the words, "lead you to Mount Calvary," had a happy signification, for that was the goal of his spirit's pilgrimage; and a thousand thoughts of humble hope irradiated his soul as he thought that at some day, not far distant, he would there rest for ever! As they entered the narrow street leading to St. Mary's chapel, the evening sun was shedding from the west a flood of radiance over arch, column, and pointed spire of the perfect Gothic edifice, while the large gilt cross, surmounting the graceful steeple, stood forth in bright and marvellous beauty against the dark blue of the sky beyond.

"This, my dear," said Mrs. Botelar, pointing to a large, regular building on the right, "is St. Mary's theological seminary, and the community of priests and students attached to and resident in it, are under the direction of a superior, and belong to the society of St. Sulpice, while the massive gateway, which you see opposite, leads to the college and its adjoining grounds."

"Ah," replied Clavering, "this then is St. Mary's college! and here many of my associates and friends in Virginia have graduated! Little did I imagine, when I heard them speak in high terms of eulogy of this seat of learning, that I should ever see it under existing circumstances." He sighed deeply!

"We are approaching Mount Calvary," said Mrs. Botelar, who observed with pain an expression of deep sadness on the countenance of Clavering, as they passed through the gate and entered a gravelled walk which formed a

gentle ascent, bordered on each side with vines and shrubbery, that led them around in the rear of the chapel, where a scene, at once peaceful, solemn and quiet, presented itself to their eyes.

On a high, artificial mound, covered with trees and shrubbery, all glowing with the warm tints of autumnal hectic, with serpentine walks of gravel winding around it, a large wooden cross was elevated, and around its base were gathered the graves and tombs of the consecrated dead—of those priests and students of St. Sulpice who had died at the seminary. Some had laid down their heads covered with the hoar-frost of time, and fallen, like ripened fruit, to the dust; here lay some whose life-beam was quenched in death's turbid wave, as they ran on in full career of holiness and usefulness; and others!—ah! yes—there were others whose golden bowl had been broken at the fountain, while yet the living beams of morning glistened on its waters; they, like angelic spirits, had passed away ere their course of theology on earth was done, to finish it in the joy and perfection of their great teacher, God. Not a sound was heard, save the carol of a bird, which, allured by the bright sunshine and balmy air, had ventured forth from its retreat in some moss-covered nook, to flit about its beloved haunt again, ere yet the wintry blasts had come to strip it of its lingering glory; and the gentle rustling of evergreen leaves that sadly moved, as the wind sighed tenderly over the graves of the servants of God who slumbered in hope at the foot of Mount Calvary. But now, from the Gothic windows of the sanctuary, sweet, plaintive cadences from the solemn organ stole softly out, and a full chorus of manly voices chanting the vesper hymn! Fit requiem this for the placid slumberers; it seemed not like death, but the sainted repose of faith, which awaited only for the dawn of the resurrection to arise triumphant, amid seraphic and eternal melodies!

"Shall we go, my dear?" said Mrs. Botelar, touching Clavering's arm, as he leaned in deep meditation on a marble tomb.

"Would that I might rest here for ever," he replied with an expression of unrest and sadness on his countenance; "but, my kind friend, you are waiting for me. Have I detained you?"

"God grant, my child," exclaimed Mrs. Botelar, "that in the presence of the holy sacrament, your mind may be soothed and tranquillized: leave the past to him, and to him trust for the future!"

The chapel was literally thronged with worshippers, but after some little difficulty, Mrs. Botelar succeeded in procuring seats for herself and Clavering, in a pew immediately fronting the altar, where he had an uninterrupted view of the spacious and well proportioned sanctuary, which was elevated a few feet above the level of the floor, and divided from the main body of the church by an elaborately carved railing of dead gilt. The priests and students, arrayed in black cassocks, white surplices and the bonnet-carré, with the young boys or acolytes, who assist at the ceremonies in the sanctuary, dressed in scarlet cassocks, over which they wore thin white surplices confined around the waist by a cord, were all seated according to their respective theological grades, on benches which formed two half circles at the upper end of the sanctuary. The altar and tabernacle were constructed of the most costly and highly polished marble, and raised some two or three feet from the floor of the richly carpeted sanctuary by steps of the same elegant material: and were covered with clusters of fragrant exotics, glowing in beauty among the numerous lights that were blazing with dazzling radiance above, upheld by magnificent gilt candleabras, while the splendid ostensorium in which the adorable sacrament was to be deposited for benediction, glittered in a focus of intense light on the Epistle side of the tabernacle, and altogether formed a nucleus of gorgeous brilliance that seemed to diffuse beams of living beauty in every nook and shaded place of the Gothic chapel. The day-beams penetrated the painted glass of the sanctuary's highest windows, and pencilled tints of prismatic richness on the frescoed ceiling, and crept devoutly in through crimson draperies, dispersing an atmosphere of shadowy glory around the gorgeous altar, and floated softly away through the columned aisles, while through the roseate mist that quivered with tremulous motion, Clavering saw as if afar off in the rear of the altar a large crucifix, on which was a representation of the God-man, causing the mind that beheld its posture of agony, to shrink and utter, involun-

tarily, deprecatory words of sorrow and contrition.

He observed that the reverend gentlemen uncovered and bowed their heads low and reverentially while they chanted a certain part of the vesper office, and looking with an inquiring glance towards Mrs. Botelar, perceived that she as well as those around them made the same respectful reverence: who, when she raised her eyes and observed his countenance, immediately handed her open book to him, with her finger on the verse of 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,' with which the church concludes all her canticles, prayers and hymns: and understanding at once that this obeisance was made in honor of the adorable Trinity, forgot not to bow his head also whenever it occurred again, with sentiments of profound respect to the triune God. He was at first a little disappointed at not hearing female voices; but the sonorous, full tones of the clergy, with the clear tenor of children's voices, accompanied by the religious notes of the organ, blending in loud, grand music, as they sang the ancient and sublime melody of the Gregorian chaunt; at first awed, then solemnized, and finally diffused an elevated sensation of heavenly repose over his soul, that the most mellifluous and seraphic strains of harmony would have failed to produce. The inspired *magnificat* was next chanted in responsive notes, alternately by the choir in the sanctuary and a soft melodious voice from the organ loft, after which the white-robed sacristan kindled additional lights on the altar, and the priests, students, and acolytes, who bore burning candles and incense, came round in devout order to the front of the sanctuary, followed by their venerable superior, whose high, erect person, was robed in magnificent vestments of wrought silver and gold, and as he with his two assistants ascended the steps of the altar, the rest knelt before it.

The tabernacle was now opened and the consecrated Host taken therefrom, and deposited in its receptacle in the midst of the glittering ostensorium, and placed under a canopy of gold and silver cloth, which surmounted the holy place; then followed the majestic swell of the organ and melodious voices pealing forth the triumphant notes of a heavenly chorus; but they died away, the thrilling

and ecstatic strains were hushed, and now, like angel music, its transporting harmony softly soothed to subdued and soul-touching cadences,

"Swelled the organ up through choir and nave,
The music trembled with an inward thrill
Of bliss at its own grandeur, wave on wave,
Its flood of mellow thunder rose, until
The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave,
Then, poising for a moment, it stood still,
And sank and rose again, to burst in spray,
That wandered into silence, far away."

J. R. Lowe.

And amidst clouds of incense which wove solemn wreaths and wound itself like angels' wings around the tabernacle, sweet emblems of the prayers of saintly hearts—amid the whispered supplications of the kneeling crowd, and adoration of the priests of God, the sacred Host in its magnificent repository was elevated by the reverend superior in his consecrated and veiled hands, on high in benediction! Even as Moses raised the brazen serpent in the wilderness, that all who were afflicted, or diseased by the scourge of pestilence, might look on it and be healed; even so was the adorable sacrament raised on high, that those who, stricken by the world, or tainted by the leprosy of its sin, with contrite hearts, broken by penitential throbs, might gaze on it, and behold their salvation—their hope—and their life. Every head bowed low in prostrate adoration—the bell from the steeple rang a joyous peal—the words of a hymn of praise and thanksgiving were intoned and sung in jubilant tones—the blessed sacrament was restored again to the tabernacle—and the imposing rite was over; but Clavering still knelt with closed eyes, and his face leaning on his hands in tranquil and devout meditation. The last hour of day had chimed, its last beam was fading in the sky, when he raised his head, and the widow with her orphan child, and the earth-stricken, had wept on the steps of the sanctuary and retraced their steps like silent ghosts—the sigh of the distant organ seemed lulled with the day to rest, the nave was deserted, and the levite, attentive to the lamps and garniture of the holy place, with a slow step, hardly crosses it again.

"Here might I," thought Clavering, "rest for ever; before yon sacred tabernacle where thou, O Lord! dost descend at the voice of a mortal, and where faith kneels to receive its immortal food; but can any expression equal

the heart's ecstasy? Whatever my lips may articulate, this pressed blood which circulates in this bosom, which breathes in thee—this heart which beats and expands, these bathed eyes—this silence, all speak, all pray in me. So swell the waves at the rising of the king of day, so revolve the stars, mute with reverence and love, and Thou comprehendest their silent hymn! Thus, O Father, in like manner comprehend that which I can not express; *silence* is the most sublime language of a heart overpowered by thy glory!"*

"Shall we go?" whispered Mrs. Botelar.

"Excuse me, dear madam," said Clavering after they had left the sacred spot; "I fear that I have detained you longer than prudence would dictate—the air feels chill!"

"No my child, not at all," she answered; "how were you pleased?"

"Ah, my kind friend, *pleased* is too poor a word for me to use, to express the emotions of my heart now—but this evening I will read to you a little transcript I made the other day from the pages of a celebrated writer,* which will express in sublime and worthy language the various sentiments of wonder, admiration and awe, which the august ceremonies of the Catholic religion have awakened in my mind."

"Mr. Clavering," said Mrs. Botelar, as they sat alone after tea, "do not forget your promise."

"Ah, true," replied he, taking some small ivory tablets from his pocket book. "As I looked to day on the various symbols, ceremonies, and rites which I witnessed, and which some through ignorance misunderstand and ridicule, the eloquent language of a certain celebrated philosopher presented itself to my mind—who, finding himself in a Catholic church, exclaimed: 'He doth not know thee, O Jesus Christ, who dishonoreth even thy shadow! I honor all things where I find the intention of honoring thee! I will love them because of thee! I will love them, provided I find the least thing which makes me remember thee! What then do I behold here? What do I hear in this place? Does nothing under these majestic vaults speak to me of thee? This cross—this golden image, is it not made for thy honor? The censer which waves around the priest; the *gloria*, sung in choirs; the peaceful light of the perpetual,

* Altered from Lamartine.

* Lavater.

sacramental lamp; these lighted tapers, all is done for thee. Why is the Host elevated, if it be not to honor thee, O Jesus Christ, who art dead for love of us? Because it is no more, and thou art it, the believing church bends the knee. It is in thy honor that these children, early instructed, make the sign of the cross, that their little tongues sing thy praise, and that they strike their breasts thrice with their little hands. It is for the love of thee, O Jesus Christ, that one kisses the spot which bears thy adorable blood; for thee the child who serves, sounds the little bell, and does all that he does! The riches collected from distant countries, the magnificence of chasubles, all has relation to thee. Why are the walls and the high altar of marble clothed with verdant tapestry on the day of the blessed sacrament? For whom do they make a road of flowers? For whom are these banners embroidered? When the *Ave Maria* sounds, is it not for thee? Matins, vespers, prime and nones, are they not consecrated to thee? These bells within a thousand towers, pur-

chased with the gold of whole cities, do they not bear thine image cast in the very mould? Is it not for thee that they send forth their solemn tone? It is under thy protection, O Jesus Christ, that every man places himself who loves solitude, chastity, and poverty. Without thee, the orders of St. Benedict and St. Bernard would not have been founded. The cloister, the tonsure, the Breviary, and the chaplet render testimony of thee. Oh! delightful rapture! Jesus Christ! for thy disciple to trace the marks of thy finger, where the eyes of the world see them not! Oh, joy ineffable, for souls devoted to thee, to behold in caves and on rocks, in every crucifix, placed upon hills and on highways, thy seal and that of thy love! who will not rejoice in the honors of which thou art the object and the soul? Who will not shed tears in hearing the words 'Jesus Christ be praised?' Oh, the hypocrite, who knoweth that name and answereth not, with joy, amen! Who saith not with an intense transport, Jesus be blessed for eternity! for eternity!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

DE RANCE, THE REFORMER OF LA TRAPPE.

(From the Dublin Review, on Chateaubriand's Life of De Rance.)

Continued from page 328.



WOULD be vain to attempt, within the pages at present at our command, to trace minutely the progress of his conversion, or the motives that finally decided his choice of a state of life. He was for a

long time undecided as to the course he should adopt. At one period he thought of burying himself in the solitudes of the Pyrenees, and in some dark dell, which the noon-day sun would seldom penetrate, or in some rocky mountain cell, where no one should ever reach his lonely hermitage but the reckless chamois hunter injured from his childhood to the storm, to weep over his sins alone, and die to all other interests, save those of God and of

eternity. At another he was counselled to embrace the monastic life, and benefit the church by edifying and instructing his brethren. This advice he finally adopted, though he long cherished a repugnance to this mode of life, and sometimes gave expression to sentiments which were far from complimentary to the cowl and the cassock. But his mind was no sooner decided upon the course to be adopted, than he pursued it without hesitation. He was not a man to turn back when once he had put his hand to the plough. He resigned all his benefices save one, and sold out his property. Veretz brought him one hundred thousand crowns. He gave it all to the poor; of the monasteries which he held "in commendam" he kept only the poorest, the most

unhealthy, and the least known of all—the abbey of La Trappe in the ancient province of Perche.

This province is divided from Normandy by a range of hills which commence at Cherbourg, and, extending in a south-easterly direction, disappear near Chalons. This range of hills, for the most part of very moderate elevation, is intersected here and there by ravines and narrow valleys, and clothed in many places with dense masses of the ancient forests of the country.* In one of these ravines lay the monastery which has since acquired a more than European celebrity. The nearest towns were Seez and Montagne, between which it was situated. The geographical distance was small; but for all purposes of human communication, it was as far removed from the abodes of man, as if it were a hundred miles away. Nature had surrounded it with hills and woods, as if it was resolved to shut out all intercourse with the world that was beyond them; and the hardy traveller who succeeded in passing the barrier of rocky hills, was still debarred access to the convent walls by a chain of small lakes which encircled them like the moat of a castle, and could only be passed in safety under the direction of an experienced guide. A few fields of corn, and some fruit trees were all that the most laborious industry could wrest from the stubborn soil. Such was the dreary loneliness of the place, that, save some stray sound from the monastery, nothing was ever heard but the rustling of the trees, the wild notes of the water fowl, and the rush of the water that fell from the surrounding hills. In the heat of the noon-day sun the venerable walls of the convent were seen distinctly from every point of the hills around, but in the morning and evening the eye would look for it in vain amid the thick mist that settled upon the valley. A dark grey tower would now and then raise its head through the mass of curling vapor, but at other times its existence and position could only be determined by the sound of the large bell that came booming up the mountain side at the stated hours of prayer. It was founded by Rotrou, the second of that name, count of Perche, in the year 1122. Once, on his way from England, he was in

danger of being lost at sea. He made a vow that, if ever he saw his native hills again, he would build a chapel to our Lady in gratitude for his deliverance. The storm ceased, and he returned in safety. The convent of La Trappe was the fulfilment of his vow. In token of the event, he had the roof constructed to resemble the keel of a vessel turned upside down. Louis VII was king of France, and Bernard was abbot of Clairvaux, when this event occurred, and the convent embraced his rule, and was united to the Cistercian institute in 1144. One of its early abbots, of the name of Herbert, accompanied the crusaders of 1212, and with Renald of Dampierre, and Simon of Montfort, was taken prisoner by the caliph of Aleppo. After a captivity of thirty years he returned at length to his own country, and founded Claretz, a dependency of La Trappe. The thirteenth abbot, in regular succession, died in 1526, and in that year Cardinal du Bellay received it "in commendam" from Francis the First. Thenceforward, it continued to be so held, until the strict observance of the institute was restored by the subject of our notice, in 1662.

The special permission of his majesty was therefore required, to enable the abbot to assume the regular jurisdiction of the community; and this permission he succeeded in obtaining. But, to render this permission binding upon his successors, the joint concurrence of the courts of Rome and Paris was necessary. It was evident that, until this was obtained, only half the work was done; and, by the aid of influential friends, in this also he was successful. He began his noviciate at the reformed house of Perseigne. After spending about five months there, a malady, which he vainly endeavored to conceal from his physicians, compelled him to leave the house for a time, until his health should be restored. His medical attendants even went so far as to say that, unless he moderated his austerities, his very life would be in danger. But a resolution embraced, and a state of life adopted, after an internal conflict like his, were not to be so easily shaken. He went for change of air to La Trappe, and recovered. On his return to Perseigne, his influence was required by his superiors to defend the reformed institute in one of the houses of the order. The strict observance of the rule had been introduced

* At least it was so two hundred years ago, though we believe there are few remains at present.

into a convent in Champagne. Some of the community were opposed to its introduction, and were supported in their opposition by the gentlemen of the neighborhood. A party of these came one day to the convent, to expel by force the members who had introduced the change. As such an event was expected, De Rancé was sent down expressly from the parent house, to oppose and baffle the assailants. He met them at the gate. They were led on by the Marquis de la Vassé, an old friend of De Rancé. The marquis recognised him in a moment, and, descending from his horse, clasped him affectionately in his arms. It is scarcely necessary to add that the errand on which he came remained unfulfilled. When his noviciate was expired, he prepared to consecrate himself by his solemn vows to God. The better to arrange his affairs, he went for a few days to La Trappe; made his last will and testament, bequeathing to his convent his remaining property, making special mention of his library.

He was anxious to make his solemn profession in company with Bernier, one of the old religious of La Trappe, and who was also, it is said, one of those that conspired to take away his life, though afterwards brought to follow his example. But some obstacle intervening, and being desirous to complete his sacrifice, he made his solemn profession to Guiton, a deputy of the abbot of Prieres, on the 26th of June, 1664. Two others were professed with him, of whom one had been an old servant of his in the days of his worldly splendor. A few days after this event he went to take formal possession of his convent, having previously received the abbatial blessing and investiture from one of our own expatriated countrymen, Dr. Patrick Plunket, bishop of Ardagh. This prelate had been himself a Cistercian monk, before his elevation to that dignity, and had probably taken shelter among the brethren of his order from the dangers of his own distracted country.

The first days of the abbot of La Trappe were principally employed in putting his monastery in repair, and in establishing judicious regulations for the performance of the choral service. He was himself employed among them like the humblest of his brethren. At his suggestion, the obsequious and docile community gave up the use of meat, eggs, fish,

and wine, and adopted a more respectful and deferential deportment in their intercourse with one another. He had not been long engaged in the work of reformation, when he was selected by the chapter of reformed Cistercians to advocate before the holy see their claims, which were called in question by the parent house of the Cistercian institute.

During his stay at Rome, and while awaiting the issue of his mission, he was remarkable for the austerity and seclusion of his habits. His food was coarse brown bread, his drink water. His daily expenditure never exceeded six small pieces of the Roman copper coin. Having much time upon his hands unoccupied, he spent it in visiting—not the monuments of Roman grandeur or the triumphs of human art—but some of the least frequented churches, in which he was wont to spend many hours in prayer. It was also remarked that he paid long and frequent visits to the catacombs. The darkness of these caverned recesses; the sepulchral purposes to which they had been applied; the multitudes that had passed and repassed these gloomy pathways for more than two thousand years; the mouldering emblems and remnants of mortality, pagan and Christian, of martyred saint and unrepenting sinner, that lay strewed around him, were in harmony with the stern complexion of his feelings, and uttered with their own terrible impressiveness that warning lesson which, in after years, he taught so well—“Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity.” He wished to spend the Christmas holidays in some convent of his order; but an old religious, with whom he formed an acquaintance, happening casually to mention that they had no pious reading at meals, and that after supper the brethren amused themselves with a game of cards, he became shocked at the irregularity, and celebrated that festival in the quiet and privacy of his own lodging.

On his return to La Trappe, after an absence of nearly two years, he began to establish on a firm basis those observances which have rendered his name and that of his house so well known to the world.* Dissensions had unfortunately sprung up between the prior and the assistant during his absence.

* We doubt whether there be any convent so generally known by name as that of La Trappe, except, perhaps, that of the Great St. Bernard, on the Alps.

The prior was of opinion that the walls of the convent cells looked altogether too bare, and that the brethren stood a fair chance of going to heaven without working altogether so hard. Meat and fish, which De Rancé had removed, began again to find their way upon the table of the refectory. He had already, by letter, expressed his displeasure at these changes; and on his return, he took care to remove the prior from his office, and restore the original regulations. In addition, he now began to introduce the observance of that stricter discipline which distinguishes the Trappist institute from the other houses of the Cistercian order. The details of this discipline,—its short sleep, its rigorous abstinence, its unbroken silence, are well known, and we will not here wait to describe them. They have become more or less familiar to our Irish and English readers since the introduction of the order into these countries. From the commencement of his labors in this department, to his death, there are inscribed in the registers of the convent no less than ninety-seven professed religious and forty-nine lay brothers. They presented themselves for admission slowly in the commencement; but when the virtues and example of the members and the abbot became better known, the postulants that presented themselves were more than they could well accommodate. The penitent who felt his heart pressed down by the consciousness of guilt, and the Christian who aspired to more than ordinary perfection, sought refuge within its walls; and many a contrite and humble soul, on which the recollections of early days pressed dark and heavily, came to tread in the footsteps of the abbot, and prepare for its dread accounting. Something, too, we should perhaps set down to the impulse of that enthusiasm which novelty ever excites, and which is one of the auxiliaries which religion borrows from the earth, and, by employing, consecrates and hallows for its own high purposes. Various as are the ways of God with man, and manifold as are the means by which souls are conducted to sanctity, are the names of those who first presented themselves, and whose characters are described in its early archives. Ragobert, once a monk of Clairvaux, who sought in vain within the degenerate cloisters of Bernard the perfection which he found only in La Trappe. Le Nain, elder

brother of the illustrious Tillemont. He was subsequently prior of the monastery, and employed his pen in sketching the biography of his friend and abbot. Brother Placide, who, on his dying bed, and awaiting the coming on of his agony, was so full of heavenly joy and hope, that when his abbot asked him whither he was going, "To the mansions of the blessed, of course," he replied. Brother Bernard had just received the viaticum, when a severe fit of coughing came on; expectoration would have relieved him, but out of respect to the body of his Lord that reposed within his bosom, he did violence to the requirements of his physical nature, and died a martyr to his reverence for the eucharist. Claude Cordon, a learned doctor of Sorbonne, who, after a career of much distinction in the theological world, took the habit of religion and the name of Arsenius, and died in the odor of sanctity. A few days after his death, one of the brothers said he saw him surrounded with a brilliant light, and heard him say in rapturous ecstasy, "Oh if you knew what it is to be in the society of the saints!" Peter Fore had been a lieutenant of grenadiers. He bore about him the marks of several engagements, in which he had proved himself the bravest of the brave: but he was also wicked and depraved. The blood of many a murdered man, and the curse of many a dishonored maid, were upon his head. So reckless and abandoned had he at length become, that twelve warrants were at one time out against him. But in the darkest depths of guilt there is an element of correction. He heard of the wonders of La Trappe, and determined to seek for admission. Starting from his place of refuge, he travelled in a few days over two hundred leagues, through bye-paths and under heavy rains; and on a cold day in winter presented himself at the gate of the convent. His eye was wild and blood-shot; his features haggard; his look indicative of despair. The hardships he had undergone imparted a savage fierceness to his whole demeanor. He asked admission, and obtained it. The repenting sinner, be he who or what he may, was sure to be received; and Fore was not unworthy of the kindness during the few weeks he survived,—for, alas! his course of penance was short. His iron frame was broken by the hardships he endured. Ulcers began to form

in his chest. Reduced to extremity, he asked to be laid upon a bed of ashes, and died in the warmest sentiments of compunction. The wonders of asceticism and rigorous self-denial which are recorded of the early members of La Trappe, would have been worthy of the solitaries of the Thebaid; and had Pachomius been admitted to contemplate that community, he would have been proud to acknowledge them as brothers. The monks, though living in the same house, were strangers to one another. Each one followed to the choir, the garden, or the refectory, the feet that were moving before him, but he never raised his eyes to discover to whom the feet belonged.

There were some who passed the entire year of their noviciate without lifting up their eyes, and who, after that long period, could not tell how the ceiling of their cells was constructed, or whether they had any ceilings at all. There is mention made of one whose only anxiety was for an only brother, whom he had left leading a scandalous and disorderly life in the world. Since he entered the convent, he never passed a day without shedding a tear over his miserable condition, and begging for him from God the grace of repentance and amendment. On his dying bed he asked one request of the abbot—it was, for a continuance of his prayers for the same purpose. De Rancé retired for a moment, and returned with one of the most useful and valued members of the brotherhood. When the cowl which concealed his features was removed, the dying monk recognised the brother for whom he had so often wept and prayed. An aged monk was once selected to attend a youth of great promise, who had entered the monastery and was dying of a slow decline. Day and night he watched by his bed, with the most anxious care, and the most untiring solitude—but in vain. The young man pined away like a crushed and broken flower, and his remains were borne to their resting place, in the burial ground of the brethren. One day the aged monk was observed standing over the grave of the departed. Tears flowed down his wrinkled cheeks, and his breast heaved with the intensity of his emotion; for a moment, nature triumphed over duty. The inscription upon the tomb told him that it was the grave of his only son. He had not seen him since he left him a boy, to the care of his guardians,

in the world. Such was their ignorance of the world's ways and usages, that when the duchess of Guise was permitted to see the chapel, one of the brethren accused himself in chapter of having looked at the *bishop* that had visited the convent. Even the death of Louis XIV occurred some months before it was known to any but the abbot. The following incident we should rather expect to meet in the history of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid: A traveller, making his way through the mountains, missed his way; he wandered about some time after sunset, in danger of being dashed to pieces among the rocks, or of sinking in the morasses that surrounded him. About eight o'clock he heard the tolling of a large bell, and, with some difficulty, made his way to the spot from which the sound proceeded. It was a large monastery. He sought shelter for the night, and was admitted. One kind attendant took care of his jaded steed, another divested him of his wet and travel-stained habiliments, another conducted him to the apartment where he got refreshment, and where a plain but neat bed received his weary limbs. But, from his entrance to his departure in the morning, strange to say, no sound of human voice broke upon his ear. His noiseless attendants came and went, like so many beings of another world, ready to anticipate his slightest wish; but, as it was the hour of silence, even for those who waited upon the strangers, not a word was spoken when he went, or when he came.

To some who may cast their eyes over these pages, a life like that which we have described will seem nothing but the veriest fanaticism. We have often before now heard the names of Paul, and Anthony, and Francis, and De Rancé, classed in the same category with the fakirs of Hindostan. There is in modern civilization, and occupying an important place, a desire of ease and comfort, an anxiety to provide for man's mere physical nature, which, however useful and praiseworthy, is not all that man requires. Who can tell the various shades of character, of disposition, of usefulness, of which society is composed, from those who are clothed in soft garments in the houses of kings, to those whose dwelling-place is in the desert, and whose food is the locust and wild honey? Shall we say that the Baptist in the wilderness, where from childhood he had

been sanctified by God's Spirit in lonely meditation and rigorous abstinence, was not as great and useful as the merchant, the soldier, the courtier, or the monarch; or that, in the divine economy, he had not his own high function to fulfil? We should rather think it was this previous preparation, hallowed as it was by heavenly influence, that elicited from the Saviour the magnificent eulogy, "Amen, I say to you, there hath not arisen, among those born of woman, a greater than John the Baptist!" No doubt the example, thus afforded, was never intended for universal adoption. Those who are specially called to such a life are, and have been, comparatively few; but in every age of the Christian dispensation, as before it in the old, there have been found persons like Elias, and the Baptist, and Paul, and Anthony, whose home was to be the desert, and who were to serve God in solitude and in prayer. Some called away from the busy abodes of men in the very innocence of childhood, ere yet the world and its corrupting influence had tarnished the purity of their souls; others who were summoned to weep in solitude, and eat the bitter bread of compunction, over the wanderings of a sinful life; others whose mind and disposition were little adapted to the ways of men, and who determined to flee for ever from seductions which they were afraid openly to encounter; others whom God's Spirit set apart to pray, with a strong cry and tears, for the welfare of their people, and, like Moses, to extend their hands to heaven upon the mountains, while the people were battling upon the plain. Who will say that, even in these evil days, the fate of empires, and the destiny of peoples are not more influenced by some poor and unknown solitary, whose voice ascends to heaven in secret, than by the movements of armed men, or the intrigues of diplomatic agency, to which they are generally ascribed? The Trappist, and similar institutes, are not to be viewed independently in themselves. They are but parts of the Christian system, which must be considered in their bearing upon the whole. It was no small service for the Trappist institution to have given the corrupt times in which it originated an example of penance and mortification. We know of no lesson more needed by the voluptuousness of those among whom De Rancé lived. The almost pagan tendency

and epicurean morality, or immorality, of the day, required to be checked and censured by the example of Christian mortification. The same service which the monks of the Thebaid rendered to the tottering empire of the Cæsars, was conferred by the Trappists upon the libertinism of their own. De Rancé was to the Longuevilles and the Montmorencies, what Anthony and Arsenius were to the degenerate children of Constantine. The marvellous and ever abiding Spirit which presides over the children of God, will always provide a fitting and adequate remedy for the disorders of the time; and the salt of the earth will never be wanting, when the corruption of human nature requires it to be applied.*

Disgusted with the world, De Rancé would have been content to live and die unknown in his dear solitudes. The great work of religious reform, in which he had succeeded so well, would have rescued his name from oblivion, without other aid; but he was also to obtain what he least expected, and what he least desired,—a literary reputation. In the spiritual guidance of his brethren, he had frequent occasion to study the duties and obligations of the monastic institute, and to make himself well acquainted with the principles and examples of religious perfection, handed down by those who have gone before us. In the alembic of his strong and original mind they assumed a new, if not more impressive form, than they had before. The discourses which he delivered to his monks on these subjects were taken down in writing, and began to find their way into circulation. One of the copies fell into the hands of Bossuet, who no sooner read it, than he wrote to the author, and insisted in the strongest terms on its immediate publication. The answer of De Rancé was to throw the manuscripts into the fire. But it would not do: other copies were in existence. His friends renewed their entreaties, Bossuet promised to superintend the publication, and correct the press. He did more. He gave a written approbation, which was

* The words of D'Alembert, with reference to this subject, may not be undeserving of notice. "*Le Sejour de La Trappe parait destine a faire sentir aux cœurs meme les plus tièdes, jusqu'à quel point une foi vive et ardente peut nous rendre cheres les privations les plus rigoureuses; Sejour meme qui peut offrir au simple philosophe une matiere interessante de reflexions profondes sur le neant de l'ambition et de la gloire, les consolations de la retraite, et le bonheur de l'obscurité.*"

prefixed to the first edition, dated from Meaux, on the 10th of May, 1685; in which year the work appeared.* It was read with much eagerness. The world was anxious to know what the great reformer of his time had to say about the state of life he adopted, and for two years its positions remained undisputed. The first murmur of dissatisfaction was heard from the low countries, where the opinions that were oppressed or persecuted at home, found a free and unchecked expression. It purported to be a true and accurate account of the conversion of the abbot De Rancé. It was written in the form of dialogue, and was marked by a spirit of personal acrimony and vituperation. The treatise on the duties of the monastic state found another opponent in the Père Mege, who, in his commentary on the rule of St. Bennet, took occasion to mention it in terms of censure. It reached its third edition before it provoked any antagonist worthy of the notice of the author. It was Mabillon that spoke from the cloister of St. Maur. The old chronicles of the early kings, the records of early European history, and the ponderous folios of the fathers, were piled around him on the right hand and on the left; and on the table before him lay the annals of his order, which he was employed in publishing. His threadbare cassock was covered thick with the dust of many a mouldering and worm-eaten document, brought from the libraries of Italy and France; and his grey hair and wrinkled brow told of study, and thought, and labor, beyond what are given to other men. Yet he, the most learned man of the most learned order that the church has produced, was told by the abbot of La Trappe that the pursuit of human learning was unworthy of the monastic state and opposed to the essential duties of the profession. It was only such a charge that could arouse the great Benedictine, or provoke him into the arena of controversy. But when he does buckle on his armor for the fight, he does it with a dignity worthy his name and cause. His reply, under the title of "*Traité des Etudes Monastiques*," is very appropriately addressed to the young religious of his community. He lays it down as an incontrovertible position that though monas-

teries should never be made mere schools of human learning, nor of that knowledge which merely puffeth up, yet that the cultivation of human learning may be rendered eminently conducive to the interests of religion; that if influenced by charity, it may be very useful in promoting humility and knowledge of ourselves; but that in all his studies, and in all his eagerness for knowledge, the true religious should ever seek to perfect himself in the love of God, and to know, with the apostle, but Jesus Christ and him crucified. To maintain this position—about which, at the present day, we should think there would be no second opinion—he employs all the resources of his rich and well-stored mind. His favorite pursuit, nay, the object of his whole life, was censured; perhaps his character as a religious in question. He appeals with pride to the great men whom the religious institute has given to the world in every age; to the magnificent collections of books which were amassed within the walls of convents, to prove that literature was loved and cultivated by the inmates. He alludes to the doctors of Syria, Egypt, and Palestine, whose knowledge was thus acquired; to the schools established wherever a religious foundation was made; to the masterpieces of human genius preserved by religious men; to the numerous popes and councils that praised these labors and required them to be continued. Nor is France unnoticed in his pages, for he appeals with confidence to the names of Anselm and Lanfranc, and mentions with honor the abbeys of Bec and the Grande Chartreuse. Modesty prevented him from alluding to his own times; but posterity will say that, in the brilliant galaxy that sheds lustre upon the monastic institute, there are no more illustrious names than Mabillon and St. Maur. De Rancé replied to this treatise, and Mabillon answered by his "*Reflections*." There have been few controversies conducted with more zeal and erudition, with more consideration for each other's character, and, what is more creditable, with less loss of temper.

The reformer of La Trappe was now an old man. The rheumatism, that had hitherto disabled only his left hand, now seized upon the right, which, notwithstanding the kind attendance of the surgeon of the duchess of Guise, whom she commissioned to take charge of him, he found himself, in a short time, unable

* This work has been long and favorably known to the English public under the title of "*A Treatise on the Duties of a Monastic Life*," by the abbot De Rance.

to use. His stomach had an extreme repugnance to every kind of food, and in addition to a distressing cough, and a want of rest at night, his teeth gave him much trouble, and he got a swelling in his legs. The last six years of his life he spent in the infirmary, reclining in an easy chair, almost without changing his position. When the lay brother in attendance came to give him a drink, he used to say, with a smile, "Here is my persecutor again." The religious, one and all, would have deemed it an honor to be permitted to do him the slightest service; but he was often known to thirst for hours together, without mentioning it, so unwilling was he to give them trouble. Even the acute internal pain which he endured would never have been discovered, but for the convulsive twitching of his features, and the sudden paleness which at times overspread his countenance. On the wall, over against his chair were written the words of the royal penitent: "The sins and ignorances of my youth remember not, O Lord." In his advanced age and increasing infirmities, his brethren besought him to moderate somewhat of his rigorous austerities; they even obtained from the holy see permission for the purpose, but his love of penance was stronger than his love of life, and he continued them to the last. When the days of the exhausted and worn-out invalid were drawing to a close, and apprehensions were entertained of his death being near at hand, the brethren of the monastery began to gather around the door of the infirmary, anxious to have one look at their respected father, and to hear one word from his venerated lips, before he was taken away from among them. De Rancé, from his bed, heard their whispered inquiries, and was informed of their solicitude. He dictated his last farewell, which he wished to have read for them by the abbot:

"God alone," said he, "knows how desirous I am to see you once more. Though I long for that happiness more than ever I did through life, yet I grieve to say that, in the present state of my health, it is one which I must forego. Pray for me, my brethren; and ask of God, that if I be still good for any thing, I may be continued to you a little longer, if not, that he take me from the world."

The bishop of Seez, his friend and confessor, was sent for. De Rancé seemed much

pleased when he saw him: took the prelate's hand, and raised it to his forehead, as if he meant to form with it the sign of the cross upon himself, he repeated the general confession, and requested his kind influence at court in favor of the discipline he had established in the monastery. This was the only solicitude that troubled his dying hour. Seeing one of the monks in tears, he stretched out his hand, and said, "I am not going away from you for good. I am only going before you a little while." He attempted to write a parting letter to James II, who since his visits to La Trappe had kept up a friendly interchange of letters and kind offices, but not being able to finish it, he prayed the abbot to make the necessary apology to his majesty. The night of the 25th of October was a long and restless one for the sinking patient. He spent it in a straw chair, with sandals that belonged to a deceased religious placed on the ground before him, as if to remind him of the journey he had to go. He rallied a little on the following day, but at eight o'clock in the evening it was evident to all around him that his agony was coming on. He required to be placed on his knees to receive once more the bishop's blessing, and then laid on the bed of ashes on which, according to his institute, the Trappist must always die. A king might envy the unearthly joy that sparkled in his eyes as he helped to arrange his emaciated limbs upon his bed of pain. The bishop, who stood by his side, asked him whether he knew him. "Perfectly: I never will forget you," was the reply. He then inquired of the attendants whether they gave any thing to sustain the strength that was each moment becoming less. De Rancé heard the question, and faintly whispered that nothing remained undone. Some verses of psalms were repeated alternately by him and his attendants. "Lord, thou art my protector and my deliverer," repeated the bishop. "O Lord, do not delay," faintly muttered De Rancé. They were the last words he spoke. He looked for a moment steadfastly at his friend, then raised his eyes to heaven and died. This was on the 26th October, in the year 1700. He was seventy-four years of age, and had spent thirty-seven, just half his life, in the penitential exercises of the cloister. He was buried in the common cemetery of his convent. In death, as in life, he wished to be in the midst of his brethren.

NOTICE OF THE VERY REV. ANTHONY GARNIER.



HE last arrivals from Europe inform us of the death of the V. Rev. Anthony Garnier, superior general of the Society of St. Sulpitius. The valuable services which he rendered to religion in the United States will always entitle him to a rank among the benefactors of our country, and for this reason a notice of his useful career, particularly that portion of it which was passed on this side of the Atlantic, must be a subject of peculiar interest to the American Catholic.

Rev. Antoine Garnier was a native of the diocese De la Rochelle in France, and, having become a member of the Society of St. Sulpitius, he was for some time a director of the seminary at Lyons. He, with two other priests, was appointed by Rev. Mr. Emery, superior general of the society, to co-operate with Rev. Mr. Nagot in founding a clerical seminary in Baltimore; where they arrived on the 10th of July, 1791.* During the whole twelve years of his stay in Baltimore, Rev. M. Garnier continued to reside at the seminary, where he taught theology and philosophy.

Soon after his arrival in America, Mr. Garnier applied himself in part to the duties of the holy ministry. When he could yet speak the English language but very imperfectly, he visited the Catholics, belonging to the recently organized congregation of St. Patrick's, in the city of Baltimore, and urged those who were indifferent to the duties of religion, to a more faithful compliance with their obligations. He applied himself so successfully to the study of the English language as to be very soon able to preach to his congregation.

The congregation of St. Patrick's assembled at first for divine worship in an unplastered room in the third story of a rented house; but in the year 1796 the number of Catholics had

become so large that they determined to build a church. After the erection of this temple, the Rev. Mr. Garnier continued his attentions as pastor, and, though he resided at the seminary, he celebrated mass at St. Patrick's every Sunday and Thursday, until he was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Floyd as pastor, by whom he had previously been assisted in catechising the children.

In addition to his charge of St. Patrick's, after the appointment of Mr. Floyd, Rev. Mr. Garnier attended the congregation at Doughoregan (Carroll's) Manor, sixteen miles from Baltimore, once a month; where he numbered among his flock the late Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last survivor of those who signed the Declaration of Independence.

All who have had the happiness to know Rev. Mr. Garnier bear testimony to his great talents and profound learning. Besides his high attainments in moral and natural science, he was eminently successful in the study of the languages, and particularly the oriental tongues.

Rev. Mr. Garnier was a remarkable instance of the union of great learning and talents with a profound humility, a perfect indifference to the pleasures of the world, and a sincere and lively piety. His long and arduous labors in the service of St. Patrick's church were entirely gratuitous. So free was he from any attachment to money that he would not make it the subject of conversation. On one occasion, having reluctantly received a present of about five dollars for marrying a couple, he retained the money in his hand until he found the gentleman who was then superintending the building of St. Patrick's church, and without looking at it, handed him the money to be applied to the good work. Another time, receiving a bank-note while reading his office, he placed it between the leaves of his book, where it remained, without his recollecting any thing of it, until the *next year*, when, on opening his Breviary to read the same office, he found the note.

The Rev. Mr. Floyd, pastor of St. Patrick's

* The names of those who accompanied Rev. Fr. Chas. Nagot, are Rev. Messrs. Garnier, Tessier, Levadoux; and Messrs. Tulloh, Moudesir, Perinauld, Floyd, and Jno. Caldwell. Rev. Mr. Delavan, a canon of the church of St. Martin of Tours, came also, as a friend of M. Nagot.

having died eighteen months after his appointment to the charge of that congregation, Mr. Garnier resumed the care of St. Patrick's congregation, which had increased considerably since he had first known it. Their condition too was improved: they were worshipping in their own church. He continued his visits twice a week, until the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Cuddy, in May, 1803; and on the 25th of the same month, Rev. Mr. Garnier left Baltimore, on his return to France, whither he had been recalled by his superior. He arrived at Antwerp, after a tedious voyage, on the 15th of July. Two days after his arrival, writing from thence to a member of St. Patrick's, he says: "Be so good as to present my best compliments to my dear and beloved friends of the Point. I can not mention here all their names, but tell them that their persons are deeply engraved on my heart, and shall never be forgotten." He always cherished a fond remembrance of his friends in America, and inquired of every one he met from Baltimore after the welfare of his former flock, often expressing a wish to visit them again. Soon after his arrival in Paris, he wrote to a member of St. Patrick's congregation: "I profit by the opportunity of a French gentleman going to Baltimore, to recall myself to your remembrance. I often walk in spirit in your street, and call at your house. Oh! when shall I be favored once more with the pleasure of your cheerful company? I am afraid it will not be in this life: every thing seems to conspire against my return and thwart my warmest wishes; the will of God be done! I ought not to be so much troubled about the place of my exile, for the few days I have to live in this world. Be so good as to present my compliments to my dear and beloved flock; O tell them that I carry them all in my heart, and that I offer them up very often to my God, when I ascend to his altar. Tell them to pray Almighty God for me."

At this period the venerable writer was engaged in teaching Hebrew, and delivering lectures on the Holy Scriptures, at the seminary of St. Sulpitius, in Paris; and it is a striking proof of the benevolence of his heart, that in the halls of science in which he so much delighted, and where he enjoyed the luxuries of noble

libraries, and the society of learned men, in the capital of his native country, *la belle France*, he could cherish a fond remembrance of the little congregation in *Apple alley*, for whom he had toiled during many years, as a poor American missionary.

His merits, particularly as a man of eminent talents and rare prudence, were highly valued by Mr. Emery, then superior general of the Sulpitians, and at his death, in 1811, he left Mr. Garnier trustee of the property which belonged to that society. Under the administration of Mr. Duclot, the successor of Mr. Emery, Mr. Garnier continued his labors in the seminary of Paris, as a lecturer on Holy Scripture and professor of the oriental languages. On these subjects, and especially on scriptural questions, he has left an immense mass of manuscripts, which are an evidence of his profound and varied learning.

Upon the demise of Mr. Duclot, in 1827, Mr. Garnier was called to the responsible office of superior general of the society of which he was a member.

In the performance of the important duties attached to his elevated station, Mr. Garnier was remarkable for his fidelity and exact compliance with the rules of his institute. His piety was fervent and unaffected, and it may be truly said that the aspirants to the sanctuary who were formed under his direction, were as much encouraged by his example to cultivate the virtues of their state, as they were assisted by his able lectures in the acquisition of sacred learning. For many years previous to his death he was subject to intervals of intense suffering, occasioned by a constitutional malady, which could be only alleviated in a slight degree by medical skill. These infirmities, however, did not prevent him from discharging his office until within the last two years, when he was mostly confined to his chamber. At length, at the advanced age of eighty-three years, Mr. Garnier was called to the recompense of the faithful servant, leaving behind him a high reputation for piety and learning, and the grateful remembrances of one who had been the last link in the series of those distinguished men who had reared the present generation of the priesthood in France, after the ravages of the revolution.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

(From a private Correspondent.)

FRANCE.—*Stained Glass*.—I had never known, until my arrival in the cities of Paris and of Metz, the year before last, that the ancient art of staining glass so as to produce, with all the nicest accuracy of drawing and painting, a brilliancy and prismatic effect that coloring on canvass, however perfect or masterly, can never attain—an art which has contributed so much to the imposing religious grandeur possessed by venerable basilics, and other churches of past times, and which, I had often heard, was entirely lost, had been rediscovered—and that the city of Metz claimed the enviable glory of that second discovery. Yet it appears to be a certain fact, of which I have myself had repeated splendid ocular evidence. I made a visit to the establishment, a little better than a week ago, for the purpose of collecting such information as might interest you. I learned from them verbally that, over and above the works which they had been executing in some of the churches of Metz and vicinity, they were actually engaged in executing orders on a very large scale in several of the most prominent cities of France;—at Paris, in the church of St. Roche, the parish church of the court, St. Germain l'Auxerois; at Lyons, &c. The main branch of their establishment is at Paris, but the manufacturing is all carried on in their workshops at Metz. They showed me, at the time of my visit, a window which they were then just putting together for the cathedral church of Metz. The subject is its late chief pastor, Bishop Besson, in mitre, stole and cape, kneeling, with his hands devoutly joined, before St. Francis of Sales, his patron saint. I have never looked on any production of the kind more imposing, brilliant, and striking. The leading figures and grouping form a magnificent painting, from about twenty-five to thirty feet high, and proportionably wide; and the likeness of the promicumbent prelate is so perfect, that having known him but for about one year, I recognised his features after an interval of twenty years, as soon as I put my eyes on the picture. The new art appears to me to surpass the ancient by far in point of transparency, coloring, shading, and accurate drawing. The work, of which I have just been speaking, is executed in a style of great richness, and its cost on the spot amounts to about forty dollars for every

three feet square. How would this do for our fine cathedrals and churches of America? Speak of it to our friends who may feel interested in the matter, and let me hear what they may have to say. They do work on a much cheaper scale.

Departure of Missionaries.—Towards the end of March, says the *Ami*, eight priests, from the seminary of the *Missions Etrangères* at Paris, embarked for the East Indies. Four of them are destined for the mission of Singapore, one for Tong King, and the other three will be disposed of according to the wants of the church in China.

SWITZERLAND.—The political affairs of this country have become a subject of intense interest at home and abroad. The friends of civil and religious freedom are anxiously looking to the result of a struggle, in which constitutional right and unflinching valor are contending against the aggressions of a politico-religious faction, which seeks to subvert the existing order of things, and excites the prejudices of one Christian denomination against another, as an introductory step to the success of its nefarious designs. Switzerland, an old republic of Catholic origin, famous for the valor of its people, and so long peaceable and happy in the enjoyment of its religion, is now engaged in a death-struggle for the preservation of what it holds most dear in life, its civil and religious freedom. The old original cantons, of the time of William Tell and Winkelreid, are still Catholic in name, in practice, in spirit, and in bravery, and they evince no disposition to sacrifice to the unjust demands of radicalism and bigotry those blessings which they won from Austria. There are some exceptions on both sides; a vast number of Protestants are for the preservation of order and religious liberty, and some Catholics are in favor of anarchy. A priest by the name of Keller heads the anti-Jesuit movement. The following remarks, from the *New York Enquirer*, develop more particularly the causes that have led to this civil war, and the unjust assault that has been made upon the rights of the Catholic cantons.

"It can not be without interest for our readers to be informed somewhat of the present state of the controversy. The confederated cantons number in all twenty-two, of which the smaller cantons, the mountain region, which is old Switzerland, are generally Catholic, the larger ones Protestant. In religious faith the cantons are, perhaps, about equally divided, but of the population three-fifths or more are Protestants.

"The language most in use is German, the French being spoken only in Geneva, Neuchâtel, Vaud, and some of the small cantons on the French border, and the Italian in one or two on the Italian border; the German language and German tongue prevail in all the rest. The theory of the government is that each of the cantons is an independent state, but all are represented in the federal congress, or *corort*, and the executive, or directorial power, resides in the three cantons of Lucerne, Zurich and Berne, each exercising it alternately for two years. It is now, and from the commencement of the present year has been, in Zurich. Last year it was in Lucerne, and while there, the grand council of that canton, which is Catholic, determined upon inviting some Jesuits to take charge of their schools and other institutions of learning. This caused a great ferment in other cantons, as well as in Lucerne, and *free corps* were sent from elsewhere to aid the insurrection in Lucerne.

"It soon became obvious that a radical and revolutionary spirit had seized upon the religious question, and was using it for unavowed political purposes, and Lucerne therefore employed all its own and all the federal power to put down the revolt.

"The precautionary and defensive measures adopted only served to stimulate the fermentation, and when the directorial authority passed to Zurich, the new *corort*, in consideration of the urgency of affairs, decided upon convoking an extraordinary diet.

"To such a diet each canton sends two deputies, elected and instructed by the grand council of the canton. To the diet two questions were to be submitted—first, as to the legality of the *free corps* above referred to, and secondly, as to the invitation given by Lucerne to the Jesuits.

"These questions were amply discussed in the great council of each canton, previous to the election of the deputies to the diet, and in these constituent bodies, in fact, were they virtually answered.

"On the first point there was no division of opinion. In the federal compact, it is stipulated that the independence and inviolability of the territory of each canton shall be guaranteed; the invasion of one canton by an armed force from another, is clearly an infraction of the compact, and therefore unlawful. The sacredness of this territorial immunity is such that even the federal troops in case of disturbances in a canton, can only be introduced upon the request of the canton.

"It was, therefore, resolved by the grand councils of the different cantons, that *free corps* are unlawful, and that the canton sending any such into another is responsible to it for all loss and damage.

"The question of the Jesuits is more difficult, for it is, after all, more political than religious.

"Although there are some nine or ten Catholic cantons, four only have consented to receive the Jesuits, Lucerne, Valais, Schwytz and Friburg; the other eighteen are unanimous almost against the holy fathers, and not only unanimous, but exasperated. But notwithstanding this general antipathy, the question whether, according to the federal compact, the diet may rightfully interfere in a matter that seems to concern each canton separately, and enters into the domain of what, here we should call state rights, is one that is widely and warmly discussed. In this discussion politics enter largely, and the radicals seize upon the occasion to overthrow what yet remains of feudal or aristocratic privileges or usages in Switzerland. Little indeed is there left of any such; yet Berne, the

most powerful and influential of all the cantons—Vaud, where universal suffrage prevails, Argovie and others are strenuous for the expulsion of the Jesuits—foreseeing that such a measure, violating as it does the general compact, will be resisted, and that with resistance will come revolution and change.

"Lucerne is clearly acting in her right, whatever be thought of the expediency of the thing, when as a matter of internal concernment she makes an agreement with the company of Jesus, for seven of its members to become teachers in that city. Yet the radicals of the canton, aided by sympathizers from without, insist upon even armed resistance, if necessary. When Argovie heretofore shut up the convents, drove out the members and confiscated their property, the Catholic cantons were enjoined by the radicals not to interfere, because Argovie was acting on her own independent rights; now, however, when Lucerne invokes the same right to invite Jesuits into her borders, that Argovie had to drive them, or others out of theirs, the radicals will not listen to the plea, but insist upon the interference of the diet to constrain Lucerne to abandon her position. The Protestant cantons, which would certainly not submit to have the instruction in their schools regulated by the diet, are called upon nevertheless to interfere with that of the Catholic cantons.

"In our view, and from every analogy with our own systems of independent states and common federal government, this question of the religious instruction in each and every canton seems purely internal and domestic, and not falling at all within the purview of the authority of the national diet. It strikes us as being as much a domestic question in Switzerland, as that of slavery is in the United States. It belongs, in all its relations, to the state or canton where it exists."

We will add, for the further information of the reader, that the Jesuits have had establishments in Switzerland almost since the foundation of the society; and taking this circumstance into consideration, as well as the constitutional right of Lucerne to provide for its own educational resources, the injustice of its aggressors can not but appear in the most odious light. The Lucernese are determined not to yield. It was rumored in Switzerland that, for the sake of peace, the Jesuits had refused to go to Lucerne. This, however, as we learn from a private correspondent, proves to be incorrect, and the latest events that have transpired show plainly that they who won the liberties of Switzerland are not prepared to surrender them. The general diet having taken the subject into consideration, and before any measures were adopted to restore public peace, the territory of Lucerne was invaded by the *free corps*, to the number of about five thousand men. What was the result of this reckless step, is well known; the Lucernese achieved a most signal victory. We take the following account of it from the *London Tablet* of April 26:

"A sanguinary engagement commenced, but after an hour or so the army of the *corps francs* gave way, and retreated with precipitation, leaving

one thousand dead on the field." They took up their position on some heights, which commanded the town, and there, re-enforced by some detachments from Berne, Bâle-Campagne, and Argovie, they resolved to make another attempt. The morning approached—the festival of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. What an encouraging thought for her devoted servants! At an early hour the battalions from Unterwald and Uri were ordered to attack the position of the *corps francs*. Delighted beyond expression with such an opportunity to fight for the good cause, they knelt down a moment to recite a "Hail Mary," and then chanting cantiques of the Blessed Virgin, they charged up the heights. It is said, and no one has ventured to deny it, that scarcely one shot missed its mark. All the officers fell, and after a desperate struggle the *corps francs* retreated, flinging away their arms to hasten their flight, and more than two hundred were drowned in attempting to cross a river. At another place, where a division of *corps francs* was protected by a battery of cannon, the Lucerne troops performed a splendid action. As they advanced the carabineers fired on the artillery soldiers as they were putting the fire to the powder; and so unerring was their aim, that not one of the cannons was discharged; each instant that a fresh man advanced to the cannon, he received a ball either in the head or heart. The entire battery, loaded as it was, fell into the hands of the Lucerne troops. The engagement continued in the neighborhood of Lucerne for the entire morning. The slaughter on the part of the *corps francs* was terrible; it is said that nearly a thousand fell during the engagement. But the most remarkable and striking occurrence is this—that as the *corps francs* were advancing close to Lucerne, they halted for a moment on a spot where stood a little monument of the Blessed Virgin; excited almost to fury by the language of their leaders, they uttered the most horrid blasphemies against the Mother of God. Some hours afterwards, as if in just vengeance for such profanation, that same spot was strewn with hundreds of killed and wounded. Indeed, generally speaking, there is but one opinion with regard to the splendid success which the Catholics have achieved. All see visibly the special protection of Providence, and every voice is raised in accents of thanksgiving to the help of Christians. The government of Lucerne had previously sent a deputation to the celebrated pilgrimage of Einsiedelen, to recommend their cause to Her who is there honored with such peculiar devotion. On Tuesday, April 1, another battle took place, and the same success attended the Lucernois. All the leaders are either killed or taken prisoners; twelve cannon, several wagons well furnished, a quantity of splendid rifles, the standard of the canton of Argovie, of Bâle-Campagne, and of the *corps francs*, and also their money-case, fifty very fine horses, and some carriages. The number of prisoners amounts to one thousand some hundreds. For the moment those exasperated bands, who threatened to overthrow the Catholic governments, are entirely dispersed. However, the country is far from being tranquillized. Berne, Argovie, Bâle, Vaud, have doubled the number of their troops; and as Argovie, apprehending an outbreak in its Catholic districts, has demanded immediate succor, it is expected that before long the hostilities will recommence. The French and Austrian troops are on the frontiers, but it is thought they will only interfere when they see that the turbulent party gets the upper hand. It is now five

or six days since those engagements took place, and as yet they have only discovered five killed on the side of the Lucernois. Several have been wounded, but none seriously."

The diet again assembled to deliberate upon the means of securing the tranquillity of the cantons, and adopted measures for this purpose. A treaty was concluded at Lucerne on the 23d April between the government of Lucerne and the cantons of Berne, Soleure, Bâle-Campagne and Argan, relative to the release of the prisoners. The indemnity to be paid for this release is 350,000fr. It will probably amount in all to 500,000fr. In return Lucerne grants a full amnesty.

GERMANY.—*Schism*.—The Protestant press in Europe and the United States has, for some time, been exulting at the attempts recently made in Silesia, to excite disturbances among the Catholics of that country. It has represented the matter in such colors as would really lead the simple-minded and unsuspecting reader to believe that a religious reformation had been undertaken in Germany by clergymen of merit and respectable standing in the Catholic church. Such has been the degree of importance attached to this affair, that the name of Ronge, the principal actor in this pretended reformation, is associated with that of Luther. Doubtless the one is worthy of being mentioned in connection with the other, as they both stand before the world in the odious light of degraded and unfaithful priests, expelled from the communion of the church on account of their scandalous excesses. But our object here is principally to note the utter insignificance of the efforts which Ronge and his associates have made to create a schism in the ranks of Catholicism. This Ronge has for nearly two years been in the employ of a Lutheran minister, and is an avowed apostate from the church. His heresy is sufficiently indicated by saying that he rejects all that portion of the Catholic belief which lays a restraint upon the passions. Having taken occasion, from the public veneration of the holy robe at Treves, to surprise the weakness of certain Catholics, more so in name than in reality, he established himself at Breslau, where he officiated in the chapel of some charitable institution, assisted by John Czersky, another priest from Schneidemulh, who, on account of the violation of his clerical vows by marrying his servant, and other improprieties, had been solemnly excommunicated. These men were joined by Kerbler, who completes the trio of worthy reformers, to remodel the faith and practice of the Catholic church. Such are the men whom certain Protestant sects are not ashamed to welcome into their bosom, to exalt as instances of Christian heroism, and to employ as witnesses against the doctrine and practices of Catholicity. Our dissenting brethren in this country seem, for

the most part, to be widely different in taste from their fellow churchmen, who expressed the wish that, when the pope weeded his garden, he would not throw his noxious plants over his neighbor's wall. No sooner does a priest fall from his sacred station, and seek under the veil of apostasy a palliation of his immoralities,—no sooner does a vagabond monk, who has been expelled from his order in consequence of insubordination or crime, turn traitor to the cause of truth,—than he is immediately taken by the hand by the anti-Catholic crusaders in this country, and his awful disclosures are given to the world as undeniable history. The members of the Protestant Episcopal (high) church have too much self-respect to be betrayed into such unworthy expedients of advancing their cause and opposing Catholicity. But with the other sects, as their journals amply attest, one of the principal methods adopted for the promotion of Protestantism and resisting the progress of the true faith, is the trumpeting abroad and exaltation of the decayed members that the Catholic church has been obliged to cut off from her communion. It is indeed strange that such worthless and degraded characters should be so eagerly seized upon by the anti-Catholic sects, as fit instruments for the advancement of truth and morality: one thing is certain, that they are welcome to all the advantage derivable from such sources. Experience proves, both in this country and in Europe, that reasonable and enlightened men are not entrapped by this species of religious warfare. A few reckless individuals, who belong to no party, may be temporarily gained over by such proceedings, particularly as they require no change of religious principle; but the evil, or rather the farce, will stop here, and a reaction will take place in favor of the cause to which public attention has been thus directed. Such has always been the result, and must necessarily be from the very nature of things. This our Protestant neighbors ought to know, and they should not make so bold as to cry victory, before the combat is over; at least truth and justice require that the paltry efforts of a few turbulent and degraded men should not be prematurely magnified into importance. It was recently reported, by a part of the Protestant press, that the whole Catholic population of Offenbach, in Prussia, had withdrawn from the jurisdiction of their bishop and adopted a new and more Protestant code of faith. The following extract from the *Ami* will show the real state of the matter.

"The parish of Offenbach contains two thousand souls. Of these about seventy persons, many of whom are minors, apprentices and boys, addressed a protest of reform to the bishop, but the proceeding was an utter failure. Signed, A. Gresser, curate. C. Mertz, burgomaster.

"Offenbach, 10th March, 1845."

The Ronge proceeding has in the same way

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been noted down as an era in the progress of religious reform; but while in the east of Prussia a great noise is made about the withdrawal of twenty or thirty persons from the Catholic church, who never strictly belonged to it, the Protestant press is almost silent in regard to the contra-revolutions which are taking place elsewhere. At Stutgard, for instance, the Catholic parish, which numbered, a few years since, only two hundred persons, now contains six hundred.

IRELAND.—Maynooth Grant.—Sir Robert Peel thus spoke on a recent occasion in reference to this measure:

"He denied that ministers had consulted with any of the political leaders or clergy of Ireland, nor had ministers ever entered into any negotiations with the pope relative to this grant, neither was the grant any part of a general system for the endowment of the Catholic church, although he [Sir Robert] would not fetter ministers by a pledge not to propose the endowment of the Roman Catholic clergy—he would make no such declaration, but he wished hon. gentlemen to draw no unfair inferences from his refusal to commit himself by such pledge. He considered the permanent endowment of Maynooth college just to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. It would produce a kindly feeling in Ireland, among the people—it would produce great good. I know not what the consequences may be in respect to the kindly intentions between Ireland and this country. I do not rest the measure on any question of mere compact. I say, without hesitation, you must break up that formidable confederacy which exists in that country against the British connection. And I believe it is essential you should break it up in order that you may carry on the work of good government in Ireland (cheers), and that you may strengthen the connection between the two countries, and maintain, unimpaired, the power and dignity of the united kingdom." (Renewed cheers.)

American Bishops.—The Rt. Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, bishop of Philadelphia, and Rt. Rev. John Odin, V. A. of Texas, recently left Dublin, on their way to Rome.

SPAIN.—The *Heraldo* states that M. Castello y Ayenza, the Spanish envoy at Rome, was received on the 6th of April with all the honors due to his official rank, and that his holiness expressed the satisfaction he felt at the reconciliation of Spain with the holy see. The *Heraldo* adds that the official relations between Spain and Rome are now completely re-established, and that Cardinal Lambruschini has addressed a letter to M. Castello, as minister plenipotentiary of her Catholic majesty, Queen Isabella, which is accepted as a recognition of her majesty's throne. It is also said that about the commencement of May the pope will hold a consistory, in which his holiness will announce the conclusion of a concordat, and the recognition of Isabella II by the holy see.

The *Espectador* have announced the marriage of the young queen with the Count de Trapani, the *Heraldo* and the *Globo* deny the truth of the statement, and say that the Madrid government has not yet taken the question into consideration at all.—*Tablet*.

AUSTRALASIA.—*Provincial Council and Synod.*—We gather from the *Tablet* that the first council ever held in this part of the world, was opened at Sydney on the 10th September, 1844. The M. Rev. John B. Polding, archbishop of Sydney, and his suffragans, the bishops of Hobart town and Adelaide, were present, with twenty two of the inferior clergy. Measures were adopted for the preservation of the faith, the greater uniformity of discipline and the promotion of Christian morality. September, 1847, was appointed for the holding of the next council in that distant region.

BRITISH GUIANA.—Peace has at length been restored to the church in this country. Bishop Clancy retires to Rome.—*Tablet*.

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Taking the Veil.*—On the 4th of May, were admitted to the white veil, at the Visitation convent, Baltimore, Miss Mary Clare Pye, of Charles county, Maryland, and Miss Amelia Hitselberger, of Baltimore. The name of the former, in religion, is Sister Mary Aloysius; that of the latter is Sister Mary Baptista.

Confirmation.—On Sunday, 18th of May, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Reynolds, bishop of Charleston administered the sacrament of confirmation in Baltimore, at the request of the Most Rev. Archbishop. At an early hour several young ladies were confirmed at the Academy of the Visitation, and at the close of the 8 o'clock mass, about two hundred persons received the same holy rite in the cathedral.

Bishop Reynolds left Baltimore a few days since on his way to Europe. He is accompanied at present by Rev. Mr. Sullivan, of Charleston, who has obtained leave to visit his friends in Ireland. We wish them a prosperous journey, and a safe return amongst us.

DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—We learn from the *Catholic Herald* that the corner-stone of a new church, to be erected at Reading, was laid on the 4th of May. Very Rev. F. X. Gartland celebrated high mass in the old church, assisted by other clergymen, and the Rev. J. P. O'Dwyer, O. S. A., preached on the occasion.

DIOCESS OF NEW YORK.—*Church of the Nativity, 2d Avenue, N. Y.*—The sacrament of confirmation was administered in this church on Sunday last, 4th of April, by the Right Rev. Bishop Hughes, to more than two hundred and seventy-eight persons, many of whom were adults, and five of them converts to our holy faith. Before administering the sacrament, the Right Rev. Prelate addressed those who were present for this holy sacrament, in a feeling and eloquent manner. During the administration he was attended by Rev. Messrs. O'Neill and Rien, (the Rev. gentlemen attached to

the church.) After the administration of the sacrament, the Right Rev. Prelate gave their *first communion* to more than three hundred persons. The bishop preached also at the high mass to a crowded congregation.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

THE NEW YORK PROTESTANT ANNIVERSARIES.—Within the week commencing on the 4th and ending on the 11th of May, not less than twenty-seven different anniversaries were held in the city of New York, many of them professing to be religious in their character, while others referred mainly to objects of benevolence. In regard to most of these celebrations our exchange papers contain ample details, which furnish matter of considerable interest to the reader. There seems to be a great variety of opinion, however, in relation to the influence of such proceedings. "Good and evil," says the *Presbyterian*, "seem to be mingled together in this anniversary system, and it is believed that the more judicious and spiritually-minded of all denominations are becoming increasingly dissatisfied with the whole system." On the other hand we find the Rev. Mr. Kirk, of Boston, a good Presbyterian, declaring that "these anniversary meetings of late had become of double importance." Among the high-church Episcopalians there is no disposition to encourage such assemblies. The *Banner of the Cross* says that "the wisdom of the church in refusing to mix up her institutions with these popular meetings, is beginning to be seen and acknowledged by our dissenting brethren." Yet at the same time we see the Rt. Rev. Dr. Johns, assistant bishop of Virginia, and his brother, Rev. H. V. D. Johns, of Baltimore, figuring in these conventions. We may observe that the remarks of the gentlemen last mentioned, during the late conventions, abundantly show that their views of the Episcopal church, as distinguished from other sects, do not embrace any thing which they consider essential to the constitution of Christianity.

The anniversaries recently celebrated in New York are interesting to the Catholic for several reasons. The reports which are exhibited on such occasions, display the most strenuous and indefatigable exertions to accomplish the objects of the respective societies, and may well tend to stimulate the zeal and activity of those who are called to the support of a better cause. With this view we will subjoin a few extracts from the periodicals before us.

1. *American Tract Society.*—"It appears that during the past year the society has paid for paper, printing, &c., \$102,691 04. To superintendents, colporteurs, and other agents in disseminating the publications of the society, \$25,382 43; for the services of agents in different sections of the United States, \$5,538 75; appropriation to foreign and pagan lands, \$6,000; for services of officials in depositories, \$7,613 74—in all, \$152,376 78.

"The receipts have been, by sale, \$36,236 01;

by donations, legacies, &c. from auxiliary societies and branches, \$62,306 38; from rents, \$2,774 39—in all \$152,376 78. There also exists a debt of \$5,107 61 for printing, &c.

"The number of new publications has been sixty-eight, many of them being editions of standard works. The number of volumes circulated has been 374,757, an increase over the circulation of the previous year of 61,255,773 pages. 36,000 volumes have been circulated in German. Heavy grants of publications have been made during the year, amounting to 23,703,195 pages. The number of stereotype plates cast for the society has been 52,717 in various languages.

"During the year there have been engaged 143 colporteurs in the territory of the United States and Texas, inclusive of those employed by auxiliary societies. Of this number three have been devoted to Welsh, Irish, and colored persons, three to sailors, four to French, and twenty-six to Germans. The residue, one hundred and seven, to the people at large.

"The society has granted to the Toulouse and Swiss committee of Geneva \$500, in Belgium, \$200, Hamburg, \$600, Mission stations in Turkey, \$1,000, Bombay, \$400, Ceylon, \$600, India, \$1300, Burmah, \$400, Sandwich Islands \$1,000. Total, \$6,000.

"The total number of families visited exceeds 153,000, with most of whom the colporteurs have had personal religious conversation or prayer. Not far from 47,000 families, who were destitute of all religious books except the Bible, were each supplied with a book gratuitously, and several thousands with the Bible or Testament by sale or gift. The total circulation of volumes exceeds 374,000, including 24,000 sets of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation. The state of the society generally is highly encouraging."

2. *Foreign Evangelical Society.*—"The annual report was read by Rev. Dr. Baird, from which it appears that the receipts of the society for the past year were \$15,968; the general expenditures \$9,900;—in Canada, \$1,248; in Spain, \$446; for printing, \$2,079; salaries, &c., \$3,275; which, including some expenses of a minor nature, leave a balance in the treasury of \$160.

"It was stated that if the income from the Canada missions be included, the receipts of the society would amount to \$18,744, making an amount considerably larger than those of any previous year. Of the funds of the society a great portion has been expended in France and Belgium, the principal scene of their labors. Much has also been done in Italy and Switzerland. There are now from seventy-five to eighty laborers in these countries. In the cities of Moscow, St. Petersburg, Stockholm, Cairo, Hamburg, &c., tract agents, or colporteurs, have done great benefit.

"In Italy the success has not been so encouraging; what is done there is through the agents in Geneva, and the dissemination of books and libraries is generally the means used. The committee in Geneva have been of the most essential benefit; the chairman contributed, during the last year, \$2,500 to meet a deficiency occurring. In this country the only field of the society's labors is Canada."

3. *American Bible Society.*—"The receipts from all sources, including balance on hand, have been \$169,222, making an increase of \$12,212 over those of the preceding year, all of which have been expended. The society owes \$11,000 for paper, and has other liabilities.

"There have been issued in the course of the year 429,092 Bibles and Testaments from the depository (besides those published at the society's expense abroad). This is an increase of 114,510 copies over those of the previous year, and an aggregate, since the formation of the society, of 4,013,352. These books, of the last year, have been sent into every state and territory of the union, to Canada, Texas, West India islands, Mexico, Brazil, Buenos Ayres, and Greece. To the Baptist mission in the latter country have been granted 1500 modern Greek New Testaments, and \$500 worth of other books published in the Levant. Various grants have been made by the Rev. Mr. Calhoun, late agent at Smyrna, to other missionaries in that region.

"*New Books.*—A new bourgeois Bible, a new French, and a new Spanish Testament have been published. Plates for a minion 24mo. Bible are in progress. A new edition of the Bible in raised letters, for the blind, is soon to be put to press. George Douglas, Esq., of Long Island, has generously contributed \$500 for this object; and the Massachusetts Bible Society as much more.

"Nine agents have been in employ all the year, and eight more for part of the time. Fourteen are now in employ. Rev. S. H. Calhoun has closed his agency in the Levant, and become a missionary on Mount Lebanon. During his agency he has put not far from 60,000 Bibles and Testaments in circulation in that region, where those sacred books were first given to the world.

"While the board have been occupied more than usual in the home distribution, they have still been enabled to remit and expend \$13,792 87 for publishing the Scriptures abroad. These grants have been made for France, Switzerland, Turkey, Syria, Persia, Northern India, and the Sandwich islands. Next year more must be done abroad, if possible."

4. *American Protestant Society.*—"The object of this society is to convert Catholics to Protestantism.

"The receipts for the last year were \$6,721 08, and the disbursements \$6,946 52, leaving \$25 44 in the treasury. In addition there is due the sum of \$500, which ought to be paid at once.

"The society has, during the year, circulated 180,000 pages of tracts, besides many books. Tracts have been printed in the French and German languages, and circulated to a large extent. One missionary reported the conversion of sixteen Roman Catholics.

"Another reported sixteen or eighteen cases of conversion; another in Portugal had preached to audiences of from one hundred to four hundred persons. Testaments and tracts in Portuguese had been sent to him, and he had written for more, saying that the people were hungry for more. Another missionary in France had made ten or twelve or twenty converts in a place. Another missionary, who had been a Catholic priest, was stationed in a country of 100,000 Catholics, and by letter just received from him it appears that he is meeting with the most encouraging success. The plan of operations pursued by the society is mainly to operate by means of colporteurs, who preach wherever they can get Catholic hearers."

The statements here presented suggest many important reflections. The earnest efforts which are made by Protestants, to disseminate the Bible and other publications, are well worthy of imitation on

the part of Catholics. What immense sums are collected for the upholding of what we believe to be error, and for the publication of books, the avowed object of which is to misrepresent and vilify our holy religion, while it is barely possible to support an undertaking which has for its aim to defend and vindicate the Catholic church! It is true, the Catholic population is vastly inferior in point of numbers; but it is equally true that much more might and ought to be effected for the diffusion of wholesome knowledge throughout the United States, in order to counteract and rectify the baneful impressions that are so extensively produced by hostile agencies. As we are wholly uninterested in this remark, except so far as the good of religion is concerned, we do not hesitate to declare our sentiments frankly, and to urge upon our brethren every where the importance of disseminating, to the best of their power, approved works on Catholic doctrine, and of sustaining the efforts of the periodical press. How much real good would be effected also by the *Tract society*, or rather *Tract committee* of Baltimore, if the institution were even moderately encouraged from the different parts of the union? It, no doubt, accomplishes much, but infinitely more could be achieved with comparatively little expense and exertion; for the tracts are disposed of at less than half a cent a number.

This reflection extends to every species of Catholic enterprise, and should be the more stimulating to our zeal, as we are convinced that its active exercise would lead to the most flattering results, while among our dissenting brethren immense sums of money are expended in the most circumscribed and undefinable achievements. From the reports which we have quoted above, it is plain that the conversions effected by the diffusion of the Bible, and other efforts of the various societies, is very small, in comparison to the extensive means employed; and it is certain that were even the number much larger, but little confidence can be inspired by that vague religion which is picked up from an ignorant and indiscriminate use of the sacred Scriptures. Protestantism concedes to an individual whatever may occur to his mind in reading the Bible, no matter how contradictory soever it may be to the opinions formed in the same way by another. But Catholicity offers to the mind something definite, tangible, and incapable of change, and it is, in part, for this reason, that the efforts of its missionaries, and all who are rightfully engaged in advancing its principles, are blessed with the most eminent success, which should be equally consoling to the friends of religion and influential in leading them to co-operate, according to their means, in so excellent a work.

As to our Protestant brethren, we think that the large sums of money which are collected in this

country, to be expended here and in foreign parts, should for ever silence the unmeaning outcry that is often heard about the introduction of European aid for the building of Catholic churches in the United States. Why should not the Catholic body employ every legitimate means for the spread of their faith, which they believe to be the only true faith, when far greater resources are brought into action by Protestantism for the opposite purpose? Independently of any religious consequences, the funds which Catholic zeal introduces into this country contribute no small share to the general prosperity of the people, while the same can not certainly be asserted by those who send American funds to other nations.

We would address another word to our Protestant neighbors. In perusing the proceedings of the New York anniversary meetings, we were particularly struck with the general improvement in the tone of the speakers. Their remarks, it is true, abound in misrepresentation, and Romanism is the great staple commodity served up for the entertainment of the audience; but there is unquestionably a falling off in the bitterness and violence which are commonly witnessed on such occasions. We are told, indeed, of the "man of sin," of popery being "the most perfect work of Satan," &c.; but we are treated to all this in a more courteous and inviting manner than was usual heretofore. Until now our dissenting friends seemed determined that we should swallow these doctrines at one gulp; now, it appears, we shall be allowed at least to breathe during the performance of the difficult task, and to prepare ourselves against the danger of strangling. We venture to say that few persons, whether Protestant or Catholic, will not applaud the spirit of the following sentences from the Rev. Dr. Beecher.

He said "that the hope of the Protestant world in their great controversy over the Catholic world, lies in their becoming holier themselves, and in praying for the conversion of Catholics as lost and ruined sinners, just as they pray for the conversion of their own fellow men in any revival of religion. He announced this principle, because the reverse of it was believed to be true. Protestants look upon the Catholic church, in the light of Scripture, as a body of men to be destroyed; not as materials for revivals. They ought to be regarded as materials for powerful revivals of religion; and, he continued, until we do look at them in this light, and pray for their conversion, we never shall use energetic means for them; so that the spirit of Protestants should be the spirit of one great prayer meeting; then shall we use appropriate means, and with faith and success. The reason that we have not done so is, that we have not sufficiently distinguished the system from the men who profess it; neither have we distinguished between the mass of Roman Catholics and the small minority who have pecuniary and political interests at stake. The great mass are men who have consciences like ours,—men exposed to temptation, trial, calamity, suffering, death; men who need consolation, com-

fort, and sympathy, as we do,—they have no special interests except to prepare for heaven, and they hold on to their system because they believe it is the way to heaven; the moment their minds are under the impression that it is not the way to heaven, that moment they leave the system." There is always attached to the Roman Catholic system a large mass of conscientious mind, both among the common people and the priesthood. Have you forgotten that Calvin, Luther, Zwingle, Melancthon, and Bucer, were Roman Catholic young men, educated in a Roman Catholic school? Have you forgotten that Luther was convinced of sin in a monastery? . . .

"To contend with that body of men (Catholics) requires more holiness than any other work on earth; for, if there is a temptation to anger and revenge, it is when the Protestant world read the history of the Catholic world. But if we cease to have a forgiving spirit, we cease to have power. The spirit of resentment must be hurled out of the controversy of the Protestant world. Then let the Protestant world be ever on their knees; let them weigh the worth of souls; let them penetrate eternity, fathom its depth, and be bathed in a spirit of love, and they will be purified and prepared to wage a tremendous warfare with the powers of darkness. In the third place, not only will it take away a noxious quality from the argument on the subject, but it will impart to the argument its real power. Now there is a spirit of abhorrence prevalent in the Protestant world, which must be removed, not only because it is wrong, but because it stands between us and the salvation of souls. Until this spirit is taken away, there never will be that true spirituality, that unction, that penetrating and burning power, in the arguments of the Protestant world, which is indispensably necessary.

"Finally, in taking this course we follow up the providence of God. If any one will examine God's providence, he will find that whenever any one has attempted to shake the Catholic system, he has done it in this way: He has taken hold of the conscience. If the Protestant world would come up to the work in this way, with more faith and prayer, God would take hold, and his voice would run through the Catholic world, and there would be no end to Ronges and Luthers too. The fact is, we have not prayed for revivals in the Catholic world. We must enlarge our faith and prayer, and God will shake down the pillars of the temple, and its destruction shall come in a moment. It can not be avoided. It will come in a proper course, pure, holy, strong, coming up like incense before the eternal throne. In conclusion, as was said at the commencement, we must be holier ourselves, labor to save souls, and pray for a revival in the Catholic world as we pray for a revival in the Protestant world, and breathe this prayer in our lives, and there will be no fear of success."

Now the tone of these observations we admire exceedingly, and we are glad to perceive that similar sentiments were expressed by other gentlemen in attendance. Dr. Parker, of Philadelphia, after alluding to the decided advantage of Protestants over Catholics in the United States, observed that the conflict with the latter should be conducted in kindness and love.

He then "related several pleasing incidents illustrative of the power of kindness in winning the

confidence of Catholics, and said that whatever priests might do, it was impossible to prevent him from having an influence upon the Catholic servant in his family. He closed by exhorting all to the indulgence of a spirit of love towards them, and encouraging them to hope for success."

These sentiments do honor to those who uttered them, and they will receive the applause of all enlightened and truly Christian men, no matter to what denomination they may belong. We have drawn attention to this subject, because we would willingly indulge the hope that the circumstance alluded to is an indication of a tendency to sounder views and better feelings, relative to the religious differences of the day. We reprobate all violence and harshness in controversy, and even that jeering and satirical manner which strives to bring contempt or ridicule upon an adversary. Wit, when properly wielded, may be perfectly consistent with charity; but vituperation and sarcasm are unworthy weapons in the warfare of truth; nay, they invariably prove injurious to the cause which they are intended to defend, and we sincerely trust that the time has arrived for the more general prevalence of the conviction, that calm and dispassionate appeals to the reason are never to be superseded by vulgar abuse and recrimination. Several Presbyterian clergymen, who were present at the anniversary meetings in New York, seem to have been more or less impressed with this idea, and we have only to add that the practical execution of it will require a considerable change in the matter and form which commonly characterize certain anti-Catholic periodicals. If there is a "spirit of resentment and abhorrence" to be removed, and a "spirit of forgiveness and love" to be cherished, as Dr. Beecher observes, our eyes should not be suffered to fall so incessantly upon gross misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine and discipline; we should no longer hear it proclaimed to the world that, according to the Catholic belief, faith is not to be kept with heretics, the end justifies the means, that the Catholic church is the enemy of the Bible, and a hundred such calumnies, which, although repeatedly refuted, are still put forth with the most confident assurance. The members of the Catholic church have no objection to the calm and honest discussion of their tenets, for an investigation of this nature will always lead to some useful result; but they have a right to protest against calumny and injustice, and now that their Protestant brethren have been urged from head quarters to lay aside this unholy armor, we trust that the religious controversies of the day will assume a more tranquil and Christian spirit.

DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—Confirmation.—On Sunday, May 11th, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fenwick administered the sacrament of confirmation in the cathedral

of the holy cross. One hundred and twenty-eight girls, and about seventy-five boys were confirmed.—*Boston Tablet.*

DIOCESS OF NEW ORLEANS.—Ordination.—On the 25th of April the Rt. Rev. Dr. Blanc held an ordination at the diocesan seminary of the Assumption. Messrs. Emilius Torregrosse of N. Orleans, and Cornelius Moynahan received the tonsure; Messrs. Hyacinth Tumoine, Jeremiah Moynahan and John Flanagan received the tonsure and minor orders; Mr. Anthony Teves was promoted to the subdeaconship.

Confirmation.—On the 20th of April, the same prelate confirmed thirty persons in St. Michael's church, Bringier parish; on the following day thirty six persons were confirmed in the church of Donaldsonville, at the close of a spiritual retreat for the congregation. On the 28th, thirty-four were confirmed, belonging to the German congregation, who worship at the church of St. Vincent de Paul.—*Prop. Cath.*

METHODISM.—Division of Churches.—A convention of preachers of the Methodist denomination, is at present in session in this city; and the exciting topic of debate is the great question provoked by the abolitionists of the north. It is generally thought that the convention, now assembled, will vote for a separate organization of the western and southern members of the Methodist church. In other words, it is thought that two churches will be made out of one, differing as to faith on the question of slavery, and entirely distinct in administration. This question is also likely to do a similar service for the Baptist and Presbyterian denominations. Already, as appears from the following notice of the Baptist "Home Missionary Society," has this element of division begun to agitate the Baptists. Churches must be manufactured and multiplied to suit the tastes and notions of all who enjoy the glorious privilege of going to heaven the way they like best. Protestantism, having nothing fixed or settled but that the Bible is THE WORD OF GOD, can assume any form or shape that the times may require. And if a man can not find a church to suit his taste, he can make a new one, if his influence be sufficient to enlist followers and disciples, and if not, he can be his own church. Each man has the same right to make a church; that Luther or Calvin, or Wesley, or Campbell had, and if no body comes to him when he preaches his gospel, he can slip off to heaven "alone in his glory." If Protestants can not go to heaven in union with each other, they can go separately, and that is a great consolation.

However, it strikes us as somewhat extraordinary that those, who are forced to embark upon separate vessels the treasures of their eternity, should still be unable to tell the world what are the essential conditions for a safe voyage. If they know what things must be believed and practised in order to secure heaven, let them tell the world, and put an end to this business of creed and church making. But if they can not determine what things are essential to salvation, let them cease talking of the faith and the church of Christ.

The multiplication of sects is the strong-hold into which the infidel retires, and from which, no man,

admitting the principle of private judgment, can dislodge him. What is the faith, and where is the church of Christ? Let Protestantism answer.

[From the Louisville Journal, May 8th.]

The following resolution was adopted at the last annual meeting in Philadelphia:

"*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed, consisting of three from the north, three from the south, and three from the west, with the president of the society as chairman, to take into consideration the subject of an amicable dissolution of this society, or to report such alterations in the constitution as will admit of the co-operation of brethren who cherish conflicting views on the subject of slavery."

The committee appointed last year under this resolution, then presented two reports; one a report of the majority of the committee in favor of continuing the society on its present basis; and the other, a minority report, in favor of dissolution.

From verbal statements made by the committee, it appeared that circulars had been addressed to the churches in six of the non-slaveholding states, and that answers had been received from 172 out of 9,100 churches addressed.

Dr. Wayland said he was alarmed at the tendency of these appeals to the churches—that none could tell where it would end. The churches have nothing to do with the matter. The society was not formed of churches, but contributors. He moved that the two reports be laid on the table, which motion prevailed.

Dr. Welch, of Albany, then offered the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That in view of our allegiance to the King of Zion, it is, in the judgment of this society, inexpedient for the executive board to employ brethren holding property in their fellow men as missionaries in the field of their operations."

Dr. Wayland regarded the introduction of Dr. Welch's resolution as an unconstitutional act. He could not vote for Dr. Welch's resolution because it was not true. He did not believe that "allegiance to the King of Zion" required what is "inexpedient."

Exciting speeches followed. Division all admitted to be unavoidable. Let it be done amicably was all that was asked for. Dr. Maginnis, of Hamilton, New York, offered the following resolutions as a substitute for that of Dr. Welch:

"*Whereas*, the American Baptist Home Missionary Society is composed of contributors residing in slaveholding and non-slaveholding states; and whereas the constitution recognises no distinction among the members of the society as to eligibility to all the offices and appointments in the gift both of the society and of the board; and whereas it has been found that the basis on which the society was organised is one upon which all the members and friends of the society are not now willing to act; therefore,

"1. *Resolved*, That in our opinion it is expedient that the members now forming the society should hereafter act in separate organizations at the south and at the north, in promoting the objects which were originally contemplated by the society.

"2. *Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to report a plan by which the object contemplated in the preceding resolution may be accomplished in the best way; and at the earliest period of time, consistently with the preservation of the constitutional rights of all the members, and with the least possible interruption of the missionary work of the society."

The society then adjourned to 9 o'clock, Thursday morning.

Thursday the excitement grew stronger. But Mr. Welch's motion was defeated. Rev. Mr. Maginnis moved a preamble and resolutions as an amendment declaring that a committee be appointed to report a plan by which a *separate* plan of organization should be made consistently with the constitutional rights of all the members. Carried—yeas 115, nays 59. The resolution as amended was adopted. The committee are: Messrs. Maginnis, Tucker, Weld, Taylor, Wayland, Sears, and Duncan.

The Providence Gazette says the excitement at Providence is "deep—intense." The report of the committee is looked for with great anxiety.—*Cath. Advocate of Louisville*.

A CURIOUS FACT.—The late Bishop Bruté, among some papers of his which have come under our notice, states that a Catholic bishopric was proposed to be erected at Scioto, or Gallipolis, in Ohio, as early as the year 1789, which was the period also of Rev. Mr. Carroll's appointment to the see of Baltimore. Mr. Bruté being at Paris in 1824, learned this remarkable fact from the abbé Boisanquier, a canon of St. Denys, who had been himself nominated to the new see in Ohio. No reasons, however, are mentioned, to account for the subsequent withdrawal of these appointments. It was probably caused by the circumstance mentioned in Dr. Spalding's *Sketches of Kentucky*, page 62, where he speaks of the French Catholics who had settled at Gallipolis. These colonists had been defrauded in the purchase of lands, the title proving defective, and many of them returned to France, in consequence of this unfortunate transaction, which marred the prospects of the new settlement, and probably suspended the proceedings relative to the contemplated see. It is rather singular, however, that the fact of the new bishopric having been designed, has never been publicly alluded to in connection with the history of the west.

MR. BROWNSON.—Reports very discreditable to the character of O. A. Brownson, Esq., the late convert to the Catholic faith, have been circulated in the newspapers, relative to a scuffle which took place between this gentleman and a Mr. Hoover. We publish the following from the *Boston Courier*, coming as it does from an eye witness of the circumstance.

SATURDAY, April 26, 1845.

To the Editor of the *Courier*:—In your paper of to-day is a communication signed "Hoover," asserting that I will bear witness to the correctness of the statements which have appeared in the daily papers concerning an unpleasant occurrence between him and Mr. Brownson, in my store. Thus appealed to, I owe it to Mr. Brownson and the truth to say the statements made in the papers, and especially the one copied from the *Boston Recorder*, are very incorrect, and likely to convey to the public an entirely false impression. I do not justify Mr. Brownson any more than he does himself, in throwing Mr. Hoover upon the floor, nor can I any

more justify Mr. Hoover in using the abusive language he did to Mr. Brownson, calling him repeatedly a "traitor to his country," a "Benedict Arnold," &c., in a tone and manner as ungentlemanly as uncalled for. Mr. Brownson's violence to him was occasioned by no remarks Mr. Hoover made against the Catholic church or religion, but by his charging Mr. Brownson with being a traitor to his country, and repeating the same after Mr. Brownson had warned him more than once of the consequences of using such language if he did not desist. I have no unfriendly feelings towards Mr. Hoover, but an unwilling the public should receive wrong impressions on the subject.

BENJAMIN H. GREENE,
124 Washington street.

MORMONISM.—This sect has made its appearance in London; a fact which, taken in connection with the following from the *Pittsburg Catholic*, shows that it is spreading, if not increasing:

"We perceive that a distinct branch of Mormonism has been fully established in our city, under the appellation of "Church of Christ." Sidney Rigdon, formerly a Baptist preacher, and lately one of Joe Smith's associates in Nauvoo, has been appointed head of the society with the title of first president, discharging at the same time the various and indeterminate duties of "prophet, seer, revelator, and translator to the church." Next in order come several quorums: "President's quorum," quorum of Seventy-three, quorum of Twelve, quorum of Elders, &c., &c.; each having some share in the administration."

ANGLICAN ORDERS.—The *Missionary of the Cross*, an Episcopal paper published at St. Louis, thus attempts to answer the objection which is urged against the divine commission of the Anglican clergy, and is founded upon the fact of their excommunication in the 16th century.

"To this it may be answered—and this simple reply is sufficient for our present purpose—that the character of the ministry is indelible. By this we mean, in as plain terms as we can express it—that the spiritual authority of the Christian ministry once conferred, can never be lost and never revoked. The acts of a minister degraded from the exercise of his functions and excommunicated by rightful authority, are null and void. But this power of excommunication is not arbitrary. It must be exercised in conformity with the Scripture and the canons of the Catholic church. The excommunication of the English bishops by the Roman pontiff, is good and valid, provided that they were guilty of heresy or schism in their connection with the reformation. But this charge against the English bishops has not been made good, nor can it be substantiated. Hence the act of the Roman pontiff was null and void, as it was neither in conformity with Scripture, nor with the canons of the church."

To this singular paragraph we reply that, whether the Anglican clergy have valid orders or not, they have no divine commission to exercise a sacred ministry. Orders and mission, character and authority are different things. This the *Missionary* admits, since he considers the character of the ministry to be indelible, and the acts of an excommunicated minister null and void. Now we argue in this wise. The acts of a minister excom-

municated by rightful authority are null and void ; but the Anglican clergy were excommunicated by rightful authority ; therefore their *acts* are null and void. The *Missionary* admits that the excommunication of the Anglican clergy was issued by the proper authority, because he says, "the excommunication by the Roman pontiff is good and valid, *provided*," &c. Now this *proviso* was the very reason that urged the pope to cut off the Anglican prelates from the communion of the church. They were not only guilty of heresy or schism ; but they were guilty both of *heresy and schism* ; of the first, in as much as they conceded to a temporal prince a spiritual headship which belongs only to the chief pastor of Christendom, as was universally acknowledged by the church at the time of the reformation : of the second, in forming a church apart from the universal church, and withdrawing from an ecclesiastical jurisdiction which had always before been admitted in England and every where else.

THE CATHOLIC SENTINEL.—We regret to learn that this spirited and ably conducted weekly has been discontinued for want of adequate patronage.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have before us an article of a highly literary character, on the discovery of America, which will be read with interest. Another, a conversation between a student of theology and a geologist, is of a very instructive nature. The respective authors will accept our thanks for these valuable contributions. X is declined, chiefly because the subject of his remarks, owing to the manner in which it is treated, is not sufficiently interesting.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the morning of the 22d May, at Baltimore, Rev. Adolphus Williamson of the diocese of Boston, Mass.

Mr. Williamson was born in 1805, at Baltimore,

and received a liberal education at St. Mary's college, in that city. After the completion of his studies, so far as was deemed useful to fit him for a mercantile life, he devoted himself to business pursuits ; but the consideration of the many dangers to which he was exposed in the world induced him to abandon its cares and distractions for the more peaceful occupations of a clergyman. Accordingly he entered the seminary of St. Mary's, in 1829, with a view to prepare himself for the duties of the holy ministry. To succeed the better in his undertaking, he visited Rome in 1831, and remained there in the prosecution of his studies until the year 1835. On his return to Baltimore, he attached himself to St. Mary's college, where he performed the duties of a teacher. From this post he removed to Boston, and for several years exercised the functions of the ministry at the Cathedral, with considerable zeal and success. He was more particularly charged with the care of the children belonging to that numerous congregation, who will never forget his untiring solicitude and exertions to promote their spiritual welfare. During the last year of his life, Mr. Williamson was charged with the congregation at Worcester, Massachusetts. There he contracted a disease, which rendered a surgical operation necessary, and for this purpose he repaired to Baltimore, to avail himself of the best professional aid, as well as to be in the midst of his family and friends. This comfort he did not long enjoy. A few weeks after he had come to his native city, he was attacked with a violent apoplexy, which at once deprived him of his faculties, and in this state he remained until the moment of his death. Several days before he was visited with this fatal sickness, he had received the consolations of religion at the hands of Rev. A. Elder, of St. Mary's college.

Mr. Williamson was of a pleasant disposition, generous feelings, active in the discharge of his duties, and liberal to the poor. While we sympathize with his excellent family at the loss they have sustained, we cherish the hope that he has been called to the enjoyments of a brighter and happier world.

Died, on the 16th of March, at Paris, the Very Rev. Anthony Garnier, superior general of the Society of St. Sulpitius. See a notice of him, p. 396.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Father Oswald, a genuine Catholic story. Second (stereotype) edition : revised, corrected, and improved. New York : Casserly & Sons. Baltimore : John Murphy. 18mo., pp. 299.

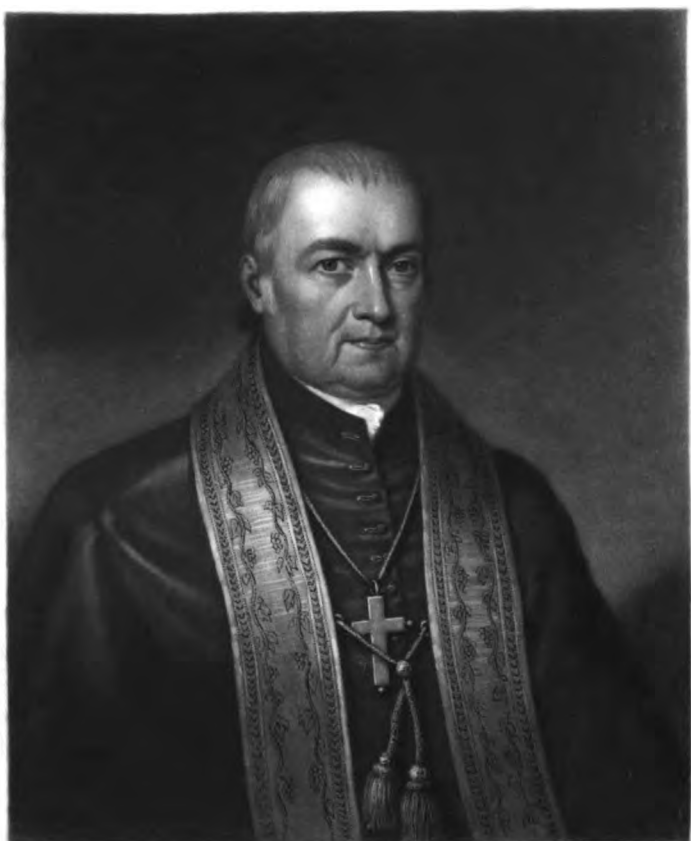
We are glad to perceive that a second edition of this very instructive and entertaining work has been published. The appearance of this edition is a proof that the merits of the volume have been, in some degree at least, appreciated by the Catholic community in this country. We think it can not be too widely circulated among all classes. The late edition has still higher claims upon public patronage than the first, having been issued in a more convenient form, and been carefully revised, corrected, and improved throughout. Not only every page, but every paragraph has undergone a rigid and searching scrutiny ; redundancies have been pruned, omissions supplied, and inaccuracies rectified in innumerable instances, and altogether the volume is one of the most useful among our modern books of popular theology.

The Catholic Christian instructed in the Sacraments, Sacrifice, Ceremonies and Observances of the Church, by way of question and answer. By the Most Rev. Dr. Challoner. New York : E. Dunigan. Baltimore : John Murphy. 18mo., pp. 262.

This work is well known in the Catholic world as one of the very best for the succinct and satisfactory explanation of whatever appertains to the practices of the Catholic church. We may merely add that the edition just issued is very neatly executed and very cheap.

The Boston Tablet, a weekly periodical. J. B. Fitzgerald, editor and publisher.

We have already adverted to this new auxiliary to the periodical press, and expressed our gratification at the favorable auspices under which the publication was to be commenced. The appearance of the first and second numbers confirms our expectations of the successful manner in which the *Tablet* will be conducted.



ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN.

*John Henry Jones, Bishop of
 the Methodist Episcopal Church,
 1844, New York, N.Y.*

THE
UNITED STATES
CATHOLIC MAGAZINE
AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1846.

JOHN HUSS AND THE HUSSITES.

An Introduction to "D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation." The Reformers before the Reformation. The Fifteenth century. John Huss and the council of Constance. By Emile de Bonnechose, librarian of the king of France, author of "Histoire de France," "Histoire Sacrée," &c.

In ea tempora natus es, quibus firmare animum expediat constantibus exemplis. *Tacitus, lib. xvi.*

L'homme n'est un homme et ne demeure libre et vrai qu'à condition de rester au pouvoir de sa conscience, ce qui est la vraie liberté. *Vinet.*

Translated from the French by Campbell McKenzie, B. A., Trinity college, Dublin. Complete in one volume, 8vo., pp. 199. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1844.



THE very midst of the great western schism,—when all Christendom was overspread with gloom and desolation,—when the very bosom of the church was torn by fierce dissension, and rival claimants of the papacy stood in bold and determined opposition to each other—when the distraction and laxity of church government gave occasion to many inevitable abuses,—and when, humanly speaking, the very existence of the church herself seemed to be threat-

ened,—a dark and threatening cloud gathered in Bohemia, and soon burst upon her in one of the most terrific storms that she had ever experienced during the long course of her history. Torn and distracted *within*, she was, at the same time, fiercely assailed by a bold and truculent heresy from *without*; as if Divine Providence, in permitting these dreadful evils to fall simultaneously upon her, had meant to make trial of her strength, and to prove triumphantly to the world her innate stability and indestructibility. With every odds against her; with her energies divided and broken; with the papacy—the great controlling and conservative element of her government itself—in jeopardy; she was still to behold her all-conquering banner wave in triumph over all her enemies, both external and internal; and she was to witness, in this her signal triumph, one more conclusive proof, in addition to the thousand which her history had already afforded, that Christ was still faithful to his solemn pledge,—“the gates of hell SHALL NOT prevail against her.”

The annals of the world tell of few men more remarkable than *John Huss*. The forerunner of Martin Luther and John Calvin, he united the boldness and indomitable energy of the former, with the coolness and fierce malignity of the latter; while he, perhaps, sur-

passed both in firmness and obstinacy of purpose. Born of poor and obscure parentage, in the small village of Hussinecz in Bohemia, in the year 1373, we find him, in his thirtieth year, a professor in the famous university of Prague, confessor of the queen of Bohemia, and preacher at the chapel of Bethlehem.* Bold, energetic, talented, and sprightly, he soon rose to distinction, and acquired an almost unbounded popularity. As professor, he fascinated the youth who flocked to his lectures by the boldness of his views, and the startling novelty of his theories. As confessor to the queen, he exercised great influence over her mind, and over that of her weak and imbecile husband, Wenceslaus; and became all powerful at court. As a popular preacher, he had few rivals, and no superior, in all Bohemia.

Such was the man who was soon to rear the standard of revolt against the church, to maintain doctrines subversive of all social order, both civil and religious, and to light up in Bohemia a flame which was to be extinguished only in the blood of thousands of its citizens! Had he continued faithful to the church; had he devoted his life and talents to the cause of truth and social order, had he studied to allay, instead of exciting, the elements of discord already fermenting in the minds of men, and especially in those of his fierce and semi-barbarous countrymen, he might have been one of the brightest ornaments of his age and nation, and one of the strongest pillars of the church. As a priest of the Catholic church, he had, at the holy altar, solemnly plighted his faith to become and to continue her advocate and faithful champion until death:—her cause was his cause; her truth his truth; her joys were his joys, and her sorrows his sorrows. If ever she needed a champion, now was the time that she needed one; if ever she needed a comforter in her grief, this was the season.

But alas! instead of comforting her, and laboring to assuage her grief, in this the bitterest hour of her affliction, this sworn minister of her altars, who had broken bread with her in unity and in sweetness of communion, now deserted her, and treacherously lifted up

* Founded in the year 1391 by two wealthy citizens of Prague: Johann Von Muhlheim and the merchant Kreuz; and destined especially for the preaching of the gospel to the poor.

his heel against her! He preferred the ephemeral popularity attending the advocacy of bold and startling novelties, to that less brilliant and enticing, but more solid and permanent glory, which results from the humble and unostentatious championship of old and uninviting, but wholesome truths. Like many other men of great talent and genius, but seduced by secret pride, he preferred the fame which attaches to the founder of a new sect, to that which he might have acquired by pursuing the even tenor of his way, and doing much good, in a quiet manner, in the venerable old paths of truth marked out and halloved by the footsteps of his sainted forefathers in the faith.

He wished, in a word, to become in Bohemia, what Wickliffe had so recently been in England. The bold English reformer—the redoubtable captain of the Lollards—had died quietly and in peace* in the year 1384, in his own rectory of Lutterworth; but, in dying, he had bequeathed a fatal legacy to posterity in his writings.† These abounded with virulent attacks upon the ministry, doctrines, and institutions of the Catholic church,—of which Wickliffe was nevertheless a priest,—and with principles as new as they were pernicious. Many of his assertions were downright blasphemies against the Deity; such as those of his propositions asserting absolute predestination and fatality, and, among the rest, this atrocious one—“*God ought to obey the devil*”!!‡ Many of them consisted of bitter and baseless tirades against the clergy and the popes: such as that which designated “the Roman church a synagogue of Satan;”§ and those which styled heretics, all clergymen who held any species of property, as well as those who bestowed it on them.|| Others railed against the monastic orders as “diabolical and unchristian;”¶ and against colleges and universities, as “pagan in their origin” and “devilish” in their tendencies.** Others, in fine, openly

* In spite of all the alleged cruelty and persecuting spirit of the Catholic church.

† The worst of these was his *Trilogus*, written after his retirement from Oxford to Lutterworth, and shortly before his death. It embodied, in the form of a conference among three persons, all his virulence, all his distinctive doctrines, and all the worst features of his system.

‡ Deus debet obedire diabolo.—Prop. vi, among those condemned by the council of Constance.

§ Prop. xxxvii, ibid.

¶ Prop. xxxiii and xxxi.

|| Prop. xxxvi.

** Prop. xxi.

broached and defended doctrines directly subversive of all social order, both in church and state; such as those which maintained that a bishop and a civil magistrate lost all power and jurisdiction the moment they fell into grievous sin! * This last may be reckoned the distinctive doctrine of Wickliffe's whole system; the one to which the civil commotions and bloodshed subsequently caused by his disciples, the Lollards, are fairly traceable.

Such were the leading features of that iniquitous system, which was now to be transplanted from England to Bohemia, and to produce in the latter country the same bitter and poisonous fruits which it had produced and was yet producing in the former. A noble Bohemian, named Jerome Faulfish, but more commonly known as Jerome of Prague, had visited the famous university of Oxford in England for the purpose of completing his education. There he became acquainted with the writings of Wickliffe, which he perused with avidity and delight. On his return to Bohemia, about the year 1402, he brought several copies of them with him, and busily circulated them among the professors and students of the university of Prague. Thoroughly imbued himself with the doctrines of the English reformer, he labored with unremitting zeal to infuse his own convictions into the minds of others. He succeeded but too well in his purpose!

The university of Prague was divided and thrown into confusion. A rivalry had long existed in its halls between the German professors and students, and those of Bohemia: but hitherto the Germans had maintained the ascendancy, both in numbers and in influence. The tables were now turned. John Huss adopted and defended with great vigor the doctrines of Wickliffe, and was soon followed by nearly all the Bohemians belonging to the university; the Germans as ardently maintained the old principles of religion and philosophy, and denounced the new opinions as both heretical and ruinous in their tendency. Novelty, however, gained the day; the Germans were expelled from the university, John Huss and his adherents became supreme therein, and they were thus enabled to teach

and to spread their new-fangled notions almost without opposition.*

The infection soon spread throughout all Bohemia. The ignorant and the vicious were pleased with the new doctrines, and fascinated with the boldness and eloquence of the man who poured forth, in his own chapel of Bethlehem, and throughout the kingdom, his coarse and withering invectives against the popes, the bishops, and the clergy. The standard of revolt was now raised; and all Bohemia was in a flame. The dreadful sequel is but too well known.

It is fashionable with such writers as M. Bonnechose to praise with extravagance, and to exalt even to the skies, men who, like John Huss, fiercely opposed the Catholic church, and founded new sects. We are not at all surprised at this. Men naturally sympathize with those of a kindred spirit. No matter how wicked the founders of new sects may have been; no matter how reckless, inconsistent, and unprincipled; no matter what commotion they excited, what hatred they stirred up, what torrents of blood they caused to flow; if they only opposed Rome, all their iniquities are at once forgiven and forgotten, and they are painted as saints, as heroes, as martyrs, as men who preferred the voice of their conscience to all the smiles of the church and of the world! This fierce and more than Carthaginian hatred of Rome, like the mantle of charity, covers a multitude of sins. John Huss and Jerome of Prague are represented as men entirely in advance of their age; as men who had the courage to rebuke the vices and errors of a corrupt and all-powerful church; and as men who fell victims to their noble zeal and integrity, and to the vengeance of the hierarchy.

M. Bonnechose evidently follows the accounts most favorable to Huss and the Hussites.† If he read at all the authorities on

* We have gathered these particulars from a distinguished cotemporary, *Æneas Sylvius*—*Historia Bohemorum*, c. 36. He says that the Bohemians were then "by nature ferocious and indomitable—*natura ferocibus atque indomitis*." He adds that Wickliffe's new doctrines were spread by Huss, chiefly with a view to vex the German professors, and to oust the Germans from the university—"Wyclivitarum doctrinam arripuit eaque Teutonico vexare magistrorum cœpit, sperans eo confusos Teutones scholas relicturos."

† The chief authorities on the history of John Huss and the Hussites are the following: In favor of John Huss, a voluminous work, composed by an anonymous Hussite, and entitled: *Historia et monumenta Jo.*

* Prop. xv. Nullus est dominus civilis, nullus est prælatus, nullus est episcopus, dum est in peccato mortali.

the other side, his readers are in a great measure deprived of the fruits of his researches. If he sometimes quotes *Æneas Sylvius* and *Jo. Cochleus*, it is rather to keep up a semblance of impartiality, or to confirm some statement in favor of Huss, than to exhibit fairly and fully the facts and evidence on both sides. When his favorite partisan work—"the History and Monuments of John Huss and Jerome of Prague"—fails him, he calls in to his aid the veracious John Fox, the English martyrologist, whom he quotes with as much complacency, as if he had been a cotemporary historian, and as if he had never written accounts of the cruel deaths and martyrdom of living men. Such is the general character of M. Bonnechose's work, which, with some pretensions to erudition and impartiality, is as thoroughly partisan a book as ever was written. We think no candid man who reads it, and compares its statements with those of the original historians, can come to any other conclusion.

We hate persecution under every form and shape. Catholics have been too long and too cruelly the victims of it, to relish it, no matter by what reasoning or pretext its advocates may have sought to justify it in any particular case. We sincerely regret and condemn the spirit which sent John Huss and Jerome of Prague to the stake; and we do so consistently with the principles of our holy faith. That bloody deed was much more the result of the spirit of the times in which it was done, than of the spirit of the church: it was the consequence of imperial, rather than of ecclesiastical, enactments. All this we hope to make appear in the sequel, by such a mass of evidence as the candid can not resist or answer.

The Catholic church has never persecuted, as a church. She has, indeed, at all times

Huss atque Hieronymi Pragensis—Norimbergæ: 1715, Tom. ii, in folio. This work is a special favorite with M. Bonnechose, who quotes it on all occasions. Against Huss: *Æneas Sylvii*—De Bohemorum originæ ac gestis historia (Romæ: 1475, fol.), especially chap. 35 and 36; and *Johannes Cochleus*—Historia Hussitarum, Libri xii. (Moguntie: 1549, folio.) To these add a host of more recent writers, especially in Germany, chiefly in favor of Huss; such as *Theobaldus De Bello Hussitarum*, in 4to; *Wilhelmi Seyfridi*—De Jo. Huss martyris vita, fatis, ac scriptis, Jene: 1729, &c.; *J. F. W. Fischer*, life of Jerome of Prague, and Zitte's life of Huss, both written in German. See also *Labbei Concilia*—Concil. Constant.; *Hardt*—Constant. Concilium, &c., vi Tom. folio; *L'Enfant*—Histoire du Concile de Constance, Tom. ii; and *Casteret*—Nouvelle Hist. du Concile de Constance, Paris: 1718, 4to., &c., &c.

freely and fearlessly exercised her undoubted prerogative of proclaiming the truth, and of stigmatizing error; of witnessing and authoritatively pronouncing on the "faith once delivered to the saints." She had been instituted for this express purpose; and well and fully has she fulfilled her mission. No matter how adverse the circumstances under which she labored; no matter what clouds and storms gathered around her pathway; she was, at all times, too thoroughly imbued with the meek and humble spirit of her divine Founder and spouse, to call down fire on the heads of her enemies. She could suffer without a murmur; she could not witness, much less inflict suffering on others, without a pang. Her whole history through eighteen long centuries will, if impartially examined and fairly stated, fully bear out this view of the subject.

Nor does the case of John Huss and Jerome of Prague constitute an exception to this general remark. Their melancholy deaths, as we have already intimated, were the result of imperial laws, not of church decisions. It was the emperor Sigismund, and not the fathers of the council of Constance, who sentenced them to death. The council merely condemned the doctrines of Huss, ordered the books containing them to be burnt,* and deposed him from the ministry as an unworthy and heretical priest;† it was the emperor Sigismund who condemned him to death, in accordance with the settled law of the Germanic empire.

Even M. Bonnechose, how much soever he strives to implicate the council,‡ is still constrained to admit this. He tells us that the emperor, at the close of Huss' examination, before the council, irritated at the obstinacy of the man, whom neither he nor the council could induce to retract, thus addressed the assembled fathers in his presence:

"You have heard the errors which this man has taught—many of which are crimes deserving of the severest punishment. *My opinion, therefore, is*, that, unless he abjures every one of them, he ought to be burned to

* Those who affect to be scandalized at this are referred to the example of St. Paul, who caused a multitude of bad books to be burned at Ephesus—Acts, ch. xix.

† M. Bonnechose himself is forced to admit this. See p. 102, where he gives the substance of the two sentences pronounced by the council.

‡ Many of his assertions on this subject need confirmation, other than his own bare word and that of his partial authorities.

death. . . . If any of his followers should happen to be at Constance, they ought also to be severely put down, and chiefly, amongst them all, his disciple Jerome."^{*}

As we shall see, in a passage to be cited hereafter, he had pronounced a similar opinion at the opening of the examination.

For nearly two hundred years before the council of Constance, it had been a settled and organic law of the Germanic empire, that heresy was punishable with death. At the famous convention held at Roncaglia, in Italy, in the year 1158, the emperor Frederic Barbarossa had revived the provisions of the old Roman imperial laws, as modified and acted on by the first Christian emperors. He had revived them with all their absolutism and all their persecuting spirit. His grandson, Frederic II, went still farther. In the year 1244, he added specific and terrible laws against heretics. In the new code, blasphemy and heresy were put on a level with high treason; and, like it, were to be punished with death. It was thought by the law that heresy was rebellion and high treason against heaven; and that a man who was a traitor to his God, could not be a faithful subject to his earthly sovereign.

The church had at least no direct agency in enacting this odious code. She seems to have merely acquiesced in, and to have submitted to it. She could not, in fact, have well done otherwise: for the two Frederics were men of stern resolve—tyrants whom no influence could either tame or control. During the time of the early Christian emperors, the church had often been the victim of a similar stern and grasping legislation. She had seen her best pontiffs and bishops dragged into exile, and condemned to death by the iron will of imperial tyrants, who took it upon themselves to decide what was truth, and what was heresy,† and to enforce their decision with terrible penalties.

The condemnation to death, then, of John Huss and Jerome of Prague at Constance, was no new thing. It was done in accordance with a settled principle of law, long established and generally recognized. No one questioned its existence, or doubted its justice, either at that

time, or for many centuries afterwards; not even those who fell victims to its exercise. All the early reformers adopted and defended the very same principle; and the punishment by death at the stake, for heresy, was retained in Protestant England longer than in any other country in the world.* Even John Huss himself, as we shall show more fully in the sequel, was not only well aware of the existence of this law ere he departed from Prague for Constance; but he freely consented to be judged by it, and to abide its penalty, if convicted of heresy. At Constance itself, on being accused of having denied its justice, he repelled the accusation, and only remarked: "the heretic can not be corporeally punished, until after he has been charitably instructed, by means of arguments drawn from Scripture:"† a qualification which, with the exception of its implying the right of private interpretation in opposition to church authority, few would have felt disposed to question even in that iron age. The church may, then, say in reference to the death of Huss and Jerome:—*non mea culpa est, sed temporum*. It was not her fault that they died at the stake; it was the fault of the age.

But before we can subscribe to the opinion that Huss was a saint and a martyr, and that the council of Constance acted a cruel and treacherous part by him, we must have more evidence than the bare word of such flippant writers as M. Bonnechose, and the partisan historians whom he quotes. We must go into the whole merits of the case, and examine the following *previous* questions.

1st. What were the doctrines of John Huss, and what were their effects on society?

2d. What means did he adopt to spread them?

3d. Was he always equally bold in avowing, and consistent in maintaining them?

4th. Had he a fair trial at Constance?

5th. Did the council act with wanton cruelty in his regard?

And 6th. Was the council guilty of perfidy and treachery towards him?

We shall endeavor briefly and succinctly, but, we hope, clearly and satisfactorily, to

* P. 96.

† Witness the cases of the pontiffs Liberius, Sylvester, and St. Martin I; and of the holy prelates, St. Hilary, of Poitiers; St. Athanasius, of Alexandria; St. John Chrysostom, of Constantinople, and of many others.

* Instances of this cruel punishment occur in England as late as the reign of George I! See Fletcher's notes to De Maistre's "Letters on the Spanish Inquisition."

† Bonnechose, p. 94.

answer all these questions. And we will assert nothing which can not be clearly proved from undoubted and original sources, cotemporary with the events themselves.

I. What were the doctrines of John Huss, and what were their effects on society?

His doctrines were the same as those of Wickliffe, of which we have already spoken, with this important difference, however, that the Bohemian does not appear to have gone so far as the English reformer. Huss admitted to the day of his death many distinctive doctrines of Catholicity which Wickliffe had rejected: such as the real presence, the sacrifice of the mass, the power of granting indulgences, and some others. But, in all other respects, he seems to have agreed almost entirely with Wickliffe, though he was, perhaps, less furious, and more cautious, in expressing his opinions than the bluff and sour Englishman. Like him, he railed incessantly against the popes, the bishops, the clergy, the religious orders; like him, he maintained the doctrine of absolute predestination; like him, he believed that none but the elect belonged or could belong to the church of Christ; like him, he maintained that it was unlawful for the clergy to hold property of any kind; like him, he denied the infallibility of the church; and, like him, he asserted the ruinous principle—ruinous to all social organization, whether political or religious—that the circumstance of a temporal or spiritual ruler being in the state of mortal sin, deprived him, by the very fact, of all power and jurisdiction!*. He also openly denied the power of the church to excommunicate or to suspend her ministers, and boldly defended the disorganizing doctrine, that a priest thus excommunicated, provided he believed the sentence unjust, could still continue to exercise his functions, in spite of the prohibition by the ecclesiastical tribunal. He more than once intimated that St. Peter never had been the head of the church; that the Roman pontiffs had derived their supremacy from the Cæsars; and that there was no need of a visible head of the church on earth. That such were the distinctive doctrines of Huss,

* See the propositions extracted from the works of Huss and condemned by the Council of Constance;—not as M. Bonnechose gives them on the authority of Fox (!)—but as they are recorded in the acts of the council itself: especially Propositions i, ii, v, xxi and xxx. See also Bonnechose, p. 91, where he tells a part of the truth in regard to the doctrines of Huss.

we think no one who has at all read the original documents will be disposed to deny.*

Who can wonder that doctrines so thoroughly disorganizing should have produced the most disastrous effects on society? Who can wonder that Prague soon became the theatre of bitter contentions, of civil commotions, of infuriate mobs, of bloodshed? Who can wonder that all Bohemia was thrown into convulsions; that its hills and valleys were crimsoned with the blood of its own citizens; that a civil war the most obstinate and bloody, perhaps, recorded in the annals of history, tore and lacerated its bosom, and sent tens of thousands of its citizens to the tomb? All these terrible disasters were as natural and necessary results of the preaching and doctrines of John Huss, as fruits are of the tree which bears them, or as smouldering ruins are of the dreadful conflagration. John Huss enkindled a flame in the bosom of his country which preyed on its very vitals, and threatened it with utter annihilation, for long years after he was himself no more!

That Huss was a bold and turbulent spirit; that his doctrines naturally tended to insubordination, revolt, and sedition; and that he not only took no precautions to check this sinister tendency, but rather encouraged it, and fanned the flame of popular excitement, we think no candid man will deny. That the effects indicated above *did* follow his preaching and doctrine even M. Bonnechose, his most ardent and unscrupulous champion, fully admits. We will allege a few facts and passages from his work to illustrate this branch of the subject.

Sbinko, the archbishop of Prague, the declared opponent of Huss and of his doctrines, had perished by poison; and a rumor was already afloat in the community that he had come to his death through the malice of the Hussites. Our author assures us that this report was unfounded in fact; but he speaks of the excitement which raged at Prague, about this time, in the following language:

“But, at Prague, the question no longer was to clear up a fact, which could be to one party a deep disgrace, and to the other a

* See the propositions *sup. cit.* M. Bonnechose admits that Huss advocated most of those doctrines; but his account is often very vague and inaccurate. Instead of giving us, in one place, a well digested summary of the doctrines of Huss, he scatters the account of them throughout the book; and he evidently seeks to disguise or conceal their very worst features.

motive of vengeance: *the flames of civil war were gathering at the bottom of men's hearts*, and the rage of parties no longer required a real cause for bursting forth, but only a pretext. It was impossible not to acknowledge the moral authority—the very *serious ascendancy*—which John Huss had acquired over men's minds; for no longer were the caprices of fashion, or an inconsiderate infatuation, sufficient to gain over partisans or disciples for his doctrines," &c.*

This tremendous excitement between the two hostile parties, composed of the friends and opponents of Huss at Prague, soon broke out into open sedition, filled the streets with mobs and desolation, and drenched them with blood! Huss had been compelled to fly, but he now returned, and placed himself, with renewed vigor and determination, at the head of his partisans. The magistrates of the city, foreseeing the coming troubles, besought him to desist; but they besought in vain.

"The magistrates of Prague," says our author, "blamed John Huss, and joined with the heads of the university, the court, and the clergy against him. So many elements of discord," he continues, "portended fresh troubles of a more serious character than those which had already caused the voluntary exile of Huss, but no apprehension shook his resolution."†

With his characteristic obstinacy, he persisted, and could not be turned from his course, either by expostulation or by apprehension of the dreadful consequences about to ensue. He put up placards on the doors of the churches and monasteries of Prague, challenging all doctors, priests, monks and scholars to a public discussion. We will transcribe M. Bonnechese's account of what passed at this discussion.

"On the appointed day, the concourse was prodigious; and the rector, in alarm, endeavored, though in vain, to dissolve the assembly. A doctor of canon law stood up and delivered a defence of the pope and the bulls: then, falling on John Huss, he said—'you are a priest; you are subordinate to the pope, who is your spiritual father. It is only filthy birds which defile their own nests; and Ham was accused for having uncovered his father's shame.' At these words the people murmured and were in great commotion. Already were stones beginning to fly, when John Huss interfered and

calmed the storm. After him the impetuous Jerome of Prague addressed the multitude, and terminated a vehement harangue with these words:—'Let those who are our friends unite with us; Huss and I are going to the palace, and we will let the vanity of those indulgences be seen.'"

In short—not to multiply quotations which would take up too much of our space—John Huss and Jerome of Prague placed themselves at the head of a tumultuous mob, filled the city with confusion, openly defied the authorities, and, as if to make this mob more like that which so lately disgraced one of our eastern cities, *desecrated the Sunday* by marching, with arms in their hands, on that day, to the town-house to demand the pardon of three rioters, who, having been arrested by the authorities, were there confined. On the appearance of John Huss with his formidable mob at the prison gates,

"The magistrates deliberated in trouble and consternation, and the council replied, in the name of all: 'Dear master, we are astonished at your lighting up a fire, in which you run the risk of being burned yourself. It is very hard for us to pardon persons *who do not even spare the sanctuary*, who fill the city with tumult, and who, if not prevented, would stain our streets with slaughter. Nevertheless, keep the people within bounds, and withdraw: your wishes shall be attended to.'"

But when the rioters had withdrawn, at the bidding of Huss, the magistrates thought proper to break a promise extorted from them by threats and fear; and the prisoners were executed. When the mob became acquainted with this fact,

"A furious tumult arose. The doors of the prison were burst open, the bodies taken off, and transported in linen shrouds under the vault of the chapel of Bethlehem. They were there interred with great honors, the scholars singing in chorus over their tomb—'They are saints who have given up their bodies for the gospel of God.'"

Huss was the ringleader in all these tumultuous and lawless scenes: and he even pronounced the eulogy of these ruffian rioters and convicted felons, whom he styled "saints and martyrs."§ On that memorable occasion, in the midst of the most tremendous popular excitement, he, a minister of the God of peace, fanned the flame, by pronouncing a most furious tirade of abuse and invective against

* P. 36. The real authors of the death of Archbishop Sbinko are unknown. It was natural, however, that suspicion should have rested on the disciples of Huss, of whom he was an open and declared adversary.

† P. 41.

* P. 41. † Id. p. 42. ‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid. When charged with this at the council of Constance, Huss did not deny it.—Id. p. 96.

the popes, the clergy, and the church.* The result was awful; mob violence ruled supreme and uncontrolled in the hitherto peaceful city of Prague; and our author himself assures us that

"All men's minds seemed in a blaze:—the city was daily the theatre of sanguinary scenes; there was no longer security at Prague for personal safety;—even the king himself thought it best to take his departure, and hurried from place to place."†

Such, then, were the *immediate* effects of Huss' preaching and doctrines in Prague. At no distant day, as we shall shortly see, these disasters were to be extended, aggravated a hundred-fold, to all Bohemia! But we are tired of these atrocities, and must hasten on in our investigation.

II. What means did Huss adopt to spread his doctrines?

This question will not detain us long. It is easily answered. M. Bonnechose, in fact, answers it for us. Huss formed and increased his party by strongly appealing to the passions of the ignorant, by delivering violent and inflammatory invectives against the popes, the bishops, and the clergy; by exposing, and by offering to redress, the grievances of the poor; and by a certain boldness of tone, fixedness of purpose, and rough eloquence, which just suited the mobs whom he addressed, and which made him the idol, because they constituted him the leader and champion, of the multitude. His party once formed, he kept it together, and swelled its number, by his indomitable energy and untiring industry, and by his exciting and maddening harangues. By affecting zeal for the correction of abuses, and putting on a sanctimonious air, he succeeded in winning to his standard many of the pious and well disposed, whose simplicity did not penetrate beyond the exterior veil which covered his real purpose; whilst, by appeals to the avarice of kings and princes, he succeeded in inducing many of them, also, either to become his partisans, or, at least, to remain neutral. We will present a few extracts from our author to establish such of these assertions as are not manifest of themselves, or as have not been already proved.

* Ibid, p. 42.

† P. 43. It requires no stretch of fancy to observe an almost exact parallelism between the riots at Prague, and those which recently occurred at Philadelphia! Human nature and human passions are ever the same.

"Huss had, besides," he tells us, "against his enemies, the powerful support of the nobility, several members of whom were sincerely touched by the elevation and purity of his doctrines, whilst a great number adopted them, either through a spirit of opposition to the court, or through jealousy towards the high clergy, or through the hope of sharing in their spoils."*

But Huss soon took effectual means to silence the opposition of the court itself. He knew the weak point in the character of the imbecile Wenceslaus; and he stopped not at any thing to win him over to his party. Let us hear M. Bonnechose.

"Some of Huss' opinions, particularly that which he borrowed from Wickliffe, respecting titles and church property, were exceedingly to the taste of Wenceslaus. '*Secular lords,*' he used to say, '*have the power of taking away, whenever they please, their temporal possessions from such ecclesiastics as live in habitual sin.*' (They were to judge) Wenceslaus adopted those doctrines—which were those of the greater portion of the reformers, and which rendered many princes favorable to them. He, therefore, set himself up as the arbiter of the employment of church property; but, as he cared nothing whatever for the poor, it was into his strong-box that the ill-employed riches of the clergy found their way; and when he openly came forward and supported the new opinions, his severity and his exactions swelled John Huss' party. Several wealthy ecclesiastics declared themselves Hussites; for, with a view to save their property, they adopted the doctrines which enjoined a good employment of it."†

These are, indeed, precious avowals, coming, as they do, from a warm eulogist of Huss, and a sworn enemy of Catholicity. They could have been extorted from him only by the sternest evidence of truth. Now, can any one, for a moment, persuade himself that a man who resorted to *such* means, could have been either a saint or a martyr? Saints and martyrs are made of different stuff altogether. It is not the mere circumstance of dying for a cause which makes a martyr, but it is the justice, and the holiness, and the truth of the cause itself.‡ Could that man be reckoned a martyr, who was the leader of armed and infuriate mobs, who made maddening appeals to the most grovelling passions, who fanned into a wild conflagration the flames which himself had lighted up in the bosom of his country,

* P. 40.

† P. 42-3.

‡ *Martyrem facit non pœna, sed causa*—is an adage, as true as it is old.

and who revelled amidst the ruins which himself had caused? We think not.

III. Was John Huss always equally bold, and consistent in maintaining his doctrines?

Obstinacy was his characteristic trait; but yet, obstinate as he was, he was most certainly a very different character at Prague and at Constance. At Prague, he was bold, daring, reckless; at Constance, he was cautious, reserved, and comparatively timid. At Prague, he boldly announced his doctrines and defended them with an overpowering popular eloquence; at Constance, he modified, concealed, or openly denied them. At Prague, he was the fearless religious demagogue; at Constance, he was the wily and tortuous heresiarch! We defy any one to read M. Bonnechose's history attentively, without being forcibly struck with this remarkable falling off—this singular inconsistency in one who is yet held up to our admiration as a saint, a martyr, and a stainless reformer of God's holy church!

Our narrow limits, and the important matters we have yet to examine, will not permit us many details on this subject. Besides, the thing is too plain to need much proof; and we refer with great confidence to the statements of our partial historian himself. Whoever will read and compare even *his* imperfect account of Huss' sermons and works* in Bohemia, with that of his defence of himself and of his doctrines at Constance, must be persuaded that, while Huss was the bold and declared enemy of the church in the former place, he wished to pass for one of her faithful and obedient children in the latter. This inconsistency and paltry manœuvring is acknowledged and remarked on by M. Bonnechose, who is sadly puzzled how to account for the anomaly. Hear what he says on the subject.

"He (Huss) protested his attachment and respect for the Catholic church: he declared his unwillingness to separate from it, and yet, unknown to himself (!), he was giving a sensible shock to its foundations, by maintaining that believers had the right to examine its de-

* Especially his work "on the Church," and his pamphlet: "The Six Errors." "The first" of these errors "was that of the priests who boasted of making the body of Jesus Christ in the mass, and of being the creator of their creator."—Bonnechose, p. 45. Yet at Constance, he openly asserted the real presence, and took God to witness that he had never taught any thing against it! See *id.* p. 90, seqq. This is but one, out of many, of the inconsistencies and contradictions of Huss. Cf. also pp. 43, 45, with pp. 90, 104, 105, &c. of our author.

crees before they submitted to them. Who does not perceive that, on the one hand, obedience to a church which declares itself to be immutable and infallible, and, on the other, examination and appeal to an internal criterion—the conscience—are two things contrary to each other and incompatible? *It would be a difficult thing to affirm that John Huss believed that he could reconcile them, or that he had supposed that he had succeeded in the task. We can not, indeed, comprehend how he could have deceived himself on this point.* Yet it is most certain that he attempted to effect an agreement between these two hostile principles, and that he thus carried in his bosom the germs of a violent struggle, at once irreconcilable and interminable. That was the formidable and insolvable problem which agitated his life and hastened his end,"* &c.

We must furnish another curious extract from our author on the same subject. It occurs in the closing paragraph of the chapter in which he treats of the death of Huss; and is valuable as presenting his views of the general character of the reformer.

"As to the right of the matter, before he (Huss) admitted that any proposition was heretical or false, he required to have its falsehood demonstrated by Scripture. This was to recognise in the divine word, interpreted by private judgment, an authority superior to the decisions of the church—it was to attack the clergy in their spiritual authority. . . . Strange destiny of Huss! Most curious problem! In his way of thinking, all separation from the old trunk of the church is a heresy worthy of hell; and yet the separated churches reckon him, with pride, amongst their martyrs! . . . John Huss considered himself a Catholic, and yet he appealed from the church to his conscience and to God! *He was a Protestant without knowing it!*"†

We confess we can not believe that Huss was so simple. He was not such a "goose"‡ as this theory would make him appear. The truth is, he had taken a wrong step, and he *felt* it; he occupied a false position, and he did not wish to leave it. He had a strong and clamorous party to sustain him: he was their leader and head; they hung upon his lips, and could be led like children by his words. He *felt* that he could not retract without displeasing his party, on whose praises he had been

* P. 34.

† P. 105.

‡ *Huss* is Bohemian for *goose*; and Huss himself often punned on his name. See Bonnechose, p. 86, note. So then if we err, either in taste or impoliteness, we do it not without an illustrious precedent. It is remarkable, also, that the family name of Jerome of Prague, *Foufisch*, means a *foul fish*. At least the names of both of the Bohemian reformers were ominous. That of Jerome, however, was much more appropriate than that of Huss.

so long accustomed to feast: he had not the humility nor the moral courage to go back: he would rather die first;—for, in this case, he would be hailed as a martyr, and he would live with posterity. He had evidently more regard to his *party* than to the *truth*. Had he been a solitary man, without a party, he never would have mustered courage to die at Constance. Such at least is our candid opinion; and we think we do him no injustice.

IV. A still more important question, is—had Huss a fair trial at Constance?

We sincerely believe that he had; and to prove it, we need no other vouchers than the *facts* of the case—apart from the false coloring and unfair construction—as given by M. Bonnechose himself. The following facts are certain and undoubted.

1st. John Huss went to the council of Constance, of his own accord, in *voluntary* obedience to the summons of the emperor Sigismund, and with the avowed purpose of answering the charges of his enemies, and proving that he had said and written nothing against the Catholic faith. He often boasted, even before the council, that he had come to Constance of his own free will; and that had he chosen to remain in Bohemia, his powerful partisans there could have concealed and protected him, even against the king of Bohemia, and his more powerful brother, the emperor Sigismund himself.* Before his departure from Prague,

“In a paper affixed to the gates of the palace, he announced that he was about to depart, in order to justify himself before the council. ‘So that,’ said he, ‘if any one suspects me of heresy, let him proceed thither and prove, in presence of the pope and the doctors, if I ever entertained or taught any false or mistaken doctrine. If any man can convict me of having inculcated any doctrine contrary to the Christian faith, *I will consent to undergo all the penalty to which heretics are liable*,’”† &c.

2d. After he had arrived at Constance, he had *three different hearings* from the council; and the investigation into his doctrines and writings was full, lengthy, and detailed. Though the weighty affair of the schism, and much other most perplexing business, pressed heavily on the council, yet the assembled fathers consented to go into a minute and patient examination of his doctrines, article by article, and

to hear his answer to each of the charges preferred against him. Nothing could be fairer, or more in conformity with law and usage, than the whole order of the proceedings. His books were first produced, and he was asked whether, and was made to acknowledge that, they contained his genuine writings. Then his accusers, among whom the principal were his countrymen, Stephen Paletz and Michael Causis, stood forth in open court, and uttered their charges distinctly against him; and many witnesses were summoned to corroborate their testimony. John Huss had the privilege of answering all the accusations separately; and, though there seems to have been, once or twice, some murmuring in the assembly, owing to the exciting nature of the inquiry, yet the whole trial was generally conducted with calmness and with temper.*

3d. When John Huss denied the truth of most of the articles alleged against him, and maintained that he had never taught the doctrines with which he stood charged, the accusations were made good by a regular course of testimony—by the oath of men who had heard him preach in Prague and Bohemia, some of whom had been his intimate friends,† and all of whom were men of integrity and above suspicion. After this formidable array of evidence, the Cardinal of Florence, Gabarella, might well address Huss, as follows:

“Master John Huss, you must know that it is written that what is in the mouth of two or three witnesses must be considered a veritable testimony. Now here are *twenty* persons worthy of confidence, who declare that you have preached this doctrine which is imputed to you. The greater number of them adduce, in support of their assertions, unanswerable proofs:—is it possible that you defend yourself against them all?”‡

4th. It was in vain that John Huss appealed to his God and to his conscience against all this testimony; such an appeal would have been received against *such* evidence in no court of justice; it was a question of *fact*, and not of mere conscience; and the cardinal could well answer: “we can not decide after your conscience, but on clear and well established evidence.”§ Besides, his chief accusers, Paletz

* All this is admitted by M. Bonnechose, p. 89 seqq. For the excitement in the council, which he certainly greatly exaggerates, we have little more evidence than his bare word.

† As, for instance, Paletz. ‡ Ibid p. 91. § Id. p. 91.

* See M. Bonnechose, p. 92.

† Ibid, p. 49. See also p. 57.

and Causis, also appealed to their God and their conscience, in proof of their sincerity, and of the truth of their charges.

"Paletz then again rose up and cried out: 'I call God to witness, in presence of the emperor and the sacred council, that I have said nothing here through hatred to John Huss, nor through any malevolent feeling, and that I have not set myself up as the adversary of so many errors, but through zeal for the Catholic church.' Michael Causis repeated the same oath."*

In view of all these unquestionable facts, it must be admitted that John Huss had a fair trial, and that, if he was convicted, it was solely by the force of evidence. He had appeared voluntarily before the council; he was a priest of the Catholic church, and, therefore, was fairly amenable to her authority; he maintained that he was still a true Catholic, and that he had said no word, written no sentence, done no deed, against the Catholic faith; he challenged an investigation, and declared that he was willing to abide its result; it was a question of *fact* to be decided by evidence; evidence, strong and overwhelming, was produced; he answered it by an appeal to his conscience; the appeal was not legitimate and could not be admitted; he was convicted of erroneous doctrines under all these circumstances:—and where is the man, we would ask, not wholly blinded by prejudice, who will still say that he was not lawfully convicted, or that he had not a fair trial?

V. But we must pass on to the next inquiry: did the council of Constance treat John Huss with wanton cruelty?

We answer, without hesitation, in the negative; and we think we can sustain our answer by *facts*, much stronger than the mere declamation of those who, for the last four centuries, have been in the habit of constantly reiterating this charge. Nor will it require much time or space to produce our reasons for the opinion.

As we have already sufficiently proved, neither the church nor especially the council of Constance enacted the law by which heretics were punished with death. It had been enacted two centuries before by the German emperors; and they alone—and not the council of Constance—were fairly responsible for it and for its results. It was the emperor Sig-

ismund* and the elector Palatine, and not the fathers of the council of Constance, who passed sentence of death on Huss. It was the magistrates of Constance, acting under the direction of the two high functionaries just named, who presided at his execution. After having convicted him of heresy and excommunicated and degraded him from his priestly office, the council *expressly* declared that it had no power to proceed any farther against him.† According to a fixed and standing law of the Catholic church—a law embodied as an adage‡ in the canon law itself, and strict and universal in its application—the council *could* proceed no farther.

Before the council pronounced judgment on the doctrines of Huss, the emperor Sigismund had already declared to him, in presence of the council, that, by a standing law of the empire, heresy was punishable with death; and he had added, that unless Huss would retract his errors, he would, with his own hands, be ready to light up the fire which would consume him.§ Huss himself, as we have seen, was well aware of this law, openly admitted its justice before the council itself, and in the placards he had put up in Prague and on his journey to Constance, had declared his readiness to submit to its hard penalty, in case he should be convicted of error.¶

Had the council thirsted for the blood of Huss, would it not have been eager to exact the punishment ordained by the imperial laws? Would it not have clamored for his execution? The acts of the council, however, state nothing of the kind; but they do state, and M. Bonnechose himself admits the fact, that the council did every thing in its power to rescue Huss from death, by laboring to persuade him to make at least a modified retraction of his errors. No effort was spared to bring about this result; the only means, then known to the laws, by which he could be saved. Formulary after formulary of retraction was submitted to him; embassy after embassy was sent: cardinals,

* Fiddes and Dr. Brown Willis, English Protestants, both candidly admit that if there was any blame in the matter, it attached, in all fairness, to the emperor alone. See *Life of Card'l Wolsey*, p. 137. L'Enfant also admits it, though a Calvinist, *Hist. Conc. Const.* L. iii, § 48.

† See *Acts of the Council*, Sess. xv.

‡ *Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine*. No clergyman was allowed to shed blood, even as a surgeon, much less to pronounce directly or indirectly, sentence of death on any one.

§ L'Enfant, *loco citato*, § 8.

¶ In addition to the authorities already quoted, (*supra*) see L'Enfant *Liv.* i, § 21, and L. iii, § 7.

bishops, his own chief accuser Paletz, the emperor himself, with tears in their eyes, urged and entreated Huss to retract. But arguments, entreaties, tears, were all lost on the obstinate and immovable Bohemian. Huss was inflexible. He could have escaped death; but he rushed into its jaws!*

Nor let us be told that Huss could not retract without sacrificing his conscience. He may have been conscientious: but, from what we have seen of his character, there seems to have been more of false pride and of sheer obstinacy, than of conscience, in the whole matter. He had already in open council, disavowed nearly all the errors imputed to him; he had condemned the most obnoxious principles of Wickliffe; he had sought to prove himself a thorough and an obedient Catholic. He had declared, over and over again, that he had never taught the doctrines ascribed to him, as he said, through sheer malice and calumny; and yet he would not retract them! And he based his refusal on the argument, that if he did retract them, his enemies would say that he had taught them! The emperor Sigismund answered this quibble, as follows:

"What can you fear in abjuring all these articles? For my part, I have no hesitation in disavowing all kinds of errors; but does it follow that I have entertained them?"†

The emperor himself, after all other means had failed, sent a commission of four bishops, with some of the principal friends of Huss, to persuade him to submit. Huss wished to argue with them; not to submit quietly to the decision of the council. "Do you, then," said one of the bishops, "believe yourself wiser than the whole council?"‡ Huss evaded this searching question by an appeal to the Scriptures and to his conscience, and by a professed willingness to be taught "in the divine word by the least person in the council!"§ Here, then, was the real issue:—private judgment against church authority. This was the real secret of his obstinacy. And this secret pride and self-will were encouraged by John de Chlum and his other partisans at Constance.]

* See, for proof of all this, Bonnechese, pp. 95, 97, 99, 99. † Ibid. p. 95. ‡ Ibid. p. 99. § Ibid.

|| Much has been said and written about the imprisonment of Huss, and the cruelties inflicted on him in prison. But was he not permitted to correspond with his friends, and even to write whole treatises in prison? And did not he himself thank his keepers for their humanity and good treatment? (See Bonnechese, p. 104.)

Had the principles of Huss been merely speculative and harmless; had they not struck at the foundations of all social order; had they not already produced their legitimate effects of seditions and bloodshed in Bohemia; we think that, notwithstanding his obstinacy, he might yet have been spared. At least, in that supposition, we would feel much more strongly inclined to sympathize with him. But with all these unquestionable facts in view, we can not, at least, coincide with those who would fain exalt him to the rank of a saint and a martyr.

VI. But the most weighty charge against the council of Constance remains yet to be examined: did the council act perfidiously towards John Huss?

That the council decoyed John Huss to Constance under the faith and protection of a safe conduct; that it then decreed his death in spite of that plighted faith; and that, to sustain this its perfidious course, it openly sanctioned the principle that "*no faith is to be kept with heretics*," are charges so often made by prejudiced and ignorant writers, and so often and so triumphantly refuted from the history and acts of the council itself, that we are much pleased to find so prejudiced a writer as M. Bonnechese abandon them altogether.* This is some evidence that truth and good sense are beginning at length to resume their sway in the world. This implied admission will release us from the necessity of going into lengthy details on this branch of the subject. But as our author implies, in more places than one, that the emperor Sigismund violated the safe conduct which he had given to John Huss; as he garbles the safe conduct itself, and as he omits many important facts, and misstates others, we may be pardoned for furnishing a brief exposition of the whole case.

First, then, it is altogether certain that the council of Constance *never gave* a safe conduct to John Huss at all, and, therefore, that it could not, by possibility, have violated any faith plighted to him. This fact no one will or can deny.

2. It gave, indeed, a safe conduct to Jerome of Prague; but that instrument merely guaranteed to him protection in coming to Constance, and in defending his doctrine while there; but

* At least, if M. Bonnechese says expressly any thing of the kind, it has entirely escaped our notice. The only hint on the subject we have observed is found on p. 61, and that is not entirely clear or explicit.

it expressly stipulated that this protection was not meant to prevent his conviction, if guilty, or to frustrate the due course of law.* Besides, M. Bonnechose admits that this safe conduct did not reach Jerome before his arrest by the civil officers in the Black Forest, while he was flying from Constance; and that, by a necessary inference, he could not properly claim the privileges which it granted.† Thus it is apparent that there *could have been* no breach of faith on the part of the council in regard either to Huss or to Jerome.

3. The safe conduct granted to John Huss by the Emperor Sigismund was evidently a mere *travelling passport*, intended to protect him from indignity, detention, and outrage, on his journey from Bohemia to Constance, but not, by any means, to protect him from the due course of law. Huss never solicited nor even expected any such exemption, and the emperor could never have meant to grant it. With an imperial document guarantying so wide a protection as this, what was the use of Huss' journey to Constance? What was the meaning of his boast, made at Prague and on the journey, that he went to Constance of his own accord to defend himself against the charge of heresy, or to abide its penalty? There would have been no object whatever in his visit, and the whole affair would have been a solemn mockery and a ridiculous farce! Does a passport given now-a-days secure the bearer from *legal* prosecution and conviction? Or was a passport ever known, in the whole history of the world, to grant this species of exemption? If not, then why extort this absurd meaning from that granted by Sigismund to John Huss? The clause—"to return," &c., was evidently a mere form usual in similar instruments, and the whole document, with all its details and legal forms, marks it as a mere passport. Huss had many violent enemies in Germany, which he was compelled to traverse on his way to Constance; the German students whom he had caused to be expelled from Prague, bore him a mortal grudge, and it was to secure his person from these enemies, and to facilitate his journey, that the safe conduct was given.‡ It could have had no other object.

* M. Bonnechose admits this, though he ascribes unworthy motives to the council. The modifying clause was *salva justitia*, p. 73. † Ibid.

‡ See the safe conduct as given *entire* from the original documents, by *Natalis Alexander—Historia Eccles. Vol. IV.—No. 7.*

4. The emperor himself gave precisely this explanation of the meaning attached by him to the safe conduct, in a public address delivered before the council of Constance, in the presence of Huss and his friends, and his explanation was acquiesced in by them; at least they said naught against it!*

5. But whatever protection was intended to be granted by the imperial safe conduct, Huss forfeited all claims to it by officiating openly at Constance, though under papal excommunication,† and especially by his attempted flight from the city. Of this last fact, though it was the immediate cause of the imprisonment of Huss,‡ M. Bonnechose says not a word! Yet it is attested by Ulrich Reichen-tal, a citizen of Constance, and an eye-witness!§ Why omit so important a fact?||

Thus, then, it is manifest from the clearest and most incontestable evidence that neither the council of Constance nor the Emperor Sigismund acted with bad faith towards either John Huss or his disciple, Jerome of Prague. All these facts just alleged must be blotted from the pages of history before any such conclusion can be reached.¶

siastica, vol. ix, p. 407, edit. Venet. 1779, in 10 vols. folio. The mere reading of the document proves it to have been nothing more nor less than a simple passport.

* M. Bonnechose admits this, and gives the emperor's address, pp. 92, 93.

† See the acts of the council, sess. 10.

‡ The letters of Huss to his friends, and M. Bonnechose's own admission, establish the fact that, for more than twenty-six days, Huss was entirely free and unrestrained at Constance (ib. p. 86.)

§ In his history of the council, written in German, and quoted by Cochleus—*Histor. Hussitarum*, lib. ii, pp. 73, 74, Reichen-tal gives all the details of the attempted flight of Huss, and of his arrest by Latzemb-ock, a Bohemian nobleman to whose charge he had been entrusted by the emperor.

|| In the text M. Bonnechose says not a syllable about this attempted flight of Huss. But in note H., at the end of the volume (p. 189), he admits that not only Reichen-tal but another eye-witness, Gebhard Ducher, certifies the fact. Nay, more, he furnishes a lengthy extract from the sixth book of L'Enfant's (Calvinist) history of the council of Constance in which this unexceptionable historian relates the whole occurrence in full. He also admits that Naucier and the Abbe Tritheme, who wrote about a century after the council, relate the fact as *certain*, and that John Cochleus, Maimbourg, Varillas, and "all the modern authors" mention it. Yet he will not admit its authenticity, because, forsooth, certain other authors, favorites of his, did not think proper to relate it, and b. cause no mention of it is made in the acts of the council! This preferring of negative to positive evidence would, if carried out, sap the foundations of all history.

¶ Much is said about the patience and heroism with which Huss and Jerome met death. But even were we to admit all that their partisans have written on the subject, it would not prove them to have been either saints or martyrs. Sincere enthusiasts they might have been, but martyrs they certainly were not. The an-

And the decree of the council, sanctioned in the 17th session, merely explained this safe conduct given to John Huss by the emperor in the very sense in which Sigismund had already explained it, viz: that it was not intended to prevent the legal examination and conviction of Huss by the council, but merely to insure him protection against *illegal* violence and outrage on his journey. To put any other construction upon it is to offer violence to the plainest language. It merely asserts, what every one admits, that a travelling passport is not intended to stop the ordinary course of law nor to protect the guilty, and that he who has granted it is not responsible for the action of law against the individual in whose favor it is granted. The decree was probably made to quiet the clamors of some Bohemian partisans of Huss after his arrest and imprisonment by order of the emperor.*

We will conclude this paper by a very rapid sketch of what took place in Bohemia after the death of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. The terrible events which ensued there, and filled all Bohemia with confusion, sacrilege, and bloodshed, for nearly half a century, furnish the best possible commentary on the life and doctrines of Huss. They were but the bitter fruits of that tree of disobedience which he had planted in once peaceful and happy Bohemia! "By their fruits ye shall know them," said our blessed Lord, and we are going to apply this divine rule.

The mantle of Huss fell on the shoulders of Ziska, his friend, his disciple, his avenger,

cient martyrs were patient, humble, *obedient to the church*, and they died to seal with their blood the religion of Jesus Christ. Huss and Jerome died as the founders and partisans of a truculent sect, the doctrines of which were subversive of all social order, and the acts of which filled all Bohemia with sedition, riots, sacrilege, and bloodshed, as we shall soon see more in detail.

* See the decree in the acts of the council, sess. 17. So far, in fact, was the council from approving the abominable maxim, "faith is not to be kept with heretics," or of sanctioning perjury in any form or shape, that, among the questions which it drew up, after the election of Martin V, to be put to those suspected of heresy, there was one in which the suspected person was to be asked whether he believed that, under any circumstances, or for any reason whatever, it was allowable for him to falsify the truth, or to perjure himself. The motive for adopting this form of interrogation was the charge often made against the Hussites, that they would not scruple to commit perjury in order to conceal or defend their doctrines. If this charge was true, and there is strong evidence to sustain it, it appears that, as has often happened both before and since, the Catholic church was *accused* of the very maxims and crimes of which her adversaries were guilty!

near whose tomb was engraved this inscription: "O Huss! here reposes John Ziska, thy avenger, and the emperor himself has quailed before him!"* Perhaps of all the dark deeds recorded in the annals of mankind, those done in Bohemia, at this period, were the darkest, and of all the dark names on the pages of history, that of Ziska is the darkest!†

During his lifetime, and for half a century after his death, his very name made all Europe shudder with horror. Whithersoever he bent his course he rioted amidst carnage and ruins. He combined the cruelty of Attila with the fanaticism of Cromwell. His fanatical followers had the fierce ruthlessness of the Huns blended with, but not softened by, the stern religious enthusiasm of the Roundheads. During the few years that this truculent monster headed the armies of the Hussites—from the death of Huss in 1415 to his own death on the 11th of October, 1424,—Bohemia was changed from a blooming garden into a frightful and frowning wilderness. Let us hear even our very partial historian, M. Bonnechose, on this subject.

"Bohemia, from one extremity to the other, soon became one vast field of carnage; everywhere conflagrations displayed to view dreadful massacres; wo to the towns, castles, and, above all, the monasteries that closed their gates—all passed by the edge of the sword. The sight of a monk or a priest filled Ziska with a gloomy rage. . . . He smote, burned, and exterminated, coldly glutting his vengeance in the shock of combatants, the gleam of flames, the shrieks of victims, '*punishing*,' as Balbinus expresses it, '*one sacrilege by a thousand*!' Bohemia, Germany, and Europe were soon filled with the name of this terrible man. Wenceslaus awoke from his shameful slumber at the noise of his falling palaces, of his churches in ashes, of his senate massacred; he started up in a frightful fit of passion, which was injurious to himself alone, for his fury suffocated him."†

The followers of "this terrible man" were called Taborites; "their enemies were the Philistines, the Moabites, the Ammonites: Sigismund was the red horse of the Apocalypse: Bohemia was the land of promise. The mountains adjoining Prague received the Biblical name of Horeb: their fierce inhabitants descended from them at the call of Ziska, and hurried to his standard,"‡ and their leader called himself "Ziska of the cup."

* Bonnechose, p. 165. † Ib. p. 168.
‡ Ib. p. 160.

Already blind of one eye, he was deprived of the other by the wound of an arrow at the siege of Raby.

"But in becoming blind he became still more terrible—his wound was a fresh stimulus to his rage as to his genius, and revealed in him faculties really almost incredible. His memory of localities was prodigious: it was quite sufficient for him to have once passed through a country to remain for ever perfect master of all its slightest incidents. Bohemia, with her waters, woods, valleys, and plains, was now as present to his thoughts as the reality had ever been to his sight. A spirit of fire in a body of iron, his activity knew no fatigue, and became exasperated at rest. 'All seasons and weather are unlike to this blind man,' his soldiers used to mutter, 'he goes by night as by day.' Wherever there was a monastery to burn, or a town to take, or an army to combat, he hurried to the spot, and was soon accomplishing the deed of blood, with a superhuman force, as if urged to the work by an exterminating God."

Such was Ziska "of the cup," the successor of John Huss, and the very impersonation of Hussism. He never knew defeat; he con-

*Ib. p. 161.

quered in eleven pitched battles. He often raged against his own followers with as much cruelty as against his enemies. He bequeathed his fiendish spirit to the two Procopiuses, who succeeded him as leaders of the Hussites; and to animate their courage, and to keep up the fierce and sanguinary spirit of their followers, he bequeathed to them also a martial instrument of music, such as never was heard of either before or since!

"He expired (of the plague) on Oct. 11, 1424, ordering his soldiers *to abandon his body to birds of prey, and to have his skin made into a drum, the mere noise of which would cast terror into his enemies.*"*

Such were, then, the fruits of the doctrines and of the obstinacy of John Huss! For it was certainly more owing to the truculent character and tendency of those doctrines, than to any mere revenge of his death, that Bohemia was filled with all those atrocities. Such was the dark and bloody monument which Bohemia erected to his memory! So much mischief can one bad man do in the world!

*Ib. p. 164.

THEOLOGY "OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS."

The Church Visible in all Ages. By Charlotte Elizabeth. New York, 1845. John S. Taylor & Co.



HIS is a precious volume, as our readers shall presently see. It is an edifying, and in some degree successful attempt to build a theological baby-house—to do the department of divinity, in a general course of nursery science. Were this all, however, we should permit "Charlotte Elizabeth" to pass scot-free. The infant school might enjoy its text-book, without our let or hindrance. But the authoress (or author, as the case may be,) has chosen to dress intolerance in swaddling clothes—to make the innocent prattling of childhood a vehicle of uncharitableness, ignorance and untruth. While, therefore, we feel no disposition, as we see no necessity, to enter into a controversy with her, upon the matters

of which she treats, we deem it very proper to let our readers see what those matters are, and how they are, in effect, treated, in a work which is bepraised by the Protestant periodicals, and held up as greatly worthy of perusal and circulation. Every day, we are greeted by some new demonstration of the horrors and bigotry of popery or Romanism—its intolerance *et hoc genus omne*. It may serve some good purpose to show, now and then, how daintily our "reformed" brethren tread the "primrose path of dalliance" themselves, while they show us "the steep and thorny way" of good will and Christian charity. The book before us is an excellent one for our purpose. It is about as good as the best, and as bad as the worst of its kind. We do not know the name or nation of its writer, or his or her quality or titles. "Charlotte Elizabeth" may, for aught we know, be an Exeter hall saint or a low-church bishop—a member

of the society for the suppression of popery, or a female missionary from a Methodist propaganda. We can speak of her work, therefore, in all candor, without any personality. If we are at all uncivil, it will be understood that we are so altogether in the abstract.

"The church visible in all ages" is a domestic drama, the interlocutors whereof are a certain Mrs. Willis and her amiable and interesting family. The lady herself is the chief performer, as well as the chorus of the play. Her son Robert, "who has kept a term at college," is the quasi Catholic, or perhaps the church of England bowling-pin of the dramatis personæ, setting himself up to be knocked down by the rest of the characters. Frank—the next son—as he rejoices in a "well-worn Bible," is, of course an infant phenomenon of very singular merit. Thomas has no function to perform, but that of echo to his "mamma's" homilies. The youngest and most surprising—the Ninetta Crummles of the Willis family—is little Fanny, who keeps "a little Bible," a "precious Bible," which ever and anon she "wraps in her pinafore," inquiring of mamma whether she is "coming to the stories soon." Upon a diligent search through the volume, we have found nothing which indicates any participation of the nurses in the discussion, and we must, therefore, suppose that they were too busily engaged in ministering to the substantial comforts of the little brood of "angelic doctors," to take part, as they ought to have done, in satisfying their spiritual cravings. We make this observation—because, as La-fontaine says in the prologue to his fables:

"*Tout parle en mon ouvrage, et meme les poissons,*" so it is the theory of these "Charlotte Elizabeth" people generally, that every body must preach—though in reality they be no fitter for it, than the poet's fish for imaginative conversation.

In chapters first and second, our mother of the Gracchi gives her idea of what a visible church was intended to be. Each one of the children is made to take up his or her Bible and put "the leaves in motion," to find texts of Scripture for mamma's discourses. Our readers will readily understand the conclusions at which the family arrive, when we tell them that, by what seems to us a modest begging of the question, "heretics" are defined, in the very outset and *a priori*, to be "people who

held to their Bibles and worshipped God according to his own word." This sanctification of all heresies—Manichæism included, of course—will enable them to appreciate the conglomeration of passages, with which the scriptural examination winds up as usual, and in which "Babylon the Great" is depicted, as "the mother of harlots," sitting, according to custom, upon "a scarlet colored beast," with the apocalyptic complement of heads and horns—and she—the harlot—"having a golden cup in her hand, full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication."* Now all this, for aught we know, may be as demonstrative as it is intended to be, of the fact that the Catholic church was not meant to be the visible church, and never was. It may, moreover, be the very sort of teaching most proper for a mother to address to her own children and those of her neighbors—the most likely to impress their tender minds with a due sense of the beauty of holiness and the purity of religion. Yet, so far as we are able dimly to see into the matter, we may venture to suggest, that if the younger portion of Mrs. Willis' family were fully aware of the meaning of the phrases, which she culled for them from Scripture, as the foundation of their idea of the church visible, she had strangely neglected, previously, both their morals and conversation, and could only atone therefor, to them and to society, by sending them, well-whipped and supperless, to bed. If they were ignorant, as haply they were, of these things we speak of, it surely but ill became a Christian mother to pour the contamination of such knowledge into their infant ears—linking with it, as it were to be debased, what she preached to them as truth, and what she painted as Christianity.

* We have before us a pamphlet, which, on the same topic, we think out-Charlotte-Elizabetha Charlotte, Elizabeth. It is an address by Rev. Thomas Castleton, before Cayuga Academy, at Aurora, N. York, delivered August, 1843, and "published by request." At page 19, the Rev. Thomas speaks thus of the pope: "We must be stopped and gagged on the high-way of eternity by this Italian Typhon: we must be shrouded with a pall of palpable darkness, and then he will demand our bodies at his altar, to make a bloated carcass, astride of which he will chase the world back into the dark ages!" Alas! alas! we have heard many hard things of popery before, but we think this papal equitation—this world-hunt astride of a carcass, is the greatest of all "difficulties of Romanism" that we have ever met! Verily, between the apocalypse as perverted, and transcendentalism as it is—the "Typhon" has a sad time of it! It is some consolation, however, to know that there are straight-jackets in the world yet. We trust to them, to set these things right.

We must do Mrs. Willis, however, the justice to let our readers see some of her less apocalyptic argumentation, in her own language. Robert *loquitur*, p. 6.

"You may shake your head, Frank, as much as you please; but either you must own that there has always been a visible Catholic church, acknowledged as such by all the nations of Christendom; or else you must admit that the Catholic church, in which these nations professed to believe, did not exist; or, at least, it was a thing that no body ever saw, or heard of, or knew a word about, for hundreds of years together."

"You are wrong, Robert, very wrong," said his mother. "There has always been a church—a true, witnessing, apostolic church—holding the faith, teaching the doctrines of salvation, taught and led by the Holy Spirit, supported by the arm of an ever-present Saviour; Catholic in its character, evermore assailed by the gates of hell, yet never extinguished, never overthrown, never shaken from its sure foundation. This is the church that real believers in all ages have acknowledged, and to which they have belonged."

"Then, mamma, I will ask you one question; where was the visibility of this church during the eight hundred years spoken of in the homily? How do you trace it?"

"By the stain of its martyrs' blood; by the light of its martyrs' fires," answered Mrs. Willis; while Frank clasped his hands, exclaiming, *'Ah! that is just what I thought, though I could not express my meaning clearly.'*"

This of course introduces the Albigenes, Waldenses, Wickliffites, Hussites, &c., and Mrs. Willis proceeds to indicate both the magnitude of the subject and the peculiar mode in which she means to illustrate it.

"My dear children," said Mrs. Willis, 'there can scarcely be a more important subject than this, or a more interesting one. In examining it, *I shall have to tell you some beautiful stories*, which the youngest of you will easily understand.'

Naturally, then, she inquires whether they know what she is talking about. She gets, among other pieces of information, the following reply:

"I don't *exactly* know what is a visible church," said Fanny, 'unless it is like our parish church, which is made of stone—but this church is made of men, and women and children, is it not?'

"Yes," answered Robert. 'Suppose you walked out on a fine star-light night; you would see the heavenly bodies shining wherever you turned your eyes, giving light, and proclaiming the glory of God. Such is the visible church.'

"But if the clouds were there, I should not

see them, Robert; and then there would be no visible church.'

"Unless you called the clouds the visible church," said Frank, 'because they thrust themselves in the place of the stars, and kept them out of sight.'

"No, no, brother, I should know better; I should watch for the clouds to part, and then I should see a bright little star here, and another there, and perhaps half a dozen at a time, or a whole constellation; and that would be a visible church till the clouds went quite away, and let them all shine out."

"Oh you little darling thing!" cried Frank; but Fanny, not aware of having described just his own idea, went on, *'Please, mamma, let me hear the stories, and then I shall be better able to know what it all means. I will be very attentive.'*

Now it might have occurred to Mrs. Willis—though to her children it was natural enough to be run away with by a metaphor—that although the manifold stars which gild the heavens, make up one starry whole—yet of a cloudy night it could hardly, sensibly, be said that we had glimpses of the *same thing*, when at one moment it was Orion with his sword—at another the twinkling Pleiades—now the Bear and then the "watery Bootes," which came down to us through the opening of the darkness. A church, if it be any thing, is one thing—if visible, always the same when seen—and the red light of the fierce planet Mars is no more identical with the pale rays of Hesperus, than are, with one another,

"The twice two hundred churches And synagogues"

visible in all ages, from the days of semi-Christianized Platonism, down to these times of half-Platonized Christianity. Wisely, however, our good lady instructress slurs over her rhetoric, with the advice that her children must "not only listen, but pray"—that she, even she, knows nothing, of herself, and that "whatever man teaches her, she must bring to the blessed Bible, to examine and compare it with what God has spoken." With this prelude she sets her family to work, as we have before said, with their holy volumes, and the result is just what might have been expected, from giving, to the reason of a pragmatistical old lady and her puling children, that infallibility which is denied, in the same breath, to the church Catholic. Before another chapter is out, the "pretty chickens and their dam," naturally enough, are fluttering, impaled on the horns of the scarlet beast of the Apocalypse!

Chapter III is devoted to the consideration of "an apostolic church." We spare the logic which demonstrates, in two chapters, that the Catholic church was not intended to be "the visible church"—and then proves in a third, with equal cogency, that it has apostatized from what it never was intended to be, and, of course, never was. Let us follow the thread of the argument. It opens in proper style.

"Before you go on to tell us any histories, mamma," said Thomas, "will you just *explain to me* what are the great points that popery holds, and *from which we differ*? I mean, *those things that Protestants have been put to death for disbelieving.*"

The reader will observe here, in passing, the highly intelligent style in which our friend Mrs. Willis seems to have trained up the minds of her offspring to religious thinking. Here we have a most polemical young gentleman—one who bandies texts in the most lively and entertaining manner—who has already gone through two chapters, in which popery has been most terribly and vindictively handled by himself, as well as the rest—inquiring with all gravity what are the points in which "we differ" from popery! He has been taught that the whole duty of man and the whole essence of piety consist in "differing" with something—of which, except a few hard names, he knows nothing! We would that this picture, involuntarily drawn, were not too accurate a representation of what is every day called religious instruction. The seeds of hatred and uncharitableness are the first that it is deemed proper and devout to sow, and when the youthful heart has had its warm, kind impulses turned to coldness and to bitterness—when the lesson of denunciation has been learned, and the eye has been taught to look for the errors of others, rather than to seek within the bosom for the weaknesses and sinfulness of self—it is then thought that it is time enough to let the mind investigate, with all this fearful bias, what every prejudice and passion have already taken into their unholy keeping.

The answer of Mrs. Willis is reasonably comprehensive:

"Protestants, my dear, differ from the Romish church, *just in those points where the Romish church differs from Scripture.*"

One would think that such a general summing up might supersede the necessity of details. Yet there follows "a creed of doctrine"

on the subject of "transubstantiation," which is worth quoting.

"Oh, mamma, who could believe it? But how can the priest change the shape of the little cake into that of a man?"

"The cake, or wafer, is not changed, either in shape, size, color, taste, smell, or touch. It remains the same in all respects, as far as the senses can judge; and, moreover, if it is kept long, even after this supposed change to the body of our adorable Lord, it will breed worms, become putrid, and perish."

"You need say no more, mamma," said Thomas, *his face red with emotion*; "I would go into the fire any day, sooner than believe such horrid blasphemy of my Lord and Saviour."

"And it is contrary to God's direct word too," added Frank, "for the 16th psalm says, '*Neither shalt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.*' And St. Peter, in the second chapter of the Acts, declares that it was spoken of Christ. Indeed, I don't think any body can really believe such a monstrous thing, mamma."

"They fall down and worship it as God," replied Mrs. Willis.

"Fall down and worship it!" cried the children in amazement.

"Yes, my dears; and it was for refusing to do so, that our blessed martyrs suffered a cruel death by fire."

"What is the difference," said little Fanny, "between king *Nebuchadnezzar with his golden image and his fiery furnace, and the pope of Rome with his wafer and faggots?*"

"She replied, 'There is this difference, that Nebuchadnezzar was a heathen, and did it openly against God; while the Romish church calls itself Christian, and in the name of Christ gives over to bodily death, and eternal suffering, all who will not acknowledge a piece of bread to be Christ, and worship it.'

"It gives me quite a painful feeling, mamma," said Thomas, "to hear such things. *How is it possible for any person with common sense to believe them?*"

"Alas, my dear child! 'God hath sent them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie.' They listen to the words of unrighteous men, sooner than the infallible truth of the holy Scriptures; and the consequence is, that they will believe any thing, however contrary to reason itself."

"But surely the Bible must convince them of their error," observed Frank.

"It would, if they studied it: and that is another great point between us. Protestants make the Bible the rule of their faith; that is, they profess to believe what the Bible teaches them, neither more nor less: Romanists are forbidden by their priests to study the Bible at all where the priests have power to do so, as in foreign lands, and Ireland. Among us, you will find many of the church of Rome allowed to read it; but then they are told it is at the peril of their souls, if they believe or understand any part

of it contrary to what the church, that is, the priesthood, commands them.'

"That is like setting a man to run a race with his legs tied," observed Frank.

"So it is," said Robert. "The church of Rome lays fetters on the mind and soul. In the days of Mary, it was thought a sufficient cause to put any person to a dreadful death, if he or she possessed even the New Testament in a language understood by the people."

"No body answered this; the children seemed too much astonished to speak. Fanny, however, slipped off her chair, softly took her little Bible from another table, wrapped it in her pinafore, sat down again, with her treasure clasped close to her bosom."

"Hold it fast, Fanny," said her eldest brother; 'it is of far more value than your life.'

"Not for our stories," said Mrs. Willis."

And a most edifying collection it is of—"stories"—we suppose we must call them, though plain-spoken people might use a harsher word. The remainder of the chapter is devoted to commentaries on the adoration of the Virgin, who is called "dead woman," and also on the "worship" of guardian angels and the wood of the cross. The grand finale is a legend of miracles, at which we are told that "the younger children had been unable to refrain from laughing, but Frank was very indignant."

It having been thus conclusively and satisfactorily proven that the Roman Catholic is an apostate church, Mrs. Willis proceeds to show where "the visible church" was during all the times of the other's apostacy. The four chapters which follow, and form nearly half the volume, are devoted to the evidences of what is called "a witnessing church"—such evidences being the faith and alleged persecutions of the Paulicians, Publicans, the Canons of Orleans, the Albigenses, and the Valdenses, together with what is styled the martyrdom of Alice Benden, in the days of "bloody Mary." To these "stories," which are told with all the fictions and exaggerations essential and descriptive, which a horror-loving, papist-hating fancy can invent and swell, the children are described, as listening, with open eyes and ears. Indeed "Charlotte Elizabeth's" volume needs only the wood-cuts,* to

* While on the subject of wood-cuts, we commend to the lovers of the piously-horrible and horribly-pious, a specimen of religious illustration, "engraved expressly for the National Protestant Magazine," and purporting to represent the "first persecutions of the Valdenses in the valleys of Piedmont," which ornaments the May number of that most sanctified periodical.

be a dangerous rival of the more ponderous attractions which delight in the "Book of Martyrs." Let us quote a few specimens of the effect which the raw head and bloody bones of persecution appear to have produced upon the nerves of the orthodox family.

"'Oh, mother,' exclaimed Frank, 'what a day will that be when 'the earth shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain.'"

"Fanny closed her eyes, and with clasped hands and quivering lip, murmured, 'Save me from popery!'"—P. 144.

Mrs. Willis describes the burning of a "witness," with all the melo-dramatic accompaniment:

"'Here Fanny ran across, and, still keeping her precious Bible within one little arm, clasped the other round her mamma's neck, awaiting, with face buried on her shoulder, the rest of the affecting tale.'"—P. 115.

Mrs. Willis, warming with her subject, and highly delighted too at having so well pleased the children, proceeds, with infinite gusto, to describe, almost with chymical exactness, the process of combustion. The effect is triumphant—the tableau perfect.

"Little Fanny again hid her face on her mother's shoulder, and sobbed out, 'mamma, mamma, save me from popery!'

"I can not, my love, any more than I can save you from any other sin.'"—P. 122.

Mingled with these matters of romantic interest and picturesque narration, are a few pleasant scraps of learning and statements of fact, which we should do injustice to our readers not to transcribe for their improvement.

"'Popery is like every other description of wickedness; he who turneth away from it, and cometh to Christ for pardon, doeth that which is lawful and right, and shall save his soul alive.'"—P. 105.

"'It was him born after the flesh persecuting him that was born after the Spirit, as of old, my children,' said their mother; 'but the flesh when robed in the garb of popery becomes doubly hideous.'"—P. 61.

cal. Any one who is anxious to see in how many impossible ways the burin of bigotry can depict the commission of murder, can have his most fanciful curiosity fully gratified by an inspection. Swords, pitch-forks, knives, ropes, hooks, spears and crucifixes are delineated, in a style so edifying that we have no doubt they were drawn from the originals in the possession of the reverend editor. We had thought that papists only, taught their "damnable doctrines" by pictures. If Protestantism is about to fight the enemy with his own weapons, we admire the truthfulness, ingenuity and beauty of this specimen of their early demonstrations. We need only add that the motto of the "National Protestant" is, "No peace with Rome."

"They teach that the soul of a believer must, on quitting the body, go to a place of fiery torment, and remain there, perhaps for thousands of years, *unless the friends of the departed pay certain sums of money to the priests, to celebrate masses for the suffering soul. That is, to make a pretence of offering again the body of the Lord Jesus, in the form of a cake of bread, to appease the wrath of God.*"—P. 161.

"What does shriven mean, mamma?"

"It is what they call the sacrament of penance, or auricular confession. In the Romish church, all persons are obliged to go at certain times to the priest, and there to declare to him every bad deed, word, and thought, of which they are guilty: *to answer fully every question he may put, about themselves, their families, and every thing of all kinds. If they conceal the smallest matter, they are told it is a deadly sin, and they must be lost everlastingly for committing it. If any one would not acknowledge this to be necessary to salvation, he was to be burned.*"—P. 91.

Most particularly do we call the attention of the public to the enormity detailed in the following passage. The atrocity which is described is none the less horrible because of its recent discovery, nor because this is the first occasion on which it has been held up, justly, to the scorn and scoffing of an enlightened century and an indignant world!

"You do not perhaps all know that *in a baptism according to the Romish ritual the priest spits in the child's mouth, commanding the evil spirit to come out of him, and using such absurd mummeries as no reader of the Bible would ever dream of.*"—P. 148.

We especially commend this matter to the attention and investigation of the "Society for the suppression of popery." We should rejoice to see it handled with the zealous eloquence which such momentous subjects usually inspire in the truthful and enthusiastic champions of that so godly institution!

The tenth chapter winds up the book and popery together. It is made up chiefly of a dissertation on doctrine, wherein purgatory and masses for the dead—"selling the Lord for money"—idolatry, and all the ingredients for a witch's caldron which falsehood and intolerance can gather, are mingled by the He-sate of this pious melo-drama,

"For a charm of powerful trouble."

Master Robert, who has at last grown wise enough to talk of "the harlot's cup having run over with blood," concludes his part of the

performance, by thanking his little brother for having persuaded him to search the Scriptures after "the example of the Bereans," and expresses his unalterable determination to be pope on his own account, and to judge for himself "where the Spirit of the Lord is." Mrs. Willis, being a lady, and bound, upon every principle of dramatic propriety and poetical justice, to have the last word, commends the determination of her first-born, adding, with a courtesy to the audience, "it is a safe rule, for by their fruits ye shall know them!"

Aye! and what shall we say of men or women whom we know by such fruits, as the volume over which we have carried the reader? Evil enough it is—one of the worst evils of the modern system of book-facture—that, even in matters of mere common moment, knowledge must be brought down, diluted, sugared, babified for children's comprehension, instead of being kept until the time when increased maturity, developed by wise teaching, shall have rendered the mind itself fit to encounter, in their fulness, the truths with which it is to grapple. Folly enough it is, that youth, with the diminutive mental stature which nature has wisely given it, should be held up in arms, or mounted upon stilts, that it may peep in at the windows of science, and be taught that it may safely trust its yet imperfect vision, as to all the wonders that it dimly sees. But, worse than evil, worse than folly must it be, in every judgment that is right, to submit the solemn problems of religion, with all its mysteries and all their awful import, to the arbitrament of minds unformed, not fit to deal with even the common, daily difficulties of this life. It can be nothing but the dreariest and most silly cant, to talk of giving the Bible to the interpretation of that reason, which would not be trusted by the man who sells the volume, to calculate the profit and loss upon his speculation. We look upon the men and women who give such cant a currency, as the worst enemies of religion and of truth—not merely the foes of Catholicism—but even of what they believe, and almost all men hold to be Christianity. Can the most fanatical of all the advocates of Bible propagandism—those who believe that to read it is religion, to quote it is grace, and to talk of it is perfection—can they, or any of them, think that children are wiser or better, from being set to hunting texts which they can not understand,

and expounding mysteries for themselves, which are sublime beyond the conception of the loftiest minds? Can any one be so perverse in mad absurdity, as to dream, for but a moment, that children have been taught what they should know of God and of his word, because their heads have been stuffed full of stale polemics, and because their memories have been burdened with the names of long exploded sects—Monothelites and Monophysites, Sabellians and Eutychians? Can there be any doubt that the legitimate result of such instruction is and must be, either the conceited ignorance which deems that its short line is at the bottom of the sea, or the worse folly, which, comprehending nothing, believes that there is nothing worth its comprehension? According to our humble notion, that Providence which gives increasing wisdom to increasing years, has, surely, for its object, that those thus gifted shall furnish, from their store, to those whose weak and undeveloped minds have need of strength above their own. If parents—if a Christian priesthood—have any duty worthy of the name, or any privilege which reason and authority may hallow, that duty and that privilege must surely be, to teach the ignorance, to guide the blindness, to prop the weakness of the young. Neither priest nor parent can stand excused before society, before high heaven, in handing religion over to the stray conclusions which a child can draw, in his weakness, his ignorance or his blindness, from the books of the Testaments and the conflicts of ecclesiastical history. Yet this, criminal as it would be, would still be but omission. What shall we say of writers such as those who have produced and lauded the "the church visible in all ages," who have meddled with childhood, but to pervert it—with its religion, but to corrupt it? When the Saviour of men, in his sublime simplicity, commanded that the little children should be brought to him, was it, shall we think, his will that they should come, as have the children who make up this story? Did he mean that they should be taught love of him, as

synonymous with hatred of their neighbor? Did he mean that they should learn meekness, from judging others, humility, from contempt of others, good will, from denunciation of others? Were they to be instructed that the first principle of faith is to believe our neighbor's faith a lie—the first principle of piety, to dilate on our neighbor's iniquity—the first element of wisdom, a conviction of our neighbor's fatuity? Were their minds to be tortured by crazy mataphysics—their hearts to be polluted by malice—their tongues to be blistered by scoffing—before they could become an acceptable offering to Him whose mercy called them? Ill have we read the meaning of the Saviour's words if such that meaning be. It was to children, who were such in all that purity and innocence and warm affection which makes

"Hear'n lie about us in our infancy,"

that the message of his love was sent. And shall they who claim to know his high and holy word—who sing in the high-ways and cry aloud from the house-tops, that they thank God they are not like the Publicans of Rome, who keep the Gospel-pasture from the sheep of their fold—shall they, for their own purposes, so turn the young away from the uncorrupted simplicity of their fresh nature, to take part in all the hateful passions—the madness and the bickerings—that cry shame on hardened manhood? Shall they do this and call it religion and God's work? Out on such efforts and on those that make them! Soon enough shall time and sorrow and sad temptation becloud the sunshine of the young, and stain the whiteness of their raiment. Soon enough shall human frailty wear, from their weak hearts, the traces of a better nature. But let not the hands of those that should guide them to higher aims, conduct them, before their time, to the vale of contention and tears. Let not the lesson of love, which heaven has imprinted in their bosoms, be blotted out by the hands that should grave it deeper.

"It can not and it will not come to good."

KINDRED TIES.

How strong is the chain of affection that binds
Together while on our sad pilgrimage here !
Where'er we may wander each object reminds us
Of some absent loved one—some friend ever dear.
Though wide trackless forests, though mountains divide us,
Though rivers and oceans between us may roll,
And, though the black midnight of distance may hide us,
Those dear **KINDRED TIES** still unite us in soul !
How often in fancy those soft mellow voices
That blessed us in infancy fall on the ear ;
We woo the loved sound, and the spirit rejoices,
Though but in a dream, that sweet music to hear !

Oh ! whose heart has not thrilled in the stillness of night,
When dreaming he gazed in his dear mother's face,
And who has not melted with tender delight,
When folded he sank in her ardent embrace !
Who, who does not nurse in his bosom the flame
Enkindled by memories of childhood and home !
Oh ! is there a heart that throbs not at the name
Of **MOTHER**, though doomed from her presence to roam ?
Who does not recall, with emotions of pleasure,
The smiles of a father, his fervent caress !
Such mem'ries are jewels—a rich, priceless treasure,
And, oh ! may they ever each kind bosom bless !

The heart may be crushed by the writhing of anguish,
The phases of fortune be blighted and drear,
Yet, e'en in the dungeon, the victim will languish
For those who in life's radiant morning were dear !
Through sunlight and darkness, through triumph and sorrow,
This bright burnished chain will its lustre retain,
No sheen from prosperity e'er will it borrow,
And still, 'mid the tempest, undimmed 'twill remain.
E'en death and the grave those ties can not sever ;
We look from the charnel's dark gloom to the skies,
Where faith, hope, and charity bind us for ever,
And ne'er will be broken those dear **KINDRED TIES**.

S. R. T.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May, 20, 1845.

GEOLOGY CONFIRMING DIVINE REVELATION.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A GEOLOGIST AND A STUDENT OF THEOLOGY.



STUDENT. I have called on you this morning, my dear sir, to trouble you, with your permission, to give me some general ideas respecting your favorite science—geology. My curiosity has been raised by the contradictory statements I hear: one friend tells me I can not even study it without becoming an infidel, while another one assures me he could not believe the Bible itself were it not so decisively supported by geological researches: now both can not be correct, and I would like to know which to believe.

Geologist. I am, indeed, delighted to see you, my dear sir, and will most gladly satisfy you to the best of my ability, and the more cheerfully because I hope not only to show you that the science is founded upon incontrovertible facts, but, furthermore, that it advocates nothing in opposition to that sacred book for which I know you have always had the greatest reverence.

S. Well, if you will do that, you will relieve my mind of much uneasiness, for I have seriously feared the claims of modern science might be urged to weaken our faith in the word of God.

G. So far from that, I beg you will rest assured that all the great truths of geology confirm the truth of the Mosaic narrative where they have any bearing on it, while in no case do the two conflict with each other.

S. Well, tell me, briefly, what has geology brought to light.

G. As briefly as I can I will:—the man of science, looking over the surface of the earth, notes the great inequalities it presents—its mountain chains and valleys, its plains, its oceans and their countless islands, and simply asks the question, how was this disposition of things brought about. He asks the question where there is no danger of being deceived by the reply, for he interrogates nature. The ravines and mountain gorges show the structure

of the mountain chains, while natural and artificial excavations show what is beneath the level tracts. He finds a series of rocks more or less regularly reposing upon one another, and exhibiting, in whatsoever quarter of the world they are examined, very regularly the same character and the same order of superposition. Not that the same identical rocks are to be found all over the world, but the rocks of one country will be generally found in person or by their representatives in other countries. I speak now, not of every individual stratum, but of the great groups of rocks, recognised by their resemblance in mineral character, or, still better, by the identity or similarity of their fossils. And thus, as you can easily understand, he gets an intelligible view of the present structure of the earth.

S. It is, indeed, very satisfactory. How much of the four thousand miles that separate us from the centre of the globe has been so examined?

G. Oh! as to that, no very great distance, some six or eight miles, perhaps ten—that is of no great consequence. But to proceed. The lowest of all these rocks, those nearest the centre of the earth, are crystalline in structure, and entirely destitute of any remains of animal or vegetable life; they must have been deposited before animals or vegetables existed. On the top of these are other strata containing the remains of shell-fish which inhabited only deep seas: therefore, those must have been deposited at the bottom of a deep ocean. Then come other rocks containing the remains of amphibious animals, many of them huge monsters, showing that, during that stage in the history of the planet, dry land existed, or, at least, extensive swamps and marshes. Then higher up come deposits containing the remains of dry land animals; but these, as well as all that preceded them, specifically unlike any that now exist. These in turn were destroyed by the last grand revolution that preceded the creation of man.

S. Stop, stop, my good sir, you outstrip

my comprehension : the last grand revolution that preceded the creation of man—what do you mean by that? Were there any such grand revolutions and such extensive destructions of animal life before Adam was created?

G. Most unquestionably there were; no one can deny the destruction while the remains of the animals destroyed exist, and it must have occurred before Adam lived for the very reason that it could not have occurred after. Well these strata, many of them, filled with innumerable marine productions in a perfect state of preservation, exhibiting all their delicate processes and sharpest ridges, are found in elevations very far above the level of the present ocean, in both hemispheres, on every continent and every island of any size. Therefore, the sea must not only have once covered all this extent of surface, but it must have remained there in a state of tranquillity for a long time, “a circumstance necessary for the formation of deposits so extensive, so thick, in part, so solid, and containing exuviae so perfectly preserved.”

S. But, my dear sir, all this is going to require too long a time.

G. By no means; we have time enough at our disposal, a few thousand years or even millions, more or less, can make no difference. As we have no limit to fix the exact length of those six periods which Moses metaphorically calls days, and during which creative energy was operating upon the material world, we may suppose them to have been of any length we think necessary.

S. And this you call confirming the Mosaic account?

G. Certainly; did you not mark how beautifully the succession in the order of the creation of organized beings, as revealed by the researches of the geologist, corresponds with the narration of Moses? First came the marine shell-fish, the corals, and the so-called zoophytes, then fish and amphibious animals, and, lastly, the more perfect dry land animals, exactly in the order given in the first chapter of Genesis. Recollect too the evidence that geology furnishes, that this earth really had a beginning, and that it has not existed from all eternity as some of the pagan philosophers supposed. Recollect too the evidences of the actual occurrence of a great deluge, as nar-

rated by the sacred historian, and you will at once see how completely the Mosaic narrative, when properly understood, is supported by geology.

S. But have all geologists understood the Mosaic account as you do?

G. Why, no, I can not say that all have; there was Hutton, who asserted that the structure of the earth furnished him with no evidence that it ever had a beginning, no certainty that it would ever have an end: there is Lyell at the present day, who concludes, or rather leaves his readers to conclude for themselves, that it may or may not have had a beginning. And I am sorry to say—but the truth must be told—that a large majority of practical geologists now assert that there is no physical evidence of the universality of the deluge of Noah.

S. And what do you think of the deluge of Noah? was it universal or not?

G. In truth I can not admit that it was. It is not necessary to admit it, and the supposition of a partial deluge that destroyed all human beings on the face of the earth at that time excepting those in the ark, will best explain the present appearance of the surface of our planet. We have only to understand the account of the deluge as we do the first chapter of Genesis, metaphorically, and then all is plain enough. The deluge was intended for the punishment of man, the Almighty made no war upon brute beasts, and when man was destroyed the end was accomplished.

S. But do you not see that, according to this, the final conflagration of this world, which you and I both believe is to take place, should be nothing more than a spontaneous combustion of all the human beings then upon it; for why should the Almighty burn up the brute beasts? they never offended him. The truth is, unless you geologists are willing to adopt some rule for the interpretation of Scripture, you will never be able to agree among yourselves. Let me suggest for your consideration a rule that I have often found serviceable. It is briefly this: “the words of Scripture must be taken and explained in the proper and literal sense when nothing follows from them, so taken, either false, absurd, impossible, or contrary to the truth of faith or to good morals.”

G. What others may say to your rule I know not; I never heard it before, but to me

it sounds reasonable enough, and I should think allows all the latitude that any geologist could desire.

S. Yet it may bring consequences that you do not now foresee ; it calls upon you to admit the truth of the proper literal meaning of the words of Scripture, unless you can prove that such meaning involves something absolutely false or absurd or impossible : a mere hypothetical falsity or absurdity or impossibility will not authorize us to reject the literal meaning.

G. As for that, if you are alluding to the Mosaic account of the creation or of the deluge, as I suspect, I see no difficulty. To take those literally involves unequivocal absurdities and impossibilities.

S. May I ask you for some of the absurdities and impossibilities in the Mosaic account of the creation ?

G. Can it be possible ? Are you, indeed, so ignorant of the very rudiments of the science that you do not see what is so legibly written that he who runs may read it on every fossiliferous stratum over the whole earth ? Those shells, those bones of fishes, of lizards, of quadrupeds, how came they there ? Will you tell me the Almighty created them as we now find them, mere fragments of animal existences, or do you suppose that they were introduced into the solid rock after that was formed ? You will surely admit that these suppositions are absurd ?

S. Certainly, I think they are in the highest degree absurd.

G. You will not deny that these fossils are found, as I tell you, deep in the earth, imbedded in solid rocks ?

S. Of course not ; I can not deny their existence.

G. Then I will argue thus : these fossils must once have been living things ; they must have lived and died while the rocks in which they are now imbedded were in progress of formation : from their perfect preservation, we say they must have lived and died where we find them, as they would have been broken or injured by transportation from any distance. Each fossiliferous stratum must have been deposited in succession, and each must have constituted the surface for the time being. And as the innumerable generations of animals whose remains we find could not have reached maturity in a day or a year or a century, there-

fore, each fossiliferous stratum must have required a long time for its deposition. And as man was not placed upon the earth until the rest of the creation was completed, and as the earth could not have been completed as we now find it until these fossiliferous strata had been deposited, therefore, I may be permitted to say, of necessity these strata must have been deposited before man was created, of necessity a very long time was required for their deposition, of necessity the Mosaic account of the creation must be taken metaphorically, since, by your own rule, the literal interpretation involves absurdities, and is, therefore, false and impossible. Is this conclusive ?

S. Excuse me one moment, and let me ask if all this is clear and certain to your mind ?

G. Most unquestionably it is.

S. Are you as certain that all these things happened at the time and in the order you name, as you are that the fossiliferous rocks exist ?

G. To speak strictly, I can not be exactly as certain, because I have not the same evidence. I can see the rocks, and handle and examine them. But the other is certain too.

S. If I understand you correctly, then, the certainty of your conclusions rests simply upon this—your explanation satisfactorily accounts for the deposition of these fossils, and if it is denied, none other can be offered, at least, none as probable.

G. Exactly so.

S. But do you not see that your explanation rests entirely upon assumptions ?

G. Indeed I do not ; on the contrary, I know it is based upon facts.

S. I admit all the facts ; I see the shells in the rocks, but when I ask you how they got there, you tell me they were imbedded at the time you suppose the rock was formed. And if I again ask how do you know that, since no one saw it, you say, Oh ! we must assume this to have occurred, or we can not understand what is before our eyes—what is visible and tangible. If we do assume it, it will explain perfectly what we see, and, therefore, the existence of the present condition of things, the existence of these fossiliferous rocks, is proof conclusive of the truth of our suppositions. Now, do you call this good logic ?

G. Is not this a curious view to take of the subject ? In the same way you will prove that

the whole round of natural science rests upon assumptions.

S. Most unquestionably it does, nor can it be denied. The true facts of science, to use an oft-quoted expression, are undeniable, but the explanations of those facts are not necessarily true. And I need only point to the history of any department of science for the proof. Is the science of electricity now what it was two hundred years ago—would we not laugh at the explanation of phenomena then given and then thought satisfactory?

G. But you forget that we have more facts now than were known two hundred years ago.

S. Very true, and two hundred years hence there will be still other facts known of which we do not dream, and the science of that day will be as unlike what it now is as ours is unlike that of our remote predecessors, and as we laugh at them we shall be laughed at by those who come after us.

G. Well, admitting all this, what has it to do with geology?

S. Simply this; as all natural science consists merely in a more or less satisfactory and rational explanation of undeniable facts which are manifest to our senses, and as all these explanations of necessity rest upon assumptions, therefore, the science of geology rests on a hypothetical basis. Now you are too good a logician to contend that any absolute certainty can be obtained from conclusions based on hypothesis. And as our rule requires us to understand the words of Scripture in their literal sense, unless that sense can be proved absolutely absurd or false or impossible, and as geology offers no proof of absolute absurdity in the literal meaning of the Mosaic account of the creation, as it shows only a hypothetical absurdity—an absurdity deduced from certain premises granted—therefore, according to our rule, we must take the Mosaic account literally.

G. You mean to say that the six days of creation must be understood to be six natural days such as we now have.

S. I mean that we are compelled to take the language of the Mosaic account literally, and, as that speaks of days, we can make nothing else out of it but days.

G. But, my dear sir, if you had told me what you were after, I would have saved you a great deal of trouble. I have not the slightest

objection to understanding the words as you do. Call the six days of creation ordinary days, if you choose, there is still plenty of time for all the revolutions of the geologist before those six days began, and we can understand those six days as occupied in the final preparation of the surface of the earth for the reception of man. That point was long since conceded by geologists, to silence the senseless clamor raised against them about denying the truth of Scripture. All that science requires is time for the deposition of these formations, which time you yourself see must be no short period, and must be obtained prior to the creation of Adam. Grant that time during the six days, or before the beginning of the six days, as you choose, but one or the other is indispensable.

S. As to that, I can only say our rule forbids it. If you will look at the first chapter of Genesis, you will find that the literal meaning compels us to understand the creation of matter out of nothing, the creation of light and the beginning of the first day as immediately succeeding each other. There is no room for supposing any interval, if you take the words literally.

G. But we are told that "in the beginning God created heaven and earth—and the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God moved over the waters,"—now, as we are not told that he proceeded instantaneously to accomplish the subsequent successive steps as afterwards narrated, we are at liberty to suppose here an interval to have occurred, and during that interval all these changes took place.

S. To all which I can only again reply that the literal reading of the text forbids any such supposition. Besides, it would be of no avail for your purposes, as I think I can show you. Any lapse of time we may suppose to have occurred then, whether a second or a year, or thousands of years, must have exhibited throughout its whole duration "darkness upon the face of the deep," for as yet light was not created. Now thousands or millions of years would not answer the wants of geology, if those must be years of total darkness, because, as I understand the arguments drawn from these fossiliferous strata, the more perfect of the animals whose remains are there

imbedded, could no more have lived without light than those which now inhabit the earth. Besides, the supposition is incompatible with the literal meaning of the text. Nor are you at liberty to suppose any interval between the creation of light and the beginning of the first day—for, if you may suppose this, you may equally suppose any interval you choose between the successive days, and in the same way you may suppose any thing you may happen to think convenient.

G. But may we not suppose there was some kind of light during the time that elapsed between the creation of heaven and earth, and the creation of light during the interval when the Spirit of God moved over the face of the water?

S. Assuredly we can not, if you acknowledge the rule I gave you for the interpretation of Scripture.

G. But I see plainly enough that you do not understand the nature of my objections to this rigidly literal interpretation that you demand. It will lead us into scientific difficulties and absurdities.

S. I see clearly what you call scientific absurdities, but these absurdities are all hypothetical. Allow me one moment to repeat, and you will see what I mean. Here are certain rocks containing certain fossils; if I permit you to assume the existence of a certain condition of things in some remote period, you will explain very beautifully how these came where we find them. That we find them there, and in that condition, is no evidence of the certain truth of your explanation—therefore, your explanation is hypothetical, and all absurdities that flow from it are necessarily hypothetical, and, therefore, such scientific absurdities can not invalidate the literal meaning of the Mosaic account of the creation—and until that literal meaning can be shown to be absolutely absurd or false, or impossible, we must take it as it stands.

G. The end of all this war of words then is simply this: you want me to believe that this world was begun and finished as we now see it, in six of our days.

S. We are told in Exodus that “in six days the Lord made heaven and earth and the sea, and all things that are in them.” Now we must take this in the proper literal sense, or in a metaphorical sense, and I think I have

demonstrated to your satisfaction that our rule for the interpretation of Scripture compels us to take it literally.

G. Then all I can say is, that the rule is a ridiculous one, and I will have nothing to do with it. Where did you come across it? Whose is it?

S. The rule as I give it to you is called by theologians the rule of St. Augustine; although it does not occur literally in that form in his writings, it embodies his meaning. St. Augustine, I need hardly tell you, was one of the most learned men the world ever saw, and lived in the latter part of the fourth and the beginning of the fifth century. It was employed by the church long before St. Augustine reduced it to writing—it has been acknowledged and adopted by all the fathers of the church ever since his day; it has been sanctioned by all approved writers on dogmatic theology for the last fourteen hundred years or thereabouts, and is taught to all students of theology in Catholic institutions as the only safe guide for the interpretation of Scripture. To me it comes with an authority which I should be rash to reject. So that if you choose to reject it, you will have the advantage of me there.

G. But, without rejecting it entirely, perhaps it may be modified to meet our difficulties. St. Augustine, you say, wrote in the fifth century; what we call science now, did not exist then, and it seems unlikely that the rule he gave, should have been intended for the use you make of it.

S. As to that, the rule speaks for itself; it professes to apply to the whole Scripture without restriction, without limitation. We have no right to assume that St. Augustine was ignorant of the science of his day; we know, on the contrary, that he was profoundly learned in all that was then known, that he was a man of deep and varied attainments in human knowledge, and, what was still more, was specially enlightened by the Divine Spirit. But how would you propose to modify the rule?

G. St. Augustine was occupied, I have been told, during the greater part of his life in combating various heresies, which seemed to him to endanger the salvation of souls—now if we might consider his rule as intended to apply to the interpretation of those passages of Scripture which directly pertain to salvation, or to things of a future life, then all these mat-

ters, involving questions of science, might be excepted, and we might then interpret these passages metaphorically, as science seems to demand. Could not this be done?

S. The idea is ingenious, but totally inadmissible, for this plain reason: it would unsettle our belief in too many points—an example will best show you the effect of such a modification—we are told in Exodus that the Lord appeared to Moses in a burning bush, and Moses “saw that the bush was on fire and was not burnt.” Now this is a fact which does not directly pertain to salvation any more than the account of the creation, or of the deluge; yet we both believe that the bush was really on fire, and yet really was not burnt. And again, among the other plagues of Egypt, its waters were turned into blood; this we also believe literally, yet it does not directly pertain to salvation. Both are matters of faith, and as such the rule requires us to believe them literally. Modify the rule as you propose, and I see nothing to prevent us from understanding these passages metaphorically—nothing to prevent us from urging the scientific absurdity involved in the literal interpretation as a reason for understanding them metaphorically. And I might cite cases of this kind almost innumerable. But perhaps you will tell me that these events were manifestly miraculous, and involved supernatural agency, and that this is apparent in the account itself. But so also does the creation of matter involve supernatural agency, and equally so does the formation of the world involve supernatural agency; and this, too, is apparent in the account of these events. But the best evidence as to what St. Augustine meant by the rule, is derived from the fact that he himself applied it in the discussion of numerous questions of the same nature as those proposed by modern science.

G. But have other theologians used the rule as you do, or have they not rather confined its application to questions of faith and morals?

S. No, indeed: the manner in which the rule is employed by writers on dogmatic theology shows also that they understand it as intended to be applied to the whole Scripture. They did so apply it to various questions not directly connected with faith and morals; their works have always had the general sanction and approbation of the whole church; and,

therefore, their interpretation of the rule is sanctioned and approved by the church. And thus I am compelled to view it as a rule given by the church, and I should be rash to reject it. Of course it could not have the same authority with those who do not feel themselves compelled to obey the Catholic church.

G. Nor even with all those who do, I can assure you—you will find many good Catholics, who pay no heed to your musty rule, at least in the sense in which you interpret it. There is the learned Dr. Wiseman, who concedes all that geologists demand in point of time. There is Genoude, a most learned commentator, who comes to the same conclusion, that the days of Moses may be understood as periods of indefinite length, without any violation of faith. There is the erudite Petavius, who adopts the same view, and numberless others whom I might name. What will you do with these worthy men, excommunicate them all as maintaining heretical doctrines?

S. Oh! no; that would be both rash and uncharitable too. I can not constitute myself a judge in this matter. Differing from them in opinion, I can only give the reason for this difference, and this I have already done. There is my rule for the interpretation of the whole Scripture. It is too plain to be misunderstood. All writers on dogmatic theology, who have used it, explain it in the same way, and the use they make of it is in accordance with their explanation. It has had the authority of the church for more than a thousand years, and if I now attempt to modify it, or wholly reject it, I have then no guide but my own private interpretation, to explain the sense of Scripture.

G. Well, my dear sir, you know we Protestants think that is guide enough. Why not interpret this first chapter of Genesis to suit these imperious claims of science?

S. I will on one condition, and it is this, as among many conflicting interpretations there can be but one true one, whenever you Protestants will all agree what that true interpretation of the Scripture is, I will adopt it. But, even if I were now to concede what you ask in regard to the first chapter of Genesis, you would not be satisfied. We would immediately begin to quarrel about the seventh chapter. There I am told that the water of the deluge covered “all the high mountains

under the whole heaven," and that "all things wherein there is the breath of life died," excepting only Noah and they that were with him in the ark. And yet you tell me there is no evidence that the deluge of Noah was the sudden, general destructive catastrophe there described.

G. Well now let me ask you a question. You see my carpet; it is not very new or fashionable, but it is pretty clean—suppose now I tell you that exactly five minutes before you entered this room there was a barrel of oil spilled upon the carpet, could you believe me?

S. Indeed I could not.

G. And why not?

S. For the simple reason that, if the barrel of oil had been spilled, there would be left unquestionable evidence of the accident—evidence not to be obliterated in five minutes, and as I can not find that evidence, I do not believe the accident occurred.

G. And now, out of your own mouth, I will answer your question as to the universality of the deluge. It could not have happened, as you contend, for the simple reason that, if it had, there would be left unquestionable evidence of the event, not to be obliterated in the few hundred years that have since elapsed, and as I can not find those evidences, I do not believe it happened in the way you assert.

S. So you mean to take the broad ground, that you will believe nothing in the Bible that is not confirmed by the evidence of your senses or other external evidence.

G. By no means. I dare say you think I have very little faith, yet I am not quite an infidel. I only object to your interpretation of those passages in the Scripture which refer to physical phenomena, when such interpretation is so plainly repugnant to the evidence of my senses, or, to speak more precisely, I object to your interpretation because it is repugnant to what seems to me necessary and unavoidable deductions from undeniable facts.

S. If it is not too much trouble, I should like to know what those facts are which relate to the deluge?

G. I can give you an idea of what I mean in a very few words. I reason thus: if the deluge which you suppose occurred, did actually occur at the time and in the manner de-

scribed in the literal words of Genesis, then we would of necessity find every where evidence of its action in the disturbance, and the confusion and admixture it must have made among the soils and loose materials upon the surface of the earth. Now, I do not say there are no marks of confusion of this kind, but I say this, and every practical geologist will agree with me, that every portion of the surface of the earth that has yet been examined shows those loose materials of which I speak, such as sand, and gravel, and clay, and pebbles of different size regularly stratified, and manifestly deposited from water not in a state of tumultuous agitation, but from water nearly in a quiescent state. And common sense, and reason, and good logic, all conspire to compel me to deny that any violent overwhelming deluge has ever passed over such a spot, and as such spots are found very extensively in all countries, what I believe of one, I must believe of all countries.

S. May not these stratified materials have been deposited since the deluge of Noah?

G. That supposition would be still more absurd, because we find these tertiary deposits so high above the present level of the nearest water, that no causes which have been in operation since the age of Noah, could have produced them since that time. And we refer their formation, as we are obliged to refer the formation of the more solid rocky masses, to a period prior to the existence of the first man. And then the account of the deluge itself, I mean the manner in which it was brought about, is so improbable, that I wonder a man of your sense does not perceive the difficulty. If the water rose so high above the tops of the highest mountains, where did all this immense mass of water come from, and what became of it afterwards? Now, if you take what I call the common sense view of this event, every thing can be explained; all the objects of the Almighty can be accomplished without involving any scientific absurdity. We have only to suppose a part of the surface of the earth, that part then inhabited by the human race, and which, of course, was but a small part of the whole, we have only to imagine, I say, that this part of the surface gradually, but somewhat rapidly sank, until the water of the ocean rushing over it, stood high above the top of what had been its highest mountains, and all

is explained without any violation of probability. Now, tell me candidly, would not this answer every purpose of the deluge?

S. Certainly it would have answered, if such had been the will of God—but he chose to bring it about in another way, and in the plain and simple narration of it the inspired writer has left us no more room to doubt its universality, than we have to doubt its occurrence. If I believe, because it is so declared in the Bible, that it really occurred, I must, for the same reason, believe it occurred in the manner described. Your objections to the literal account of the deluge are of precisely the same nature as, though they seem to me stronger than those you brought against the six days. If I admit the force of your argument in one case, I must admit it also in the other. But I answer both in the same way, and if my argument is conclusive in one case, it is equally so in the other. If it will not answer for both, it is good for neither. You object to the literal account of the deluge, because, in explaining certain undeniable facts connected with the tertiary formation, you are obliged to assume a condition of things incompatible with the literal words of Scripture. And since the actual existence of the facts proves to you the truth of your explanations, and as these explanations are incompatible with the literal meaning of the text, therefore, the literal meaning of the text is absurd, and you feel compelled to understand it metaphorically. This, I believe, is a fair statement. But here again, as before, you must admit that your explanations of facts are altogether hypothetical, and, if so, no deduction from them can be other than hypothetical; consequently, the absurdity you object to the literal meaning of the narrative of the deluge is entirely a hypothetical absurdity, and, as such, can not authorize me to reject that in its proper and literal sense. For you must prove the literal sense to be absolutely absurd, before I dare reject it.

G. But, by that ridiculous rule of yours, as you understand it, that can never be done.

S. Well, what will you do?

G. Why, as your rule appears thus totally adverse to the certainty of my deductions, while they appear to me to be based upon admitted physical truths, if I must abandon one or the other, I must certainly reject the rule as opposed to the evidence of my senses.

S. I agree with you that the two are incompatible. And I, too, am obliged to make a choice, but with me the will is paramount, and, of course, I must reject all absolute certainty in the deductions of geology, so far as those deductions contradict the words of Scripture.

G. You will not find any geologist who openly supports what he admits is contrary to Scripture.

S. You mean the Scripture as geologists understand it?

G. Of course I do; the opinion is now a prevailing one, that the science in reality confirms the truth of Scripture, at least all are agreed that it in no wise contradicts that. And, in order to avoid, as far as possible, such hypercritical cavils as you are now raising, it was long ago tacitly agreed among writers that nothing should be said, or at least no more than could possibly be helped, about any apparent disagreement between science and revelation. Where they agree, it is, of course, right it should be mentioned. And thus it happens, that all those speculations as to the *modus operandi* of the creation and the deluge, once so rife, are now voted in bad taste. And the business of the geologist at the present day is not to bewilder himself in cosmogony, but to ascertain the nature of the materials that constitute the present surface of the planet, and the causes which operated to place these materials where we now find them, and in the manner we find them. To seek not for the origin of all things, but for the origin of the present condition of things. In short, to investigate the character of the last revolutions upon its surface, and thus learn what was the condition of things that immediately preceded the present. Few, or none, at this time pretend to go further back than that.

S. That was the object of Mr. Lyell's labors, I believe, was it not?

G. In one sense it was. He undertook to prove that the causes now in operation might have produced the present condition of the surface, if we will only admit them to have been in action long enough. But all geologists do not agree with him.

S. And yet it seems to me that you have no right to question the truth of his conclusions. He points to the undeniable fact that, in 1835, during an earthquake, the western coast of

South America, over an extent of several hundred miles, was raised permanently to the height of about six feet, and shows, moreover, that such earthquakes have happened there since the existence of any records, as often as once in a century. He then points to the chain of the Andes, and tells you that they were formed in that way—that by successive upheavals of this kind, extending over the enormous period of more than three hundred thousand years, that immense barrier was raised. If you deny this, he has only to point to the mountains as evidence. Had the cause he mentions acted during the time he calculates, you can not deny that it would explain present appearances, and thus, according to your logic, the existence of the mountains proves the truth of his explanations.

G. For that matter the Andes may be three hundred thousand years old, or even older; for me there is no difficulty in that supposition. But, dropping this digression, tell me what objection you have to geology, as confined to the investigation of the last changes on the surface of the earth, leaving all discussions as to the meaning of the first chapter of Genesis to the remote future when the world shall have grown wiser.

S. My principal objection would be this—that you are constantly in danger of being led astray by specious deductions from facts to believe and assert, as absolutely true, what in reality is wholly assumption. That while these supposed truths may often relate to things which, in a religious point of view, are matters of indifference, where we may believe or not believe as we choose, yet oftentimes they relate to matters wherein we are not at liberty to choose. For instance, when you tell me that all the beds of soil and clay and gravel of the tertiary deposit, with their fossils, were deposited as we find them by the agency of water, and that these fossils were once part of living things, I fully agree with you that the evidence of that declaration is sufficient. But when you tell me that these beds were so formed before the creation of Adam, and that some thousand years were required for their deposition, there you are treading on forbidden ground. That I can not believe as absolutely true, since by it is Scripture contradicted.

G. You are becoming more and more incomprehensible: you admit the animals once

lived whose remains we now find fossilized, you admit the aqueous deposition of the strata containing them, and yet you say this did not happen before man was created; pray, tell me when you think it did happen.

S. That would be to enter upon an illimitable discussion: let us reserve that for another time. Suppose I admit myself utterly unable to explain to you how these deposits occurred, that would not make your explanation absolutely true. If your supposition is apparently the only one that can be offered, even that would not suffice: apparently yet differs from certainly. But if you will show me that no other supposition can possibly be true, then I will admit that yours is absolutely true, and we will no longer call it a hypothesis.

G. But I do not like the issue you have created. What need is there of putting geology at variance with the Bible. Why not let geologists go on with their labors; there may be among them some enthusiasts whose devotion to science carries them perhaps a little too far, but as a body they are daily bringing to light innumerable interesting and important facts, the practical value of which is undeniable, while their errors are mere theoretical errors, which time will correct, if you will only let them alone.

S. I am exceedingly anxious they should go on with their labors. I think these have been productive of immense benefits; but, if I could, I would confine their labor to its proper sphere.

G. What do you consider its proper sphere?

S. That appears to me very well defined. I would have them go on with their explorations, if possible, more enthusiastically than ever. I would encourage them by every incentive, public and private. I would lay open to them the wide field included in the practical application of the facts learned by their laborious researches. The structure of a country in relation to its mineral wealth—its economical geology, so called,—after all, includes every thing of real value in the science. The rewards conferred by a community which may be benefited by their labor, seem to me sufficient incentives for exertion. I speak of reward not merely in the sense of so many dollars per annum, that is the hire of the laborer, but as the recompense rightly adjudged

to all public benefactors, to all who extend the boundaries of human knowledge, or who devise new and useful applications of knowledge already acquired.

G. That all sounds very pretty, I admit; but how is it possible to carry on geological inquiries without indulging in the very speculations you have unreservedly denounced?

S. I hope you have not misunderstood me so far as to suppose I object to scientific hypotheses. My objection has been not to the hypothesis, as such, but to that confusion of ideas and that misapplication of language which would dignify hypothesis with the name of truth. Theories are not only admissible but indispensable in all progressive science. Without them we could not well connect the innumerable physical truths which constitute the objects of science. Leave these disconnected and isolated, and we could have no science. Speculate then, as you please, as to the nature of the causes that have operated to produce the present condition of the earth's surface, provided that, in your scientific generalizations, you do not adopt, as absolutely true, any theory or any supposition which unequivocally contradicts the literal meaning of the words of Scripture.

G. I am glad to find that your crusade against geology is not intended utterly to exterminate it. I began to fear you meant to show no quarter. Why you should feel so sensitive on the subject, I yet do not clearly understand. For, even supposing all the evils that your vivid imagination has conjured up as really existing, and supposing the tendency of such speculations to be what you have attempted to show, I see no great cause for alarm. There are not so many geologists in the world that we need fear that they and all their disciples together could succeed in shaking the public faith in the truth of divine revelation, even admitting, what it is absurd to suppose, that all were to act together and with that sole purpose.

S. This sensitiveness, as you call it, is easily explained. You will admit, of course, that in reality the value of a single soul exceeds the value of the whole physical universe as far as the infinite exceeds the finite, and, consequently, the utmost care should be employed in the discussion of all questions which involve the least risk of the loss of a single

soul, though it belonged to the most degraded specimen of mortality that ever polluted the surface of the earth. More especially is care required in handling questions like those which geology originated, wherein the danger of misapprehension is so great, and where misapprehension seems to be burthened with such lamentable consequences. To doubt the literal truth of one portion of Scripture merely because we can not understand it, it appears to me, would naturally lead us to doubt other parts for the same reason. From such disbelief to open infidelity the transition seems neither violent nor abrupt, and infidelity persisted in must lead to perdition. Now do not misunderstand me—I do not say that the study of geology must lead one to perdition, but I merely say that without extreme care it may be thus fatal.

G. I agree with you so far as this—if you can persuade me that the discussion of any question necessarily and inevitably involves any risk of my neighbor's salvation, common charity would require me to avoid it; but if his danger, instead of being necessarily connected with the nature of the question, arises wholly and solely from the perverted view he chooses to take of it, as this is entirely optional with him, I am no longer responsible, and if he chooses to go to perdition, he alone is accountable.

S. That will do very well for all who claim the right of private interpretation, but for those who admit the authority of St. Augustine's rule for the interpretation of Scripture, such discussions are necessarily attended with some little risk, unless one keeps steadily in view the hypothetical nature of the inquiry. For it seems very clear, if geological deductions will nullify the literal meaning of the first chapter of Genesis, the same arguments will equally well nullify the literal meaning of the seventh chapter, which speaks of the deluge. And for me to admit either of these to be a matter of faith, and, in the same breath, to refuse to believe it because it involves a scientific absurdity, would be in the highest degree dangerous.

G. But while you thus obstinately reject these geological truths, you lose all the support they afford to the credibility of the Mosaic narrative.

S. That I consider no very serious loss. If I believe the Scripture to be divine inspiration, my faith must be grounded on better evi-

dence than any that geology can furnish, and then it seems foolish to talk of confirming what to me is already absolutely certain. To him who does not believe the Scripture to be divine inspiration, it certainly can never be proved such by any thing that geology can offer. The support then of which you speak is not wanted in one case, and in the other has no value.

G. You are too untractable, my good sir, and too exacting, I find, to leave me much hope

of converting you from your errors at once. But, if you will do me the honor to call again, I hope another time to be more successful. For the present we must end our discussions as such generally end, both of us more strongly confirmed in our previous opinions.

S. If possible I will gladly accept your invitation—until then I shall be obliged to believe the Bible in defiance of geology.

A.

AUDIN'S LIFE OF CALVIN.

History of the Life, Works, and Doctrines of John Calvin; from the French of J. M. V. Audin, knight of the order of St. Gregory the Great, member of the academy and literary circle of Lyons, of the Tyberine academy, and of the academy of the Catholic religion of Rome. Translated by Rev. John McGill. *Post tenebras spero lucem*,—device of Catholic Geneva. 1 vol. large octavo, pp. 560. B. J. Webb & Brother, Louisville: John Murphy, Baltimore, 1845.



HIS long expected and most interesting work has at length made its appearance in an English dress, and we are quite sure that the American and English publics will feel greatly indebted to the reverend translator for the valuable time he has spent, and for the much patient labor he has cheerfully endured, in order to spread out before them this rich literary and historical repast. A translator has a painful and often a thankless task to perform; he usually labors much and gains but meagre credit for his labor. The foreign work is perhaps perused with avidity when once translated; but too often the translator is lost sight of in the author. And the man who, in view of all this, devotes his time to the work of translation deserves the warmest gratitude of the literary world. He can be actuated by no motive save that of doing good to his kind, to the world of letters, and to the cause of truth.

To those who are acquainted with the Rev.

Mr. McGill, it is entirely needless to say that every reliance may be placed in the accuracy and elegance of his translation of Calvin's life by Audin. There are few scholars in America better qualified than he to cater to the tastes of the literary community, whether through the medium of a translation or otherwise. And we confidently venture the assertion that, for scrupulous fidelity to the meaning of the original, for appropriateness of expression, for elevated tone, and, withal, for elegance and easy flow of style, this translation is excelled by few that have ever been made.

One chief difficulty in properly rendering the book from one language into another lies in catching the *spirit* of the original, and trans-fusing it into the translation. This difficulty increases ten-fold in a work of the high literary tone, and of the lively, graphic, and dramatic character of Audin's *Life of Calvin*. A book of this kind, written expressly with reference to the present literary taste of France, and abounding in idiomatic expressions and nicely rounded periods, can not be accommodated to our taste without great labor and consummate skill in the translator. If the translation be strictly literal, it is apt to be too rigid, if not entirely un-English; if it be too free, it will not be a faithful representation of the original. Our reverend translator has, we think, steered with great care and ability between these two extremes, and he has given us a work which not only fully and faithfully reflects both the sense and the spirit of the original, but is also a model of very readable and even of elegant English composition.

The Life of Calvin is, not only in form and size, but in every other respect, a fit companion for the Life of Luther, by the same author, lately translated into English by another accomplished clerical scholar of the United States. Whoever has the one should also possess the other. They should both be in every library in the land. The two together embody an almost complete history of the Protestant reformation, written with great truth, force, clearness, and copiousness of detail. They present to us, in a most lively and dramatic manner, the men and things of the first half of the sixteenth century—a period, perhaps, the most interesting of all in history. They lead us through the different courts of Europe, introduce us to the great literary characters of the time, conduct us through the various universities and colleges and libraries, and every where, and in every thing, they give us all the information we could ask or desire, and they do it, too, not morosely and churlishly, but cheerfully and good-humoredly, and with true French politeness.

It is, indeed, delightful to travel through the vast domain of history with such a guide as M. Audin. He is fully acquainted with every landmark and object of curiosity on the road, and he beguiles the tediousness of the journey with his well-sustained and lively affability. Nor does he talk merely to pass off time; he speaks to the purpose: he is full of his subject, and he makes you also full of it, even in spite of yourself,

There seems to be no document that could possibly throw any light on the history of this period which he has not sought out, found, and thoroughly sifted. For this purpose he spared no labor nor expense. He travelled through nearly all Europe, and he visited all the principal libraries. Many most valuable monuments he has thus succeeded in rescuing from oblivion, and presenting for the first time to the public. He hazards no statement without a clear warrant from the original or co-temporary documents. He deals not in denunciation nor in mere declamation, but in sober facts. Nor is he at all afraid of the *whole* truth.

Luther and Calvin are the principal or central figures in his two great historical paintings; both stand out in bold prominence, clearly marked by the lights and shades correspond-

ing with their respective virtues and vices; while around them are, each in his proper place and attitude, the figures of the various distinguished individuals with whom they came in contact while on earth, and who with them played out the great drama of the reformation, *so called*. This comprehensiveness of view and this candid impartiality are as rare as they are invaluable qualities in a historian, and it is for them chiefly that we so highly prize such of the works of M. Audin as we have seen.

On the public and private life of John Calvin, particularly, M. Audin has thrown great additional light. He has discovered and availed himself of several portions of Calvin's correspondence hitherto unknown or unpublished; and, among the rest, the famous letter of Calvin to Farel, the original of which, in the hand writing of Calvin himself, he discovered in the Bibliotheque Royale of Paris. Besides, he had access to the public registers of Geneva, which had been long studiously concealed by Calvin's disciples out of respect to his memory, until finally the dark cloud of indifference and infidelity settled heavily over that city, towards the close of the last century. Then it was that the sacred treasure was guarded with less scrupulous care, and was finally disclosed to the view of Galiffe and other enterprising Protestant antiquarians, of whose indefatigable labors M. Audin has fully availed himself.

In the whole range of history there figures not a personage more remarkable in many respects than John Calvin. Few men have been more talented, more active, more fertile in resources, or more prolific in mischief to mankind. With a zeal worthy a better cause, he labored, by day and by night, through all the eventful vicissitudes of a long life, to fasten upon the world a system the most dark and atrocious, perhaps, that ever was devised by man. It was a system which sapped the foundations of all morality, by striking a mortal blow at free agency and destroying the doctrine of human accountability. It virtually made man an automaton, and God a ruthless tyrant! It recklessly consigned the far greater portion of mankind, *with their children*, to endless damnation, without any hope of deliverance, and it dragooned the smaller number of the elect—the favored few—into heaven al-

most in spite of themselves! It painted the great God of heaven, whom Christians had been hitherto taught to address by the endearing name of FATHER, as a merciless and unfeeling despot, who delighted in the necessary and irredeemable damnation of the vast majority of his intellectual creatures, whom he had made to his own image and likeness, and whom he had placed upon the earth without their consent or co-operation! A more thoroughly fiendish system was never imagined by human brain; and we are not at all astonished at the pithy saying of Zacheus Faber: "The God of Calvin is not the true God." *

Alas! Calvin succeeded but too well in establishing this pernicious doctrine, and in bequeathing it as a poisonous legacy to his posterity. The system still lives and moves and does its deadly work amongst us, hundreds of years after its author has descended to the tomb. The sect which he founded, though torn into fragments by bitter internal feuds, still, in many places, clings with fond tenacity to this its primeval and characteristic tenet. Nor is this the only trait which it has in common with its parent. It is every where marked with the same sanctimonious austerity of demeanor, the same bitter and puritanical zeal, the same fanatical spirit, the same narrow-minded and proscriptive intolerance, the same feverish restlessness, as its author. At every period of its troubled existence, and on every theatre on which it has acted out its part, it has moved amidst seditions and commotions, and has strewn frightful ruins along its pathway. It has moved in the very orbit in which Calvin originally placed it, and ordered it to revolve; and it has pursued its course with a spirit as undeviating and relentless, as if it had been *foreordained and predestined* for this special purpose! The original Calvinists of Switzerland and Holland, the fiery Huguenots of France, the fierce Covenanters of Scotland, the fanatical Roundheads of Cromwell's army of *saints*, and the long-visaged and self-righteous Puritans of blue-law and witch-laying memory, who peopled New England—to say nothing of some of our modern Presbyterians—all were led by a kindred spirit, all carried, branded deeply on their brows, the name and the fierce truculent image of John Calvin! All

* "Der Calvinisten Gott ist nicht der wahre."
Q. quoted by Audin, p. 160, translation.

these sects—or rather disjointed fragments of one great sect—compose that piebald and graceless progeny which the theocrat of Geneva has left to the world. He wished to make a noise among mankind, and to transmit his name to after generations; he has succeeded to his heart's content. His disciples have ever been the most noisy, the most restless, the most haughty, the most intolerant, and the most clamorous of mankind.

We speak, of course, of those Calvinistic sects which still profess some reverence for their founder, and retain some respect for Christianity. Alas! it is a reflection as sad as it is true, that the original Calvinists on the continent of Europe have, the vast majority of them, either renounced Christianity altogether, or that they retain little more of it than the bare name! In Switzerland, in Germany, in France, Calvinism has, Judas-like, betrayed Jesus Christ with a treacherous kiss! Prating for ever about the Bible, it has denied or explained away the Bible; professing unbounded love for Christ and his religion, it has shamefully renounced both! Unitarianism, rationalism, and downright deism, now run riot among the various churches founded by Calvin and his disciples. There all is desolation and ruin. The "abomination of desolation" hath there appeared in places once deemed holy.

The very pulpit of Calvin now sends forth its grandiloquent tirades against the divinity of Christ, against the inspiration of the Bible! The *holy* city of Geneva, which, during his iron theocracy, was made to walk according to the most rigid maxims of consistorial and blue-law regulations, with all the appliances of hired spies, informers, and official inquisitors armed with the torture to enforce them; the *holy* city, which whilom witnessed the banishment of Bolsec, of Castalion, of Gentilis, and of Berthelier; which witnessed the official murder of the poet Gruet, and the barbarous burning of Servetus;—all done, too, *at the instigation of Calvin*, and for the establishment and furtherance of his favorite religious views, as M. Audin proves conclusively from original documents of undoubted authority; this same *holy* city is now the hot-bed and stronghold of infidelity!! All modern travellers tell us the sad news. Alas! for the vicissitudes of human affairs! Alas! for the fruits of Calvinism!

It needs no great depth of philosophy to ac-

count for this apparently strange phenomenon. To our minds it is the most natural thing in the world. The human mind easily and naturally oscillates from one extreme to the other in the arc of unbelief. Calvin's absurd and impious system of predestination taxed men's belief to the utmost; it made men receive as revealed truths the most revolting and absurd impieties; the ruse was but too successful for a time; but the reaction at length came—as come it ever will in all that is marked by ultraism and extravagance; men recoiled with horror from the principle they had hitherto believed, and they recoiled with such violence as to run into the opposite extreme. In ascertaining that “Calvin's God was not the true God,” they thought they had also ascertained that no other Christian system taught the true nature or unfolded the real attributes of the Deity. Geneva awoke from her dream of Calvinistic Christianity, and found herself in the end thoroughly infidel! Many of her citizens who recoiled from infidelity returned to the bosom of that venerable Catholic church, from which their ancestors had, in an evil moment, departed!*

Calvin was the forerunner of Voltaire. Both were Frenchmen; both were lean, thin-visaged, talented, caustic, bitter in spirit, and implacably revengeful. Both had to fly from France for their misconduct; both wandered much over the face of the earth, and both finally settled down at Geneva. Both vainly attempted to destroy Christianity, with this only difference, that Calvin only endeavored to batter down the walls of the sacred edifice, and Voltaire to tear up the very foundations. The theocrat of Geneva and the philosopher of Ferney are parallel characters on the tablets of history. Voltaire flying from the face of an indignant Christianity, and finding a shelter under the walls of the city of Calvin, is, indeed, a remarkable coincidence. Calvin sowed the seeds in Geneva; Voltaire went thither to gather the fruits. Nor was Voltaire the only infidel to whom Geneva afforded an asylum; Rousseau, Gibbon, and many others retired thither to concoct their poisonous productions against Christianity. Geneva honored and

protected, and suffered itself to be tainted by these men, and it was from Geneva that the blasphemous edict went forth—“*crush the wretch!*” Gracious God! how much evil can not one wicked man do in the world!

Perhaps the distinctive characteristic of Calvin, and the one in which he most resembles Voltaire, is his feverish restlessness and activity. He was always unsettled in mind, often wandering from place to place, but always laborious and indefatigable. He seemed to be hurried on as if by a supernatural agency, whether from *above* or from *below* her doctrines and life best testify. During the days of his childhood at Noyon, a scholar at the universities of Bourges and Paris, a pliant flatterer at the courts of Margaret of Anjou and of the great Francis I of France, an exile from France, and a wanderer at Strasbourg, at Bâle, at Ferrara, a co-laborer with Farel and Viret, his precursors at Geneva, an outcast from Geneva, and a sojourner at Berne and at Strasbourg again, an intriguer and a disputant at Frankfurt, at Haguenau, at Worms, at Ratisbon, and finally a theocrat at Geneva, after his recall in 1541, winding himself, serpent-like, around the very vitals of the city, crippling its energies, and crushing its liberties during the last years of his life; every where, and at all times he is the same active, restless, untiring, cool and calculating, intriguing and tyrannical John Calvin. Every where he works himself into notice, every where he stirs up feuds and dissensions; every where he gets himself and every body else into difficulties.

At Geneva his troubled and feverish soul at length seems to find repose; but even here he courts not tranquillity; his very element is agitation and strife; his spirit knows no rest. Catholicity was destroyed in Geneva by the exile of the priests, by the sacrilegious pillage of the churches, by open robbery and confiscation of Catholic property, by ruffian violence even against those sanctuaries of religion in which feeble and defenceless woman had sought a shelter from the rude storms of the world, and by other similar means. Religious conformity was insured by the strong arm of power, and religious dissent was visited with denunciation, with the rack, with the prison, with exile, with death. The legislation adopted at Geneva under Calvin is without a parallel in any age or country, even in our own

* It is estimated that at least two-fifths of the present population of Geneva are Catholic; and that the time seems not distant, when the very church in which Calvin preached may be restored to the venerable worship from which it was forcibly wrested.

New England during the famous time of witches and of blue laws!

All this, and much more, M. Audin, in his *Life of Calvin* just translated, proves by incontestable evidence derived from cotemporary sources, and from the writings of John Calvin himself and of his early associates! . He pours a flood of light on this entire portion of history; he spreads out, in fact, before his readers a kind of historical panorama in which one sees all the actors in the drama, and all the places and scenes amidst which they severally moved. The whole scene is animated and instinct with life: you not only see but you hear the various actors, clad in their own appropriate costume, and speaking their own language. You become intimate with all the associates and cotemporaries of Calvin; with Francis I, with Margaret, with the other leading reformers, with the cotemporary literary characters of France, of Italy, of Germany; with popes, cardinals, and prelates; with the great Cardinal Sadolet and his literary associates, the survivors of the golden age of Leo X.

We wish we had room for copious extracts from the work. If we had, our readers would see that what we have said concerning the merits of the work itself, and of the English translation, is not at all exaggerated. But, perhaps, it may be as well to let all purchase the work and judge it for themselves. However, as we have a little space still left, we will present one or two extracts concerning the famous Cardinal Sadolet, Catholic bishop of Carpentras. They will serve to show how warm was the charity that glowed in the bosoms of those whom the self-righteous apostles of reform were wont to denounce as members of Antichrist. Sadolet was but one of a numerous class of true Catholic pastors who lived during that period.

"We should now need a whole volume, as did his biographer, to represent the guest of the most brilliant court in Europe, in the midst of his flock of mountainers, whom he loved as he formerly loved his books. He had studied the law: he desired to be the first magistrate of his flock, or of his children, as he called them. Carpentras was then the seat of fairs greatly frequented, when a quarrel originated among the merchants, the two parties came knocking at the doors of the bishop's house. What do you want? We want your decision, bishop. Sadolet conducted the pleaders into his garden, under the shade of a fine spread-

ing chesnut tree, made them seat themselves by his side, and, in a summary manner, judged the cause. His decree was in the last resort, and without appeal.

"At the episcopal castle there was a wood-house filled with fuel, which, in winter, he distributed to the poor of his diocess. When the sheep suffered hunger as well as cold, he added bread and clothes to the wood. During a year of scarcity, he thus nourished several thousand unfortunate beings. Sadolet sometimes said: 'I know not how this is done: I look into my wood-house, not a branch is there; I search my purse, not a cent in it; a poor person presents himself, and lo! I find a stick in a little corner, and a piece of gold in the lining of my robe; it is some good angel that plays me this trick.' He spoke the truth. His diocess, and especially Carpentras, was full of good angels in the guise of magistrates, of soldiers, of fine ladies, who replenished the purse, the wood-house, and even the library of the bishop."

How mild, gentle, and forgiving was his spirit! In a letter to Cochlaeus, he says: "I approve your temperate and mild manner of writing: let us not exasperate the heretics."† In another letter he inscribes this golden sentence: "I know not how nature has created me: but I can not hate a person because he does not agree with me in opinion!"‡

We must give one more extract describing a beautiful and thrilling incident.

"Francis I was at war with the house of Savoy; the count of Furstemberg, under the orders of Admiral Biron, was in the neighborhood of Carpentras, where his German foot soldiers had committed grave disorders. The inhabitants had armed themselves and driven the Germans away. Furstemberg, on receiving news of this, set forward with his troops and cannon to chastise the city, when Sadolet, in his episcopal robes, presents himself before the advanced guard. Who art thou? the count demands of the prelate. The bishop of Carpentras, who comes to implore mercy for his flock. Leave me, said Furstemberg; I shall so shear your sheep that they will not have strength left to bleat. Sir count, said Sadolet, at least, allow me to speak to the admiral. Go, said Furstemberg, I will wait for you. Sadolet asks to see the admiral, who puts to him the same question: Who art thou? I am Sadolet, replies the bishop of Carpentras. At this name the admiral dismounts from his horse, kneels, kisses the hand of the priest, and signs an order to Furstemberg to stop. It was time, said Furstemberg, for the cannon were about to play. You would still have waited for me, said Sadolet. And why so? *The first bullet*

* Pp. 176, 177. † P. 177. ‡ Ibid.

belongs to the shepherd, replies the prelate; the turn of the sheep would only come after his.”*

In conclusion, we must say that the typography of the work is highly creditable to the enterprising publishers. Few of our works have been gotten up in better style, and not

*Pp. 177, 178.

one of them, we venture to say, has been printed with fewer faults. The work is printed on fine paper and with new type. Every Catholic should obtain a copy; in fact, every one who wishes to have a correct history of early Calvinism. Booksellers who undertake such works should be liberally encouraged.

THE STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Continued from p. 388.

CHAPTER XIV.

Confession.

So I say to you, there shall be joy before the angels of God, upon one sinner doing penance. Luke xv, 10.

He said, therefore, to them again: Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent me, I also send you. When he had said this, he breathed on them, and he said, receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you retain, they are retained. John xx, 21—23.

And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed also in heaven. Matt. xvi, 19.

And many of them that believed, came, confessing, and declaring their deeds. Acts xix, 18.



CLAVERING had fallen into a common error! He could not precisely comprehend the wonderful simplicity of this sublime faith whose tenets he was about to adopt, or how, or why, he had, almost instinctively, received and adopted its heavenly doctrines, without having recourse to human science, to reduce its mysteries to the rationality of his own powerful mind. Heretofore, in matters of high essential importance, which involved abstruse doctrines, or nice metaphysical distinctions, he had been aided by reason and logical solutions, but now it seemed as if these were unnecessary, and he feared that he had not pursued the proper steps to arrive perfectly and surely at the goal of his wishes; so he read on, wearying his mind, and distracting his spirit with feverish and uncertain dread.

He was much cheered one day by seeing letters from home lying on his dressing table,

and, in his eagerness to hear from its beloved inmates, forgot for a moment the painful and unpleasant position he held to it. “Mrs. Clavering was well—his father much changed, and although he never breathed his name, or allowed the slightest object that could remind him of his son to remain in his presence, yet,” wrote Mrs. Clavering, “it is very evident that intense and concealed anxiety is undermining his health, for his step is becoming slow, he looks feeble, and will sometimes sit for hours without speaking, and sigh deeply, without seeming at all conscious of the presence of any one! Although this is heart-rending to me, added to the loss of your dear society, my child, I would not have you flinch a moment, or waver, or turn back, even if it were to bring the dead to life, for of far more importance is your eternal salvation, than a consideration of such momentary pangs. And all I have to say now, my son, I who by my weakness and prevarication lived so many years a reproach to the church of Christ, is to go on—rest not until you repose amid consolations on her bosom—take a decided and unalterable stand within her portals, where the waves which are tossed about by “various winds of doctrine,” can no more disturb you, but where the sheet anchor of your soul will be an immaculate and ever enduring faith, and its drooping energies sustained by its divine sacraments. . . . Isadora is changed, pale, and serious, but in her your father and

myself find a devoted and affectionate child; she says, 'Aunt, whenever you write, remember me kindly to cousin Claverling.'"

A dreamy languor fell over Claverling after reading his mother's letter—a faintness and weariness of spirit. He was a happy, careless boy once more, wandering lovingly by her side through the beloved shades of Blenheim Forest—he was sitting at eventide on his father's knee, watching, with instinctive triumph, his proud and happy glance as it beamed with love on him; he recalled to mind his boyish sports, the merriment and glee of his favorite slaves, when he, the idol of his home, returned from college to spend a few weeks' vacation with its happy inmates; he recollected his beautiful cousin—their walks—their rides and interchange of happy thoughts, and a pang shot through his heart; and then all the joys—the treasures—hopes and love of that blessed home came thronging with magic velocity about the heaven of his memory, and lit up its night with starry beams! What was he now? An outcast! And why? ah! why? Then again came shadows and gloom, whispering in low troubled accents of doubts and fears, upbraiding him with despising the religion of his fathers, and following in mad chase after phantoms, pageants, and mystical theories. Could he not have obtained eternal life without all this anguish—without heaping disappointment and agonies on the grey head of his indulgent sire, and crushing down the heart of a pure and angelic woman! He had read—he had understood all the dogmas of this faith for which he had thus sacrificed his earthly all, and did the knowledge bring him *peace*? Did it direct him with more unerring finger to the refuge of the weary; had it brought him permanent consolation—strengthened his hopes, or given him more assured promises of eternal rest than the fold he had forsaken? Alas! his hour of darkness was on him—his hour of temptation, and he writhed beneath the subtle might of his adversary, who, knowing well the frailty of human nature, presented a thousand suggestions why and wherefore he ought to understand the secrets of the Most High God, ere he committed himself entirely to the fold of this religion which professed to hold from the beginning, pure and unsullied, the most holy and sublime mysteries of his revealed word: and alarmed his sensi-

tive soul, in which the pride of human respect yet lingered, by malignant whispers of the scorn, contumely and derision of those who once looked on him as a model of learning, piety, and talent. Suppose, after enduring all, he should be deceived by crafty doctrines and the embodied sentiments of cunning men, and, oh! terrible thought, suppose that soul, for whose salvation the kindest emotions of his nature had bled, should at last be wrecked on uncertain and mysterious shores? He tried to pray, but his spirit was fettered as if by the shadow of death, he could not pour forth the anguish of his heart in contrite tears—they seemed dried in their fountains; he could utter no sighs of repentance, for, alas! the whirlwind of human passion—its pride, its knowledge, its servile respect for science and explanatory meanings, was rushing in wild confusion over the interior perceptions of his soul. He walked the floor with uncertain and wavering steps, his heart throbbing with convulsive throes, his brain reeling, and brow burning with the fever of his mind, when suddenly on the evening air the mellow peal of the deep-toned angelus stole along, and he started from his painful reverie, as its musical, though invisible, pinions came floating like a blessing around him, commemorating in harmonious numbers the incarnation of the Son of God, and reminding, with touching fidelity, of that unparalleled love which had opened for mankind the portals of heaven: and as he knelt before the niche containing the little shrine of our Lady, now lit up with gleaming halos from the rich tints of the setting sun, he exclaimed "My God! my Father! forsake me not in this strait—in this my hour of weakness," and while he prayed, sweet tears welled up from peaceful founts, until the storm passed away, and he was calm.

Mrs. Botelar had entered the room just as Claverling uttered his imploring prayer, and after kneeling silently and reciting the angelus, she approached him and laid her hand gently on his shoulder, as he sat with his face buried in his hands in deep and undisturbed thought.

"My child," she said.

"Dear madam!" he replied, starting.

"Think me not intrusive," said the lady, sitting down beside him; "but those eyes on whose heavy lids I see traces of tears—those pallid cheeks and mournful sighs, tell me too plainly that you endure some hidden anguish;

that you need human and friendly sympathy! How is it my child?"

"Thank you, kind friend," he answered. "I need consolation—religious advice, perhaps—yes, I need spiritual direction, for truly within the last few hours it has appeared as if my soul was unloosened from her moorings in the haven of God's mercy, to become the sport of terrible phantoms!"

After a few moments' silence, Mrs. Botelar inquired if he had made his first confession.

"No," he replied; "and in this I have perhaps erred."

"No doubt—no doubt of it, my child," said the lady earnestly; "for, whether in temporal or spiritual afflictions, our nature requires sympathy. When the sorrows of earth oppress us, and troubles, brought on by ourselves, weigh down our spirits, and we are conscious of having wronged friends and given scandal to foes, when every thing seems to conspire against us, and nothing but evil surrounds us, when our hearts, heavy and repentant, would fain recall every cause, however humiliating to ourselves, which had brought such perplexity and grief on us, how consoling is it, to unbosom oneself to a kind and impartial friend who, while he does not shrink from admonishing and rebuking us, pities our case with tender feelings and fast flowing tears, while we accuse ourselves of every fault, however heinous, and beg him in our penitence to plead for us with those whom we had perhaps undeservedly wronged! We do not hesitate to do this! to a noble nature there is a virtue, a kind of moral grandeur in acknowledging our faults when we are convinced of our errors, particularly if they have been productive of disastrous and grievous consequences. How earnestly do we then endeavor to repair all wrongs and injuries which have sprung from our disorders! In grief, our hearts would literally break, if we could not to some kind and sympathizing nature pour forth the anguish that throbs within them! These, my dear child, are simple truths, which can be easily applied to a higher and holier object. Your mind has been, just now, distracted with doubts and fears; you are seeking rest for your weary soul—*pence*; you know that your past life has been stained by sins—perhaps mortal; you yourself best know to what extent, and in what manner, but feeling that over your own con-

science, you would be too lenient a judge:—filled with penitence, and an ardent desire to return to that father whose smiles you have forfeited, you are disturbed and perplexed! But why is this? There is a simple condition by which you may obtain consolation! Go, my child, at once, with all the misdeeds of your past life; your penitence, doubts, distractions and fears, to that tribunal of penance, where the divinely delegated and duly authorized priest of God sits ready to listen and minister to your various wants. Yes, my beloved child, there you will find a kind and impartial friend; one who, under an obligation of eternal secrecy, will hear with pity and tears the long concealed sins which have festered in your soul, and in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, will apply the healing sentence of absolution, which will, if you are truly penitent before the searching eye of Almighty God, be ratified in heaven, amid the rejoicing of angelic hosts. Go, my child; hasten to your good physician, who will apply this heavenly balm with all its consoling influences to your wounded spirit."

"You advise me well, kindest and best of friends," said Clavering. "I will at least visit Father Francis Aylmer this evening: and without doubt he will give me good, and perhaps consolatory counsel."

He was received in a kind and paternal manner by Father Francis, and after conversing a short time on indifferent subjects, said:

"As you know, sir, I have informed myself well on the faith and observances of the Catholic church, and although I am fully satisfied that there can be no other religion holding such indisputable claims to the authenticity of a divine origin, or bearing in its sacramental institutions such plain and unequivocal indications of its eternal Founder, and though I have been *compelled* to choose this religion or infidelity, because I know, if this is false, none other can be true; I have this day, Father Francis, passed hours of intense and agonizing thought, fearing that at last I might be deceived and irretrievably lost."

"And why, my friend," asked he, kindly taking the young man's hand in his own, "why should you have such fears as these—what form did they assume?"

"I can scarcely define them, sir," answered Clavering; "but no doubts of the existence

and prior rights of the Catholic church before and above all others disturbed me. A kind of burning anxiety to understand and reduce, by the aid of human science, the mysteries of this faith to the level of my own reason, tormented me, I believe, among other things."

"A natural mistake," replied Father Francis, "and one which was made by a wise man, a master in Israel, in the days of Christ. You recollect, perhaps, how Nicodemus came at night to our Lord, declaring his belief in his divine mission, and testifying to the truth of his miracles, expecting, no doubt, to hear words which would explain to his comprehension the secret of those miracles, and also a new way to eternal rest: and how, after our Lord, with wonderful condescension, had declared unto him the necessity of regeneration, he, dissatisfied, exclaimed, 'How can these things be?' He went curiously, expecting to hear words subject to the control of human knowledge respecting the doctrines of our Lord, who declared unto him words of the Spirit, which his proud and arrogant mind, ignorant of the simple precepts of faith, rejected. If we could understand and comprehend all the mysteries of religion, it would no longer be an object of veneration, for men do not hold that in high esteem with which they are perfectly familiar; where, then, would be the necessity of faith? Can any theologian in Christendom explain the mystery of the incarnation, or reduce to human reason the numerical difficulties of the adorable Trinity? Or the process by which water was turned into wine, or by what wonderful means Christ fed five thousand men, from a basket containing only seven loaves and a few fishes? Or how the Holy Ghost, the infinite, the eternal and omnipresent Spirit, assumed first the form of tongues of fire, and again the small and delicate disguise of a dove, which was apparently a dove, and yet the Holy Ghost? By what means our Lord entered the room at Emmaus where his disciples sat, when all the doors and windows were closed? He was a spirit, and yet a body immaterial, as is proved by his standing thus mysteriously among them, flesh and blood, because Thomas, at his bidding, laid his finger in his wounded side, and, finding his body a palpable and human substance, exclaimed, 'My Lord and my God!' I have mentioned these prominent and incom-

prehensible miracles as they have occurred to me; there are numberless others presented to our faith, equally inexplicable to human reason, which—belonging properly to the high counsels of God—it becomes us his creatures to receive without cavilling or doubt. You remind me, my dear young friend, of a man who has studied and mastered the theory of music, without ever having seen an instrument of harmony; he understands all its difficulties, its notes, chords, time, and the position of its grandest passages, but nothing, absolutely nothing of its delightful melody, its soul-subduing influences, its charming power; because he has never touched an instrument, or heard one call forth the witchery of music. You have read in the sacred writings that our Lord, in opening the eyes of the blind man, first anointed them with clay, thus making it the visible minister of his power, although he, as God, might have said, Be ye opened, O ye closed eyes, and straightway those senses, wrapped in impenetrable darkness, would have obeyed the mandate. But He, in mercy to us, has wisely adapted all things in religion to the consolation of our weak human nature, by giving us sensible signs through which we may receive the necessary graces. I am his vessel of clay—his consecrated minister—his authorized servant, and, as such, my child, allow me this privilege: I call on you by those contrite tears which do honor to your manhood, to humble yourself, in this auspicious hour, before the Lord in the sacred tribunal of penance; here kneel, and pour forth the turmoil and strife of your mind, the actions of your past life wherein you have offended high heaven, and with a penitent heart yield yourself, with childlike simplicity, to our Lord at the foot of the cross."

The voice of Father Francis trembled, and a tear of commiseration moistened his meekly expressive eyes, as he reached forth his hand and put on the surplice preparatory to the performance of the sacred function.

Overcome by his inclination and the reasons he had heard, and feeling the necessity of following the advice of the pious man, Clavering knelt *Jubilate, the angels in heaven sing, and are rejoicing. The fountains of his soul, touched by the finger of mercy, were unsealed, and in each tear glistened a gem of repentance unto eternal life.*

CHAPTER XV.

Taking the Veil.—An unexpected meeting.

A PARTY of gentlemen had been invited by Mrs. Botelar to dine with Clavering, and as they sat over the dessert, discussing various pleasant topics, referring every subject with courteous affability to him, Mr. Arlington, one of the guests, inquired of Mrs. Botelar if she had heard recently from Mount Carmel; "If not," said he, "I have good news for you, madam."

"Ah! Mr. Arlington, you are always the bearer of good tidings whenever any thing of peculiar interest occurs in the religious world," replied the lady, "and I am sure your news is of this kind to-day."

"Yes," he answered, smiling: "I am glad, though, 'pon honor, to find that you look upon me as so sacred a harbinger; but perhaps you have already heard, Mrs. Botelar, that two ladies are to receive the black veil to-morrow."

"Behind-hand, for once, with good news," she replied pleasantly. "I am a few days in advance of you on this occasion, Mr. Arlington. The reverend mother notified me of the expected event last week. Mr. Clavering, would you not like to witness the ceremony? If so, we'll go."

"Were I to give you a perfectly candid answer, madam," said he, "it would be in the negative. I have still lingering about me a Protestant horror for the monastic or conventual life; but this I am perfectly willing to impute to my ignorance of the subject."

"Give every doubtful cause a fair hearing, Mr. Clavering, and your prejudices may be removed," said Mr. Arlington.

"Exactly, exactly, thank you," he replied. "I will take the first step towards doing so by witnessing this ceremony to-morrow; but what of this institution or order, does it rank among the ancient glories of the church, or has it been recently established?"

"It is not very modern," answered Mr. Arlington. "The order of Carmelites received its rules in 1209 from Albert, patriarch of Jerusalem. It derives its name from Mount Carmel, the place of its institution, and is among the most austere orders in the church."

"Are they cloistered nuns, or do they go through the world on errands of mercy, like the Sisters of Charity?" inquired Clavering.

"They are cloistered nuns. In this, our day, when *faith* is so little understood by those who are separated from our communion, it can scarcely be understood how it is that a society of pious women, the object of whose whole life is to work out their own salvation, and pray continually for the salvation of others, can be of any possible utility in the community? Some object that they are drones in the hive of society, others that they might diffuse in the world those works of benevolence and piety, which would benefit as well as edify mankind. But it is evident that to be shut out from the world is their very duty to the world; to be in leisure is their business, and as well might we call a schoolmaster inactive, or a private circle anti-social, as an institution which devotes itself to repentance, intercession, and giving of thanks for the benefit of the secular, as a propitiation in the sight of heaven, and a witness and warning before men, as the home of the helpless, and refuge of the downcast, as a common mould of character, and a bond of mutual love, and a principle of united worship to all, because it is successively the school and confessional of each; and as we believe in the efficacy of prayer, so must we prize those confraternities and institutions whose whole labor is one of spiritual love and charity towards the whole human family: but I must really beg pardon," said Mr. Arlington, somewhat embarrassed, when, on looking round, he perceived that all present were listening in silence to what he was saying; "I only intended drawing an equal parallel between the active errands of external mercy and devotion to the suffering sons and daughters of earth, which the Sisters of Charity observe in their rule, and those of a spiritual nature, which light up with such lustre the shades of the cloister."

"I feel much interested, I assure you," said Clavering; "and when I remember that so many among the great fathers and bishops of the church were *monks*, and have been the instruments in the hands of Providence for the maintenance of orthodoxy, I am surprised at myself for allowing those narrow, contracted prejudices to lurk about me."

"True, true, they were, indeed," continued Mr. Arlington. "And who, although a monk, was more busy in the crowd of men than Chrysostom? or so influential in theology as

Augustin? To whom is our personal faith more indebted than to Athanasius? who had greater sway in kings' courts than Ambrose? who more faithful in practical lessons than Pope Gregory? Even in those times when the sloth and corruption of a few brought disgrace upon all monastic bodies, they were all, as we well know, the preservers of ancient literature."

"And, as it regards the other sex," said Mrs. Botelar, "which you just now warmly defended, so far from making women idle and profitless, it is the only institution (I speak generally of the monastic rule) which has hitherto been able to give dignity, and, as it were, rank to female celibacy, and to secure an honorable and useful application of it."

"And, moreover," continued Mr. Arlington, "do not monastic institutions, above all others, most accurately and comprehensively fulfil the code of Gospel commandments, whether those which the present age does not fulfil, or those which it does? Indeed there can not, in the opinion of any reflecting and impartial person, be a doubt *who* the instances are, and *where* we must look for them, of obedience to the precepts of 'not resisting evil,' of 'turning the cheek to the smiter,' of 'selling that which we have and giving alms,' of selling all we have,' in order to be perfect; of having 'our loins girded about, and lights burning,' of 'watching and praying always,' of 'taking no thought for the morrow,' of 'taking up the cross daily,' and a number of other acts, in which are found all the humility and abnegation which are so essential to the perfection of Christian life."

"You observed, sir," said Clavering, after a pause, "that the Carmelite order is one among the most austere in the church. May I ask, pray, in what acts these austerities consist?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Arlington. "Abstinence from all that can flatter the appetite, except in case of illness, long fasts and late vigils, besides many rigorous works of penance and mortification; these, with their practical evangelical poverty, entitle it without doubt to its austere character. But really, dear madam," said he, turning to Mrs. Botelar, "the luxurious fare before us presents too striking a contrast with those rigorous fasts and long seasons of abstinence and mortification: it is enough to make us worldlings ashamed of our pam-

pered appetites, and I think it would be more politic in us to change the subject."

Clavering's emotions were painful, as he, the next day, entered the beautiful little chapel attached to the convent in A—— street, for he was about to witness a scene which to his imagination had always been clothed with the deepest solemnity and sadness. This feeling was not at all diminished as he observed the massive iron grate on the left of the altar, with its black curtain hanging in heavy and sombre folds to the floor, particularly when he thought it would soon fall, an emblem of eternal separation, between two favored beings and that world which their virtues, intelligence, and piety had so well adorned. The chapel was soon densely crowded with persons, whose anxious faces were all turned with an impatient gaze towards the veiled choir, while their half whispered wonder and anticipations of a novelty were scarcely checked by the devout posture and low uttered prayers of those who were, in all humility, offering up their reverence and love to Almighty God. Had Clavering been less pure in purpose or less humble in spirit, the unquiet sounds which pervaded the multitude, and the constantly changing aspect of the dense crowd of human faces which thronged around him, might have sent the hectic with a feverish irritability mounting to his cheeks, but, as it was, he only turned away with a feeling of weariness, and, gathering together every thought that wandered, fixed his eyes in sweet contemplation on holier and more peaceful objects. The altar was dressed with exquisite care and taste. There all was quiet, and the mysterious host, veiled from profane eyes, was enshrined in light and flowers whose shades rivalled the glowing hues of dying autumn mingled with the carnation tints of spring. There religious charity and reverential affection had laid their gifts to make fair and beautiful the spot daily consecrated to the God of all, "and where," thought he, as he gazed with rapt attention, "Oh! where, if not on the sacred altar, should the rich and beautiful things of earth be gathered—where a more worthy spot than this for treasures from the deep, and gold from the mine, and dewy flowers which send upward their tribute of thanksgiving in sweet exhalations!" A lamp hung before it, whose rays are never extinguished; "but here," again

thought Clavering, "it burns through the long, bright days, the pensive and religious twilight, and the silent watches of the lonely night, like a beacon star whose beams are but a faint emblem of where the undying soul should direct its hopes."

A few exquisite paintings decorated the wall, and the silent though expressive canvass arrested many a wandering and careless eye, and taught them, while they rested on those holy subjects, sweet lessons of faith, hope, and charity. Suddenly the raising of the curtain which veiled the choir aroused Clavering from his reflections; a burst of music thrilled through the church, and the most reverend archbishop and officiating clergy entered in their rich vestments, and the nuns in their full habit as they came into the choir two by two, uttering a low chaunt, and prostrating themselves before the altar in regular succession, made the whole scene solemn and impressive. The superior then led forward to their seats, next to the grate which separated them from the altar, the two novices, who, sixteen months before, had made their first profession, and taken the white veil. Except the veil and white mantle, they wore the dress of the order, which consists of a brown woollen robe confined by a leathern belt around the waist, from which hangs their rosary. A linen band conceals the upper portion of the forehead, surrounds the face, and is closely pinned under the chin; then, opening in a wider fold to cover the throat, it is concealed by the large woollen cape or scapular which forms part of their dress. When holding intercourse with strangers, or when they appear in the choir to recite their office or attend mass, a black veil entirely conceals their features. Mass was offered up by the most reverend archbishop, after which an energetic and appropriate address was made by one of the clergy to the novices. They then, through an opening in the grate, received the most holy eucharist. The superior now stepped forward and placed in the hand of each a long white wax taper dressed with flowers, and the sweet though trembling voice of Sister Cecilé chanted distinctly, in Latin, these words: "Succor me, Lord! according to thy promise, and let me not be confounded in my expectations;" after which she removed from their heads the white veils that covered them, and Clavering's inmost soul was touched

as he saw tears of happy devotion stealing in sweet torrents over the cheeks of those two wise virgins, who, like those of whom Jesus spoke, were determined to keep their lamps ever trimmed, filled with oil, and burning, ready for the coming of the celestial bridegroom. The black veil was then handed to the superior by the archbishop. Their tranquil faces were now veiled from the world, and Sister Cecile again chanted, "I will veil my face, O Lord, and admit of no other love." A carpet, bordered around with roses and pale orange flowers, was in the centre of the choir, on which they now prostrated themselves, the white mantles were thrown over them, and a *Te Deum* was entoned and sung in solemn and triumphant strains, and the pealing of the chapel bell joined in these exultant sounds of joy, which seemed to tell the world that two more souls had left it with its sins and temptations to become the brides of heaven. Tears fell copiously, and unrepressed sobs from the mother of Sister Cecile, and the friends of both, awakened Clavering's keenest sympathy; and, although she felt it to be a privilege and honor that her child and friend should be thus blessed with a vocation to serve heaven and heaven alone, maternal and natural emotions unsealed the fountains of their hearts, and found vent in tears which flowed freely, though untainted by sorrow or regret. After the *Te Deum* was over, the two arose from their humble posture, and, again receiving the tapers, were crowned with wreaths of white blossoms and flowers at the altar in the choir dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, which was beautifully and appropriately dressed. No tears now dimmed their eyes or wet their cheeks, but, radiant with smiles, they seemed to triumph in the attainment of their most exalted wishes, and warm was the greeting and kiss of peace and welcome with which each of the sisterhood received them. The ceremonies were over, and Clavering was handing Mrs. Boletar to her carriage, when he felt a tap on his shoulder, and a familiar voice exclaiming, in tones of delighted recognition, "Why, my dear fellow, how are you? how are you?"

He turned round, and his hand was instantly grasped by the eccentric Mr. Beverly.

"I am truly rejoiced to see you, sir," said Clavering, immediately recognising him, and introducing him to Mrs. Botelar, who at once,

and in the most affable manner, offered him a seat in her carriage, but this he gratefully declined, saying :

"With your permission, madam, I will rob you of Mr. Clavering's company for an hour, if he will consent to walk to my hotel with me."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Botelar, "if Mr. Clavering is not afraid of the fatigue; he scarcely looks strong enough to bear so long a walk, but no doubt the society of an old friend will refresh and cheer him, so, gentlemen, hoping that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you both this evening, I wish you good day." They lifted their hats as the carriage drove off, and Mr. Beverly exclaimed :

"My dear Clavering, this meeting is quite as unexpected to me as to yourself! I little thought when we parted a few months ago at Blenheim Forest that our next meeting would be in a Catholic convent in Baltimore!"

"I am sure," said Clavering, smiling languidly, "it is a pleasure which I did not at all anticipate; in fact, I am a little surprised at finding you here."

"Oh! my dear fellow, you must make up your mind never to feel astonished at any thing concerning myself. But how did you like the ceremony of taking the veil? No doubt it was a novel one to you."

"True," replied Clavering, "and the routine of conventual life quite as strange until yesterday, when a friend enlightened me a little on the subject."

"I expect," said Mr. Beverly, laughing, "you thought as I once did, that the life of a religious was one without either temptation or hardship. Our beau ideals were finely painted in those delightful old romances which abound in tales and legends of ruined abbeys, where a cheerful sisterhood, as simple as the children they daily fed with bread and butter and goat's milk, passed uninterruptedly their happy lives away, embroidering, tending flowers, playing the lute, and making whey, without a care beyond a misplaced stitch in their needle work, a broken string, or curdled milk."

"This," replied Clavering, "would indeed be a life of physical ease, and one perfectly agreeable to human nature, more so than the vow of practical obedience and poverty."

"Do you remember Miss Betty Wilkins?" abruptly inquired Mr. Beverly.

"She who was so concerned about your

spiritual welfare, if I mistake not," said Clavering.

"Yes. Well, is it not a little singular that while the finger of scorn and contumely is incessantly pointed at the inmates of a convent, and while they are decried as slothful and useless, when in fact their whole lives, from the earliest dawn of day until the mid-watches of the night, are one uninterrupted scene of industry and self-denial, that thousands who, like Miss Betty Wilkins, float about on the surface of society, and belong exclusively to the do-nothing genus, should not only be tolerated, but also held in high and holy estimation? How much better, how much more edifying is it to see 'brethren dwelling together in unity,' and exercising all those beautiful and sacred traits of patience, forbearance, and charity towards each other, which alone characterize the truly humble and pious Christian, than to spend a lifetime without an object beyond an officious meddling with the affairs of others."

"You are severe, sir," replied Clavering; "would it not be better to qualify your expressions a little? I know many seculars whose lives and time are truly devoted to the good of others, and whose facilities for finding out the poverty-stricken and afflicted, as well as the influence they may exercise in procuring them relief, render them inestimable to charity and religion."

"You are right," observed Mr. Beverly, "but after all, what are they but *nuns at large*? they only practise in the world all those dispositions which are so cherished in the convent. But the injustice, of which I was speaking just now, is really enough to provoke a better man than myself. As to the class to which Miss Betty belongs, they are good for nothing on earth but to fill up certain niches and chinks in society, and after all their vamping about good works, why sir, by this and by that, the effects of them remind me of the old nursery song about smoke, which tells us very wisely and gravely that, though the yard is full, and the house full, you can't catch a thimble full. But, by the by, how long have you been in Baltimore, Clavering?"

"Some five or six weeks; I believe; but may I be allowed to ask where you are from last, dear sir?"

"From last!" exclaimed Mr. Beverly: "I am from every where, and, on my veracity, I

feel as if I were progressing on to no where. Four weeks ago I spent a couple of days among the Shakers at Lebanon, but I could not possibly stand it any longer; they are, without doubt, the cleanest people on earth, but their creed is too petrifying in its effects for such a temperament as mine, so I hurried off—took French leave of it—and where next do you think I went?”

“I am sure,” replied Clavering, “I can not imagine; if we lived in the days of genii, I should expect to hear that you had been to Constantinople, performing your ablutions and devotions at the mosque of St. Sophia.”

“I have been doing worse than that, Clavering,” said Mr. Beverly, gravely; “I have been to Nauvoo, among the Mormons; but, on my honor, I met with my match there, I think!”

“How so?”

“Why, thus: they are something like myself, belong neither to heaven nor earth. Their leader is an enterprising fellow, though; he was tired of the old song of Scripture authority for every new doctrine and schism; he thought the plan was beginning to wear out, that the theme was exhausted; so he made a Bible for himself, which he says is written on plates of gold. Of course this is a great recommendation to the crowd, and, like the glittering veil of the arch impostor of Khorassan, conceals much hideous deformity. But, Clavering,” said Mr. Beverly, looking intently in his face, “my dear fellow, I would fain hope that this pallid countenance, and one or two other indications of feeble health which I see about you, are but the result of the long and fatiguing walk you have taken.”

“I can not tell,” answered he, smiling gently; “perhaps they may be; but I have had so little time within the last year to think of myself, or any of the numerous symptoms peculiar to persons of a delicate constitution, that if there is a change, it has been so gradual that I have not observed it.”

“Ah!” said Mr. Beverly, pressing his arm kindly, “your trials within that time have neither been ‘few nor far between,’ my dear Clavering. I heard all about them from Stanley, our mutual friend, and of course many of the good natured and kind rumors afloat about you; some say you are crazy, some visionary, some foolish, and others pity you, and say, ‘Poor fellow! he had a weak mind with all

his learning;’ but I,” continued he, slapping him energetically on the shoulder, “I say you are **RIGHT**; you are a hero to brave it all. After all, it is the only religion for which one has to make sacrifice, for which a man has to stand forth and do battle in the name of his great leader—God—(here Mr. Beverly reverently raised his hat a moment) against an upbraiding world, for which one has to forsake father, mother, ties, loves, and kindred! Sir, I respect you for your moral courage! By my honor, there is something chivalrous in becoming a Catholic!”

Clavering was quite aware that Mr. Beverly was a perfect original, but was little prepared for such decided proofs of his warm hearted and quaint genius, and while he looked at him with astonishment, replied: “Methinks, my friend, you could well appreciate this holy religion of which you are such an ardent admirer. Let me persuade you to practise all those sacred tenets and precepts with which you are so well acquainted; believe me, sir, you will find every thing that can ennoble and exalt a soul like yours in them.”

“Some other time—some other time, Clavering,” said Mr. Beverly, in a serious tone; “believe me when I tell you, I am not the thoughtless fellow I appear to be. No! I revere the example you have so nobly set me, and will—but lo! here we are, at our journey’s end; come up to my room, and let us offer a libation to the days of ‘auld lang syne.’”

“Thank you, thank you,” said Clavering; “but, like you, I must say ‘some other time.’ I have an indispensable engagement with a reverend gentleman at three o’clock, and it is now twenty minutes past one. Do not forget that Mrs. Botelar will expect to see you this evening.”

“I shall do myself the honor, certainly,” said he, pressing Clavering’s hand warmly, “and will avail myself of the occasion to make more particular inquiries concerning your health.”

Clavering arrived at home in time to join Mrs. Botelar at the dinner table, when, excusing himself, as soon as he could with propriety do so, he hurried off to fulfil his engagement with Father Francis.*

* The author is indebted to an article in the first volume of this Magazine, on Monastic Institutions, for several ideas in the foregoing chapter.

THE FIRST GRAVE.

The first person buried in Green Mount Cemetery was a very young infant.

THE city of the dead hath thrown wide its gates at last,
And, through its cold gray portal, a fun'ral train hath passed—
One grave—the first—is open, and on its lonely bed,
Some heir of sin and sorrow hath come to lay his head.

Perchance a hero cometh, whose chaplet, in its bloom,
Hath fallen from his helmet, to wither on his tomb :
It may be that hot youth comes—it may be we behold,
Here, broken at the cistern, pale beauty's bowl of gold.

Mayhap that manhood's struggle, in despite of pride and power,
Hath ended in the darkness and sadness of this hour :
Perchance some white-haired pilgrim, with travel sore oppressed,
Hath let his broken staff fall, and bent him down to rest.

But stay, behold the sepulchre ! nor age, nor strength is there ;
Nor fame, nor pride, nor manhood, those lagging mourners bear ;
A little child is with them, as pale and pure as snow,
His mother's tears not dry yet upon his gentle brow !

The step that tottered tremblingly—the heart that faltered too,
At the faintest sound of terror his infant spirit knew—
The eye that glistened, tearful, when the shadowy eve came on—
Now show no dread of sleeping in darkness and alone.

And why, though all be lonely, should that young spirit fear,
'Through midnight and through tempest—no shielding bosom near ?
Ere the clod was on the coffin—ere the spade had cleft the clod—
Bright angels clad a fellow in the raiment of their God !

Green home of future thousands ! how blest in sight of heaven,
Are these, the tender firstlings, that death to thee has given !
Though prayer and solemn anthem have echoed from thy hill,
This first, fresh grave of childhood hath made thee holier still !

The morning flowers that deck thee shall sweeter, lovelier, bloom,
Above the spot where beauty, like theirs, hath found a tomb,
And when the evening cometh, the very stars shall keep
A vigil, as of seraphs, where innocence doth sleep !

Sweet hope ! that, when the slumbers of thy pilgrims shall be o'er,
And the valley of death's shadow shall have mystery no more,
For them, the trumpet's clangor may be tuned to accents mild,
Which may bid them wear the garlands that shall crown this little child !

KNOWLEDGE AND BELIEF OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

(From the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.)



MUSIC.—The natives are very sensible to the charms of music. Formerly they had several sorts of instruments; at present they have only a wretched fife, with three or four holes, which wears the ear by its sharp monotonous sounds, for they have only a small number of notes. Their musicians and poets perform and compose extempore with astonishing facility. One is often surprised at hearing several natives execute a piece which one of them composes according as they play it. Their songs, particularly those which have for subject the absence of a relative or friend, contain noble thoughts, tender and elevated sentiments, and touches truly lyrical; but they are disfigured by common-places, trivial ideas, and frequent repetitions.

Painting.—Although they understand but very little of painting, they are, however, very fond of daubing the fronts of their houses, as well as their war canoes, and every thing else which has been wrought with any care; red is their favorite color.

Sculpture.—The art of carving is that which they know the best, and to which they apply themselves the most; the tombs, cabins, arms, canoes, and several household utensils are ornamented with figures, of which one may admire the regularity, proportions, and outlines; but one would desire more variety.

Medicine.—Although New Zealand abounds in medicinal plants, the natives only know, as simples, the *pua*, the *ruruhau*, the *ti*, and the *korau*, which they employ as coolers, the root and leaf of the *phormium*, and the root of the *renga-renga*, which they heat and apply upon the diseased parts, particularly upon tumors and abscesses. When a person feels an external pain, he lies upon the ground, and another islander tramples upon the affected part to cure it. The manner of dressing wounds is not less strange; after being bruised with a stone, they are kept exposed to the smoke. For internal

diseases they possess no remedies at all. The person who is attacked with them stretches himself in desperation upon the ground, and orders a Maori priest to be consulted, in order to know whether he can reckon on any chance of recovery. The priest places himself opposite a machine composed of small pieces of wood, and observes with attention the motion that it will receive from the wind: if the augury be unfavorable, he announces that the sick person will die. From that moment he receives no food; his family abandons him; he is left a prey to the god, who, they believe, is devouring his flesh and interior; thus the prognostic of the superstitious priest never fails to be accomplished, for the patient is always sure to die, if not of sickness, at least of hunger.

Dreams and ghosts.—When an islander has had a dream, he does not fail to inform all his village of it; forthwith every one hastens, and all crowd around him to hear the recital of his dream with its most childish circumstances; the elders and old women interpret the obscurities of it; they notify to the neighboring hamlets and tribes the nocturnal vision, together with the commentaries on it; and these determine the great enterprises of our poor savages, and even regulate their manner of acting.

They also believe as willingly in ghosts as in dreams; oftentimes, in the middle of the night, when the whole island is sunk into silence and repose, shrieks of terror resound from all quarters, the women are in lamentation, and the entire village in dismay, because the shade of a parent, a friend, or a chief killed in battle, has appeared to some person during sleep.

Before undertaking a war they consult the soothsayer; if, whilst the priest is inspecting the entrails of the victims, the cry of an owl be heard, it is a bad omen; but if a falcon flutter over the head of the warriors, the enemy will be defeated.

They employ also another means to foresee the issue of a campaign; a young lad takes a

number of sticks, equal to the number of the belligerent tribes; he levels a certain space of ground, plants in it the sticks like pins upon two parallel lines, representing the two armies in array, and retires to a little distance to observe the effect that the wind will produce. If the sticks, which represent the enemy, fall back, the enemy will be overthrown; if forward, he will be victorious; if they fall obliquely, the victory will be doubtful.

Fears.—The ardent imagination of the New Zealanders, and their thousand superstitions, cause them to live under the dominion of continual terror. In the dark, they are sad and melancholy; they think they see phantoms, hear the whistling of the Maori gods, and see monsters roving about them, which are ready to strike them with sickness or death. To pass the night without light would be torture for them; in the dark they can neither speak nor sleep; they scarcely venture to breathe, and when you show them a light, they cry out, "Now we begin to live!"

But the light does not dissipate all their fears; there is a belief amongst them that the violation of the *tapous* is always punished by some great misfortune, whilst fidelity to these superstitious rites secures a long life, good health, and many other great advantages. Their belief places almost every where the god *Taniora*, watching the prevaricators to devour them. The chiefs also impose penalties, which they proportion according to the importance of the *tapou* which has been violated. Sometimes they are mere reprimands; very often they consist of blows, or in the confiscation of a property; death even may be inflicted as a punishment of this pretended sacrilege.

And what are these *tapous*? Although I do not as yet clearly understand in what they consist, still I will tell you what I have learned on the subject. The person who has rendered the last duties to a relation or a friend, or who has approached a dead body, is *tapou*: he must lie prostrate, he can not use his hands in taking his food, and, if he finds no friend disposed to feed him, he is reduced to eat after the manner of the beasts: you understand now that *tapou* is nearly synonymous with sacred.

Every thing is liable to the *tapou*: men, animals, inanimate things, places, political and religious affairs. Thus all the savages who have

touched a dead body, those who have prepared the ground to sow the *kaumaras*, those who have sown them, the fields where they grow, as well as those in which they do not come up, are *tapous*: the herbs that spring up at the foot of the trees are also *tapous* for certain persons, and if any others than those whom the law appoints dared to pull them, the trees, say the savages, would perish. At the time of the great fishing, the spot where the preparations are made, the nets which are to be employed, and the river in which they are to be cast, are all *tapous*; one must keep at a respectable distance, until the islander who presides has taken and eaten a fish; the *atamira* (burial-ground) and the place where a person dies, are also *tapous*; the house in which a chief has just expired, and the things which have belonged to him, are subjected to a *tapou*, which can not be removed: they must be burned. From this comes the practice of carrying the dying into the open air, or under some shelter which they hastily form. The *hangis*, or kitchens, are *tapou* for the chiefs, who are forbidden to sleep, eat, or warm themselves in them. The heads of the latter are always *tapou*. Amongst the *tapou* animals, two kinds of birds are distinguished, the *tui* and the *irie*; Maoui, the creator of New Zealand, has bestowed a portion of his mind on the latter. The old inhabitants had songs in honor of these birds.

The origin of the *tapous* is variously derived: some are attributed to the gods of the country, others to the chief of the tribes and to the priests. They are established by pronouncing with precipitation some words of an unintelligible jargon; and to remove them a sacred stick is passed over the right shoulder of the *tapou* person, then across his loins, next over his left shoulder; the stick is broken in two, and buried in the earth, or else burned; others throw it in the water; after this operation the islander is restored to the condition of the profane.

Maori Priesthood.—The persons of distinction only are admitted to the sacred functions; and it is not rare to see chiefs of tribes resign the sceptre to one of their children, in order to be raised to the sacerdotal dignity. The ministry of the priests is confined to consulting the auguries, to giving to the children the sort of baptism of which we have spoken in the

beginning, to conjuring the storms, to making prayers for the health of men, for success in war, for the preservation and thriving of the fruits, and to obtain winds favorable to the navigators, and a gentle rain for the parched fields. Sometimes the women share with their husbands the honors of the priesthood, and our credulous islanders are simple enough to regard the dreams of these priestesses as revelations, and their ridiculous decisions as oracles.

Marriage.—There are three sorts of marriages among the natives: the first is concluded through the deliberation of the chiefs and parents, with the mere acquiescence of the young man and young girl; in the second alone does the inclination of the future husband and wife appear to be consulted. The New Zealander, who has decided upon taking a companion, proceeds to the residence of the person that has attracted his choice, he embraces her after the *Maori* fashion, by striking his nose against hers, he weeps for a long while by her side, he repeats to her in his songs all the sentiments that he wishes should be mutual, and, in fine, asks of her her hand; it is in this marriage that the chiefs interpose, in order to ascertain whether the consent of the woman may have been extorted through fear. The third kind is rather an abduction than a marriage: the wooer, apprehending a refusal from her whom he wishes to obtain, has recourse to violence, and carries her away from her family. A bloody contest then takes place between the partisans of the aggressor and the insulted tribe; but if the aggressor can conceal the girl from the pursuit of her relatives during three or four days, he has a prescriptive right in his favor: she has become his lawful wife, and both parties lay down their arms.

Polygamy is forbidden amongst the people, although every New Zealander is permitted to send away his companion, when she has no longer the good fortune to please him, and to form another union. As to the chiefs, the number of their wives is regulated by their dignity: the first has a greater number than his subordinates; yet one woman alone is considered as his spouse. It is unnecessary to remark that here, as every where else, where polygamy is established, it brings in its train an infinite number of crimes; besides the jealousies, dissensions and quarrels, which it creates and perpetuates in the families, it is the

most general source of the infanticides and suicides which spread mourning and sorrow amongst the tribes.

The Dead.—So soon as a person is dead, particularly if it be a chief, messengers carry the intelligence to the friends of the deceased and to the neighboring tribes; his nearest relation closes his eyes; he is then rubbed with green *phormium*, in order to remove, say the natives, the remains of his disease; his hair is arranged with elegance and adorned with leaves; he is dressed with magnificence and laid in a coffin, hung on the inside with green, and painted on the outside in red and white colors: in this state the body is exposed to the public view, and every one comes to offer to it their last demonstrations of affection. Until the sun has risen and set thrice, the air resounds day and night with funeral songs and cries of lamentation. To express their attachment to the deceased, his relations, friends and slaves tear their body in a horrible manner, tracing in curved lines bloody marks upon their faces, breasts, shoulders, and arms. The time of burial having arrived, the men and women accompany the funeral to the *atomira*, or burial-ground, singing in turn, as they proceed, the hymn of mourning. If the deceased be a chief, the coffin is placed upon an elevated mausoleum in the form of a column, ornamented with carving and painted red; the bodies of the people are suspended to the branches of trees. There is placed beside the tomb of the warrior his *mere-pounamu*, his *mère-paraoa*, and his other arms, because he has need of them, they say, to carry on war in the regions of night. The funeral being concluded, those who have taken part in it go to purify themselves in the next river.

If one asks of the natives why they suspend in the air their deceased relatives, “We wish,” they answer, “that they may be always present to our eyes, and that they may in some sort still live amongst us; buried in the earth, they would be incommoded and could travel only with difficulty in the paths of night: when war obliges us to quit our valleys, we carry them more easily with us; for we could not separate ourselves from the ashes of our fathers.”

The *Maori* nation has an attachment and respect for the dead beyond expression. They love, honor, and almost adore those whom they had despised and hated whilst living.

For the *atamira* an elevated place is selected by preference, and one that is solitary and covered with thick trees. It is subjected to the most terrible of all the *tapous*: he who would dare to violate it would offer an outrageous insult to the nation, and would be mercilessly punished with death. If, however, he escaped the vengeance of man, he would not escape, say our islanders, either in this world or in the other, the wrath of the implacable *Taniwa*, the cruel god who chastises the violators of the *tapou*.

Several tribes assemble once in the year in the *atamira*, in order to take down from the trees the remains of their dead, and to deposit them in the interior of the sacred wood. This translation is called the *hahunga*; it has in it something imposing to strangers. The order of the ceremony is as follows: the chief persons strike the coffin with a stick, pronouncing at the same time some magical words; it is then laid on the ground; the burial clothes are replaced by other ornaments, and the first of the chiefs, taking it on his shoulders, advances, followed by a crowd and preceded by a man who carries in his hand the branch of a tree, towards the place of interment. There the corpse is placed upon a layer of leaves, the flesh is buried in a grave, and an old woman, streaming with oil and pompously decked out, receives the skull in the folds of her mantle. The *pihe*, or dead song, then commences; long and noisy speeches follow next; and, finally, after having painted the bones white and red, they tie them in a bundle, to deposit them in their last asylum. Before separating, the natives pass several days in rejoicings, and load each other with presents.

Future life.—I have ascertained that the New Zealanders have always believed that there is in us a substance superior to matter, and that a future life, happy or miserable, awaits us beyond the tomb. The journey which they state the deceased to make, evidently supposes this belief. They say that the dead person in leaving this world goes to enter on the *Tukunaiatua*, (the name of the path which leads to the realms of death.) This way leads him to an avenue, called *Piritu*; he ascends and descends, reposes and sighs after the light; and after having resumed his march, he arrives in a house called *Ana*; he quits it immediately, finds another way, which is terminated by a

rivulet, of which the waters produce a plaintive murmur; he passes over the hill of *Herangi*, and he has reached *Reinga*, (hell.) Then quitting the inferior regions, which are situated beneath the sea, he removes the transparent veil, which is found at the entrance of the way of *Motatau*, and gains the aerial plains; after having there warmed himself in the rays of the sun, he enters again into night, in which he is given up to sadness, to sufferings, and disease; he thence comes back to the world to resume his bones, and returns to *Reinga* for a long period of years. Several of my neophytes have drawn my attention to the relation of this belief with the dogma of the resurrection. Our poor idolaters believe also that the dead, raised to life after a long sojourn in *Reinga*, die a second time, and perform anew the journey of night; that they rise and die again, until their bodies are transformed into a certain worm, which they call *toke*, and which is often seen when digging in the earth. The life of *Reinga* is, in other respects, according to them, quite similar to the present life: they experience in it the same wants, and there are in it the same customs and relations; this notion explains the reason why they kill their slaves on the death of their master, and why the women put themselves to death beside the bier of their husbands, unless they have children who claim their care and affection.

Before the preaching of the Gospel, the New Zealanders did not reserve immortality to themselves alone; they granted it also to their dogs; and they sent them after their death to another world, called *Waiowaowao*.

This would be the place to speak of their theogony; but what I have learned of it as yet, is so incoherent, that it is impossible for me to reduce it to any order. I think, however, that I can add to what I have said upon *Taniwa*, some particulars upon the Maori god, *Wiro*, who is made to play an important part in *Reinga*: they suppose him occupied in injuring the dead, who are travelling in the regions of night, in reducing their bodies to dust, in keeping them even in slavery; he leaves them no other freedom than that of appearing to their friends by nocturnal whistling. Hence the attention of the islanders to observe the smallest noises that are heard in the dark. If I be not deceived, the god *Wiro* is only a parody on Satan.

NOTICE OF THE MOST REV. JAMES WHITFIELD,

FOURTH METROPOLITAN OF THE UNITED STATES.



WHITFIELD was born at Liverpool, in England, on the 3d of November, 1770. His father, James Whitfield, a respectable merchant of that city, gave him the advantages of a liberal education. At the age of seventeen he was bereft of his father, and became the protector of his mother. To assuage her grief and restore her sinking health, he accompanied her to Italy. On his return from that country, where he had been for some time engaged in mercantile pursuits, he found himself in France at the time when Napoleon had decreed that every Englishman in France was a prisoner. He spent the greater part of his exile in Lyons, where he became acquainted with the Rev. Ambrose Maréchal, who was then professor of theology in that city, and was afterwards promoted to the archiepiscopal see of Baltimore. The piety of his youth inclined his mind to the sacerdotal state, and he commenced the study of divinity under the direction of his learned and pious friend. He distinguished himself by his solid judgment and persevering industry, and his illustrious professor was often heard to relate the anecdote, that his fellow-students would frequently request him to cause the young Englishman to recite, so much were they taken with the elegance of his diction, and the perspicuity of his arguments. In the year 1809 he was ordained priest in the city of Lyons. After the death of his mother he returned to England, and was employed in the discharge of parochial duties in the town of Crosby.

"When Dr. Maréchal was elected to the see of Baltimore, he wrote to Mr. Whitfield, earnestly soliciting him to give his assistance to the flock which Providence had placed under his charge. He complied with the request of his former friend, and landed on our shores on the 8th of September, 1817. He was immediately appointed one of the pastors of St. Peter's church, in Baltimore, and performed the duties annexed to that office with zeal and

piety. In 1825, by a special indult of the court of Rome, Archbishop Maréchal conferred on him and two other distinguished ecclesiastics of Baltimore, the degree of doctor of divinity. The ceremony was one of the highest interest to the Catholics of that city, who hailed with joy the commencement of a theological faculty on this side of the Atlantic."

The health of Archbishop Maréchal having much declined, he applied to the holy see for the appointment of a coadjutor who might succeed him in his important charge. The name of Mr. Whitfield was first on the list, to receive the sanction of his holiness, and by a brief dated the 8th of January, 1828, he was appointed coadjutor to Dr. Maréchal, with the title of bishop of Apollonia: the brief, however, not having reached America until after the demise of Dr. Maréchal, Mr. Whitfield was consecrated archbishop of Baltimore, on the 25th of May.

His career in this elevated station was marked with prudence and zeal. One of the first acts of his administration was to visit his diocese, which numbered at that time fifty-two clergymen, and from sixty to eighty thousand Catholics. Discovering by his own personal observation the vast good to be accomplished in the field which had been confided to his cultivation, and the comparatively slender resources at his command for the wants of religion, the new prelate exerted himself at once in order to obtain the necessary aid for the erection of churches and the establishment of useful institutions. With this view he addressed himself, as he had been requested to do by his lamented predecessor, to the grand almoner of France, and to the association for the propagation of the faith, which has rendered such important services to the Catholic missions throughout the world. In his letter to this excellent society he gave a minute account of the state of religion in his diocese at that period, which will always be consulted as a valuable historical document.

"Through the solicitude of Archbishop

Whitfield was held the first provincial council, which spread universal satisfaction through the Catholic congregations of this country, and exhibited so gratifying a contrast between the state of religion a few years before, when it presented but one prelate in the exercise of episcopal authority, and its then flourishing condition, which could number eight bishops presiding over its spiritual concerns."

This imposing assembly was opened on Sunday, the 4th of October, 1829, in the metropolitan church of Baltimore. The M. Rev. archbishop celebrated high mass. The same day had been appointed by him for his reception of the *pallium*. This ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Flaget, the present bishop of Louisville and the venerable patriarch of the American hierarchy. Dr. England, the eloquent bishop of Charleston, preached on the occasion in his usual powerful and captivating style. During the council the bishops held a private session every morning, and in the afternoon the clergy of the second order assembled in presence of the fathers to present their reports on the questions which had been submitted to their examination. Various matters regarding discipline, morals, and the administration of the sacraments, were taken into consideration, and thirty-eight decrees were passed, containing the most salutary regulations for the observance of the clergy and the most wholesome instructions for the laity.

The council closed its session on the 18th of October, after having conducted all things with an order and unanimity which gave universal satisfaction. Alluding to this subject, Archbishop Whitfield remarked that the prelates, before the opening of the synod, had but a distant knowledge of each other, and been united by that sentiment of respect which the episcopal character must always inspire; but that their official reunion had afforded an opportunity of forming a more intimate relation, and after meeting together in the unreserved interchange of views, they felt that a closer alliance had taken place among them, and they separated for their respective sees entertaining for each other the most friendly sentiments. The deliberations of the synod were very imposing in the eyes of the Catholic community: and such was the feeling of reverence they inspired, that three distinguished juriconsults, who had been admitted into the presence of the

bishops, to give their opinion relative to certain points of civil law, left the session-room with sentiments of the most profound respect and admiration. "We have stood," they said, "before courts of justice that were well calculated to awe the spectator; but we never felt so little confidence in ourselves as when we assisted at that august assembly."*

Among the subjects that attracted the earnest attention of the provincial council, and were enlarged upon in the pastoral letter which they addressed to the Catholics of the United States, was the importance of spreading among the people such publications as are adapted to the explanation and defence of our holy religion. The remarks of the bishops on this head are of so practical a character at the present time, that they will doubtless be read with interest.

"Amongst the various misfortunes to which we have been exposed, one of the greatest is misrepresentation of the tenets, the principles and the practices of our church. This is not the place to account for the origin and continuance of this evil; we merely remind you of the melancholy fact. Good men—men otherwise well informed, deeply versed in science, in history, in politics; men who have improved their education by their travels abroad, as well as they who have merely acquired the very rudiments of knowledge at home; the virtuous women who influence that society which they decorate, and, yielding to the benevolence of their hearts, desire to extend useful knowledge; the public press, the very bench of public justice, have been all influenced by extraordinary efforts directed against us; so that from the very highest place in our land to all its remotest borders, we are exhibited as what we are not, and charged with maintaining what we detest. Repetition has given to those statements a semblance of evidence; and groundless assertions, remaining almost uncontradicted, wear the appearance of admitted and irrefragable truth. It is true that, during some years past, an effort has been made to uphold a periodical publication in the south, which has refuted some of those allegations; but we say with regret that it has been permitted to languish for want of ordinary support, and must, we are informed, be discontinued, un-

* Annals of the Prop., vol. iv, p. 243.

less it receives your more extended patronage.* Other publications for similar objects have lately been established in Boston and in Hartford.† We would advise you to encourage well conducted works of this description. If you look around and see how many such are maintained, for their own purposes, by our separated brethren, it will indeed be a matter of reproach should we not uphold at least a few of our own.

“But not only are the misrepresentations of which we complain propagated so as to affect the mature, but with zeal worthy of a better cause, and which some persons have exhibited in contrast with our seeming apathy, the mind of the very infant is predisposed against us by the recitals of the nursery; and the school boy can scarcely find a book in which some one or more of our institutions or practices is not exhibited far otherwise than it really is, and greatly to our disadvantage: the entire system of education is thus tinged throughout its whole course, and history itself has been distorted to our serious injury. We have during a long time been oppressed by this evil, and from a variety of causes have found it almost impossible to apply any remedy; but we have deemed it expedient now to make some effort towards a beginning. We have, therefore, associated ourselves and some others, whom we deem well qualified for that object, to encourage the publication of elementary books free from any of those false colorings, and in which, whilst our own feelings are protected, those of our fellow-citizens of other religious denominations shall be respected. We should desire also to see our histories corrected, as that of England has been by the judicious and erudite Doctor Lingard; that our standard books should be carefully and faithfully printed under proper supervision, and even that temperate and useful explanatory essays to exhibit and vindicate truth, should be written without harsh or unkind expressions, and published, so that our brethren might have better opportunities of knowing us as we really are, and not

* It is gratifying to perceive that this excellent weekly, the *Miscellany*, the oldest among the Catholic periodicals of this country, is continued with great energy and ability. We wish it an ever prosperous career.

† The papers here alluded to have been discontinued. At the present time there are eleven strictly Catholic periodicals in the United States; eight weeklies, two monthlies, and one quarterly, besides the issue of occasional tracts.

imagine us to be what, in bad times, unprincipled and interested men have exhibited as our picture.”*

“The fortune of Archbishop Whitfield was considerable, and it was generally consecrated to the purposes of religion. The cathedral of Baltimore experienced his liberality as well as his zeal in the erection of the noble tower which was begun and completed during his administration. To finish this beautiful structure was an object which he had greatly at heart, and to effect it he adopted a plan for raising subscriptions, similar to that which has been followed with so much success in Europe, by the association for the propagation of the faith.”

A considerable portion of the funds that were necessary to erect the archiepiscopal mansion, in the rear of the cathedral, was contributed by the archbishop from his private means.

“The beautiful edifice of St. James’ church in Baltimore, is another and more striking evidence of the zeal and munificence of Archbishop Whitfield, having been constructed entirely at his own expense. He laid the corner stone of the building on the 1st of May, 1833, and on the same day of the following year he performed the ceremony of consecration, assisted by several clergymen from the cathedral and St. Mary’s seminary. The Rev. Dr. Damphoux delivered a very impressive discourse on the occasion, characterized by its impassioned eloquence and felicitous illustrations. The archbishop lived only to see the completion of the edifice, and to supply it with the worthy pastor whose active services and refined taste contributed so largely to the elegance of its improvements.

“In the course of the summer of 1834, he was advised by his physician to visit the springs for the renovation of his health, which appeared to be rapidly declining. But notwithstanding the efforts of medical skill to

* The establishment of the *Metropolitan Press* at St. Mary’s seminary, Baltimore, has enabled its conductors to carry out in part the design contemplated by the bishops. Many excellent works have been issued from this press, and at such a moderate price as to place them within the reach of the poorer classes. Much has also been done in this way by the Catholic press at Cincinnati. In addition to this, the publication of Catholic works in general has received a great impulse within a few years past, and so far as the facilities for useful information have been increased, the publishers deserve well of the community.

arrest the progress of his disease, its symptoms became daily more alarming, and he expired on the nineteenth of October, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

"Of Archbishop Whitfield may be said what can be said of few, that he entered the career of honors in wealth, and left it poor. Prudence and energy were traits in his character, very observable to those who had an opportunity of duly appreciating it, and many acts of his administration have been censured, because, through a spirit of charity and forbearance towards his neighbor, he abstained

from exposing to public view the grounds that justified and compelled such a course of proceeding. If there was more or less austerity in his manner, it did not prevent him from cherishing with paternal feelings, and promoting by frequent acts of benevolence, the happiness of the indigent and the orphan. Fond of retirement, and indifferent to the opinions of the world, he seemed particularly solicitous to merit the favor of Him who seeth in secret, and is always prepared to award the crown of justice to his faithful servants."

THE WIDOW'S MITE.*

BY ROBERT R. J. PRICE.

HITHER, ye rich! for the poor and the needy
 Into the treasury let your gifts flow!
 Of your abundance make others the sharers;
 Let not your right hand the left's bounty know!
 Comes that sad woman—disconsolate, lonely—
 Comes she to offer a trifle so small?
 Two brazen pieces?—a drop in the ocean!
 Pause, ere you judge her! *That drop is her all!*

Mark how yon usurer, haggard and care-worn,
 Parting with gold as his heart's dearest blood,
 Fears to unloosen the tide-gate of fortune,
 And turn from its current Pactolus' bright flood,
 While the poor, husbandless daughter of sorrow
 Casts on the waters the bread of to-day;
 Where shall she look for substance to-morrow?
 The LORD is her helper—HE will repay!

The grape-vine ('tis said), by blood if ensanguined,
 Its life-giving power imbibes at the root:
 The tendrils gain strength—enriched are its juices—
 Empurpled in color, more luscious its fruit.
 So charity's seed, by pity's tear watered,
 And warmed upon earth by the sunshine of love,
 Shall spring into life—a life everlasting—
 In gardens of bliss, in the realms above!

* St. Luke, chap. xxi.

New York, June, 1845.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

ASIA.—China.—The following is an extract from a letter of Mr. Robertson, interpreter of the British plenipotentiary in China, to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Besy, bishop-administrator of Nankin. "Monseigneur,—I am greatly delighted with your acquaintance. It is true, I am a Protestant; nevertheless, I am compelled to admire the heroism, the devotedness, and the superiority of the Catholic missionaries in China. It is a proof that your religion does not consist in idle talk, but proceeds from the heart.—*Cath. Cab.*

MEXICO.—We learn from the *Propagateur Catholique*, that the Lazarists, or priests of the mission, have been established in Mexico; and that the success of the "Sisters of Charity," whose existence in Mexico dates from 1841, is most consoling. They have organized a novitiate, which was soon filled with inmates, have opened various houses of education for the poor, and were about to take charge of an extensive hospital. The children of St. Vincent have been received by the Mexicans with the greatest enthusiasm; the latter seem to have laid aside all feeling of nationality in the cause of religion:—the Lazarists and the "Sisters" being natives of Spain.—*Cath. Cabinet.*

TEXAS.—The Ursuline nuns, who have a flourishing establishment in New Orleans, have purchased a valuable property in Galveston, for the sum of ten thousand dollars, for the purpose of establishing a house of their order in that city, in which they may impart a solid and religious education to the Texan female youth. We hope that this arduous mission will soon be blessed with a good supply of laborers. The excellent and zealous prelate charged with the care of this vicariate, has lately set out on a visit to Europe, for the purpose of procuring assistance in his apostolic labors.—*Id.*

LATE ARRIVALS.—The last accounts from Europe make no new announcements of any importance.

The Maynooth grant bill is advancing rapidly towards its adoption. Affairs in Switzerland are assuming a more tranquil aspect. In Spain Don Carlos has relinquished his claims to the throne.

DOMESTIC.

DIOCESS OF NEW YORK.—Confirmation.—At the eight o'clock mass on the 18th May, at the Cathedral, the Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey administered

the sacrament of confirmation and the first communion to about two hundred persons, several of whom, we are credibly informed, are converts.

The same sacrament was recently administered at the French church of St. Vincent de Paul, to more than fifty persons, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes. The congregation of St. Vincent's church has been steadily and rapidly progressing in numbers since it passed under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Lafont.

Great attention has been paid to the Sunday school, and there is also a large and flourishing day school attached to the church. Perhaps no Catholic congregation in our city is more rapidly progressing.

Ordination.—On Sunday, 18th May, an imposing rite was performed by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes—the conferring of the holy order of priesthood on the Rev. Messrs. Francis P. McFarland, Valentine Burgos, Patrick McKenna, and ——— McMenemy, of St. John's, Rose Hill.

New Church.—The corner-stone of St. Columba's church, situated upon 25th st. near 8th avenue, in Chelsea, was laid, according to announcement, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes, on the 22d May.

The Rt. Rev. prelate prefaced the ceremony by an appropriate address to the large audience assembled upon the occasion, which certainly must have amounted to several thousand persons.

The erection of the new parish was much called for by the urgent wants of the Catholics of Chelsea, whose numbers have rapidly increased within the last few years.

The church is in a forward state. The foundations are nearly finished, and we anticipate the speedy completion of a neat superstructure which will prove an ornament to that portion of the city, as yet possessing few public buildings.

The greatest praise is due to the Rev. Joseph P. Burke for the zeal and energy with which this most important and useful undertaking has been prosecuted.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—Confirmation.—The sacrament of confirmation was administered in St. Mary's church on Sunday last, by the Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick, to about one hundred and thirty persons, mostly children. The ceremony was very impressive. The bishop preached both in the fore and afternoon.—*Boston Pilot, May 24th.*

On Sunday last the sacrament of confirmation was administered in the church of St. Nicholas, East Boston, to sixty persons, the one half of whom were adults. There was a regular gradation of age from nine years to fifty. Among those confirmed was a lady over whose head sixty-nine winters had passed.—*Boston Tablet*, June 12th.

DIOCESS OF PITTSBURG.—Religious Profession.—On Tuesday, 15th May, in St. Paul's cathedral, Sister Mary Xavier (Miss Eliza J. Tiernan), and Sister Philomena (Miss Margaret Read), received from the hands of the bishop the black veil of the order of Sisters of Mercy.—*Pittsburg Catholic*.

Mr. Editor:—As your readers must be always anxious to hear of the progress of our holy religion, I think a description of a Catholic settlement in Elk county, and of the celebration there on the festival of Corpus Christi, would not be uninteresting to them.

About two years ago a large tract of land consisting of sixty thousand acres was purchased in Elk county by Mr. Bensinger, a wealthy and pious Catholic of Baltimore. It was his intention to sell it out in small tracts to his industrious fellow-countrymen from Germany, who are so much scattered throughout the union, and frequently are deprived of the opportunity of practising the duties inculcated by this holy faith, and showing forth that bright example of true piety and virtue, for which many of them are so remarkable.

Already the settlement has increased beyond the most sanguine expectations of those who were most interested in it, and at present St. Marystown has a population of over one hundred families. The company gave a donation of four hundred acres to the priests of the order of Redemptorists, who have erected a large and suitable seminary for the education of students belonging to the order, and a neatly finished chapel, which accommodates the congregation, numbering about five hundred persons. The seminary is situated on a beautiful eminence near the centre of the town, commanding a romantic view over a vast extent of the country. The lower part of the college is divided into sixteen rooms with a large corridor in the centre, and the upper part is entirely taken up by the chapel, hall, and gallery. The chapel is finished in the most chaste style, the walls and ceiling being lined with paper, on which is drawn the likeness of some enchanting flowers, to bring to our remembrance the sweet odor which sanctity exhales. The painting over the altar (which is in a recess, having on each side two vestries, and over them two oratories,) has been brought from Europe, and inspires with feelings of devotion any one who enters, mildly reminding the person that the ground on which he walks is dedicated to the Most High under the invocation of the Virgin Mary. First mass was said on Thursday, at six o'clock, by the Rev. Father Jappert, at

which many of the sons and daughters of Mary partook of that "bread of heaven," which their religion declares to be as necessary for the spiritual support and nourishment of their souls in preparing for the next life, as material food is for the sustenance of their bodies in providing for the present. High mass commenced at 8 o'clock, and was sung with an exposition of the blessed sacrament by the Rev. Mr. Prendergast, of Bellefonte. After the Epistle, the first benediction was given, and many a heart bounded with joy, when, amidst the chant of the "*ecce panis angelorum*," the military fired many a salute, breaking the silence that reigned for miles around, and which heretofore was only interrupted by the wild cry of the animals of the desert. After the Gospel, a sermon on the holy eucharist was preached by the Rev. Mr. Prendergast; and after high mass, which ended at 10 o'clock, another was delivered in the German language by Father Jappert. Immediately after his sermon the procession was arranged in the following order: first, the boys preceded by a cross-bearer, then came the girls, after them the women repeating the prayers of the confraternity, next came the chanters, about thirty men, then the brothers who teach the day school, next came little girls (clad in virgin whiteness) bearing baskets of flowers, which they scattered before the blessed sacrament, then the priests bearing the sacrament in a gold ostensorium, having on each side twelve men bearing candles, next came the military, and after them a long line of men, Catholics and Protestants, who walked three deep. The procession was about a half mile in length, and all passed off in a most orderly manner without the least interruption. There were four altars, beautifully adorned, erected throughout St. Marystown, at which a benediction was given alternately by Rev. Messrs. Prendergast and Jappert. It was a most imposing spectacle to behold persons collected from various nations united by a *common faith*, kneeling with warm devotion before the "altar of Catholicity."

When the procession returned about one o'clock to the seminary, the "*Te Deum*" was sung, and all separated, highly pleased with what they had witnessed that day in a place which only a few years ago was a pathless wilderness.

At another time I will give you a description of an Irish settlement within four miles of St. Mary's, where land can be purchased for a few dollars, and where much of that hardship and suffering could be avoided, which are incidental to families who lurk around our large cities.—*Pittsb. Catholic*.

DIOCESS OF CINCINNATI.—Ordination.—Seven scholastics of the Society of Jesus received the ecclesiastical tonsure and four minor orders, in St. Peter's cathedral, last Sunday, 25th May.

John B. Duerinck, S. J., on the same day, was ordained subdeacon, on the Monday following, deacon—and on Thursday (to-day) the same Rev. gentleman was ordained priest by Rt. Rev. J. B. Purcell, D. D., bishop of Cincinnati.—*Catholic Tel.*

New Churches.—The Right Rev. Bishop Purcell laid the corner-stones of new churches during the past week at Canton, Starke county, Ohio, Fulton, in the same county, and at Columbus on Sunday, the 25th inst. The Catholics of Chillicothe intend to build two churches to accommodate the German and English Catholics.—*Id.*

Arrivals.—The Rev. P. O'Meally, recently ordained in Europe for the diocese of Cincinnati, has returned to America, with several ladies of the Society of *Notre Dame*, and a clerical student. Their arrival was soon followed by that of Rev. Mr. Machebeuf with a brother priest from the diocese of Clermont, and a band of eleven ladies of the order of the Ursulines, from Beaulieu and Boulogne, in France, for the same diocese.

DIOCESS OF LOUISVILLE.—*St. Joseph's College.* We are much gratified to learn that this institution is in a flourishing condition. Its prospects are now brighter than they have been for several years. The institution has at present about one hundred and fifty scholars, of whom more than seventy are boarders; and new students are constantly entering from the south and west. The discipline is excellent, and we augur for the college a full revival of its former prosperity, ere it had passed through the fiery ordeal. We have reason to believe that it will be organized for the next session under more favorable circumstances than ever.—*Cath. Adv.*

DIOCESS OF CHARLESTON.—*Sisters of Mercy.*—We stated on a previous occasion that the Rev. J. F. O'Neill, the zealous and indefatigable pastor of Savannah, Geo., has been engaged in erecting a house in that city, for an orphan asylum and school, to be conducted by these sisters. The large and elegant edifice has just been finished, and six of the sisters left the parent institution in this city yesterday, for the purpose of establishing a new house in Savannah. We trust their sacrifice of self in the cause of charity, and their devoted exertions, may be blessed with ample success.—*U. S. Catholic Miscellany.*

DIOCESS OF ST. LOUIS.—*Ordinations.*—On the 25th of April, an ordination was held in the cathedral church, and the following gentlemen admitted to orders: Thomas Scanlan to tonsure; Thomas Scanlan and Denis Byrne to the four minor orders; John Higginbotham to subdeaconship, and William Wheeler to priesthood.

On the 16th of May, an ordination was held in the same church, when Augustine Acquarone, of the Congregation of the Mission, was ordained deacon.

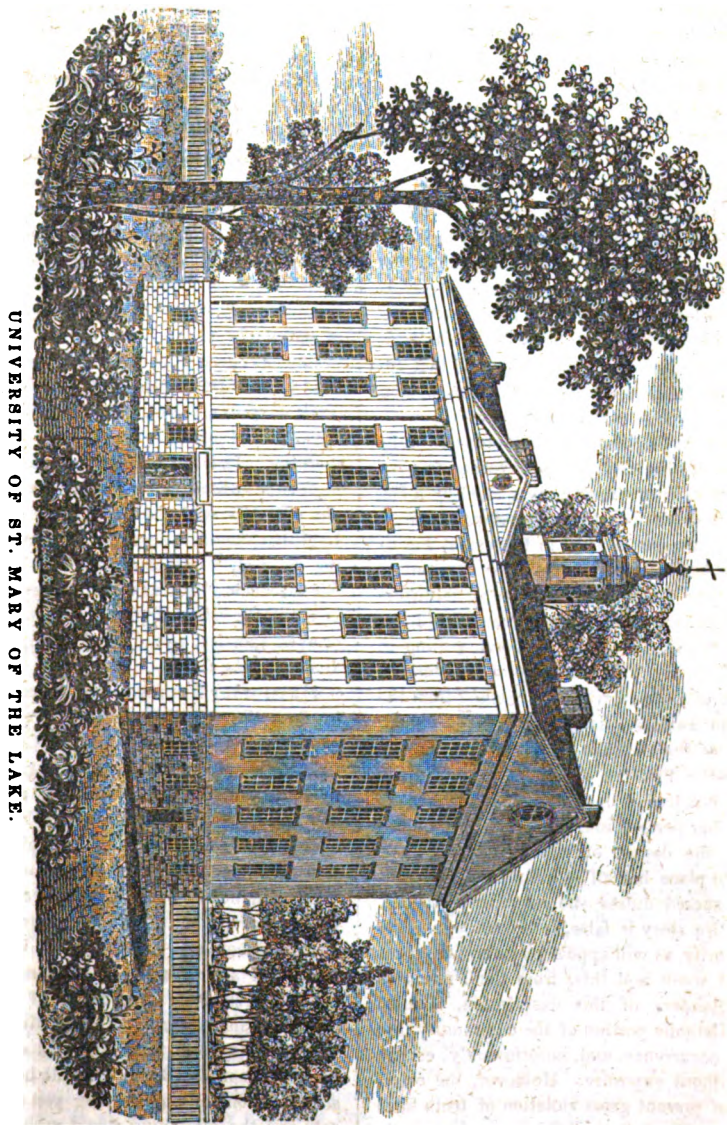
On the 17th of May, being Saturday in Ember week, an ordination was held in the same church, and the following gentlemen admitted to orders: Thomas Scanlan and Dennis Byrne to subdeaconship; John Higginbotham to deaconship; Augustine Acquarone, of the Congregation of the Mission, Patrick O'Brien and Bernard Donnelly to priesthood.

Confirmation.—The sacrament of confirmation was administered on Sunday, the 13th of April, in the cathedral church, to one hundred persons; on the festival of the Ascension, in the chapel of St. Vincent, to thirty-three persons; on Sunday, the 4th of May, in the church of St. Francis Xavier, to two hundred and twenty persons, and on Sunday, the 25th of May, in the church of Our Lady of Victory, to fifty persons.

New Church.—On the 4th of May, the new church of St. Patrick, situated near the corner of 6th and Biddle streets, in this city, was solemnly dedicated to divine service. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. J. Timon, superior of the Lazarists in the United States, who also delivered an able discourse analogous to the occasion. The first stone of this church, measuring 120 by 60 feet, was solemnly laid by the then coadjutor bishop of St. Louis, on the 16th of October, 1842. The lot on which this church was built, estimated at four thousand dollars, is the gift of Mrs. Anne Biddle of this city; and the sum of one thousand dollars was generously contributed towards the building by her excellent mother, the late Mrs. Mullanphy; other citizens, too, have contributed towards this meritorious object; although we regret to state that a very considerable debt has been incurred by the bishop in its erection.

Pastoral Letter.—On Sunday, the 25th of May, a pastoral letter of the bishop addressed to the Catholics of St. Louis was read in all the churches of this city, announcing the division of this portion of the diocese into four ecclesiastical districts or parishes, to be called the parish of St. Louis, of St. Francis Xavier, of St. Patrick, and of St. Vincent of Paul, to which the limits designated in the pastoral, have been assigned. This arrangement is to come into effect on the 1st of July.—*Cath. Cab.*

DIOCESS OF CHICAGO.—*University of St. Mary of the Lake.*—On the opposite page our readers will see the plan of the new edifice which is to be erected at Chicago under the above mentioned appellation. The ample scale adopted for the construction of the building affords additional evidence of the growth of Catholicity in the west, and of the active zeal with which the amiable bishop of Chicago is prosecuting his labors for the good of religion. He is at this moment in the city of New York, the former theatre of his ministry, endeavoring to raise funds



UNIVERSITY OF ST. MARY OF THE LAKE.

in aid of the contemplated building, and we are happy to learn that his appeals to the liberality of the Catholics in that city have been responded to with their usual generosity. The university of St. Mary of the Lake was chartered by the legislature of Illinois in December last, and is already in successful operation, under the direction of Rev. Jeremiah Kinsella, president of the institution. The new edifice, which is to be commenced forthwith, will be situated in a delightful and healthy spot on the borders of Lake Michigan, and will afford increased facilities in carrying out the objects of the institution.

DIOCESS OF NEW ORLEANS.—*Confirmation.*—On Sunday, 18th May, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Blanc, gave confirmation to ninety-two persons, in the church of St. Augustine, New Orleans. On the same day he confirmed ninety persons of the German congregation of Lafayette.—*The Prop. Catholique* also states that the month of May was celebrated in N. Orleans with great piety, and that devotion to the Mother of God was increasing among the faithful.

SPREADING A CALUMNY.—Some of the religious papers of this city are endeavoring to give circulation to a base calumny, concocted by a Dr. Beman and the notorious Sparry, under the alarming head of "Popish Bishops in Protestant Families." This vile attempt to embitter the public mind against the Catholic religion and its ministers has been proved by the New York Freeman's Journal to be a fabrication destitute of every thing in the shape of truth. The substance of the story is, a Miss Platt, of Detroit, who was rescued from the wreck of the Swallow, had been induced by the solicitations of the Catholic bishop of that place to enter a nunnery, that the bishop had supplied her with fifteen hundred dollars, and that letters were found upon her person from the bishop and Catholic priests; the design of which letters was to induce her to place herself in a nunnery, and thus violate the sacred duties she owed her parents. That the entire story is false, is proved upon Protestant authority, as will appear by reference to our extracts, last week and this, from the Freeman's Journal. Slanders of this description, levelled against the Catholic portion of the community, are of frequent occurrence, and, unfortunately, escape too often without exposure. However, the originators of the present gross violation of truth have been hunted out, and deservedly exposed to public execration. Though the position in which the Hon. Messrs. Beman and Sparry stand before the community is by no means an enviable one, others are willing to share the laurels which they have acquired by this infamous story. Surely this is honorable ambition. Our neighbors will please take the hint.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

THE SECT OF METHODISTS.—The slavery question has at last produced a subdivision among the Methodists, as the following remark from the New York *Christian Advocate* will show.

"The first general conference of the new church is to meet in Petersburg, Virginia, on the first of May next. This resolution, which was carried unanimously, proves conclusively that the separating act is considered final."

THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY.—Speaking of the late decision of this assembly, in regard to Catholic baptism, the *Banner of the Cross* terms it a "supremely ridiculous" proceeding; yet in alluding to the decision of the same assembly relative to the validity of *lay baptism*, the *Banner* calls it a *strong expression of opinion*. Query: Does the *Banner* speak of numerical or authoritative strength? Is he serious or ironical? How can he conciliate the *supremely ridiculous* and the *strong expression of opinion*?

PROTESTANT RELICS.—"The identical chair used by the 'Dairyman's Daughter,'" said the New York Express, during the late *anniversary week*, "was placed upon the stage at the Tabernacle this morning. It is an old-fashioned arm-chair, with a high back, primitive in appearance; but to every one who has read the 'Dairyman's Daughter,' by Legh Richmond, it possesses impressive and touching interest." Of course, this is all right at the "Tabernacle;" but any such veneration by others of similar remains of primitive saints and martyrs, or even apostles, would be shocking "popery!"—*Banner of the Cross.*

METHODIST RELICS.—Any veneration exhibited by Catholics for the relics of the sainted dead, or even of the person and passion of Christ, through a natural as well as religious feeling, is ever treated by Protestants as an evidence of great ignorance and superstition. On the other hand, when our opponents find it convenient to exhibit any veneration for the dead, by preserving some memorial of their existence on earth, they express their convictions as coolly as if, in a previous moment, they had not denounced the practice. We make these comments after reading a communication in the *Christian Advocate* and *Journal of New York*, addressed to the editor by a certain Mr. William Fort. A few words from this letter will explain its purport. "Dear Dr. Bond, you will herewith receive six canes, one of which I beg you to accept yourself, and the remaining five I wish you to present to the five bishops. The canes I have made from a log taken from the semnant of Straubridge's log meeting-house. That they are a part of the log meeting-house there need not be a doubt on your minds, or on the minds of the *venerable men of God* to whose acceptance you will tender them. . . . I have been thus minute that you may rest assured

that the canes are a part of the log meeting-house." This statement proves that Mr. Fort has the bump of veneration strongly developed. Our readers will be happy that Mr. Fort declares, *positively*, that the log meeting-house was not built off "Pipe creek," but on "Sam's creek." This is a most important point, and deserves to be justly appreciated by the "Historical Society of Maryland."

In reply to this communication, Dr. Bond thus piously discourseth: "Our brother Fort will please accept our warmest expressions of gratitude for the favor conferred on us by the gift of so precious a relic of the primitive days of Methodism. Our parents were both amongst the first fruits of Mr. Straubridge's labors in the ministry, and we can not but highly appreciate any memorial of a man to whom they and their posterity have been so much indebted, as an instrument of God, of such substantial good to them."

Men who can talk thus when Methodist relics are to be venerated, ought to feel some shame when they raise their voices against Catholics for respecting any memorials of the just made perfect.—*Cath. Tel.*

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—The U. S. C. Miscellany, in a review of a work called *Papal Rome as it is*, purporting to be written by Dr. Giustiniani, an apostate from the Catholic church, thus sums up a portion of the Doctor's eventful career:

"According to his 'Ordination Letter,' Giustiniani was ordained subdeacon on the 23d December, 1826, (p. 6.)

"Allowing one year until he was ordained priest; six months more until the 'charming summer day' (p. 28) when he bought Father Clement, and six months in addition, for his investigations of the Scriptures, fathers, canons, &c., on various points; perusal of the French Jansenist books, &c., those two years will bring us, not to December, 1828, but to the date of his entrance into the convent,—'towards the end of the year 1826!'

"He spent three months in the convent (p. 154), and a year and a half afterwards in the city (p. 159); after which he fled from Rome, and spent the pentecost (160) of 1828 in Vienna. Thus 21 months, dating from towards the end of 1826, will bring us down to May 25th, 1828!

"Giustiniani arrived in Florence on the Wednesday after pentecost (p. 164), that is, on the 29th of May, 1828, and spent two years and six months in that city, (p. 165.) He then left for Switzerland. These two years and six months bring us, not to December, 1830, but to 'towards the middle of the year 1829,' (p. 168.)

"Having staid two years and eight months more in Switzerland, he at last publicly professed Protestantism on or before the 1st July, 1831!

"Giustiniani has thus contrived to live through eight years and eleven months, between December 23d, 1826, and July 1st, 1831, beating all the rest of the world in the race of time by nearly four years and five months!

"We have not adverted to the gross misstatement of particular facts, and the numerous mistakes made about places, persons, and things in this volume.

They are evident enough to any one who is acquainted with the city and the inhabitants of Rome. We have, on the contrary, preferred confining ourselves to the salient points and dates of the narrative, which ought to strike even a casual reader. And from what we have said it is abundantly clear that the whole is a fiction—a palpably absurd fiction. Whether Giustiniani thought that the narrative he got up was consistent or not, we do not pretend to say. If the first, some inconceivable blindness must have fallen on him. If the second, how he must have laughed in his sleeve, as he saw the certificates and recommendations of Drs. Brownlee and Breckenridge and the rest, as they fell into the trap.

"In either case, this work so emphatically recommended by clergymen, and so well circulated as to have reached already a fourth edition, fairly tests, in our opinion, the quantum of common sense a certain class of persons use, whenever they are called on to condemn 'popery.'

"By the by, as we understand that Dr. Giustiniani, who has been moving or has been moved from denomination to denomination, is now under trial with the Methodists in Baltimore, we intend to send this number of our paper to his judges, in order that, if they think proper, they may question the 'learned and estimable Dr.' in regard to those wonderful eight years and eleven months."

THE LONDON TABLET.—In a lengthy and favorable notice of Dr. Spalding's late "Sketches of the Early Missions of Kentucky," found in the London Tablet of April 19, occurs the following passage:

"He (Dr. S.) takes some pains to assure us that the wilderness was uninhabited—perfectly an unpeopled wild—when the first colonists sought homes among its forests; but as he is obliged to show that these settlers were waylaid on the rivers, even during their approach, by the watchful Indians; that their log huts were made to resemble fortalices; that they were compelled to watch their cattle and their crops; that many a settler was murdered, and at length many battles were fought between the red lords of the soil and the white intruders; we can not but think that the Rev. Dr. has been deceived in this particular."

The mistake is altogether on the side of the accomplished editor of the Tablet, who seems to have confounded Kentucky with the whole west—an error which he might readily have avoided, had he taken the trouble to look at a map. Thus he says, near the close of his review, "the present Catholic population of Kentucky . . . is governed by ten bishops!" The original diocese of Bardstown is now divided into ten, of which Kentucky, however, constitutes but one. There were Indian habitations and permanent settlements in other parts of the west; in Kentucky no traces of any thing of the kind could be discovered by the first emigrants. These were waylaid on their journey, and attacked, after their arrival in Kentucky, by Indians chiefly from the north side of the Ohio river. The very passage which the editor of the Tablet extracts from the "Sketches" immediately after that upon which we are commenting, would have set him right, as it states that Kentucky was "a kind of neutral terri-

tory," and a common "Indian hunting ground," which "seems not ever to have been permanently settled by any Indian tribe." This is historically true, and this is all that Dr. Spalding asserted.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Shortly after we had closed the June No. of the Magazine, we received several articles of great interest to our readers, as they will perceive from the perusal of the present issue. We direct their particular attention to the leading paper on Huss and the Hussites, and, as a relief from the more serious investigation of ecclesiastical history, they will pass with considerable delight to the very entertaining and not less instructive review of Charlotte Elizabeth's *Visible Church*. The author of this paper has a high sense of the dignity of theological study and of science in general, and he has thrown a flood of light upon the method employed by Charlotte Elizabeth for the diffusion of religious knowledge. The reader will also perceive that *Audin's Life of Calvin* has been presented to the public in an English dress.

We acknowledge with many thanks the reception of an excellent paper on glass painting, which, with others from the same source, will be invaluable to the historical student, and highly interesting to all who wish to understand the genius of the middle ages.

We have also on hand, from our poetical contributors, several pieces of considerable merit, which will appear in *tempore opportuno*.

OBITUARY.

DIED.—At Cape Girardeau, Mo., on the 20th of March, 1845, the Rev. JAMES RICINI, born in Genoa the 11th of January, 1815, of a wealthy and pious family.

After a youth passed in study and the holy pleasures of religion, he entered the university of Genoa, finished there his studies, and received there the degree of doctor of laws. At the bar he devoted himself to pleading gratuitously the causes of the poor; but feeling a strong call to plead for them, even against themselves, or against their enemies, the most important of causes, he entered the ecclesiastical state, and was ordained priest in 1841, by his Eminence, the cardinal archbishop of Genoa. Shortly after his ordination there fell into his hands the *Life of the Rev. Andrew Ferrari*, a priest of the Congregation of the Missions, who, after a holy life, died at New Orleans, a victim of his devotedness to the priestly functions of charity and zeal for souls. Deeply touched with the simple yet affecting details of Mr. Ferrari's life, Mr. Ricini conceived the idea of consecrating himself to the same mission, in the same congregation. After mature reflection and consultation with pious and learned friends, he en-

tered the Congregation of the Missions in the house at Genoa, on the 2d of June, 1841.

During his novitiate, he was distinguished by his profound humility, his meekness, his tender charity, exhibited as far as his rules admitted, in a thousand kind attentions, and obliging services. From the overflowing of such holy sentiments in his heart, without restraint, it would seem even naturally his conversation either began or ended in praises of a holy life, of the happiness of belonging entirely to God, of the beauty of virtue, the holy examples of the saints, or fervent expressions of tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

In offering the holy sacrifice of the mass, his countenance exhibited a most tender affection, mingled with veneration and awe for the adorable victim; often was he observed to shed tears of devotion at the elevation or communion. Towards the close of his novitiate, he came to America, and, with great edification to his brethren, passed six months at the novitiate of the congregation in Missouri. For nearly one year after consecrating himself to God by vows, he labored with zeal and devotedness for the salvation of souls. When returning through the rain late at night, from a sick call, he caught a cold, which soon hurried him to the grave. From the first moment of his attack, he declared to those around him that his labors were near their end, and that on the anniversary of the day on which his Saviour died, he would be at rest. Having received the holy sacrament with most affecting sentiments of piety, he died on Holy Thursday, and was buried on Good Friday.—*Cath. Cab.*

At Cape Girardeau, Mo., on the 28th of March, 1845, the Rev. JEROME CERCO. This pious and exemplary priest was born at Regasa in Spain, on the 30th January, 1812, of respectable and virtuous parents, whose lessons of piety, in word and example, left a lasting impression on his mind. When but 17 years of age, he entered the novitiate of the Congregation of the Mission. What specially distinguished him during his novitiate, was a most tender piety and the strictest observance of his rules.

Some years after having made his vows, the revolution broke out in Spain. Priests were massacred, clergymen insulted, religious houses desecrated and pillaged. Like others, M. Cercos had to fly from Madrid. He sought refuge first in the bosom of his family. There he might have remained, participating in the ease and affluence of their condition, but deep conviction that God called him to the state of a missionary, urged him to reunite himself with his brethren, who, in a foreign land, were permitted to live in community. Like Abraham, obeying the voice of God, he left his country, joined his brethren in France, thence, pressed with zeal for the salvation of souls, came to America. In various missions, he exerted himself in labors, often beyond

the strength of his feeble constitution. In health, whilst laboring, or in sickness, which often followed excessive labor, he never betrayed the least sign of impatience.

In one of his missions, it having been announced to him that he could not recover, and that he must shortly die, he with the greatest cheerfulness received the news, consoled those around him, remarked that what chiefly pained him was the idea of leaving them, for a time, without a pastor; then gave directions for his burial, &c. In the same sentiments did he close his life of prayer and of holy labor, of humility, and of holy patience.

After receiving the holy sacraments, and remaining some time in thanksgiving with marks of great devotion, he sunk into a slumber, but without a struggle, passed from it to the sleep of death, or, to speak the language of Christian hope inspired by his virtuous life, to the true life of the servants of God.

At St. Louis, on the 5th of May, the Very Rev. FRANCIS R. LOISEL, of the diocese of Chicago.

This amiable and edifying ecclesiastic was born in St. Louis in 1805, of pious and respectable parents. From an early age he manifested the desire of embracing the ecclesiastical state, for which his early piety and abilities seemed peculiarly to fit him. While yet young, he was sent to the college of St. Mary's, Perryville, in this state, where he subsequently entered the ecclesiastical seminary attached to it, and with the approbation of his superiors, and of all who were acquainted with his worth, he was raised to the priesthood by the late bishop of St. Louis, in June, 1828. After a few years spent in the missions connected with the seminary, he was nominated to the care of the congregation at Cahokia, Illinois, then one of the most important missions in the diocese; of which he continued in charge up to the period of his death, always highly esteemed for his zeal and piety. During the inundation by which that village was partially destroyed last year, the Rev. Mr. Loisel, as well as the other inhabitants, was obliged to quit the place; which, however, he was the last to leave and to which he was among the first who returned. The excessive fatigue endured by him in attending to the spiritual wants of his flock, much increased by the sickness consequent on too hasty a return to habitations that had so long been inundated, brought on a slow consuming fever, from which he suffered, during the past winter, with but short intervals of relief. His death occurred at the house of his brother-in-law, M. A. Cerre, in this city, on the day above mentioned, and on the following morning his remains were brought to the cathedral church in solemn procession, preceded by almost all the clergy of the city, the seminarians, etc., in surplice. The bishop officiated at the funeral service, during which the Very Rev. Mr. Timon delivered a touching

address on the virtues of his former pupil and friend. His loss to the diocese, in which he had just been named vicar-general, is truly great. *R. I. P.—Ib.*

At St. Thomas' seminary, on Tuesday evening, the 27th of May, the Rev. LINUS O. COOMES. The deceased had been for many years in bad health, and in consequence disabled from attending to the active duties of the ministry. He received the holy sacraments of the church: and we may cherish the hope that he has passed from a land of sorrow and suffering to the eternal resting place of the redeemed.—*Cath. Advocate.*

On the 8th of June, General ANDREW JACKSON, in the 75th year of his age. In announcing this event, the President of the U. States thus alludes to the character and services of the deceased.

"Wherever his lot was cast, he appeared among those around him, first in natural endowments and resources, not less than first in authority and station. The power of his mind impressed itself on the policy of his country, and still lives, and will live for ever, in the memory of its people. Child of a forest region, and a settler of the wilderness, his was a genius which, as it came to the guidance of affairs, instinctively attached itself to general principles, and, inspired by the truth which his own heart revealed to him in singleness and simplicity, he found always a response in the breasts of his countrymen. Crowned with glory in war, in his whole career as a statesman he showed himself the friend and lover of peace. With an American heart, whose throbs were all for republican freedom and his native land, he yet longed to promote the widest intercourse, and the most intimate commerce, between the many nations of mankind. He was the servant of humanity. Of a vehement will, he was patient in council, deliberating long, hearing all things; yet in the moment of action, deciding with rapidity. Of a noble nature, and incapable of disguise, his thoughts lay open to all around him, and won their confidence by his ingenuous frankness. His judgment was of that solidity, that he ever tempered vigor with prudence. The flushings of anger could never cloud his faculties, but rather kindled and lighted them up, quickening their energy without disturbing their balance. In war his eye at a glance discerned his plans with unerring sagacity; in peace, he proposed measures with instinctive wisdom, of which the inspirations were prophecy. In discipline stern, in a just resolution inflexible, he was full of the gentlest affections, ever ready to solace the distressed, and to relieve the needy; faithful to his friends, servid for his country. Indifferent to other rewards, he aspired throughout life to an honorable fame, and so loved his fellow men, that he longed to dwell in their affectionate remembrance. Heaven gave him length of days, and he filled them with deeds of greatness. He was always happy; happy in his youth, which shared the achievement of our national independence; happy in his after years, which beheld the valley of the west cover itself with the glory of free and ever increasing states; happy in his age, which saw the people multiplied from two to twenty millions, and freedom and union make their pathway from the Atlantic to the Pacific; thrice happy in death, for while he believed the liberties of his country imperishable, and was cheered by visions of its constant advancement, he departed from this life in full hope of a blessed immortality, through the merits and atonement of his Redeemer."

LITERARY NOTICES.

England's Reformation: a Poem in four cantos. By Thomas Ward, Esq. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. 18mo. pp. 486.

The edition of Ward's cantos which has been here presented to the public, is very neatly executed, and is well worthy of the character which the publishers have acquired for the mechanical beauty of their productions. The work itself may be read with great profit, not as a malicious slur upon the vices and disorders that gave birth and permanency to the Anglican reformation, but as an amusing and faithful narrative of the facts connected with that important event. At a period when every possible effort is made to hold up Catholicity and its adherents to public contempt, by the grossest misrepresentation of its faith and practices, it may not be amiss to prove to those who confide in such arguments as this, that they are far from possessing any advantage, and instead of throwing stones at their neighbor for imaginary errors, they would do better to lament the real evils of their own religious system. The book before us contains also the evidence of the heterodox character which attaches to the English reformation, and possesses the advantage of setting forth the facts of that period, in a facetious style, which may be a considerable help to those who are disinclined to wade through them in the company of the grave and dignified historian.

The Sinner's Conversion, reduced to principles. By F. Francis Salazar, S. J., arranged according to the method of the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola. Stereotyped from the second Dublin edition. Philadelphia: W. J. Cunningham. 32mo. pp. 225.

Mr. Cunningham has rendered an important service to the Catholic community by the publication of this admirable little volume, to say nothing of the excellent style in which it has been issued. Though it professes to be particularly intended for the conversion of sinners, it is equally well adapted to maintain among the pious and virtuous the true spirit of Christianity. The book consists of a series of reflections on some of the principal truths of religion, and are arranged in such a manner that the Christian may use them either for spiritual reading in the course of the day, or for meditation in the morning. They will be found very useful by those who retire for a few days from their usual occupations,

to perform the exercises of a spiritual retreat. For this purpose the work is admirably fitted, both by its matter and the arrangement of it. To facilitate the use of the volume, directions are given on the subject of meditation; it contains also important instructions relative to the order which a Christian should observe in the performance of his duties and actions.

The Catholic Gentleman's Pocket Book and Almanac, for 1845.

The Catholic Lady's Pocket Book and Almanac, for 1845. Derby: Thomas Richardson & Son. 32mo.

These volumes are beautiful specimens of the typographical art, and embody a great variety of useful information. Though they have been prepared in a special manner for the Catholics of England, they will be found very interesting to those of the United States, by the particulars which they contain on various subjects. The chief difference between the two is, that the gentleman's volume furnishes a considerable amount of commercial and other statistical information, while the lady's pocket book is ornamented with beautiful engravings, illustrative of the seven corporal works of mercy, and accompanied with excellent instructions relative to each.

Illustrations of the corporal and spiritual works of mercy, by a sister of the religious order of our Lady of mercy, with descriptive anecdotes. Philadelphia: Wm. J. Cunningham. Pittsburg: Geo Quigley.

The contents of this work, which is in atlas form, consist chiefly of outline drawings, representing the various scenes in which a sister of mercy may be employed. The text is very limited in quantity, although it possesses considerable variety, being printed in four different languages, English, German, French and Italian. The sketch of the order of mercy is brief, but valuable. The idea which the accomplished authoress of Geraldine has executed in this work, is doubtless a very happy one: we think, however, that the outlines would be much more useful, if accompanied with a more copious text.

Buller's Lives of the Saints, No. 8. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press.

This valuable work is steadily advancing, and is distributed among a large number of subscribers. The price is such as to place it within the reach of all.

Facts against Assertions, or a Vindication of Catholic principles against misrepresentations, calumnies and falsehoods, embodied in the "Thanksgiving sermon" delivered by J. J. Miter, at Milwaukie, Dec. 12th, 1844. By Philalethes.

We are pleased to see that in the remotest parts of our country Catholicity has able champions to expose and refute the misrepresentations and sophistry of its adversaries. The pamphlet with the above title contains one hundred and seventy pages, and is undoubtedly a learned and vigorous defence of the Catholic church against the charges preferred by the Rev. Mr. Miter, a congregational minister of Milwaukie. It evinces much research, and, with the exception of a little intemperance in language scattered here and there, it is written in a very forcible and becoming style. The following passage will be read with pleasure.

"It is very clear that the Christian religion itself is based, in fact, on the principle of *religious liberty*; for if religious liberty is not a civil right, then were all persecutions raging against the first Christians morally justifiable, and the Christians bad subjects. No government has it, therefore, in its power to alter the mind of any individual and make him believe or disbelieve any tenet, as he himself has not the control over it, and that to require that which is impossible, must be an unjustifiable act of tyranny.

"Our Saviour has, moreover, expressly distinguished the civil powers from the duties of religion by declaring that his *kingdom is not of this world*; it is thus that the Catholic church is faithful to that sacred text which is the code of her *rights* as well as of her *duties*, and which is often so foolishly invoked against her: '*Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's.*' She it was who destroyed the antique theocracy, which stood out more or less prominently in all pagan institutions; she it was who always proclaimed the distinction of the two powers, which in all Protestant countries are blended together into *one*—much to the detriment of religious freedom and the liberties of the people. To dread then its absolute power over the world; to apprehend what is called the encroachment of the *spiritual* over the *temporal*, is indeed to give proof of a strange ignorance; it is wickedly to court an explosion of the passions of a fanatic or infidel crowd. Truly, I know in the Catholic church of no encroachment, save one. Yes, I must confess with the great Count Montalembert, (in his late speech in the French chamber of Peers,) 'There is, however, one encroachment of which the church is guilty; of which she has always been and ever will be guilty. That is the *encroachment of virtue over vice*. Yes, she desires to encroach over pride and lust, and unceasingly to encroach by humility on pride, by chastity on disorder, by the consolations of faith on misery and the neglect of the poor, by charity on harshness and the egotism and selfishness of riches. These are the encroachments you, messieurs, will in your hearts agree with me, which irritate the greatest number of her enemies, all those hired calumniators, all those false philanthropists who every morning insult her, and whose scandalous writings have so often shocked you. These are the mortifications that are disguised under accusations which would be ridiculous, if

they were not destined to produce fatal consequences, by raising in the minds of the people the most monstrous phantoms. These are, however, the only encroachments on the temporal state that the church claims or exercises in the present day. It is in this sense only she desires (as it is imputed to her) the empire of this world and of the next. She covets the empire of souls; for that only does she exist, and as that is the noblest and most sovereign of empires, it is that which they strive with bitter eagerness, but without a shadow of frankness, to tear from her.'

"Yes, the Catholic church covets no dominion—no ascendancy—save that of virtue over vice—of faith over unbelief—of the truth of God and of his grace over the passions and pride of his rebellious creatures. Such alone is the influence which the Catholic clergy covets. With regard to political affairs there never was and never will be the slightest evidence of any concerted action on the part of the clergy, to arrange an organization for political action or to keep up the details of party discipline. We leave all that to the zeal of the Protestant or sectarian clergy. The Catholic clergymen but know how to *suffer* and to *die* after the example of their Master. Such is the true spirit of their church—proclaimed even as late as the 19th of October, 1844. Who, for instance, is not aware of the general political excitement in Ireland within the last years? Who will be surprised if some of its clergy should have been carried away by the feeling of a people so long and so barbarously outraged? Still it was considered by the church as not congenial with the mild spirit of their sacred ministry. They were rebuked for taking part at political meetings not only by their respective bishops, but also by an admonitory communication from the college of the Sacred Congregation at Rome, which gives, 'at the instance of the holy father himself, the following wholesome admonition addressed to Dr. Crolly, archbishop of Armagh and primate of all Ireland. 'You know,' says this document among the rest, 'most excellent and gracious prelate, what is the tenor and spirit of the ecclesiastical function, and how becoming it is, and how much it concerns the safety of religion, that those who are devoted to sacred things—the ministers of the King of peace and the dispensers of the mysteries of God, but especially those who have in charge the spiritual guidance of the faithful, by no means involve themselves in secular troubles; that they carefully cherish among the people quiet, tranquillity, and peace, which is the bond of Christianity; and constantly teach by example and precept a due submission to the temporal power in those matters which pertain to civil affairs: and exhibit signal prudence and moderation of spirit, preaching only Christ and him crucified, most cautiously avoid whatever might even lightly inflame, exasperate and draw away from the mildness of the Gospel law the flock committed to their charge. *Such is and ever has been the doctrine of the Catholic church*, which the apostolic see in its sacred duty has never ceased to hand down, and when occasion has arisen, to inculcate.'

"We deprecate, therefore, all attempts to involve us as a religious body in political disputes. There are more than sufficient proofs, which all go to show that no occasion has arisen which would force Catholic clergymen to descend from the altar and the church, to mingle in disorder and recrimination in which politicians, and too often sordid ministers of the Gospel, delight. Hence, we sin-

carely wish and hope to find our religion no longer made a subject for politicians; we do not wish to hear our people pointed out as special advocates of this or that party. Still that will not prevent us from voting for the men whom we may prefer—never forgetting that we are responsible to God for the faithful exercise of the franchise. For remember it is not a free government that makes a free people, but a free people that make a free government, and the people will and can only then be free, 'if the Son shall make it free.'" John vii.

Discourse delivered at the Commemoration of the Landing of the Pilgrims of Maryland, celebrated May 12th, 1845, at Mount St. Mary's, near Emmitsburg, Md. By Enoch Louis Lowe, Esq. Printed at Gettysburg.

If the tree is to be known by its fruit, we are certainly authorized to infer from the perseverance of Mount St. Mary's in annually celebrating the landing of the pilgrims, that her students are eminently patriotic. The example which this institution displays relatively to that memorable period of Maryland history, is worthy of all praise; for there never was a time in the whole career of American independence, when it was more necessary to place before the public eye the personal character, the religious principles, and the civil policy of our colonial ancestors. In all this there is a lesson, which it behooves all to practise; a light which, the more carefully it is concealed by a certain class of men at the present day, the more diligently should the sons of Maryland evoke from under the bushel, that it may shine forth for the benefit of our whole population. No individual could have been more appropriately selected to perform the oratorical part on the occasion just referred to, than Mr. Lowe, whose eminent talents and devoted patriotism are universally admitted. His address will be read with much pleasure by every American, as a comprehensive, impartial, and eloquent comment upon our early history. We can extract only a few passages. Mr. Lowe thus alludes to the decline of Maryland's glory.

"With simplicity of heart, this handful of earnest men (unassociated in outward action, but, in fact, unconsciously co-operating with their brethren of the north and the south,) were now combining and developing the elements of a nationality, destined, at a future day, to revolutionize the ancient order of things. Neither Indian ferocity, nor Anglo-Saxon selfishness, could stop their progress. They grew hourly in wealth, intelligence and power. England strove to drag them from their proprietary freedom into the miserable servitude of a royal province; they steadily resisted. She exhausted every Machiavelian art to chain their commerce to the mammon rule of her bloated monopolies; they again resisted. Her shameless parliament enforced their iniquitous contempt of chartered rights by the power of the law, whilst the polished arguments of the bayonet were glimmering in the distance; they submitted, only through present inability to resist; and bided the workings of time. Such was Maryland, in the first epoch of her career. But, alas! the hour of

her prevarication was approaching! Turbulent and unscrupulous men were meditating hideous ruin. Civil commotion lifted its viper-head from amidst the flowers of peace. The reptile of religious bigotry, fresh from the den of English persecution, envenomed the public mind. Demagogues, courtly sycophants, and saintly hypocrites, all combined, in one unholy effort, to feed the cancerous disease, which corroded the loveliest feature of human liberty. Maryland forgot her ancient glory! What cared intriguing men for the memory of olden times? What cared they for the remembrance of Calvert's liberality, and the practical tolerance of the pilgrims? Not a jot. The honor and the happiness of Maryland were but as a grain of dust in the scale, when weighed with their selfish purposes. I speak it plainly, fellow-citizens, for it is true; and it is time that the present generation should know it, and think well on it; for if there be one less son more dear to Maryland than another, it is the one taught by the history of this period. And I would rather never breathe again, than be guilty of the cowardly concealment of a single unpalatable truth. I repeat it, MARYLAND FORGOT HER ANCIENT GLORY! Hence the odious appeals to popular passion; hence the utter contempt for the religious rights of man; hence the Catholic was disfranchised in the very colony which had been settled by the toil of his forefathers! As there is a heaven above me, I speak it not in bitterness, but in deep, deep sorrow. It is the one blot upon the honor of Maryland. Look at it, fellow-citizens—look at it, steadily and calmly; and in the contemplation learn to abhor, from the depths of your hearts, the crime of disputing with the Almighty the empire of man's conscience. For, if it be an offence for proud rulers to enslave the bodies of men, it is a blasphemy to chain the imperishable soul to the footstool of earthly power! Away with cant and miserable imposition; let them be hurled back into the abyss of European iniquity, where they were first framed to mock the anguish of suffering men! They are foreign to the genius of our hallowed soil, and fit only for the rottenness of despotisms, whose iron rule crushed one fair hemisphere, and created the necessity for another. That other has been given to you for the earthly redemption of your brethren. Take heed then that ye stand for ever upon the foundations of Christian love and human right. 'ALL MEN ARE BORN FREE AND EQUAL.' All men have hearts to feel, intellects to comprehend, capacities for multifarious good. All men are, therefore, entitled to universal freedom: freedom in society, whereby to elevate themselves, each man according to the power which is in him; freedom in government, whereby to participate in framing the laws, which control 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; freedom in religion, whereby to choose each man his own creed, in obedience to the honest dictates of conscience. Be that choice for weal or for woe, it is not for human power to overrule or to punish. The rights of conscience are amongst those which man never surrendered in the organization of society. They are the greatest of his reserved rights! As compared with them, even the cardinal law of self-defence is but a shadow—for what is the safety of this perishable body, if the immortal spirit must pine in servitude? Such is the law of reason, and the inherent right of humanity, and he is a traitor to God and to man who dares to fetter that law with penal codes, or to subject that right to the persecutions of a distorted public opinion."

After this energetic exposition of the general principles which should characterize the government of a people, the orator winds up his discourse with a more particular application of them to his own countrymen.

"The revolution came as an ordeal of fire, wherein to try their nature, and to prepare them for their sublime calling, as the NATION OF HOPE! Theirs was no vulgar contest. They fought the battle of the human race in all time to come. Stamp-acts and tea-chests were nothing. Had there been none of these, the battle would still have been waged! For it had been written upon the book of human destiny, that they should purchase with their blood an asylum for a world of suffering men, and they did so. They have left to their children a TRUST, NOT A LEGACY ONLY, involving the elements of glory or of shame, of strength or of ruin. The blessed sunbeam affords both light and heat: the one may gladden, the other may destroy. It is for you to choose. Constitutions may be framed, laws may be ordained, and festival orators may flatter your national pride, by magnifying the glory of your revolutionary fathers. What will it all avail you, or your children after you, if those constitutions and laws become a dead letter upon your statute-books; and if that glory but serves to illustrate the contrast between a noble ancestry and a degenerate offspring? When republican Athens was corrupt to the core of her heart, did not her oily-tongued flatterers delude the people with eloquent eulogies? She, too, had laws, and the semblance of freedom; BUT THE SPIRIT HAD DEPARTED! Her moral power was inert, and she perished in a blaze of licentious intellect! THE HEART OF MAN IS THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH. His statute-books are, at best, but sheep-skin. Banish truth from the public sentiment of any nation, and you may burn their parchment constitutions. Laws must derive their efficacy from the cultivated reason and the liberal feeling of the people. It is time that we should pause in our headlong career, and think seriously upon this matter! It is time that we should soberly examine what we have already done in the fulfilment of our trust, rather than hanker after fulsome eulogies, or the blasting excitements of our social and political warfare. IT IS TIME THAT A WHOLESOME PUBLIC OPINION SHOULD BE FORMED UPON A FIRM BASIS, BEYOND THE RUINOUS AGITATIONS OF PARTY POLITICS AND RELIGIOUS SECTARIANISM. Wise and patriotic men in every quarter of this union, are watching with anxious eye the hourly vicissitudes in the development of American nationality. The more timid already apprehend much! The corruptions of speculative wealth, and the temptations of place and power, are at work within us. Rude crime is not the most dangerous enemy of public morals. That subtle, smiling vice, which cloaks itself in outward seemliness of carriage—look well to it, fellow-citizens! Herein lies the germ of destruction! It requires no prophet to foretell that, unless the honest mass of the people promptly and for ever frown down all reckless men, who thrive by the excitement of popular passion and prejudice, the day will inevitably come, when a corrupt public opinion will sap the foundations of our government, and plunge the world into a gulf of despair! No earthly power can save, as none can destroy, the fabric of our institutions, BUT THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES! Let the people look to it. Let them preserve, in all

purity, the tribunal of public opinion, before which every man, rich and poor, ignorant and learned, believer and unbeliever, may appear with confidence, and have meted out to him the full and cordial blessings of our constitution. For if we abuse our high commission, and blast the hopes of suffering humanity, the justice of an avenging God will come upon us, and terrible will be the retribution! This is no declamation, no vain terror to frighten children with. It is a TRUTH, A LIVING TRUTH, firm as the basis of yon blue mountains, and eternal as the God who made them! It behooves each and every man to think of this; for each and every man has his full share of the responsibility. But, above all, it is the duty of those whose position commands the public confidence. Let official men and legislators respect the sanctity of the constitution, and protect the rights of every class of citizens. Let the spiritual teachers of the people, from every pulpit in the land, inculcate universal philanthropy and brotherly love. Then we shall see less of the excitements of party and the bitterness of sectarianism. Then all men will reduce to *practice* the words of inspired wisdom, 'DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE OTHERS TO DO UNTO YOU.' Then communities will live in peace, every man freely exercising his social, political and religious rights, without incurring the persecutions of penal law, of mob violence, or a proscriptive public opinion.

"Such, Marylanders! such is your duty, and your destiny. Such should be your pride and your daily effort! The end whereof is no less than the glory of your country, and the emancipation of the human race!"

The History of Ireland, ancient and modern, taken from the most authentic records, and dedicated to the Irish Brigade. By the Abbe Mac-Geoghegan. Translated from the French by Patrick O'Kelley, Esq., author of a History of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, &c. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. Baltimore: J. Murphy.

We have received from the press of D. & J. Sadlier parts 1 & 2 of their very neat edition of the Abbe Mac-Geoghegan's History of Ireland. Two fine engravings embellish the first part. A full type and broad margin, as well as the intrinsic merit of the work, are at once inviting and refreshing to the reader. To Irishmen especially this work commends itself for the elegance in which it is got up and the high character of its author. If it had no other testimonies in its favor, the fact that Professor O'Kelly of Dublin, himself distinguished for taste and talent, should have thought it worthy of translation from the French, in which it was originally written, should of itself be a strong recommendation. The work bears the impress of sound judgment, diligent research, and more disinterestedness than we would have expected from one who dearly loved his native isle, and mingled as chaplain with a brigade of exiles, composed of the very flower of Irish chivalry. The remote history of the games, wars, laws, and religion of the ancient Milesians, which most writers of Irish legends have rendered dry and tedious, becomes in the abbe's hands a comparatively

pleasing and interesting narrative. The two numbers before us we have read with much satisfaction, the first, and part of the second, treating of "Pagan Ireland," and the balance of the second, being devoted to an account of the labors of St. Patrick and his disciples, and a narrative of the efforts of his precursors to Christianize Ireland. "No library is perfect without Abbe Mac-Geoghegan," say the editors of the *Dublin Review*: the Messrs. Sadliers by their cheap and elegant edition have placed a work so desirable within the reach of every lover of Irish history.

Portrait of the Rev. John B. Gildea, late pastor of St. Vincent de Paul's church. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy.

Few likenesses have been more faithfully executed than this portrait of Rev. Mr. Gildea. Besides the admirable finish of the engraving, as such, it is characterized by what is chiefly to be desired in a portrait, an accurate delineation of feature and that expression of the countenance which at once recall to memory the original it is intended to represent. The friends of Mr. Gildea now possess an opportunity of procuring a portrait of one whose virtues will always be remembered with reverence and gratitude.

Gems of Devotion: a selection of prayers for the use of Catholics. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press. 32mo., pp. 311.

Among the infinite variety of prayer-books that have been published to suit the differences of spiritual taste, we thought that the art of combining prayers and devotions was well nigh, if not completely exhausted. The book before us, however, is a proof that we were mistaken. It exhibits in some respects a new collection, or at least a new arrangement of prayers, which will be found to answer most, if not all the purposes of devotion. It is very neatly printed and in a convenient form, and may be had at various prices, from twelve cents to sixty, according to the binding.

Journal of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, during his visit to Canada in 1776, with a Memoir and Notes, by Brantz Mayer, Cor. Sec. Md. Hist. Society. Baltimore: Jno. Murphy. 8vo., pp. 94.

It will be gratifying to the public to witness this first effort of the Maryland Historical Society, in bringing to light the interesting documents regarding the history of our state. The association, although in its infancy, has already displayed much vigor in the prosecution of its laudable objects, and has succeeded in collecting many valuable papers relative to the early history of Maryland. The

diary which it has just placed before the public, was deposited among the archives of the society by Mrs. MacTavish, a grand-daughter of Mr. Carroll, and possesses considerable interest, not only as a relic of that venerable patriot, the last survivor of those who signed the Declaration of Independence, but as a document exhibiting a curious contrast between the mode of travelling seventy years ago and the facilities which we now possess. We must confess, too, that we feel much pleasure in perceiving the first publication of the Maryland Historical Society to be so explicit an evidence of the patriotic sentiments of the Rev. Mr. Carroll, subsequently archbishop of Baltimore, who accompanied the commissioners of congress to Canada. We may perhaps recur to this subject on another occasion. For the present, we must content ourselves with observing that Mr. Mayer has prefaced the *Journal* of Mr. Carroll with a very excellent memoir, which throws much light on the eventful period to which it refers. He has, however, committed an inadvertency which it may not be amiss to notice in this place. In many parts of his memoir he has occasion to speak of those who professed the Catholic religion, and we are happy to find that he has given them their proper appellation, except in one passage, p. 14, where he terms them *Romanists*. We beg leave to inform the writer, and all whom it may concern, that the word *Romanist* is considered by the members of the Catholic church as a nick-name, and the use of it is looked upon by them as a want of courtesy, inasmuch as they have a right not to be designated by terms which they do not recognise. The word in question has never been employed by any Catholic writer, to point out the members of the Catholic church: it was coined by the adversaries of this church after they had seceded from it in the beginning of the sixteenth century. If any new names were then to be adopted, they were required only by the separatists; but the old church did not, on this account, lose her claim to the title which she had always enjoyed, and having her appropriate and distinctive appellation, she did not require any new one; at all events it was not the part of her enemies to palm upon her a title which she disclaimed. We do not impute to Mr. Mayer any wish to deviate from what we consider a point of propriety; but as his phraseology has gone abroad, and apparently with the sanction of the Maryland Historical Society, we deem it a duty, both as member of that Society and as member of the Catholic church, to rectify the mistake.

THE UNITED STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1845.

THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF SATISFACTION.

LETTERS TO N. WISEMAN, D. D., *on the Errors of Romanism, &c.* By the Rev. William Palmer, M. A., of Worcester College, Oxford. Baltimore: Joseph Robinson, 1843. Letters II, III, and IV. *On the foundation of the doctrine of Satisfaction, Indulgences, &c.; and on Satisfaction or Penances.*



PERHAPS the most beautiful feature in the Catholic religion, and, at the same time, one of the most striking evidences of its divine origin, is the wonderful harmony which pervades its entire system of faith, worship, and morals. One doctrine naturally leads to another, and this again to a third, and the whole series of principles forms one unbroken chain of truth, which reaches from earth to heaven, and binds man strongly to his God. Take but one link from that chain, and you break the connection, and destroy the integrity and usefulness of the chain itself. Add but one link to it, and you uselessly cumber its divine simplicity, and you greatly diminish its heavenly beauty, if you do not wholly mar its lofty purpose.

Whoever has studied well the philosophy of the Catholic system, and sounded its inmost depths, must have been forcibly struck by the

intimate connection of its various parts, and the singular adaptation of the whole to the great purposes of the Christian religion—the purification and regeneration of fallen human nature, the restoration in the human soul of the partially defaced image of God, and the leading of man to his Creator. To these sublime ends every thing in Catholicity directly tends. Its doctrines enlighten the understanding, dispelling its clouds, and unfolding to it both the origin and the remedy of sin. Its moral principles guide the will and control the emotions of the heart; while its sacraments are the divinely appointed channels of grace, through which flow, in a perennial stream, the abundant waters of life eternal, “for the healing of the nations.” No want of humanity is left unprovided for, no ill is left without its proper remedy, in this wonderful economy of grace.

Man, created originally to the image and likeness of his God, and constituted in a state of innocence and sanctification, became, by his fall, a victim of cruel wounds and of deeply seated hereditary infirmities both of soul and body. Christ came to restore him to the high estate from which he had fallen, and to heal his multiplied and aggravated and inveterate spiritual maladies. For this purpose he established his religion, which was thus essentially

medicinal, both in its character and in its object. It presented a balm for every disease, a panacea for every malady. The blessed Saviour represented himself as a heavenly physician divinely sent to heal the sick: "they that are in health need not a physician, but they that are sick." *

The Catholic religion professes, in an eminent degree, these distinctive characteristics of primitive Christianity. All its institutions are eminently *healing* in their nature and influence. They are founded on so deep a knowledge of human nature; they manifest so clear an insight into the hidden labyrinths of the human heart; they are so unearthly in their nature, so clearly supernatural in their means of action, so far remote from the senses, and so completely at war with the darling passions of fallen man: and, withal, they harmonize together so admirably in all their parts, that man could not, by possibility, have devised such a system;—it is clearly the work of God! In viewing the sublime character and the beautiful blending together of the various parts composing it, we exclaim with the royal psalmist: "the judgments of the Lord are true, *justified in themselves*." † This heavenly system flatters not the pride of man, it panders to no passion of corrupt human nature:—it declares war against all that is perverse, and bows down "every height that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God." ‡

A striking illustration of this divine harmony and admirable adaptation of the Catholic system is presented in its doctrine of SATISFACTION. This doctrine, besides being the basis of many other Catholic tenets and observances, flows itself directly from the great and cardinal doctrine of the ATONEMENT. It is but a carrying out, an application, and a perpetual embodiment of this great mystery of redemption; it is but a constant preaching of "Christ and of him crucified." It is the *spirit* of the great sacrifice of Calvary still lingering upon earth in the bosom of Christ's cherished disciples;—a spirit, however, not inert or disembodied, but vigorous and displaying itself by constant external acts of heroic self-denial and mortification. The cross! the cross of Jesus! How many saving truths, how many

soul-stirring remembrances, how many thrilling associations, cluster around the cross!

To take an enlarged and adequate view of Christianity, we must stand at the foot of the cross with the blessed Mother of the crucified, and look abroad from the lofty eminence of Calvary. A new and brilliant prospect will then open before us; and new light will then burst upon our eyes. Then will we be able to view the Christian system in all its length and breadth, in all the wondrous harmony of its parts, and in all its divine adaptation to the wants of man.

Then will we see and *feel* that the atonement is the great centre of the Christian system, even as the sun is the centre of the universe; and that all the other doctrines of Christianity revolve around this centre, even as the planets revolve around the sun. And that, as in the material, so also in the spiritual universe of God, the sun of the system is the living Source of light and heat and life. Blot the material sun from the heavens, and how dark and cheerless and lifeless this world of ours would become! All the laws of nature would be arrested in their course; the heavens would no longer send down their dews and rains, the brooks and rivers would cease to flow, vegetation would wither and die, animal life would become extinct, and nature would return to its original chaos. So also, strike out the atonement from the Christian system, and human nature would again become, what it was before the coming of Christ, a dreary, dark, and frightful waste: the dews and rains of divine mercy would cease to distil from the heavens, the streams of grace would be dried up, no fragrant flowers and no luscious fruits of virtue would adorn and enrich the garden of the soul, all spiritual life would be extinguished, and man would descend from his lofty pre-eminence to a level with the mere animal creation.

But with the blessed doctrine of the atonement, all is light and warmth and life. Men no longer sit "in the region of the shadow of death," but they bask in the genial sunshine of heaven. Earth is no longer severed from heaven, but the two have become one; extremes have met; justice and mercy have embraced. By the saving influence of the atonement man has been reconciled to his God, and "the hand-writing of the decree which was

* St. Matth. ix, 12. † Psalm xviii, 10.

‡ 2 Corinth. x, 5.

against him has been taken out of the way and fastened to the cross." * By the precious blood which flowed from the wounds of Jesus Christ crucified, has salvation been purchased for all; and "through him God has reconciled all things unto himself, making peace *through the blood of his cross*, both as to the things that are on earth, and the things that are in heaven." † For we "have not been redeemed with corruptible gold and silver; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled." ‡

The pages of the New Testament are filled with similar passages, all proving that the blood of Christ shed on the cross is the great and *only* source and fountain-head of redemption, and of the lights, graces, and aids by which salvation can be obtained. "Nor is there salvation in any other. For there is no other name under heaven given to men, whereby we must be saved." § No prayer will be heard which is not uttered in the name of the Crucified; no grace can be obtained which is not asked for through the blood of the cross. Every grace which ever was, or ever will be bestowed upon mankind, from the date of the fall to the end of the world, was or will be bestowed *solely* in consequence of the blood of the cross, either actually shed or to be shed. There is nothing more certain than this: the whole scheme of salvation, whether in its germ under the old law, or in its full development under the new, rests upon this great cardinal truth. Thus the atonement operated both retrospectively and prospectively, and in point of time, as well as in vital importance, it is the great centre of the spiritual world.

The atonement was amply *sufficient* for all the wants of fallen human nature. In the prophetic language of the psalmist, it contained "an abundant redemption." || It fully atoned not only for original sin, but also for *all* the actual sins of *all* mankind. Even one drop of the great Man-God's precious blood would have superabundantly sufficed to expiate the sins of ten thousand worlds; because it was of infinite value and acceptance with God. The one great sacrifice of the cross "obtained an eternal redemption," and "exhausted the sins of many." ¶ It fully paid the

price of ransom for the sins of all the descendants of Adam. None were excepted from its influence, for "there is no exception of persons with God." All who had sinned in Adam, and had thereby incurred death, were ransomed in Christ.* The arms of the blessed Jesus extended on the cross embraced all mankind without exception: his heart loved all, and his heart's blood was bounteously poured out for all. And the system of belief which would limit the atonement to a select few is as unscriptural, as it is narrow, and unworthy of God.

By the atonement *ample* means were thus provided for the salvation of every child of Adam. Whoever is not saved, perishes by his own fault. God has fully and superabundantly done *his* part, and he may still address to the world the plaint erewhile uttered against the house of Israel: "what is there that I ought to do more to my vineyard that I have not done to it? Was it that I looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it hath brought forth wild grapes?" †

But man is free to use or to neglect these means of salvation; God offers no violence to his free will; he is still "placed in the hands of his counsel," ‡ and may choose either fire or water; either the fire of the divine indignation or the cooling streams of heavenly grace. God will compel none into heaven; he will bestow the crown of immortality only on those who have fought valiantly for it, and triumphed over sin through Jesus Christ.

As St. Augustine has somewhere remarked, God, who created us without our co-operation, will not save us without our co-operation. The abundant merits of the redemption will be applied to us *only* on condition that we, on our part, do all that God requires of us as preliminaries to the application; he himself freely aiding and assisting us by his holy grace in these preliminaries. Of ourselves we can, indeed, do nothing towards our salvation; but without our free co-operation the grace of God will certainly not save us. Salvation is thus the result of two agencies combined: the weakness of man, strengthened and rendered efficient by the grace of God. The same inspired apostle who said, "we are not sufficient to think any thing of ourselves, as of our-

* Colossians ii, 14.

† Coloss. i, 20.

‡ 1 Ep. S. Peter i, 18, 19.

§ Acts iv, 12.

|| Psalm cxxix, 7.

¶ Hebrews ix, 12 and 28.

* See Romans, ch. v.

† Isaiah v, 4.

‡ Ecclesiasticus xv, 14.

selves,"* also said, "I can do *all things* in him who strengtheneth me."†

With the blessed Saviour himself, the Catholic church has ever taught, that the merits of the atonement are applied only to those who strive earnestly, with the grace of God, to imitate Christ, in his spirit, in his life, and in his death. In the name of her divine head and spouse, she has ever addressed his words to all her children, as setting forth the essential conditions of discipleship: "if any man will come after me, let him *deny himself, take up his cross and follow me.*"‡ With the inspired Paul, she has ever taught that, to be sharers in the redemption, we must "be nailed to the cross with Christ; and live, now not we, but Christ in us."§ She tells us that "they who are Christ's *have crucified their flesh*, with the vices and concupiscences."¶ She tells us daily that, like St. Paul, we must "chastise our bodies and bring them into subjection,"‡ and must "*fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ in our flesh.*"** She tells us, that we must "*do penance in sackcloth and ashes,*"†† as the Saviour said Tyre and Sidon would have done, had the works been performed in them that were done in Corozain and Bethsaida. She tells us what John told the Jews on the banks of the Jordan: "bring forth, therefore, *fruit worthy of penance;*"‡‡ and what Christ said speaking of John: "the kingdom of heaven *suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away.*"§§ She tells us that those only are foreknown by God and predestinated to life eternal, who "*are made conformable to the image of his Son;*"|| and that we must "*suffer with Christ, if we would reign with him.*"¶¶

The whole New Testament abounds with such declarations, all going to show that we can not expect to share in the merits of the redemption, unless we do violence to ourselves, deny ourselves, mortify our members, imitate the example of Christ, and catch his expiatory and sacrificial spirit. He was innocence itself, and yet was he made a victim of sin; we are guilty, we contributed to nail him to the cross; we *deserve* to suffer. "The disciple is not above the master;" and, as St. Bernard well

remarks, "it is not becoming that, under a head crowned with thorns, the members should be over delicate." No, no. Those deceive themselves, to their own eternal ruin, who think that they may be saved while reclining on a bed of roses, while Jesus entered into his glory by reclining on the bed of the cross. Those fatally deceive themselves, who think that they may reach heaven by treading the path of "primrose dalliance," while Jesus walked in a path bestrewed with thorns and marked by his own blood; and while he exclaimed: "how narrow is the gate, and straight is the way, which leadeth to life; and few there are who find it."*

All the saints of God, from the days of John the Baptist down to the present time—to say nothing of those who lived under the old law—have acted on these principles, and have walked in this narrow and thorny path; and, in doing so, they did but imitate the great SAINT OF SAINTS, Jesus Christ himself, "the author and finisher of our faith." This doctrine it was which peopled the deserts with holy solitaries, who fled from the soft blandishments of the world and of the flesh, to crucify themselves in solitude. This doctrine it was which raised up whole armies of virgins and of holy celibataries, who, denying themselves and "crucifying their flesh with its vices and concupiscences," preserved to the end of life the lily of purity, and now are privileged in heaven to be the special favorites of the Lamb, and "to follow him whithersoever he goeth."† This doctrine it was which made the martyrs smile on death, and even sigh for death, that their blood might be mingled with that of the great expiatory sacrifice, and that they might die for Christ and *with Christ.* This doctrine, in fine, was the basis of the severe penitential discipline, which generally obtained in the ancient church, and which, though mitigated in rigor, still exists in the Catholic church of the present day.

Are we better than were the saints? Are we purer than was St. Paul? Can we expect to gain heaven by any easier way than that pressed and hallowed by the footsteps of all the special friends of God and of Christ in all ages past? Have we fewer or less grievous sins to expiate than they had? Have we less need of

* 2 Corinth. iii, 4.

† St. Matth. xvi, 24.

‡ Gallatians v, 24.

** Colossians i, 24.

‡‡ St. Matth. iii, 8.

||| Romans viii, 29.

† Philippians iv, 13.

§ Gallatians ii, 19, 20.

¶ 1 Corinthians ix, 27.

‡‡ St. Matth. xi, 21 & Luke

§§ Id. xi, 12. [x, 13.

¶¶ 2 Timothy ii, 12.

* St. Matth. vii, 14.

† Apocalypse xiv, 4.

penitential works? Have we less reason "to work out our salvation with fear and trembling,"* and "by good works to make sure our vocation and election?"† We deceive ourselves, if we think so. Had there been an easier way to heaven than that we have indicated above, Christ and his apostles would certainly have pointed it out to us by word or example, or by both.

In voluntarily entering upon and pursuing the painful way of the cross, the saints sought, not only to be conformable to the *outward* example of Jesus Christ, but to enter into his *spirit*, and to offer themselves up as victims and holocausts of sin *with* him. They presented "their members as instruments of *justice* to God;"‡ and they were ready to die with Christ in expiation of their own sins and of those of their brethren. Their sufferings and penitential works, they knew and *felt*, had no intrinsic efficacy whatever, apart from the merits of Christ, towards obtaining the remission of sin or an increase of sanctity; but united with the suffering; and hallowed by the spirit, of the Redeemer, they were rendered acceptable to heaven, and became powerful aids to salvation. The sacrifice of the disciple was acceptable *only* when united with the sacrifice of the Master. The Father loved those only who were conformable to the image of his well-beloved son.

This spirit of sacrifice, springing thus from the great sacrifice of the cross, is the source of those austerities, voluntary macerations, penances, fasting, bodily inflictions, and other satisfactions, which have ever been dear to the fervent members of the Catholic church. The cross pervades the whole Catholic system, and hallows its every observance. Sin nailed Jesus Christ to the cross; and the penance of a whole life-time should not be deemed too much atonement for one single sin. The Catholic is exhorted to preserve always an humble and penitential spirit, to be ever lowly in mind, and to tremble at the very shadow of sin, to cherish a constant spirit of compunction, and, in a word, to live and die with Christ on the cross. Penance is represented to him as the only safeguard of virtue, and the only sure means of salvation: "unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish."§

This holy compunction is daily nourished

and strengthened by the great sacrifice of the new law, itself but a continuation and application of the one mediatorial sacrifice of Calvary. In the mass, the same victim of expiation, who freely bled on the cross for the sins of all mankind, is daily offered up in an unbloody manner on the altar; and thus "the death of the Lord is *shown forth*, until he come."* The idea of the sacrifice is thus kept fresh in the minds of the faithful; and the one great sacrifice of the cross is no longer a mere matter of history—a mere *fact* that is past—but it is continually reproduced and made present again as a living and breathing reality. Far from impairing the value and efficacy of the sacrifice on the cross, the clean oblation of the altar leads the mind back continually to that bloody expiation, and brings the Catholic daily and hourly to the summit of Calvary, where his devotion receives a new impulse, and his soul kindles with a new fervor. The sacrifice of the mass is an exhaustless fountain of mercy, containing the living waters which spring up unto everlasting life, at which the devoted hero of the cross may be constantly refreshed, and prepared to make new sacrifices for the love of Christ crucified. Those who can not see all this have never studied the Catholic doctrine in all its length and breadth and depth.

Thus every thing in the Catholic system is referred to the great doctrine of the atonement made once on the cross, as to its centre and principle. This principle imparts health and vigor and life to all the doctrines and observances of Catholicity; and these, in their turn, recognise and set it off. The Christian life, as developed in the Catholic church, is but an embodiment of the great atoning sacrifice—of its *spirit* as well as of its *outward* form. The Catholic is told to keep his eye continually on Mount Calvary, where his love was crucified—"to look, and make (his life) like the pattern that was shown him in the mount."† He is told that he can not hope for the pardon of his sins nor for everlasting life, unless he enter fully into the propitiatory and sacrificial spirit of Christ, and be prepared to be crucified with him in atonement for sin; for that the merits of the atonement will be applied to him on no other condition. To be saved, he must have not only faith, but works.

Such is a brief and imperfect outline of the

* Philip. ii, 14.
† Romans vi, 13.

‡ 2 Peter i, 10.
§ St. Luke xiii, 3.

* 1 Corinth. xi, 26.

† Exodus xxv, 40.

doctrine of the atonement considered as the basis of the Catholic doctrine of satisfaction. We think no impartial person can examine it thoroughly without pronouncing it, not only conformable to Scripture, but, also, entirely consistent with itself and an admirable carrying out of the great scheme of man's redemption.

The Protestant takes a different view altogether of the atonement. He agrees with the Catholic in admitting its entire sufficiency and efficacy for the reconciliation of the sinner and for the salvation of men; but he differs from the Catholic in regard to the manner in which its efficacy and merits are to be *applied* to the soul. The starting point of the Protestant is the great principle broached by Luther and his co-reformers—that *man is justified by faith ALONE without works*. The merits of the atonement “are apprehended by faith;” and if the sinner have only faith, he need fear nothing; he will be justified in this life, and saved in the next. Let him only believe firmly that Christ has died for him, and that his sins are pardoned by Christ, and, from a sinner, he becomes a saint! No works of penance or satisfaction are at all requisite; no fasting, no bodily inflections, no mortification;—faith alone will suffice for every thing. Christ has undergone all the suffering; we need suffer nothing: he has fully expiated our sins; nothing expiatory remains for us to do! Nay, it would be a derogation from the all-sufficient atonement of Christ, were we to deem any thing but mere faith at all necessary for our justification! In a word, according to this system, Christ has done *every thing* in the way of satisfaction; he has left nothing for us to do except to believe!

Luther carried out this comfortable doctrine to its fullest extent; he even rejected good works as useless, if not positively sinful. With him, faith was every thing, works nothing. He boldly corrupted the word of God in order to make it speak a language conformable to this his favorite theory;* and he wholly rejected the Epistle of St. James, as “an epistle of straw and unworthy an apostle,” because it contains the following passages† clearly condemnatory of his error.

* In the text of St. Paul (Rom. iii, 28.) “For we account a man justified by faith,” &c., Luther added *alone*; and when challenged on the subject he answered: Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas! So I will, so I command, let my will stand for a reason.

† Ch. ii, vv. 14, 17, 19, 26.

“What shall it profit, my brethren, if a man say he hath faith, but hath not works? Shall faith be able to save him?”

“Even so faith, if it have not works, is dead *in itself*.”

“The devils also believe and tremble.”

“For as the body without the spirit is dead, so also faith without works is dead,” &c.

Modern Protestants, indeed, appear to have mitigated somewhat this original doctrine of the reformation; but they still retain the doctrine itself, and it still exercises a powerful influence over their entire system. They still maintain that we are justified by faith alone, though most of them require works as a sequel to faith, or as the necessary fruits of justifying faith. They all, however, concur in rejecting the obligation of works of penance and satisfaction; and in this they are but consistent with their great principle of justification by faith alone. But Luther was certainly more consistent than they; for he did not halt half way, but boldly carried out the principle to its fullest extent; while they appear to exclude only that class of works which is most painful to human nature.

It must be admitted that the Protestant is a very convenient and comfortable doctrine, which has made the path to heaven quite smooth and easy. If it be only *safe*, it is certainly a decided improvement on the good old Catholic method of mortification and penance. It has widened and smoothed the once narrow and rugged way of salvation; and a Christian may now go to heaven on a comfortable turnpike if not on a rail-road! Verily, ours is an age of improvement! We have greatly improved even on the example of St. Paul, of St. John the Baptist, and of Christ himself!! These, and all the saints of the olden time, led a hard and mortified life; but our modern preachers of the Gospel have changed all this!

We are doing our separated brethren no injustice. We are merely painting in a forcible manner the obvious tendency of their system, which many of them, we are happy to believe, do not fully carry out in practice. But is it not fashionable among Protestants to sneer at celibacy, at fasting, at penitential practices, at corporal inflictions and macerations? Are not all these practices often represented as a useless and foolish and even impious self-torment? Are not Catholics often likened to the Brahmin devotee of India, or to the fanatical worshippers

ously to refute, viz: that after the *guilt* of mortal sin and the *eternal* punishment due to it have been remitted by God, there sometimes* or often remains a *temporal* punishment due to the divine justice, which *temporal* punishment will be exacted either in this life or in the next in purgatory, unless it be remitted in view of the penitential works of the pardoned sinner, whether enjoined upon him or spontaneously undertaken, or of an indulgence granted by the church in the name of Christ or of both conjoined. This principle, indeed, is the *immediate and proximate* basis of the doctrine; but the cross of Jesus, and the obligation of imitating the example of Jesus crucified, and of entering into the *spirit* of his great atonement, constitute the more remote and deeper foundation of this and of all other Catholic doctrines. This, we trust, we have already shown, and Mr. Palmer has not even *attempted* to shake one of the great principles we have above laid down and endeavored to demonstrate.

And his attempt to disprove the principle just referred to, as the *immediate* basis of the doctrine of satisfaction, is one of the feeblest arguments we have ever chanced to read. It is as weak as it is pretending. It contains not one new idea, it presents not one new objection. A much stronger argument against the Catholic doctrine might have been produced by merely translating Bellarmine's objections without his replies! An intelligent Scotch gentleman once informed us that this trick, on a larger scale, was actually tried some years ago in Edinburgh, and that the translation of *all* Bellarmine's objections against Catholic doctrines, *without his answers*, was deemed the strongest book against "popery" which had ever appeared!†

We venture the assertion that there is not *one* objection against the doctrine of satisfaction in all the three letters of Mr. Palmer which was not already alleged—and *better* alleged—

* The Catholic doctrine, strictly speaking, only requires us to believe that a *portion* at least of the temporal punishment due to sin *sometimes* remains after the sin itself has been remitted; though our theologians usually employ the term *often* or *generally* instead of *sometimes*. Si quis dixerit *totam* penam simul cum culpa remitti *semper* a Deo, satisfactionemque penitentium non esse aliam quam fidem, qua apprehendunt Christum pro eis satisfactis; e; anathema sit. (Canon xii, Sessio xiv, Concil. Trid.) The wording, however, of the fifteenth canon seems to justify the manner of speaking adopted by Catholic divines.

† The work was entitled *Bellarminus Orthodoxus*.

and refuted too, by Bellarmine, nearly two hundred and fifty years ago! And we go even farther, and say that there is scarcely one of our most commonplace theologians who has not taken up and answered those identical arguments! So much for the learning and originality of Mr. Palmer, the boasted "no popery" champion of Oxford, the very impersonation of Anglican learning! Strip him of his borrowed plumage, and he would be bare indeed; take away his second-hand learning, and his works would become the mere shadow of their former selves! There is scarcely a tyro in Catholic theology who could not make out a stronger case against "popery," and refute it too.*

We are confident that we are doing the Oxford divine no injustice. We have surveyed the whole ground he has gone over, and we speak advisedly on the subject. Our narrow limits will not allow us to take up and answer, one by one, the objections he offers against the Catholic principle, "that a portion of *temporal* punishment sometimes or often remains due to the divine justice after the guilt and the *eternal* punishment of grievous sin have been remitted by God." But his principal and most specious arguments may be ranged under three heads, which we propose briefly to state, and to answer in succession.

* Does Mr. Palmer really understand Latin, or does he find it convenient to mistranslate only when attacking "Romanism?" Are we to charge to his ignorance or to his prejudice his grievous mistranslation of canon xiii, session xiv of the council of Trent? He has made the fathers say just the contrary of what they really said; and that, too, in a doctrinal definition! We give the original with Mr. Palmer's translation, merely italicizing the mistranslated passage. From the fact that Mr. Palmer felt compelled to enclose this passage in a parenthesis, thereby cutting off its connection with what follows, we are strongly inclined to the opinion that he really did not understand the original Latin in which it was written.

Original Latin.

Si quis dixerit pro peccatis, quoad penam temporalem, minime Deo per Christi merita satisfieri penam ab eo iudicatis et patienter toleratis, vel a sacerdote injunctis, *sed neque sponte susceptis*, et jejuniis, orationibus, elemosinis, vel aliis etiam pietatis operibus, atque ideo optimam penitentiam esse tantum novam vitam; anathema sit—Canon xiii, sessio xiv.

Mr. Palmer's translation.

If any one saith that no satisfaction is made to God for sins, as to their temporal punishment, through the merits of Christ, by punishments inflicted by him (God) and patiently endured, or enjoined by the priest, or *even spontaneously undertaken*, such as fasting, prayer, almsgiving, or other works of piety; and therefore that the best penance is only a new life; let him be anathema.—Letter ii, p. 7.

1. The first class of objections consists of an attempt to refute the scriptural arguments alleged by our divines in support of the Catholic principle.*

The holy Scriptures abound with examples of a temporal punishment exacted by God, even from his most favored servants, *after* their sins had been already divinely declared to be forgiven. The whole human race is, in fact, a striking example of this feature in the divine economy. Sickness, all the ills of life, and death itself, what are they but the wages of that first sin, by which our first parents disobeyed the command of God in the garden of paradise? And yet is there no doubt whatever that that first sin was pardoned, in view of the long and rigorous penance of our proto-parents. Thus a vast accumulation of *temporal* punishments has been for centuries, and is yet, exacted by God, for a sin pardoned thousands of years ago! And no matter how perfect or holy may be the descendant of Adam; no matter how thoroughly he may have been purified in the blood of the Lamb, yet is he still subject to sickness, to numberless infirmities, to death! So unbending is this law of the divine justice, that even the great SAINT of SAINTS, the immaculate Son of God, was not exempt from its influence, when he clothed himself with man's nature, and became man's Sponsor to his Father! Jesus suffered, Jesus died, in the midst of agony unspeakable, in consequence of the fall of Adam, and of the accumulated guilt of his tainted descendants! And though he expiated the fault by his death on the cross, yet is the temporal penalty still sternly exacted *to this very day*, and it will be exacted to the end of time!

This one great leading fact would suffice of itself to establish the Catholic principle. How does Mr. Palmer answer this argument? He meets it with the paltry quibble, that these temporal punishments are the award of *original* and not of *actual* sin, and that, therefore, they prove nothing!† But is not the principle clearly the same in regard to both species of sin? Does Mr. Palmer even *attempt* to show that there is no parallelism, as far as the present argument is concerned? He does not. He seems to think that assertion may be substituted for sound argument in the warfare

against Rome. Was not Adam's sin an *actual* sin? And was not *he* punished with *temporal* penalties even after this *actual* sin had been pardoned? Mr. Palmer admits this,* but very acutely observes that God was under a promise to punish Adam temporally, and that "consequently (!) the punishment of Adam proves nothing!!" O tempora! He really ought to write a book on logic! Does it weaken the argument that the temporal punishment awarded to Adam and Eve was extended to all their posterity to the end of time, Christ himself not excepted?

But we have many special examples of this same principle, recorded on the pages of the inspired volume, in addition to the numerous scriptural passages alleged in the first part of this paper, which likewise clearly establish its truth.

Thus, Moses and Aaron distrusted the word of God at "the waters of contradiction," and though their sin was, no doubt, pardoned, yet did God sternly exact the heavy *temporal* penalty of their dying in sight of the promised land without being allowed to enter it. And he assigned, as a reason for this punishment, the sin of incredulity they had committed at "the waters of contradiction;"† thereby clearly intimating that his *justice* required the penalty.

So, also, when the Israelites worshipped the golden calf in the wilderness, the wrath of God was enkindled against them, and he threatened to destroy them all, but at the prayer of Moses, "the Lord was appeased;" yet did his justice still exact a grievous *temporal* punishment, and "there were slain that day about *three and twenty thousand men*!"‡

Again, when the people of Israel murmured against God in the desert, his anger was on the point of consuming them all, but Moses earnestly interposed in their behalf, and the Lord said, "I have *forgiven* according to thy word;" yet he immediately added the stern claim of his *justice* to an awful *temporal* chastisement for their crime: "but yet all the men that have seen my majesty, and the signs that I have done in Egypt, and in the wilderness, and have tempted me now ten times, and have not obeyed my voice, *shall not see the land* for which I swore to their fathers; in the wilderness shall your carcasses lie; your chil-

* Ibid. p. 19, note. † Numbers xx, 12 and 24.
‡ Exodus xxxii, 10, 14, 28.

* Letter ii, p. 14 seqq.

† Ibid. pp. 18, 19.

dren shall wander in the wilderness *forty years*, . . . until the carcasses of their fathers be consumed in the desert.”*

Who more holy or favored of God than David, the man “after God’s own heart?” David sinned grievously; he repented sincerely, and the inspired prophet, Nathan, declared to him, “the Lord hath also *taken away* thy sin;” and yet this same divine messenger immediately added: “Nevertheless, because thou hast given occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme, *for this thing* the child that is born to thee shall surely die.”† And this severe *temporal* punishment, as well as a long train of other temporal evils, was rigorously exacted of the royal penitent, though his sin had already been pardoned! David bowed under the scourging hand of God, and patiently submitted to the penalties which he knew and *felt* that his sins deserved, though he had the positive assurance that they were already forgiven!

What clearer proofs of the Catholic doctrine could any one ask? Do not all these instances clearly establish the precise principle we are contending for? If not, we would wish to know what evidence would be required to establish that principle?

And how does Mr. Palmer answer all these facts and arguments? His answer is a simple repetition of what had been advanced and refuted a thousand times already! He gravely tells us that there is no parallelism between the circumstances of the people of God under the old, and the people of God under the new law.

“A temporal penalty of some sort,” he observes, “was necessary when God *visibly* interfered in the affairs of men. But now that his guidance is entirely spiritual and invisible, temporal penalties are no longer necessary in the same way.”‡

This means that under the old law such punishments were necessary for example and for warning to others, especially when the offender was a person of high standing and influence, and the offence was public and scandalous. But this is taking a very narrow view of the subject; it is assigning, as the *only* motive of the divine conduct, a reason, either not warranted by the facts at all, or

plainly secondary and accidental to the real merits of the case. Whoever will examine the scriptural facts above alleged, must see that the temporal punishment was awarded for the *offence itself*, and with the clearly *expressed* intimation that the *justice* of God required its infliction; and all this *after* the sin itself had been pardoned. To say that it was awarded merely as a warning to others, or for the correction of the offender, is an assertion wholly gratuitous, and without a shadow of proof in the facts themselves. If we be permitted thus to explain away the plainest passages of Scripture, in order to make them bend to a preconceived theory, what certainty is there any longer in scriptural interpretation?

Mr. Palmer himself does not appear to rely much on this means of escaping from the difficulty; for we find him resorting to a new species of chicanery in order to parry the force of the argument drawn from God’s conduct towards the Israelites, related in chapter xiv of Numbers, and in chapter xxxii of Exodus, referred to above. He gravely assures us that when God declared to Moses, “I have pardoned (*forgiven* in the Catholic version), according to thy word,” “he did not imply the forgiveness of the *sin* committed, and the *justification* of those who had committed it,” but merely “a remission of the immediate destruction by pestilence, and the disinheritance which God had threatened!”* Likewise, when the sacred writer informs us that “God was appeased,” the expression only means that “he had commuted the sentence of utter destruction which he had pronounced against that people for their idolatry, into chastisements of a different character, at the prayer and intercession of Moses.”†

We are willing to let these ingenious interpretations pass for what they are worth. They forcibly remind us of certain learned biblical exegesisists in Germany, who have lately, by similar arts, frittered away the very substance of revelation; and we think Mr. Palmer might put in some claims to a connection with the school which they have founded. But we must hasten on to the second class of objections raised by him against the Catholic doctrine of satisfaction.

2. He enters into a course of what he, no doubt, deemed stringent reasoning, to prove

* Numbers xiv, 20, 22, 23, 32, 33.

† 2 Kings (or Samuel) xii, 9, 13, 14.

‡ Letter ii, p. 16.

* Ibid. pp. 16, 17.

† Ibid.

that the Catholic doctrine is absurd, inconsistent with itself, and subversive of man's salvation.* He can not conceive how God can remit the sin itself, and the eternal punishment due to it, and still reserve to himself the right of exacting a temporal penalty from the hands of the pardoned sinner. *He* can not understand it, therefore it is absurd! *He* can not fathom the counsels of God, therefore they are wholly unfathomable, if not absurd! This is reasoning backwards. It is precisely the process adopted by the Socinian to impugn the Trinity, and by the deist to disprove revelation.

Will Mr. Palmer explain how God could still leave *him* subject to disease, to concupiscence, and to death, notwithstanding the full pardon of all his sins, and of all the *eternal* punishments due to them—which we trust has been extended to him—and notwithstanding that the sin of Adam and Eve, which provoked all those temporal penalties, was also long since remitted by God? If he will explain this, and all the other facts of a precisely similar character alleged above, then may we undertake to explain to him how God may yet reserve a temporal penalty after the pardon of sin. The ways of God are not to be judged by our imperfect and low human standard; they are to be judged by the facts and principles which *he* has vouchsafed to reveal to us. And if there be any certainty in the Scriptures, the principle of divine action contended for by Catholics is, as we have seen, therein clearly set forth.

Mr. Palmer winds up his reasoning under this head with the following remarkable passage:

"So that, according to your doctrine, the justified and pardoned believer is still subject to God's wrath! The adopted, beloved, and sanctified child is still subject to God's vengeance! God loves and hates, saves and destroys, at the same moment; and the same beings are at once reckoned with the elect and the reprobate, with angels and with devils! Can it be possible for absurdity, contradiction, and impiety to go beyond this! And yet this is the necessary, the inevitable consequence to which your doctrine leads."†

Nonsense! The Catholic doctrine teaches no such absurdities, and leads to no such consequences; they exist only in Mr. Palmer's heated brain. Those whose sins God has forgiven, are not any longer, according to the

Catholic doctrine, reckoned with "reprobates and devils;" they are not "hated or destroyed" by God. The justice of God may, indeed, still have some slight claims on them for past transgressions not yet fully atoned for, but he loves them, and has already washed them in the blood of his well-beloved Son. If he chastise them still, it is as a most tender parent chastises a well-beloved child. His apostle tells us, "whom the Lord loveth he chastiseth, and he scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."‡ Does this prove that his favorite children are, at the same time, "loved and hated, saved and destroyed?" In short, Mr. Palmer's argument applies with equal force to all the scriptural facts on the subject which we have already furnished.

Though we can not pretend to fathom the mind of God, and though it is not at all necessary to inquire into any thing farther than *facts* when it is question of divine agency, yet may we assign some plausible reasons, based on revelation, for the occasional or frequent reservation of a temporal penalty after the pardon of the sin itself. God's mercies are, indeed, above all his works, and the atonement of Christ is superabundant; but is it proper that a grievous sinner, who has long outraged God by his iniquities, and long trampled on the blood of the Lamb by which he was once washed from all defilement in baptism, should be *immediately* reinstated, not only in the divine favor, but also in all the privileges of a cherished child of God?† Should he not be required to do something to indicate the depth of his sorrow, and to atone somewhat, by and through the merits of Jesus Christ, for his former iniquities? Should he not chastise his body with St. Paul, crucify his flesh, make his members instruments of divine justice, as he had prostituted them to sin?‡ Should he not do as much for God as he had done against God, and punish himself at least as much as he had unlawfully gratified himself?

There is a voice in the human bosom which proclaims the fitness and the justice of this course; and he who thinks he shall escape "the wrath to come," without "bringing forth fruits worthy of penance," deceives himself fatally. Does not the wise man tell us: "Be

* Hebrews xii, 6.

† See St. Paul's testimony, Hebrews vi, 4 seq.—an obscure but terrible passage.

‡ See Romans vi.

* Letter ii, pp. 21 et seqq.

* Ibid. p. 23.

not without fear about sin forgiven?"* How can the sinner expect to share in the atonement of Christ, without entering into the atoning spirit of Christ, and without being willing to suffer and to die with Christ? *He* was innocent, and the sinner is guilty; and shall the innocent suffer all, and the guilty nothing? No! cold and dreary Protestantism! Thou pratest much about the atonement, and thou sneerest bitterly at others, but thou understandest not what the atonement is! Thou hast not one particle of the noble heroism inspired by the atonement!

There have been, and there are still, no doubt, many instances in which God has remitted or remits the *whole temporal* punishment along with the guilt of sin, moved to it by his own abounding mercy, and by the superior fervor of the penitent. The prodigal son, the thief on the cross, Magdalene, and others, are instances of this kind. But can all expect a like favor? As well might all the sick among Christians claim to be suddenly healed, as were those in the time of our Saviour, and all the dead, to be suddenly resuscitated, like Lazarus!

In the curative process, after the malady has been entirely healed, the effects of it are often sensibly felt during a longer or shorter convalescence; so also, in the process of spiritual healing, there may often remain some effects or remnants of the disease, after the malady itself has been removed by forgiveness. The same Lord is the God of nature as well as of grace, and he frequently adopts similar modes of procedure in both. We do not, however, allege this as a reason or argument, but merely as an illustration.

3. We have room for but a word or two in relation to the third class of objections raised by Mr. Palmer against the Catholic doctrine of satisfaction. He opines that it should be rejected, because it tends to trouble our peace of conscience, and to torment us with doubt and perplexity! Here are his words:

"And when is this fear to be removed? When is the sinner to be at peace with God? When is he to look with joy and love to God as a reconciled and loving Father? NEVER IN THIS LIFE. . . . And is this the *peace* and *consolation* which you offer to burdened consciences? Are these the blessings which are to flow on those who go to you to heal their wounds, and soothe their afflictions?" &c.*

* Ecclesiasticus v, 5.

Well, this is all pathetic enough. Much do we regret, if it were only for Mr. Palmer's sake, that the way to heaven is not wider and smoother than Christ declared it to be, both by word and example. This doctrine of satisfaction is surely not agreeable to flesh and blood; but we are told that "flesh and blood can not possess the kingdom of God."† We would humbly suggest that it is barely possible to "offer *too much* peace and consolation to burdened consciences;" and that there are those who say "peace, when there is no peace." Is it not more likely that an humble and fervent Christian, who strives to imitate Christ in his sufferings, and to become with him a victim of sin, will enjoy a real and solid peace and consolation, than the one who is willing to suffer nothing for his sins, or, at least, nothing more than he can possibly help? The yoke of Christ is indeed sweet, and his burden light; but it is still a *yoke* and a *burden*, and the yoke is sweet and the burden light only to those who bear them willingly and with love, for the sake of Christ, and in union with Christ. *His* grace sweetens and lightens what would otherwise be bitter and intolerably burdensome.

In defending and reducing to practice the doctrine of satisfaction, the Catholic church *proves* herself to be the true spouse of Christ, deeply sympathizing with *him* in his sufferings, and entering into the spirit of *his* great atonement. "Flesh and blood hath not revealed this doctrine to her, but the Father who is in heaven."‡ It is plainly unearthly, and of heavenly origin; man *could not* possibly have devised it; it is plainly supernatural. With how many blessings has not this doctrine strewn the earth! How many splendid temples, how many magnificent hospitals for the sick, how many asylums for the afflicted of every class, has it not erected! Visit the noble institutions of the middle ages, still existing all over Europe; ask the history of their foundation; and some old record will inform you that they were reared, in many cases, by opulent penitents—*ad expianda peccata*—for the expiation of the sins committed in their past life! § Fingant quid tale hæretici! Let innovators produce monuments like these!

* Letter iii, p. 8. † 1 Cor. xv, 50. ‡ Matth. xvi, 17.
§ See "Ages of Faith," by Digby, vol. ii.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Of all the rich blessings our Father has given,
Since Jesus first purchased our title to heaven,
Since Mary has deigned for poor sinners to plead,
And for our salvation e'er to intercede,
None claims from us gratitude deeper than this,
That angels are sent from the bright realms of bliss,
To hover around us through weal and through wo,
To pray for, and shield us, wherever we go.

God's mercies are scattered, are strewn all around;
In lavish profusion they freely abound:
We gaze on the sky, it is radiant with light;
Ten thousand bright spangles illumine the night;
Or if it is morning, the sun, in his pride,
Seems through the deep azure in splendor to ride.
The earth teems with fruits, and the shrubs bend with bloom,
Each zephyr that fans us is rich with perfume;
The music of waters, the carol of birds,
The prattle of children, the soft whispered words
Of endearment from those we so ardently love,
Are heard morn and evening. Around and above,
All is sunlight and gladness; yet, oh! more than these,
Than all the rich treasures of earth, air, and seas,
Is this, that our Father has given us to share
The ne'er wearied friendship, the kind constant care
Of that GUARDIAN ANGEL, that friend ever near,
That pilot our storm-riven vessel to steer,
Who clings to the helm when the bark would be lost,
On the billowy sea of uncertainty tost;
Who steadily guides to that haven of rest,
That Eden of glory, the home of the blest.

O who can reflect on the mercies of heaven,
Can dwell on the blessings so bounteously given,
E'en to the most wretched, and not bend the knee
In gratitude, Father of mercies, to thee!

Though torrent and whirlwind, though thunder and fire
Rage round him, proclaiming Jehovah's dread ire,
The Christian may tremble, but feels no despair;
His GUARDIAN assures him, and, bending in prayer,
He looks up to heaven; the tempest he fears
Is passing, and lo! a fair rainbow appears!
He hails the bright omen, and, buoyant with hope,
Goes forth, newly armed, with temptation to cope.

If writhing with pain on a feverish bed,
With no downy pillow to comfort his head,
With no tender mother to wipe the cold dew,
And no gentle sister caressing, to woo

The weight of oppression from off his sad heart,
 Or brush the big tears that, unbidden, may start,
 Still why does his countenance beam with a smile?
 'Mid torture and agony, what can beguile
 The poor friendless, destitute sufferer's groan?
 Oh no, he's not friendless! he feels not alone;
 He knows that his GUARDIAN ANGEL is by,
 To waft up to heaven each penitent sigh!
 Aye, the poorest, the loneliest, still have a friend,
 Who, through all their hard trials, will ever defend—
 Will aid, will protect them, will sweetly dispel
 The darkness that else in their bosoms would dwell.

When sorrows have come—and they come to us all—
 When God seemed in anger some darling to call;
 When direst bereavement our heart-strings has rent,
 And we, 'neath a burden of sorrow, have bent,
 Oh who has not felt, in such seasons of grief,
 A *something* that brought to his soul sweet relief;
 A voice undefined, but still gentle and kind,
 Like soft, distant melody, borne on the wind;
 That told him he'd meet in those regions afar,
 Beyond the blue home of yon beautiful star,
 Those he mourned, and that death had no power to sever
 The links that would bind them in heaven for ever!

Say not, it is fancy; oh let not the fire
 Of this lovely, this comforting faith, e'er expire;
 Let not the cold sneer of the infidel chill
 The flame that, in moments of anguish, will thrill
 Through the heart with a genial, a confident glow,
 That none but the Christian soul ever can know!
 By the proud, scoffing skeptic, this solace so kind,
 Is deemed an illusion, a dream of the mind;
 This ANGEL of mercy, with all his fond care,
 Is spurned as a vision, a phantom of air:
 While still to the faithful this GUARDIAN friend
 Seems one on whose kindness they always depend,
 Who saves them from peril, from guilt and despair,
 Who aids them by counsel, protection, and prayer.

And, oh! should not mortals thus richly possessed,
 With ardor and gratitude own the bequest,
 And, by deep adoration and fervency, prove
 How they prize such transcendent, unmerited love!
 The faithless may scoff, the philosopher sneer,
 But, O GUARDIAN ANGELS, still, still fondly dear,
 Protect us, pray for us, by day and by night,
 Till we meet where the ransomed for ever unite!

B. R. T.

Louisville, Ky., May 19th, 1845.

ON THE USE OF IMAGES IN CHURCHES.



OD, and God alone, is the object of our worship and adoration. "The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and him only shalt thou serve."* But we place images and paintings in our churches in order to aid us in collecting and concentrating our wandering thoughts, and to enliven our memories in regard to heavenly things. The council of Trent defines two things as the belief of the Catholic church on this head.

1st. "That images of Christ and the blessed Virgin, and of the other saints, are to be exposed and retained, particularly in churches."

2d. "That due honor and respect are to be paid to them."†

This is the whole of the Catholic doctrine. We do not believe that any *virtue* resides in them for which they ought to be honored; the respect we show them by placing them in our churches is referred to their prototypes, or the persons and things which they represent. We do not believe that any divinity is in them, for these images can not see, hear, or help us; but we keep them in our churches because such representations are admirably calculated to bring our cold and stagnant feelings into closer communion with the persons whom we love and cherish. Thus, we maintain that respect is due to the Bible, to the holy name of Jesus, and to churches; and with St. Paul, we only "give honor to whom honor is due;"‡ and we believe that this honor may be given to those objects without at all derogating from the majesty of God, and the divine worship which is due to him alone.

This is the simple and obvious ground on which we uphold our practice. Let us now see the origin of this use of images and pictures of sacred things, and the motives that induced the church to ornament her temples with them.

The use of images does not appear to have

been *publicly* introduced into churches until about the days of Constantine the great. Previously to his time they were only to be found in the catacombs of Rome and Naples. The Christians, during the period in question, were exposed to the most bitter persecution. They were deprived alike of the free exercise of their religion, and of the privilege of unfolding its sublime dogmas to others. Hence, in the absence of more effectual means of disseminating the fundamental truths of Christianity, they had recourse to a series of allegorical and biblical representations, relating principally to the fall of man, to his redemption, and to the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

As soon, however, as the church emerged from her hiding places, she turned her attention to the building up of temples worthy her divine Founder. These she ornamented with paintings descriptive of facts and passages in the life and death of Christ, and of his apostles. These paintings were employed chiefly as means of instruction.

Could I introduce you, kind reader, into some of our magnificent European churches of the middle ages, you would there see how painting and sculpture were employed by the church for the instruction of her poor and illiterate children. From the Gothic and Grecian windows of her churches she poured instruction through the curious, but delighted eye, of the simple, uneducated peasants whom, before the noble art of printing was invented, it was almost impossible to teach to read. The same windows that admitted physical, poured in also intellectual and religious light, and taught the poor the whole history of redemption, and of the establishment of the Christian religion. When the Christian art of painting emerged from the obscurity of the catacombs to unfold the triumphant banner of the cross, how admirable its sublime tendency, its noble expression, its lofty style! In a series of paintings which adorned the walls and windows of the churches, the uneducated beheld the Saviour in all the stages of his progress, from the

* Matt. iv, 10. † Sess. xxv, de Invoeat. SS., p. 289.
‡ Rom. xiii, 7.

lowly but hallowed cradle of Bethlehem, to the sacred cross of Calvary. Let us hear an enlightened traveller of this country describing the venerable old Gothic church of Rouen, in France, the stained glass windows of which are still singularly perfect.

"Can we not account for the statuary, the bass-relief, and the stained glass windows of the continental churches, by the same causes that gave rise to the *Biblia Pauperum* in England in the early part of the fifteenth century? Books were scarce and dear, and what there were the *people* could not read. It was necessary to devise some means by which the mass might acquire at least a rude knowledge of the facts of Scripture history, and none was so likely to be successful as the representation of such facts in visible forms, striking to the eye. Indeed no other means were possible, so long as the people were unable to read. Now what the rough wood-cuts of the Bible for the poor were to the English peasantry, the stained windows of cathedrals and churches were to the French, and, perhaps, in a still higher degree. The paintings, bass-reliefs, and statues, are all memorials, however, either of facts in the Bible, or traditions in the church. Thus the whole edifice is an open volume of religious history; and turn where you will, your eye falls upon a page of it, legible, too, by the most ignorant boor. Every column, every altar, every projection, has its story to tell."

In these pictures Christians beheld the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth announced by angels, amidst the silence and stillness of the night, to humble shepherds tending their flocks on Juda's hills. They saw the heavens brightening, and the angelic host descending in beautiful array, and hymning, in accents divine, the sublime anthem, "Glory to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will!" In another, they beheld a star moving in silent beauty through the blue depths of the east, and leading its wise men onward, till its silvery ray fell on the birth-place of the Redeemer, and then and there they saw mystic offerings presented to their infant Saviour. They beheld his flight into Egypt, in order to escape the cruelty of Herod, who immolated to his ruthless ambition all the male children of the Jews found in the vicinity of his birth-place. They beheld him giving signs of pre-

* Darbin, vol. i, pp. 29, 30.

cocious wisdom, and disputing, while yet a child, with the doctors in the temple.

The precursor Baptist, the last and the greatest of the prophetic train, was seen in another sublime painting, pointing out to astonished multitudes Jesus Christ, on the banks of the Jordan, as the Lamb of God who was to take away the sins of the world, whilst the almighty Father proclaimed his eternal generation, as the mystic Dove overshadowed his head, yet reeking from the consecrated streams. Another represented his transfiguration on Thabor; there lie prostrate the disciples, dazzled by divine light; above them, surrounded by a miraculous glory, the Saviour floats in air, in serene beatitude, beaming forth those rays which he emitted before the daystar was created, shedding on Moses and Elias a divine effulgence, and showing to all his followers a glimpse of that glory which awaits them in another life.

He was next seen, like a second Isaac, ascending the tragic mount, bearing his cross in silent anguish, his heart bleeding for the sins of mankind. Then was he seen expiring under an accumulation of woe, while all nature is in mourning around him. The sun, in conscious horror, withdraws his light; the earth, that receives his blood, reels to its very centre; the winds of heaven sob and moan around him; the tombs give up their dead to increase the horrors of the scene; the veil of the temple is rent in twain, its guardian angels shriek and disappear; and, in the midst of this appalling convulsion of the elements, the Saviour of the world was seen bowing down his august head, and expiring to save men from eternal death.

Were not such paintings well calculated to soften the hardest heart? The view of such thrilling representations was calculated to teach more than elaborately written volumes.

"Can you," asks Bishop Baines, "behold such an object unmoved? Can you fix upon the cross a vacant eye? Can you gaze on it, and not reflect how great was his goodness who thus suffered; how criminal those sins which caused such sufferings; how sincere ought to be your sorrow in having participated in the commission of them? It is to excite such emotions that the image or painting is placed in the church; and let me ask you, *could* a more appropriate object stand upon a Christian altar, or be placed before the eyes of

a Christian assembly, when they meet to pay their worship to their divine Redeemer, where every mind should be impressed, and every heart penetrated with the remembrance of his sufferings, the source of all our happiness, and all our hope?"

Such paintings have often overcome religious prejudice, and have wrung from the beholder an acknowledgment of their powerful effect.

"But the crucifixion," says Mr. Durbin, "by Vandyke, preserved in the museum, struck me most forcibly; I could not repress indignation, sorrow, even tears, as I gazed upon the image of the crucified, stooping meekly, and yielding his bleeding back to the strokes of the scourge, while the blue marks of the thong verged into blackness, and the dark blood trickled from the fearful wounds."*

"The library of Bale," he says in another place, "is valuable and interesting. On the ground-floor is a gallery of Holbein's paintings, the most striking of which is the series on the passion of Christ, depicting the succession of events from the garden of Gethsemane to the descent from the cross. I never was so affected by a picture, and, for the first time, felt that my religious feelings were improved by gazing at one."†

But let us enter again into one of the early temples of Christianity, which still stand as monuments of a dearer and a happier age.

In another picture we behold our blessed Lord on the happy morning of the resurrection rising gloriously from the tomb, like a giant refreshed from his slumbers, conquering the conqueror of millions, divesting death of half its horrors by rescuing himself from the chilly, withering grasp of the hitherto absolute monarch of the tomb. Another painted him ascending from Mount Olivet, surrounded by the angelic throng, "leading captivity captive," and carrying the smoking blood of expiation into the midst of adoring angels, to be poured out as a rich libation before his Father's everlasting throne, so that he might come forth to bless those who had been made perfect and redeemed. Still another represented the mystic tongues of fire descending, imparting to the apostolic band that glowing eloquence which enlightened a world and enkindled in so many hearts the flame of ardent charity.

* Ibid. p. 276.

† P. 249.

Now, in this series of paintings that adorned the walls and windows of our churches, without the aid of books was unfolded the whole history of the Gospel, shining forth, and glowing on the canvass, before the eyes of the beholders; and instruction was thus communicated in the most pleasing way to an unlettered people. But these paintings conveyed more than mere historical instruction. They were not only books, but sermons. They elevated the mind of the spectator to piety and devotion; they made him *feel* that he was in a holy place, as if he had already come "to the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the company of many thousands of angels,"* and to the spirits of the just made perfect. The inspiration of holy thoughts, thus caught from the very walls and windows, roused him from a state of coldness and tepidity, to zeal, love, and fervor. Who could, in fact, gaze on Christ—on whose countenance the angels wish to look, who became obedient unto death in its most cruel forms, and to the death of the cross—without a deep, soul-felt sense of his sufferings, and an abiding hatred and horror for sin, the cause of his death? Who could witness his glorious and triumphant resurrection and ascension without *feeling* his heart swelling with a sense of victory, and without participating in all the glories of a triumph?

How much more lively is the effect of painting of such scenes than a mere verbal description? Words are addressed to the ear; paintings speak to the eye, the finest of all the organs, and the one whose affections produce a much deeper and more lasting impression than the duller perceptions of the other senses. Who could behold in the niches of the churches the statues of martyrs crowned, and raising aloft the palm of victory, without breathing a fervent wish to participate in their glory, by an imitation of their deeds and heroic acts of virtue!

The great St. Augustin, seduced by the syren blandishments of a deceiving world, animated himself by meditating on subjects so touching. "Canst thou not do," said he to himself, "what these heroes have done? Were these men lions, and art thou a timid fawn? No, they were like thee, weak; they were timorous, yet they arrived at the haven of salvation. Why then dost thou not imitate them?"

* Heb. xii, 22.

Thus did he encourage himself to snap in sunder the chains that yet bound him, and to come forth as a candidate for like honors.

"Often," writes an old Roman historian, "often have I heard that Quintus Maximus, Publius Scipio, and other famous and renowned men of our city, were accustomed to say that they never looked upon the portraits of their ancestry without feeling their souls burning with a desire to imitate their virtues. The contemplation of their deeds raised such a glow of emulation in their hearts that it never could be extinguished until their own virtues equalled in splendor the glory of their ancestors."

This observation is as just and true to nature, as it is beautiful and eloquent. Rome, when at the zenith of her glory, did not forget to erect statues to perpetuate the memory and the glorious deeds of her mighty dead. Her departed heroes stood forth conspicuous in the capital, in the forum, and on the field of Mars. The humblest citizen could look forward to the day when his name, too, might be inscribed on the chronicles of his country, when the memory of his deeds might be preserved on the canvass, or perpetuated in marble. As he passed along the streets, or repaired to the scenes of public festivity or private relaxation, the monuments of departed excellence were ever before him. The image of the patriot of other times looked on approvingly from its pedestal, and even the lips that moved not sent forth their mute encouragement. There was a noiseless eloquence, which supported the sufferer in his country's cause; which discoursed sweet music to him in the hour of his darkest despondency. When his heart was heaving within him, under the bitter feeling of injustice; when his actions were misconstrued, and his motives suspected, or when he became the injured victim of popular envy, the sustaining influence of such paintings came soothingly over his soul, supporting him in the hour of his adversity, cheering his sinking spirits, and, like a herald from on high, telling him of other times, and of other men who would do justice to his character.

If the contemplation of the statues and portraits of ancient heroes could excite such soothing emotions, could rouse the spectators to such deeds of martial virtue and heroic valor; if a Leonidas or a Miltiades of Greece, if the

Scipios and Fabii of Rome could cheer and fire their soldiers by haranguing them in the presence of the images of their illustrious countrymen, and telling them that they, too, should have statues erected to eternize their names, if they should but signalize themselves by feats of daring and prowess; why should not the contemplation of the images of Christ and of his glorious apostles and martyrs produce an effect equally potent on the mind of the Christian? Why should they not elevate his soul above the mean pursuits of earthly ambition to that true heroism and grandeur which consists in following the precepts of the Gospel and the examples of the saints? Surrounded by such paintings as I have described, why may not the Christian orator animate his audience to aspire to deeds worthy of their sainted ancestry, to rally around the standard of the cross, and to battle not for an earthly crown, but for one fashioned by the hand of God himself? Is it wrong to make use of paintings for such purposes as these? Hear the great Leibnitz on this subject:

"On the other hand, there appears a manifest utility and reason for the use of images in religion. For why do we read or listen to histories, but in order that the images they convey may be impressed upon our memory? But since the images thus expressed are extremely fleeting, nor always sufficiently distinct and clear, we should regard, as a great gift of God, the arts of painting and sculpture, by which we obtain lasting images, expressing objects with the utmost accuracy, vivacity and beauty, by the sight of which (since it is not always in our power to consult the original) the internal images are renewed, and, as a seal on wax, more deeply impressed upon the mind. Now since the use of images is so advantageous, where, I ask, shall they be more fully employed, than where it is of the greatest moment that the impressions on our memory should be of the most lasting and vivid character—that is, in the duties of piety and of the love of God? Especially since we have already proved that the most special use of all the arts and sciences—and consequently of painting—should be devoted to the worship of God."^a

He then quotes the council of Trent, praises its principles, and continues:

"Having established, then, that no other reverence of images is admitted than simply the veneration of the original in the presence of the image, there can be no more of idolatry therein, than in the veneration which we show

^a *Systema Theol.*, pp. 122—4.

to God and Christ when his most sacred name is pronounced; for names, also, are signs, and indeed, of a class far inferior to images, since they represent the thing much less vividly. Therefore, when it is said that an image is honored, nothing more is meant than when it is said that 'in the name of Jesus the knee is bent,' that 'the name of God is blessed,' or 'that glory is given to his name,' and to adore before the external image is no more censurable than to adore before the internal image, which is painted on our imaginations; for there is no other use of the external, than to render the internal image more vivid.*

He concludes thus:

"All things considered, therefore, since I see that there is nothing in the veneration of images, as approved by the Tridentine fathers, which is opposed to the divine honor, since there does not appear in these times any danger of that idolatry which transfers to others the honor due to God—whereas all men sufficiently know that the omnipotent God alone is worshipped with divine honor—since further, there exists a use of so many ages in the church, which could not without the greatest revolutions be abolished; since, in fine, abuses being removed, the practice is of very great fruit in the maintenance of piety, I conclude that the use of venerating the original in the presence of an image is rightly and piously retained, provided it be carefully circumscribed, with the utmost caution, within its proper limits."†

Such is the candid belief of Baron Leibnitz, one of the most gifted minds that ever lived—the equal of Puffendorf in jurisprudence, the witty antagonist of Bossuet in scholastic divinity; the successful opponent of Locke in psychology, and the rival of Newton in the unexplored regions of abstract mathematics."‡

In the days of trial and persecution, painting had still another mission to fulfil—namely: to fortify its victims against the insolent threats of their destroyers and against the fear of death. For this purpose were represented the sufferings and patience of Job, the three youths in the fiery furnace, Daniel in the den of lions, or Pharaoh and his host overturned in the Red Sea, as a prophetic anticipation of the final triumph of Christianity. The church, then, painted the martyrdom of St. Stephen catching a glimpse of the beatific vision in the very agonies of death, and praying for his executioners; and St. Andrew, contemplating with rapture the long desired instrument of his martyrdom, and exclaiming, "hail, precious cross,

that has been consecrated to the body of my Lord, and adorned with his limbs as with rich jewels! I come to thee exulting and glad, receive me with joy into thy arms!"

Thus did the church cheer on her children to endure the ills of life, and to suffer the torments of death. Notwithstanding ten bloody persecutions, Christianity grew rapidly in the very heart of pagan Rome, as a night flower that is protected by the shade; and its roots spread in a soil enriched with the remains of the saints, and yet moist with the generous blood they had shed in her defence. These things she has never forgotten. When she ascended the throne of the Cæsars and gave her cross as a standard to the Roman legions, she reproduced these beautiful paintings to perpetuate the triumph and glory of her devoted children.

The church, ever alive to the spiritual wants of her people, also employed this excellent mode of instruction to rouse them to a lively sense of the awful judgments of God. For this purpose she spread before them paintings of the last judgments. In them sin and despair, indelibly stamped upon every feature of the wicked, were represented in the most appalling manner; and in them, too, were delineated lovely wreaths of blessed souls floating in air as they rise from earth to heaven. Such paintings as these inspired the Christian poet with the eloquent and pathetic strains of the *Dies iræ*.

Such were the ends the church had in view while adorning her temples with paintings. Bede relates of his abbot, Biscop, that he brought from Rome, and placed in his church, paintings of sacred things—of the blessed Virgin, and the twelve Apostles, and of the evangelical history—in order that all who entered the church, though ignorant of letters, might, to whatever side they turned, contemplate either the loving countenances of Christ and of his apostles, the mysteries of the Lord's incarnation and death, or the final judgment; and that the spectacle might move them to devotion.

Thus all things in the church forcibly reminded Christians of the passion and sacred humanity of Christ; and, gazing on such scenes, they might feel as if in Bethlehem or on Calvary.

"And, I fancy, it would be no difficult

* Ibid. p. 144.

† Ibid. pp. 154–6.

‡ Dublin Review, No. 20, p. 396.

task," writes Dr. Wiseman, in his letters to Jno. Poynder, "with these objects before us, to expound and fully develop to the ancient Roman the Christian faith: the life of the Redeemer beginning with his birth from a virgin, to his death upon a cross; the testimony of his doctrine and the power which accompanied it, exhibited in the triumph of the first among his martyrs. And methinks this ancient heathen would have an idea of a religion immensely different from that which he had professed—the religion of the meek and of the humble, of the persecuted and the modest, of the devout and the chaste. I believe, too, that by seeing the substitution of symbol for symbol—of the cross, the badge of ignominy, with its unresisting victim, for the haughty thunderer—of the chastest of virgins for the lascivious Venus—of the forgiving Stephen, for the avenging god of war—he would thereby conceive a livelier idea of the overthrow of his idolatry by the mildest of doctrines, of the substitution of Christianity for heathenism, than if the temple had been merely stripped and left a naked hall, or a tottering ruin. And yet we are told that little or no change has taken place in the Pantheon by the substitution of the saints for all the gods!

"After having thus allowed the heathen to discover, if he could, his ancient worship and morality in the very Roman church which you had chosen, and explained to him the doctrines there taught, I would bring him to the only splendid temple in this country (England) wherein the Catholic religion has never been exercised, and where alone it has left no vestige of its truths and practices. I would bring him, after duly paying his entrance fee, into the cathedral of St. Paul's, and desire him to guess the religion to which it belonged. Would not his first question be, does it belong to any religion? is it a place of worship at all? No altar, no chapel, no emblem of any holy thought visible: no point towards which men turn, as strongly concentrating the divine presence; no emblem of a peculiar dedication; not a worshipper or a reverential spectator; not one who, as he crosses the threshold, prepares his soul, as if approaching God, in prayer. Would he, so far, see any thing to show him that he stood in a Christian temple? Might not the organ suggest to him that it is a hall for festive meetings? Might not the mouldy banners that wave above him, lead him to imagine that he was in the curia or senate-house of Rome?

"But while he thus felt himself at a loss to discover what religion claimed the possession of this temple; I would direct his attention another way, and bid him look among the tombs and costly monuments which surround him, for some intimation of what God is here worshipped, and what virtues taught. There he sees emblems in sufficient number—not the cross or the dove, or the olive branch, as

on the ancient tomb, but the drum and the trumpet, the boarding-pike and cannon. But who are they whose attitudes and actions are deemed the fit ornaments for this religious temple? Men rushing forward, with sword in hand, to animate their followers to the breach, or falling down while boarding the enemy's deck; heroes, if you choose, benefactors to their country, but surely not the illustrators of religion. Of one it is said that he died as a Roman would certainly have wished him after having grappled with his enemy's ship, and rendered the destruction of one or both secure; the epitaph of another is expressed in the words of his commander's despatch; that of a third, in the rote of the House of Commons, not a word of a single Christian virtue, of a thought for God, of a hope for heaven; not a hint that one professed, or believed in any religion. And would not the heathen rejoice to have found a temple, where the courage of the three hundred Fabii, of the self-devotion of the Decii, or the virtues of the Scipios, were so plainly taught and held up to the practical admiration and imitation of man?

"And how would his delight increase, on more closely inspecting the emblems under which these virtues, or their circumstances, are expressed. Sea and river gods, with their oozy crowns, and outpouring vases; the Ganges with his fish and calabash; the Thames, with the *genii* of his confluent streams; and the Nile, with his idol and the *sphinxæ*; *Victory* girt up as of old, placing earthly laurels on the brows of the falling; *Fame*, with its ancient trumpet, blasting forth their worldly merits; *Clio*, the offspring of *Apollo*, recording their history, and, besides these, new creations of gods and goddesses. *Rebellion and fraud, valor and sensibility; Britannia*, the very copy of his own worshipped *Rome*. This assemblage of ancient deities as the only symbols to instruct his eye would assuredly go far to confirm him, either that his ancient religion, its emblems, and its morality, had never been supplanted, or had lately been restored. Little would it boot to explain to him how, behind that screen, a sacred book was read to a few people once a week—to empty benches every day—which teaches man to abhor his idolatry and worship God in spirit. . . . All this would, I think, perplex him the more. If you are not permitted to make any images, or to have them in your temple, he would ask, why break the law only in favor of warriors and river gods? If these are allowed, why are the Christians of Rome to be denounced and anathematized for erecting those of Christ and his saints? And truly, I have no hesitation in saying that, if he reasoned as you have done, and followed your principles of judgment; if he pronounced upon religion by the shell and not by the kernel—by the body and not by the soul—by the outward forms, not by the belief which they express, and if he persisted, like

you, in giving credit to his own impressions and preconceived judgment, rather than to the protestations and declarations of those with whom he deals, I have no hesitation in saying that he would see a much fainter impress of Christian thought in the Protestant than in the Catholic temple — much greater memorials of proscribed idolatry in the English than in the Roman cathedral."

But I may be told that the use of painting is forbidden in Scripture. Methinks I hear some one ask what Scripture proof can you allege to justify your practice? No one, I suppose, will say that it is unlawful to have pictures in churches, on the ground that they are forbidden by the commandment given to the Jews of old. Yet we have been ignorantly accused of corrupting the decalogue to screen our conduct. It is even said that the commandment regarding images has been suppressed. If so, I would ask by whom? By the decree of some council, or by the bull of some pope? Let us have the date of such documents. By private consent? What would it have profited the church to have done so? Would it justify her practice? No, it would only have aggravated her guilt. Would it conceal the impiety? From whom would it conceal it? Not from her adversaries, who would gladly expose her for her corruption of God's holy word. Not, surely, from the people of her own communion. How could the church, in fact, have suppressed the commandment? Certainly by no other method, than by suppressing it from every Bible, book, and catechism in the world. For if she left it in any, the fraud would have been instantly detected. Now it so happens that it is to be found in every edition of the Bible that ever was published, and in every Catholic book that explains at large the commandments. The truth is, the charge is wholly groundless.

The first question, then, we must examine, is this: is the making of *all* images forbidden, or are we only forbidden to worship them? The commandment evidently does not forbid the making of images in general. If it did, it would be a sin to take a portrait of a friend, even of the father of our country! If so, then the United States mint is a factory of idols, and every money holder in the land is an idolater! If so, then no monument can be allowed in a church, and no altar piece; and yet it is a fact that the church of England has placed many

paintings in her temples. We can not, therefore, conclude that the making of images in general is forbidden.

Neither does the commandment forbid the making of *holy* images, for the very obvious reason that God himself *commanded* them to be made. In the tabernacle there were two cherubim in the Holy of Holies, and the walls of the great Jewish temple were sculptured with graven images. There is no doubt whatever that the temple was adorned with carved images and representations of the human countenance as much as it was possible for any building to be.

The whole question then turns upon this: whether Catholics are justified in making use of images as sacred memorials, and in praying before them as inspiring faith and devotion? I may be asked what warrant there is in Scripture for all this?

I might answer that I seek none; or rather I might ask, what authority there is to deprive me of such objects? It is the natural right of man to use any thing towards promoting the worship of God, which is not in any way forbidden. I might as well be asked, what warrant there is in Scripture for the building of churches, for the use of the organ, for the ringing of bells, for music, and for a thousand other things that appertain to the worship of God as practised by Christians of nearly all denominations? Do I want a warrant; do I require Scripture, for instance, for the use of the organ? Certainly not; because if the thing be innocent in itself, and serve to raise our hearts towards God, we consider that we have a right to use it; and nothing but a positive divine enactment can deprive us of this right.

And I wish to know whether any one would charge me with bad feelings if, on coming before the representation or image of any one whom I had loved and lost, I stood before it, fixed in veneration and affection, as though the object was really before me? And even if my eyes should fill with tears, and I should appear to address it with feelings of affectionate enthusiasm, I might be guilty of some extravagance in sentiment, of too vivid a feeling; but surely no one would say that I was guilty of superstition or idolatry in its regard.

Such is precisely all that the Catholic is taught to believe regarding the images set up in our churches. They are memorials in

the same way as other representations are, and we consider them well calculated to excite in the beholder similar feelings, only of a religious class.

"We must bring down religion to the apprehensions of the people, the best way we can. Images and paintings are but so many conductors, which bring the light from heaven, and direct it into the safe channel of their influence upon art, drawing forth the divinity of genius, whose works, thus inspired, elicit in their turn the devout yearnings of the spectator, thus engendering a holy action and reaction. I need not adduce instances; for the fact has been established at all times and in all countries where religion has availed itself of the artist's aid. If we are to banish from our churches the poetry of painting and sculpture, why not proscribe the muse herself and suppress the psalms? Why not interdict the music of the choir?"*

It is conformable to the best feelings of our nature to respect the portraits of those we love. A devoted mother is deprived of her loved child; she procures a miniature of it, and often kisses it with streaming eyes and a throbbing brow. Another has lost a fond mother, who watched over his childhood; he procures her portrait and places it in the most conspicuous part of the house; he never looks upon it but with a glow of the most affectionate feeling. This, exclaims a tender child, is the image of an affectionate father, who sleeps upon a foreign shore. But why describe such scenes? In the family circle feelings so sacred are often indulged in, which baffle all description. God

* Horace Smith.

himself implanted these feelings in the human heart when he enlightened us with reason.

May we indulge such emotions in the family circle without any crime, and must we check or stifle them before the sacred emblem of redemption, or the portraits of the apostles and martyrs? We ornament our parlors with the portraits of parents and of children to recall their fond remembrance; can it be a sin in us to use the portraits of the founders of Christianity for the same purpose, or for decorating our churches?

The portraits of Washington and of other illustrious men who have removed from our necks the galling yoke of foreign vassalage, are highly prized, and hold a conspicuous place in our houses, and we never look upon them without feeling our hearts swell with emotions of gratitude; can it then be wrong in us to respect the images of Christ, who freed us, not from temporal, but from an eternal slavery? Now, if a parent, if a child, if a patriot can indulge such feelings without sin, can it be a crime in a Christian to exult when he sees the cross of Christ elevated in the sanctuary of religion? Surely not.

"Forbid it every generous feeling," exclaims the lamented England. Forbid it every sentiment of pure religion! Can the tender recollection of paintings representing the mysteries of Calvary be idolatry? But why dwell longer on such a topic. Nature and the pure affections of the human heart are our best vindication. To the calm, to the unbiassed, to the candid, we confidently appeal. J. M.



OLD SCHOOL PRESBYTERIANS *versus* CATHOLIC BAPTISM.

Minute adopted by the General Assembly in relation to Baptism in the Romish church. Presbyterian, June 7th, 1845.



OUR readers remember that the general assembly of the (O. S.) Presbyterian church, which was convened in May last in Cincinnati, discussed and decided in the negative the question of the validity of baptism given in the Catholic church. The debate seems to have been carried on with some animation: speeches for and against, but chiefly against the validity of our baptism, were paraded in the religious and secular papers, and thus did the orators of the assembly succeed in demonstrating their unflinching opposition to popery; for it has now become obsolete among men to leave the left hand in ignorance of the good which the right hand does, and, although we are taught to place our confidence in Him who seeth the good work in secret, it is a very common thing for people to promulgate to the four winds whatever they have thought or said. On reading the grave but strange conclusion arrived at by the general assembly, that the baptism of the Catholic church is not valid, we were not a little amused, and, at the same time, we felt that this ludicrous proceeding should be abandoned to the utter silence which it so justly deserves; but on reflection we have come to the resolution of presenting the readers of the Magazine with some remarks on the subject, not so much because the claims of our modern Presbyterians call for a serious refutation, as because it is well for Catholics to have an insight into the inconsistency, the sophistry, the contradictions, and, we may add, the gross ignorance of certain opponents of the true church.

It may be well to state at the outset that this general assembly of the Presbyterian church which ventured to give a decision on a ques-

tion decided from the origin of Christianity, consisted of some less than two hundred voters, from different parts of the United States, one half of whom claim to be ministers or pastors, the other half *mere laymen*, called ruling elders, and altogether disqualified for the discussion of theological matters. The Presbyterians, it is well known, revere John Calvin as their founder; but Calvinists form other societies, the principal of which is the Congregationalists, who are almost as numerous as the Presbyterians proper; the former were not, of course, represented in the general assembly, neither were the Presbyterians of Scotland and England and Ireland, nor the Huguenots of France, so that, on the whole, this was the decision of a small portion of the Presbyterian church, or the decision of a mere handful of men; the more so as the Presbyterian church was split in 1837 and 1838 into two branches, nearly equal in numerical strength, but very opposite in views and tenets, and both claiming to be the genuine Presbyterian church. One branch has kept up, and perhaps even increased that spirit of bigotry and fanaticism which shows itself on every page of English and Scotch history in the 17th century. It is the branch that met at Cincinnati. The other branch has adopted more humane and tolerant forms. With the latter body we have at present nothing to do. It is hard to give a name to either of the two branches that will not be on some ground objectionable. The party which met in Cincinnati is often called Old School, or Old Style, also Scotch Presbyterians, the other New School, New Style, and American Presbyterians. We disclaim all intention to use what may be considered a nickname, but for the sake of distinction it will be necessary to employ some of the names given above. The Old School Presbyterians count in their official report of 1843 about one hundred and sixty thousand members in communion. For the sake of comparison, we may add that the

Catholics number in their ranks more millions than they reckon thousands.

To return to the question, a query on the validity of the baptism given in the Catholic church having been put by the timorous ministers of Ohio, it was discussed for a few days in the assembly, and then, the previous question having been demanded, there were one hundred and sixty-nine votes against the validity of baptism in the church of Rome, six for the validity, and four *non-liquets*! We must add that the six dissentient voters presented a counter-report wherein they express their reasons for dissenting from the majority of the brethren. The meeting then appointed a committee to draw up a minute expressive of the views of the house in deciding against the validity of baptisms by Catholic priests. By this decision they have managed to exhibit two points in a very prominent light. In the first place, they show their total ignorance and disregard of the tenets of all Christian churches from the earliest ages, and then an aggravated bitterness of zeal against the ancient church, which proves them in this respect at least the worthy disciples of John Calvin, who, having failed in obtaining in that church the preferment he aimed at, swore, in a spirit of humility and forbearance, that he would make it repent of the refusal.

It is singular enough that a few preachers could have thought of settling this question by vote, and have proceeded in their deliberations with a consciousness of its importance and momentous effects. Did these lay and clerical gentlemen imagine that their word was powerful enough to invalidate baptism, and really believe that the poor *papist* depended on their decision, just as the life of a culprit depends on the verdict of a jury? The editor of the paper quoted at the head of this article, returning home from the scene of theological warfare, exults in the idea of having placed the matter at rest.

"The decision of the assembly," he says, "is the only consistent one that could be adopted. In this matter the Roman Catholics have been taken by surprise. They have been effectually attacked in their entrenchments."

We presume, then, that this vote of one hundred and eighty-nine ministers and laymen has killed us dead, and that amongst ourselves the administration of baptism ought to be sus-

pending, while we call upon our Presbyterian friends to introduce us into the church! If their decision has the effect which they seem to give it, would it not be well in the next assembly to settle by vote all controverted questions of every kind? Were they, for instance, to decide that all the planets are inhabited, myriads of living things might be ushered into existence if, perchance, there were none before.

The reader will at once perceive that theological and scientific questions are not determined by mere votes, particularly by the votes of persons who have met from various places, and pronounce, without any preparatory and serious study, without any reference to history, to books, and to other sources of ecclesiastical learning, and with no other qualification to decide than strong prejudice and a great confidence in their own ability. If, however, votes were wanted in this case, we could easily find one thousand for one, gathered not only from a few sectional districts of the United States, but from every part of the globe, from the old and the new world, from Mexico to Russia, from England to the Cape of Good Hope. Suffice it here to quote the council of Trent as an example of a genuine deliberative assembly. Such a body, confining ourselves to the extrinsic evidence of its competency, had at least some chances of success, because its decisions were carried unanimously after a patient and conscientious investigation of facts. There were not to be found among the voters all classes of persons, but the chief pastors of the church, almost three hundred in number, from Italy, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Poland, Hungary, England, Ireland, Flanders, &c. There the various topics presented for examination were discussed by a large number of theologians and canonists who had grown old within the precincts of universities and colleges, or who had otherwise, by their learning and writing, given evidence of their ability to throw light upon the questions proposed. They discussed the questions, but, according to the immemorial usage of the church, they gave no vote. Much less were mere laymen called upon to vote. There was in Trent an immense collection of books opened at all times for consultation, and the questions were debated not by delegates who wished to make a speech and to have their name trumpeted abroad, but by doctors and professors

whose names have reached us untainted by the suspicion of vanity. These doctors did not despatch questions in a day or two, but they remained several *years* in patient and persevering study. There is not a single word in the council which was not conscientiously pondered, and some words cost the theologians of the council weeks and months of labor. None of the articles of faith were written in the decrees till after a perfect unanimity of all the bishops, and it should be also remembered that the Protestants had been repeatedly invited and solicited to come to the council, and every desirable facility afforded them for this purpose. The reader will perceive where the probability lies of a right and reasonable decision, whether in the assembly just described, or among one hundred and eighty-nine clerical and lay persons, who, without any leisure for a patient discussion, despatched all their business in a time which would scarcely have sufficed to shake off the dust collected on their coats during the journey, and gave a decision against which some of the voters firmly protested.

When we inquire into the reasons alleged by the general assembly in support of their decision, all we find on this subject is a minute of a few lines, together with some speeches preparatory to the decision. To dispose first of the speeches, we must say that they exhibit a profound ignorance, and consist exclusively of abusive language against the church. Those learned orators thought that all was done by calling the Catholic church *the mother of harlots*; of course her baptism was not valid. Their discussions exhibit the poorest specimen of theological debate we have ever read, and resemble altogether the maiden essays of school-boy argumentation. We beg leave to introduce this triumphant reasoning of Dr. Reid.

"Are we prepared to acknowledge Pope Gregory XVI and all his cardinals with their red hats as ministers of Christ? If they are not in the church themselves, can they put any one in? Moreover, if the pope has authority to put any one into the church, he has authority to put out, and then we are all out, and we may as well quit the discussion and go home; and where will we stop? If baptism by the church of Rome is valid, then any baptism is valid. For there are none more corrupt who call themselves Christians."

Most conclusive indeed! We will have

occasion to return to the intrinsic merit of these remarks. "If they are not in the church themselves, can they put any one in?" We might ask on the same ground, what is the use of any ecclesiastical ministry? Why is the world overflowed with preachers? If they are not in heaven, can they introduce any one into it? Again: will the baptism given by a bad man, though a real O. S. Presbyterian minister, be also invalid? How can he introduce one into the church, he who is the enemy of the Master of the church? But the other argument of the learned doctor is unexampled in point of logical strength. "If the pope has authority to put any one into the church, he has authority to put out, and then we are all out." We admit the conclusion, not the reason on which it is grounded. Any one that baptizes can introduce into the church, and he that introduces into the church can expel from it! According to this, any Presbyterian preacher who can administer baptism validly can exclude the whole world from the church, so as to have it all to himself.

The following words from another orator, Prof. Thornwell, must not be omitted. The dignified character of his language, the coherency of his views, and the sincerity of his protestations seem to us too remarkable to be overlooked.

"She (the church of Rome) is not *the* church or a church of Christ. What is she then? She is two things. First. She is Antichrist. Second. She is a civil state, drawing the resources of her government from heaven, earth, and hell. Being a civil state, Rome has no more right to baptize than any other state whatever. . . . It is objected that by rejecting Romish baptism we invalidate our own, and unchurch ourselves. This objection proceeds upon the false principle that baptism constitutes church membership. But the man is received as a church member *before* his baptism, and is baptized *because* he is a member, not to make him one. . . . I have no enmity to the church of Rome. But I wish a complete separation from the mother of harlots and mistress of abominations."

We need not stop to consider the arguments contained in these scientific remarks. We may merely observe that the two orators do not agree upon the very nature of baptism. One makes of it an introduction into the church: the other considers it a badge of membership after admission. Could we not with reason say to these gentlemen: agree first among

yourselves upon the definition, the nature and the chief effect of baptism, and then you may think of rejecting ours? Why engage in a foreign war, when you have so much to fight about at home?

It is not our intention, however, to comment upon the speeches made on the occasion referred to; for those speeches, as far as we know, did not receive the sanction of the assembly, and their inconsistencies and oddities must be laid to the charge of their respective authors. But we wish to submit to the reflecting portion of the community a few remarks on the *minute* adopted by the assembly; which, it will be remembered, was drawn up by order, to be presented to the world as an embodiment of the reasons which actuated the assembly, in deciding that the baptism of the Roman church is not valid.

The principal thing that struck us on reading this document is the total absence of Scripture proof. It might have been anticipated that texts would have been found in the Bible in support of the view they have taken of valid baptisms, and indeed many such passages were quoted by St. Cyprian and the Donatists of old, whose error on this subject the Presbyterians of America have renewed and embraced. But although Protestants affect to determine all religious questions by the Bible, and wish to have no other authority than the Bible, they have not had the wisdom in this case to put forth any texts which might be misunderstood plausibly, though falsely, in support of their views. In the art of searching the Scripture, they have been beaten; but modern Presbyterians seem to us inexcusable in not knowing the Scriptural passages which would serve them. Had they opened any of our theological books, they would have found those texts such as they were alleged in former times, and such as they are to be understood according to good sense and tradition. It is manifest that a question like the present can, on Protestant principles, be decided by no other than Scriptural considerations: for it is from Scripture that Protestants must derive their knowledge of the nature and effect of the sacraments. If, then, they venture on a decision without Scripture texts in support of it, they manifestly fall into a contradiction, and reject the very corner-stone of their church edifice. This the Presbyterians have done on

the present occasion, unless perhaps they have received some new and extraordinary revelation of heaven, amounting to a Scriptural revelation, a case perhaps not altogether unknown to those gentlemen. Thus they tell us in their Confession of Faith* that the assurance of the divine authority of the Scriptures is from the inward work of the Holy Spirit, bearing witness by and with the word in our hearts. Thus did this inward work of the Spirit bearing witness in them lead to the many frightful incidents and scenes described in that part of English and Scottish history with which Presbyterianism is connected.

The general assembly in the expose of its motives for denying the validity of Catholic baptism, quotes neither Scripture, nor tradition, nor ecclesiastical history. Does it quote any thing? Yes: it quotes the *Presbyterian Directory*, the *Presbyterian form of government*, and the *minutes of Presbyterian assemblies*, and the *Presbyterian Digest*; an excellent mode of enlightening the world upon the question discussed, and of taking *papists* by surprise! As an improvement upon this method, we would suggest to ministers in general the convenient practice of quoting themselves; and instead of saying, We read in Scripture, to say, I have stated formerly, I have so taught, &c. But what is all this but recurring to the traditions of men which Protestants hold in execration? Do Presbyterians admit the infallibility of their Confession of Faith, Directory, and form of government? Certainly they do not, and hence they modify and amend their constitution as they please. Still, as inconsistency must show itself in some way or other, after having denied the tradition of the *universal* church, they are most admirably disposed tamely to submit to *Presbyterian tradition*.

It was scarcely to be imagined that the Presbyterians of America would revive in the nineteenth century an old and exploded heresy which, as every smatterer in divinity knows, was started, and condemned and crushed, though not without difficulty, in the first centuries of the church. The main, though perhaps not the only reason which is assigned in the minute quoted at the head of this article, is that a heretical church, which as they say is no church at all, can not validly administer baptism, and as we poor papists are rank and incor-

* Ch. I. Art. v.

rigible heretics, there can be no virtue in our baptism. Now this constitutes precisely the error of the rebaptizers which had been given up by all sects as untenable, until in the year 1845 it pleased the Old School, otherwise Scotch, Presbyterians of the United States to renew it. Those who are ever so little acquainted with ecclesiastical history, know that this error originated with a certain Agrippinus, bishop of Carthage, towards the year 217. This bishop seems to have been well disposed, though perhaps of a weak mind. St. Vincent of Lerins, in his classical Monitory, No. 9, says of him: "Agrippinus of sacred memory, bishop of Carthage, was the first of mortals who against the divine law, against the rule of the universal church, against the opinion of all his colleagues in the priesthood, against the usage and decrees of the ancients, thought that heretics were to be re-baptized." The opinion of Agrippinus acquired greater notoriety a few years after, when St. Cyprian, in the same see of Carthage, towards the middle of the same century, adopting the views of his predecessors, ordered that all those who had been baptized by heretics should, on their re-entering the church, receive baptism anew. Firmilian, bishop of Cæsarea, with some other bishops of Asia and Africa, had at the same time embraced the views of Cyprian, and the controversy then presented an example of a question which, because it was not clearly settled in the Scriptures, and because for a short time the universal practice of the church was not sufficiently known in some localities, was decided contradictorily, without any real schism or heresy, because the latter consists in an obstinate refusal to admit the decisions which the church, the ground and the pillar of truth, and always invisibly directed by the Holy Ghost, puts forth in relation to disputed points. St. Stephen, who was then seated in the pontifical chair, armed with the traditions of the church, whose custom it was, as transmitted from the apostles, not to re-baptize, and proving that this tradition, and not the fluctuating conclusions deduced by the human mind from some general and ambiguous sentences of Scripture, were to be the rule of Christians, vigorously opposed the views of the bishops, led astray by their precipitate and inconsiderate zeal, and addressed them in language which has ever since been engraven on the escutcheon of the church:

"Let no innovation be made contrary to tradition."* Hence he concluded that those who return to the church from heresy, are not to be admitted by a second baptism, but by an expiatory ceremony of imposition of hands. It is not consistent with the limits of this article to enter into all the details of this interesting controversy; but it will be sufficient to state that the sure and practical method of tradition soon disposed of the innovation which had for a time crept into some portions of the church. Some years after we find the controversy ended by a solemn decision of the church, at the council of Arles in 314, in which many bishops from Africa, Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, and Gaul had assembled, together with two priests and two deacons sent by pope St. Sylvester. The decree runs thus: "Concerning Africans (who re-baptize, following their own way,) it has pleased the council that if any one returns to the church from heresy, and it be seen that he has been baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, he receive only imposition of hands; but if, on interrogating him, he does not answer to the Trinity, he must be baptized."† The great council of Nice, so much revered by all parties, decided the same controversy. For in the nineteenth canon it decrees that Paulinists must be re-baptized; and we learn from St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and Pope St. Innocent I, that these heretics vitiated the form of baptism, not invoking the three persons of the Holy Trinity. But in the eighth canon it decrees that the Cathari or Novatians were to be admitted by the imposition of hands. For these schismatics had preserved the usual form of baptism in the church. The second general council, held at Constantinople in the year 381, repeated in most express terms the same decrees. After these solemn decisions, the question of the validity of baptism given by heretical sects (provided they adhere to the matter and form prescribed by Christ) has always been considered in the church as a settled point, and all those who have obstinately maintained the opinion of the rebaptizers, have been looked upon as excluded from the church, as guilty of rebellion against her with whom Christ has pledged his word to remain until the consummation of ages. Such were the Donatists, a sect which

* *Nihil innovetur nisi quod traditum est.*

† *Can. 8.*

arose in Africa towards the beginning of the fourth century, and taught that the ancient church had altogether perished, and a new one, perfectly pure, had arisen among themselves, though confined to Africa. In consequence of these notions, they re-baptized those who had not received baptism in their party, contending that no baptism was valid out of the church. The Donatists have always been noted as having joined heresy to schism, by their extravagant pretension that baptism was valid only in their own party. The full history and complete refutation of those sectarians is to be found in the works of St. Austin, who spent a great portion of his life in confuting their errors, and rendered his name illustrious and his memory precious to the church by his triumph over them. This celebrated doctor, whom Calvin himself and Calvinists generally praise and admire so much, established as a Christian axiom that sacraments are not null because they are conferred by wicked or heretical ministers. For the efficacy of a sacrament does not depend on the virtues and internal dispositions of the one who confers it; because it is Christ himself who applies the effect of the sacrament, through even an unworthy minister. The following words of this doctor can not be repeated too often, as they express in the clearest manner the views of the Christian church on the subject :

“Judas baptized and no one baptized again after him. John baptized, and such persons were baptized over again : because, even when Judas baptized, it was the baptism of Christ; but the other was the baptism of John. We do not prefer Judas to John; but we prefer the baptism of Christ given by Judas to the baptism of John given by himself, and thus it is Christ himself who has baptized those whom a drunkard, a murderer, an adulterer has baptized, if he has used the baptism of Christ; for I fear not a drunkard, a murderer, an adulterer, because I attend to the dove that says : He it is that baptizes.”*

After the extinction of the Donatist schism, the error of the Rebaptizers fell into oblivion, until it was renewed by the Albigenses and the Valdenses, and afterwards by Wickliffe, who maintained the following proposition, which no one would now endorse: “If a bishop or a priest be in a state of mortal sin, he does not ordain, he does not consecrate, he does not

baptize.” The same heretic went so far as to deny the right of property in those who were in sin. His errors were anathematized by the church in the council of Constance, and such was the effect of these repeated condemnations of the error now revived by the Old School Presbyterians, that Luther and Calvin and the other patriarchs of the reformation never thought of questioning the validity of baptism conferred by heretics.* As a proof of this, we have only to state that the reformers, with the exception of the Anabaptists and Baptists, who, however, act on totally different grounds, have never re-baptized those who joined them either from the Catholic church or other denominations. Indeed, the very fact that the Presbyterians gave a decision upon this point, is an evident proof of this : for, the case presenting itself often, there could be no reason for the new regulation, if a practice contrary to it did not already exist among them; in fact, their own Confession of Faith admits it clearly enough : † “The sacrament of baptism is but once to be administered to any person.” This constitutes the text of the Confession of Faith, and as they bind themselves to follow Scripture as the only rule of faith and practice, here is the proof Presbyterians give of this non-repetition of baptism : “not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost. N. B.—There is no command, and no adequate example for the repetition of baptism.”‡ How the text of St. Paul here quoted proves that baptism can not be administered more than once, is beyond our perception; but we find here an open and candid avowal of the Presbyterian church before the year 1845, that baptism can not be repeated. The Donatists and Rebaptizers in former days certainly afforded instances of the repetition of baptism, and are not these the instances which the *Confession* declares inadequate? If any thing more were required to stamp with the character of novelty this recent decision of the Presbyterians, it would be found in the counter report of the minority, who assert that the constant practice of the reformed churches has been to view Catholic baptism as valid, and in the avowal of the editor of the Presbyterian already quoted, who in-

* See Calvin's Institutes, l. iv, c. 1, s. 18.

† Ch. 28, Art. vii.

‡ Tit. iii, 5.

* Tract v, in Joan.

genuously confesses that the same decision could not have been obtained a year or two ago. As Presbyterians, then, have so far regarded our baptism as valid, we are led to infer that they have lately received some new inspiration, which directs them to consider it now as invalid. This forms but a trivial illustration of that constancy and permanency in belief which prevail among the opponents of the Catholic church. We do not despair of seeing the decision of the general assembly repealed at some future session, in order to exhibit still farther the inevitable necessity of self-constituted churches being tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine.

We think we have shown, with sufficient evidence, the unanimity of belief among the Christian churches concerning the validity of baptism given by heretics, and what we have said will place in its true light the following assertion of Prof. Thornwell :

"This question has been settled by at least five provincial councils, and always in the same way, viz: adverse to the recognition of such baptisms. We stand, therefore, upon the platform of the ancient church, and I hope this assembly will come unanimously upon the same ground."

Is not this a very edifying acknowledgment of the respect due to the ancient church; and who would not believe, after this, that Presbyterians revere traditions and ancient usages? But this pretended ancient church of the professor was in reality but an exceedingly small portion of the whole church; it was in reality neither more nor less than the church of Carthage, and of some other African and eastern cities, whose bishops, on the strength of a reasoning founded upon Scripture and upon an imperfect idea of the nature of sacraments, violated, as they themselves acknowledged, the custom of the ancient church. But that the ancient church was against the pretensions of modern Presbyterians is plain from the fact that she rose *en masse* against the advocates of rebaptization, and they were condemned, not by a few provincial councils, but by GENERAL councils, and the condemnation of these sectarians was acknowledged as a public and authentic fact, which the reformers themselves admitted, and which can be denied only by those who are willing to be ranked with ignorant and presumptuous seiolists. In fact, we can view the appeal of Professor

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Thornwell to the custom of the ancient church in no other light than as a trick of his to work upon the minds of the assembled preachers and elders, whom he knew full well to be better acquainted with pulpit platforms than with the platform of the ancient church, and to be much more conversant with the business of revival excitements, than with church history and ecclesiastical antiquities.

We have not to do, however, with the declamations of the orators who figured in the assembly, but with the minute adopted and sanctioned by the majority of that body. From the preceding historical sketch, the reader will be better able to appreciate the course of reasoning presented to the world by the Old School general assembly in support of the decision against the validity of baptism in the church of Rome. They say:

"Since baptism is an ordinance established by Christ in his church,* and is to be administered only by a minister of Christ, duly called and ordained to be a steward of the mysteries of God,† it follows that no rite administered by one who is not himself a duly ordained minister of the true church of God visible, can be regarded as an ordinance of Christ, whatever be the name by which it is called, whatever the form employed in its administration; the so called priests of the Romish communion are not ministers of Christ."

Most of the minute is taken up in maintaining the assertions contained in this extract, which we may sum up and divide into three propositions. None but a duly ordained minister can confer baptism validly; a false church can have no duly ordained ministers; the Roman church is a false church. From these three propositions we arrive at the conclusion that the church of Rome has no valid baptism. The real scope of the argument contained in the minute is to expose the last proposition, that the church of Rome is no true church, but an apostate one, the man of sin, accursed of God, and, more than all this, she was declared to be no church by an anathema passed against her as late as the general assembly of 1835. Now it is easy to show that the three propositions above enumerated are absolutely and unqualifiedly false, not only according to our own principles, or the decrees of our church, which, by reason of its superior authority, and other prerogatives, should at least

* Form. Gov., ch. vii, Matt. xxviii, 19, 20.

† Directory, ch. vii, § 1.

outweigh the decision of the hundred and eighty-nine Presbyterian divines (this requires no proof), but according to the principles of the reformers themselves; and we promise to convince the reader not only that the general assembly were ignorant of the Catholic doctrine, but that they equally misunderstood the doctrine delivered by the authors, and generally adopted by the abettors of the reformation.

1. "None but a duly ordained minister can confer baptism validly." This first proposition is utterly false. Let us hear Luther upon this subject; his authority should have great weight; for, according to the minute adopted by the assembly, "Luther and his coadjutors were fully authorized by the word of God to ordain successors in the ministry, and so to extend and perpetuate the reformed churches," or, in other words, Luther was the grand-sire even of the Presbyterian church, and he was raised up by the Almighty for its establishment and propagation. Now Luther, so far from requiring a duly ordained minister to confer baptism validly, admitted as valid the baptism of any body, man, woman, or child; nay, even baptism given by the devil himself. Lest the reader imagine this to be a mere joke, we quote the following from Luther's book "on the private mass and the unction of priests," published in the year 1524. "I will not say what papists say, that no angel, nor Mary herself, could consecrate. But on the contrary, I say that if the devil himself would come, and that I afterwards knew that the devil had crept into the office of a pastor of the church in the shape of a man, and had preached, baptized, celebrated mass, and absolved from sin, following the institution of Christ, then we would be bound to own that sacraments are not on that account devoid of efficacy, and that Christians would have received a true baptism, a true Gospel, a true absolution, and a true sacrament of the body and blood of Christ." After having made this assertion, Luther adduces proofs from Scripture and other sources to establish it. We will not follow him in this discussion; but we think it due to the reformer's reputation of consistency to add that one of his favorite theories, broached by him to meet the difficulties arising from peculiar circumstances of Protestantism, consisted in asserting that all baptized Christians are ministers of the church, or priests,

and have full power to preach, baptize, absolve, &c. It would be too long to enumerate the passages of Luther's work, in which he maintains this doctrine; it will suffice to quote one of his books, written for this very purpose in 1523: *Ad Pragenses de instituendis ministris*. He here asserts that "no one is *made* priest of the New Testament, but a priest is *born* so; no priest is *ordained*, but he is so *created*. He is born a priest in baptism, and all Christians are priests." After this he undertakes to prove at length that all Christians receive in baptism the right of preaching, baptizing, absolving, and binding. According to Luther, therefore, all Christians are duly ordained ministers, and are empowered to confer all sacraments validly. It is true, Calvin thought far otherwise, and he was so much opposed to Luther's sentiment, that all Christians are equal in the administration of the sacraments, that he denies to laymen, and particularly to women, the right of baptizing in case of necessity, though the contrary, in regard to baptism, had been admitted from the earliest ages, both in the western and eastern churches. Luther and Calvin differ on this point as on many others, yet both present us the Bible as a warrant for the truth of their assertion. Does the Bible teach such contradictions? The only way to explain this moral phenomenon is to suppose that neither found his doctrine in the Bible, but in his own imagination; it is also plain that neither Luther nor Calvin was divinely appointed for the reformation of the church, but unfortunately misled into the ways of schism and error.

The true doctrine which had always been taught before the sixteenth century, recognises in laymen the power of baptizing validly; a power which they may and should make use of in case of necessity; this case excepted, the authority to administer the sacraments belongs only to duly ordained ministers. It is well, indeed, for Presbyterians that laymen can validly administer baptism, otherwise their baptism would be evidently null, for their ministers themselves are mere laymen according to their own showing. We would not make this remark but for the strange declaration of the minute,

"That Luther and his coadjutors, being duly ordained presbyters at the time when they left the Romish communion, were fully authorized to ordain successors in the ministry."

Laying aside the fact, ascertained by the constant doctrine and practice of the church, that presbyters have no right to ordain others, do Presbyterians forget that they never received any orders from Luther, and that they are the offspring of Calvin, who was not even a *presbyter*, and who, therefore, by their own confession, had no right to ordain ministers? "Out of your own mouth we judge you." The one hundred and eighty-nine voters seem to have lost sight of their own history.

2. The second proposition mentioned above is also utterly inadmissible, that a *false church can have no duly ordained ministers*. We need only advert to the fact that the whole Christian world, with the exception of the Donatists already referred to, have always believed that a duly ordained ministry could exist in a false church. Hence the Catholic church in ancient times never raised a doubt upon the validity of ordinations among Arians and Pelagians, nor does the church at present deny the validity of Greek ordinations, though she looks upon the Greek church as a schismatical body. But we would ask, how do Presbyterians prove their point from Scripture in opposition to tradition and to the Christian world, which, with the Scripture always under their eyes, never perceived in it the doctrine of Presbyterians? The same argument that is adduced against the possibility of a valid ministry in a false church, may, with equal reason, be alleged against the possibility of any false church possessing the genuine word of God or the Scriptures. But we invite the attention of our Presbyterian friends to the following dilemma, from which we see not how they can extricate themselves. At the time that Luther and Calvin separated from the Roman church, the latter was either a true or a false church. If she was a false church, then Calvin, whom all admit to have been baptized in her communion, did not receive a valid baptism, then neither he nor his followers were baptized, and, of course, the body of Presbyterians at this day, in regard to the Christian church, are like the *uncircumcised Philistines* of old, since there has never been a duly ordained minister among them. If the Roman church was a true church, then Calvin and his followers should never have abandoned it: by separating themselves from it, they have incurred the guilt of schism, which has ex-

cluded them from the true church, and for this reason again they have no duly ordained minister. It is plain, therefore, that Presbyterians, by their decision, have set a trap in which they have been caught themselves first.

3. The third assertion to which we have alluded declares that *the Roman church is a false church*. Now, setting aside in this assertion the hostile spirit, the presumption, pride, and insatiation which it bears upon the face of it, we shall speak only of the plain inconsistency and contradiction of the Scotch Presbyterian party. For they here abandon the only plank left to Protestants for upholding the appearance of a church system, and they depart from the common doctrine held by their most eminent and celebrated divines. Jurieu was as stern a Calvinist and Presbyterian as any member of the Cincinnati assembly, and yet, in his investigation of the subject, in order to hold out a little longer in the controversial field, he was driven to the system of the *fundamental articles* of Christianity, which contends that only those societies that deny some fundamental points are excluded from the universal church. Now Jurieu himself, as infuriated against papal Rome as any member of the recent assembly, had not the boldness to say that the Roman church erred in any fundamental article, because he had a little more judgment and tact than our Old School Presbyterians. Jurieu excluded Unitarians from the true church, while he admitted Catholics, although with reluctance. All Protestant societies have been of the same sentiment, and thus has arisen that system of latitudinarianism which has engulfed all the reformed churches of Germany, England, and even America, if we except the rigid Presbyterians, the true descendants of Knox, who have not yet felt what is termed "the mild influence of this refined and tolerant age."*

* The New School Presbyterians are in this respect totally at variance with their former brethren. Besides their repudiation of the harsh dogmas of Calvin concerning predestination, fatalism, and the redemption of only a few, they adopt in its widest sense the idea of a church consisting of all sects. The author of an article on the New School Presbyterians, found in the "original history of the religious denominations in the United States," says in reference to this branch of the Presbyterian church: "It does not regard itself as the church, but only as a particular branch of the Catholic or universal church. It regards papacy and episcopacy as great usurpations of ecclesiastical power. . . . Yet Presbyterians do not deny the validity of ordinances, because mixed with the errors and usurpations of prelacy. On the contrary they dare not disown any church which holds Christ the head."

On one condition, however, the O. S. Presbyterians would view us as genuine Christians; in case the Catholic church would adopt the views of Ronge, the apostate priest who wishes to cover with the cloak of religious hypocrisy his lewdness, insubordination, and pride. An argument deduced from the conduct of Ronge to prove our claims to orthodoxy was adduced by certain orators in the assembly, and seemed to make some impression. This is certainly latitude enough. To acquire the honor of being reputed orthodox in faith and high in sanctity, we have only to imitate Lucifer, who, in his pride, would submit to no body, not even to God, and to imitate those deluded widows of whom the apostle speaks: "When they have grown wanton in Christ, they will marry, having damnation because they have made void their first faith."* It will be a long time before the Presbyterians admit us to the right of church membership on such grounds. Ronge, Chatel, Gregoire, &c., will soon fall into that oblivion and neglect from which they should never have risen, and the Catholic church will ride through the storm as triumphantly as ever. Her whole history authorizes this assertion.

The minute, however, sets forth some of the principal reasons which prevent the Roman church from being a true church.

"She claims to be infallible—she claims equal authority for the Apocrypha as for the New Testament—she declares the sense held and taught by holy mother church on the authority of the fathers and tradition, to be the true and only sense of Scripture—she rejects the justification by faith—she proclaims the reception of the eucharist to be the receiving of Christ himself."

These are the fundamental errors attributed to the church of Rome, and for which, in the opinion of the Scotch party, she is no church at all. A word will suffice on each of these charges. *She claims to be infallible.* On this ground the Presbyterian church is also no church, for she practically asserted and vindicated her infallibility by excluding, in 1837 and 1838, from the general assembly, nearly one half of the old Presbyterian church on account of sixteen doctrinal errors, besides ten departures from Presbyterian order, and five declensions in Christian discipline. Such were the grounds of the verdict rendered by the old against the

new school. *She claims authority for the Apocrypha as for the New Testament.* On this score St. Matthew himself, who quotes, ch. xxvii, v. 43, from the Book of Wisdom, ii, 13, was not in the church, and the great council of Nice, convened from every part of Christianity in 325, was not in the church, because it placed the Book of Judith among the sacred Scriptures, as we learn from St. Jerom in his preface on this book. *She declares the sense held and taught by holy mother church on the authority of the fathers and tradition to be the true and only sense of Scripture.* This is, indeed, a singular charge; it might as well be made a fundamental error to use words in the sense that most people and most dictionaries give to them. But why do the Presbyterians fall themselves into the pretended abuse which they reproach us with? Why do they give their disciples, besides the Old and New Testament, the *Confession of Faith* of the Presbyterian church, and the *Larger and Shorter Catechisms* of the Westminster assembly? At all events, if Scripture is to be interpreted by every one as he pleases, we still come within the limits of Protestant orthodoxy by choosing to interpret it as so many others have done before us. *She rejects justification by faith.* This is utterly false: we reject justification by faith alone. We do not attribute a physical effect to sacraments by which they sanctify a man necessarily, whether he has faith, sorrow for his sins, or not, as some of the orators of the assembly seem to have understood it. Moreover, we hold in abhorrence the maxim of Luther, who advised his followers to sin boldly, that they might test more fully the success of justification by faith alone. *She proclaims the reception of the eucharist to be the receiving of Christ himself.* If this is a fundamental error, the Lutherans, who in Europe and in this country form a number far exceeding the other branches of Protestantism, are also excluded from the church.

Thus, according to principles laid down by the divines of Cincinnati, the New School Presbyterians are not in the church, having been cut off for schism and heresy in 1839. The Lutherans are not in the church; the church of England is almost ruined, and one half of it is entirely ruined by admitting tradition and the real presence, and thus, by a

* 1 Tim. iv, 12.

* Direct. ch. vii, § 4.

grand discovery, the Christian church is reduced very nearly to the Old School Presbyterians, consisting of about fourteen hundred ministers, with two hundred thousand members in communion. They form the kingdom of Christ upon earth. Such being the case, the following passages of Scripture concerning the universal diffusion of the church of Christ, may not be inaptly suggested for the examination and serious study of our Presbyterian divines. We will remark in advance that they are not taken from the Apocrypha.* "Ask of me, and I will give thee the gentiles for thy inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession."† "He shall rule from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."‡ "All the nations thou hast made shall come and adore before thee."§ "The stone cut out of a mountain became itself a great mountain, filling the whole earth."|| "In the last days the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be prepared on the top of mountains, and all nations shall flow unto it." In short, let our opponents reflect upon the grain of mustard seed which became a great tree, spreading its branches on every side, and upon the promise, *go teach all nations: I am with you all days, &c.* The small number of Old School Presbyterians will perhaps open their eyes, and see that they do not fill the whole earth, but are confined to a very small corner of the globe. The Roman Catholic church alone beholds all these prophecies verified in her universal diffusion, and she alone is free from the necessity of having recourse to the ruinous and antichristian theory of the *fundamental articles* in order to explain the Catholicity of the kingdom of Christ upon earth.

Before we dismiss this third assertion of the general assembly we have one more remark to make. If the Catholic church is a false church for holding the doctrines above enumerated, she was then a false church at the period when Luther, Calvin, Knox, and other reformers were born. For it is manifest that she held then the doctrines rejected by Presbyterians. The church then claimed infallibility, the so-called Apocrypha were in all editions of the Bible; tradition was revered, and the holy

eucharist was held without a dissenting voice to be the body of Christ. That the church then professed these doctrines can be proved from innumerable monuments anterior to the rise of Protestantism, and indeed from the consent both of Catholics and Protestants. The former acknowledge that no change can occur in the faith, and the latter urge the profession of those doctrines as a ground for instituting a new religion. The church, then, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, admitted all those doctrines which are so unpalatable to Presbyterians, and, if the profession of these doctrines constitutes a false church, Calvin and his coadjutors who received baptism in the Roman Catholic church, and were not afterwards re-baptized, received baptism in a false church. Then, according to the principles of the O. S. Presbyterians, they were not baptized, and as an immediate and necessary consequence of the New Presbyterian theory of baptism, the Presbyterians of our days are not baptized. Consequently the Presbyterians of Cincinnati have proved the invalidity of no baptism but their own, they have thrown stones into the air which in falling have crushed themselves.

We have so far disposed of the principal argument in the minute of the Presbyterian assembly, and the reader has no doubt found it burthened with as many absurdities, contradictions and inconsistencies as could be well served up in a paper of only a few lines. But the O. S. Presbyterian divines, mistrusting the slippery ground on which they stood with the Donatists and other rebaptizers, ventured to add other reasons explanatory of their solemn decision. These reasons are unconnected with the former, and remind us of the argument of the wolf with the lamb. The lamb, he said, had disturbed the water which he was drinking, but this being found unavailable, the lamb was charged with having slandered the wolf on a former occasion.

The incidental pretext urged against the validity of our baptism is expressed in the following words of the minute:

"Further, by the perverted meaning they affix, and the superstitious rites they have superadded to the ceremonies they perform under the name of baptism and the eucharist, the symbolical nature and true design of both the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper, are lost sight of and utterly destroyed; so that,

* Ps. xi, 3. † Ib. lxxi, 8. ‡ Ib. lxxxv, 9.
§ Dan. ii, 35. || Isai. xi, 2.

could we, by any possibility, assign to her the name of a church, she would still be a church without the grand ordinances of the Gospel."

This pretext may seem obscure and vague, but, with the aid of a commentary, we will perhaps discover the meaning of the learned divines. Of the eucharist we shall say nothing, because this is not the question before us. Of course if we have no baptism we have no eucharist, but the reverse is manifestly absurd; for a Presbyterian would not say that the baptism of a Presbyterian infant is invalid because the eucharist has not yet been administered. But what are the superstitious rites which we have superadded to the ceremonies we perform under the name of baptism? What is the perverted meaning we affix to baptism? How do we destroy the symbolical nature of baptism? These queries will be best solved by the orators of the assembly whose views were embodied in its minute. Prof. Thornwell has the floor.

"Rome baptizes not with water, but with a mixture of oil and water made by the priest, and (her baptism) is, therefore, defective in the matter of it. Again, Romish baptisms are defective in the form. They are not performed in the name of the Trinity as recognising the personal relations of the three persons in the Godhead. . . Though it may seem startling, I think I can show the Romish church has no sacraments. I believe that *symbolical* character is necessary to the nature of a sacrament. Rome has wholly dispensed with this, and teaches that sacraments give grace."

The vague charges of the assembly become quite intelligible with the aid of the professor's lucid explanations. The baptism of Rome is not valid, because, "1. Rome uses a mixture of oil and water. 2. She destroys the form of baptism. 3. She looks upon baptism, not as a symbol, but as a cause of grace. These charges have the merit of originality. So far no one had raised a suspicion that baptism was vitiated among us by such causes. 1. It is true that the church has from the remotest antiquity prescribed an unction of the water used in baptism. But is true, likewise, that only a few drops of oil are thus used in a large quantity of water, and it is chemically true, also, that oil and water possess no perceptible degree of affinity, so that the water is at no time identified with oil, and, therefore, Catholic priests baptize, not with oil, but with water. After this nice display of criticism, which the

Pharisees of old, who strained at a gnat and swallowed the camel, would have had no reason to be ashamed of, we naturally looked for some remarks on the degree of purity in the water used for Presbyterian baptism. What *per centum* of chloride of sodium, or sulphate of lime, would invalidate baptism? For all water found upon the surface of the earth contains some impurity. Why did not our punctilious theologians decide whether we are to make use of distilled water, or of rain water as most free from oil and foreign substances? They have left us altogether in the dark on these interesting topics. We shall take the liberty, then, of reminding them that Luther, whom they recognise in the minute as the fountain-head of the *valid* sacraments which they possess, was not quite so scrupulous as they seem to be: for Luther very graciously, though somewhat reluctantly, admitted the validity of baptism administered with wine.* It does not follow from this, however, that he was a toper.

2. The second charge against the validity of the form used in our baptism altogether exceeds our comprehension. Even after having read in the *Confession of Faith* the definition of the Trinity, and in the Directory,† the words used by Presbyterians in administering baptism, we could obtain no satisfactory meaning of the charge; for we use the same form there laid down, or rather the Presbyterians have borrowed this form from us. Why that form should be invalid in the mouth of a priest which is valid in the mouth of a Presbyterian, is to us perfectly unintelligible.

3. The third charge, that our baptism is null, because we administer it not as a sign, but as a cause of grace, is interesting enough. In the belief of a Presbyterian, a sacrament must be a sign and nothing else. Sacraments must be signs of nothing, like the notes of insolvent banks. We do not believe that Christ ever thought of instituting such empty signs. This discussion, however, has nothing to do with the validity of baptism. All that we have to do, is to use the sign instituted by Christ, without any reference to the peculiar views or purposes of the one who confers the sacrament. We will here take the liberty of referring the Presbyterian divines to their own Confession of

* See the seventeenth chapter of his most edifying work, *Table Talk*.
† Ch. vii, § 5.

Faith, which they certainly lost sight of in their charge against the Catholic church.* "The grace which is exhibited in, or by the sacraments, rightly used, is not conferred by any power in them; neither doth the efficacy of a sacrament depend upon the piety or intention of him that doth administer it, but upon the work of the spirit and the word of institution."† From these words of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, it is evident that it matters little what I *intend* to do with the baptism, or what extension or restriction I may have in my mind as to the effect of the rite; provided I use the proper rite with the words ordained by Christ, I confer the sacrament validly. Is it not a little strange that Presbyterian doctors should be ignorant of their own tenets? They prate to us about the ritual of the Catholic church and the council of Trent; but, from what has been said, it is plain enough that they should first undertake to explain and justify their own formulas. Be this as it may, the following consideration will show Professor Thornwell's three great reasons to be altogether inadmissible. Luther, Calvin, and Knox were all baptized in the Catholic church, and not re-baptized afterwards. They were then baptized with water mixed with oil, according to the form used in our days; and they were baptized by priests who intended to do what we do still. Therefore, their baptism was not valid, if ours is not valid, and consequently the authors of the reformation were not Christians, and, according to the theory of our opponents, the Old School Presbyterian church has no ministry, no baptism. In this way they have essentially unchurched themselves, and themselves alone, by their late decision.‡

* Ch. 27, § 3.

† The *Confession of Faith*, as usual, produces Scriptural authority on this head: Rom. ii, 28, 29, "for he is not a Jew which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision which is outward on the flesh: but he is a Jew which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men, but of God." Now, how does this text prove that the efficacy of a sacrament does not depend upon the piety or intention of him who administers it? The Presbyterian ritual is full of such texts, which prove about as much as the one just quoted: yet to the unlearned it seems to contain an armory of Scripture authority. In reality, however, it is nothing else than throwing dust into people's eyes. Any one that has ever studied logic, or a few propositions of Euclid, will smile at the pretended Scripture proofs of Presbyterians. In our opinion, the best argument for the necessity of tradition, is the utter failure of our opponents in concocting a system of religion from such scattered quotations.

‡ That they unchurched themselves, will not appear

We now come to an examination of the last argument on which the minute of the assembly grounds its rejection of Catholic baptism. It abounds still more in absurdity and contradiction than the reasonings which we have already noticed, and it will therefore constitute in this discussion what the French call *la bonne bouche*. The minute says:

"Moreover, since by the eleventh canon of the council of Trent, she (the Catholic church) declares the efficacy of her ordinances to depend upon the intention of the administrator, no man can know with certainty that her form of administration in any ordinance is not a mere mockery. No consistent papist can be certain that he has been duly baptized. . . The papal hierarchy has by her own solemn acts shrouded all her doings in uncertainty, and enveloped all her rites in hopeless obscurity. Even on this ground alone the validity of her baptism might safely be denied."

The "eleventh canon of the council," that is to say, the eleventh canon of the seventh session, alludes, in these words, to the intention of the minister who confers the sacrament:

"If any one says that it is not required for ministers, whilst administering the sacraments, to have at least the intention of doing what the church does, let him be anathema."

The council, it is true, requires a certain intention in the minister of the sacrament. But can the general assembly forget that they also require an intention? How could they be guilty of so glaring a contradiction in the course of a few lines? Do they not require, under pain of nullity in the administration of baptism, the intention of using a mere symbol, or in other words, the intention of doing *nothing*? And lo! they tell us that our baptism is invalid, because we require, in the administration of the rite, an intention of doing *something*! But let us see what intention is required by the council, and examine how far we are left uncertain as to the validity of our baptism. The opinion which the council cen-

very surprising to those who reflect upon the subject. But it is amazing indeed that they should presume to unchurch others, when they acknowledge among themselves so deplorable a dearth of heavenly influences. The divine aid is specially needed on an occasion like the one referred to: yet we find the following announcement in the Presbyterian journals:

"The Presbyterian general assembly has recommended the observance of the Thursday before the fourth Sabbath of June as a day of fast and prayer, in view of the present suspension of divine influences among the churches."

Query: Was it not this suspension of divine influences that led our Presbyterian divines out of their way?—Ed.

tures, in the above quoted passage, is that of Luther, who contended that baptism was good even when made a jest of; for instance, when performed in mockery by a comedian. The council condemns this opinion, and requires in the minister the intention of doing something religious in general, that is, the intention at least of doing what is reputed a religious rite in the church of God. In this way are the sacraments universally understood; and assuredly, if a Presbyterian minister, without any intention of baptizing, happened to wash his child in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, in consequence of a habit which he had acquired of performing actions for the glory of God, he would not, we presume, look upon the baptism as validly administered. The council rejects a sacrament conferred only physically, without any intention; it requires the intention of seriously performing a rite reputed religious among Christians.* What uncertainty can hence arise in the mind of a Catholic? Who would ever suspect that he was baptized by a minister who was either jesting or asleep at the time, the more so, as the council does not require in the minister a belief that he does something useful, but merely the intention of performing seriously, and not in jest, the religious ceremony called baptism? How could the thought enter the mind of a Catholic that he was baptized fortuitously, or at random, without any intention on the part of the minister, if he knows that he was baptized in a church, and in the usual way? In such a case there could be no more reason for uncertainty, than there would be to fear lest the minister had used alcohol,

* From the fact that Calvinists, in conferring baptism, have not the intention of producing its real effects, as we have seen above, the Catholic may perhaps infer that their baptism is invalid from the want of intention on the part of the minister. But this conclusion would be incorrect, as all theologians teach, after an express decision of Pope Pius V on this subject. This decision is grounded upon the following reason: that whatever may be their views concerning the effects of baptism, their predominant intention is to administer the religious rite which among Christians is known under that name. Catholics are aware that, when we re-baptize Protestants who embrace the true faith, we do it *conditionally*; that is, we have no doubt as to the validity of their baptism if properly administered, but it being frequently uncertain whether the ceremony has been performed with the right matter and form, we repeat it *conditionally*. The uncertainty alluded to arises from the circumstance that many Protestant ministers do not consider baptism necessary for salvation, or pay little attention to the requisite method of administering it.

or some other colorless liquid, instead of water. But passing strange is the declaration of the assembly, that "on this ground alone the validity of Catholic baptism may be denied." Our divines should have arrived at the very opposite conclusion. They censure the council for requiring an intention, and they maintain that this intention is not required; it follows, therefore, that baptism is valid even in those cases in which the intention required by the council is wanting. In their zeal to find our baptism invalid, they have adopted premises which prove just the reverse. It would be equally illogical to say; in a few cases baptism may be null for the want of intention in the minister, therefore *all* Catholic baptisms are null. The true conclusion would be that baptism is valid, except in those few cases where the intention is wanting. In short, if we are to admit this vague reasoning, founded upon a want of intention in the minister, which after all is very improbable, it would follow that the baptism of Luther and Calvin was subject to the same uncertainty, and therefore neither Calvin nor his followers are baptized, according to their own showing. From all this it is plain that there is not a shadow of argument in the minute adopted by the Presbyterian assembly; whatever weapons they aim at us must first pass through Luther and Calvin, and give a death blow to Presbyterianism in the person of its apostles and founders.

In conclusion, we may remark that this question of the validity of Catholic baptism has no practical interest or bearing whatever, according to the principles of Presbyterians. Whether our baptism be valid or not, whether Catholic children be validly or invalidly baptized, is a point which, according to their theology, does not in the least affect their happiness. If these infants belong to the number of the predestined, they will be saved whether they receive a valid or invalid baptism, or no baptism at all; if they happen to be of the number of the reprobate, no baptism, however valid, will be of any service to them. In all cases baptism for them amounts to nothing. This is the Presbyterian doctrine, which is held and advocated with the utmost tenacity, particularly among the members of the Old School, who have succeeded in ejecting from their society such of their brethren

who entertained more liberal views, and were less tainted with fatalism. The validity or invalidity of baptism, in the mouth of the Old School Presbyterians, is, therefore, an idle question altogether, though it was judiciously selected as an exciting occasion of slander and abuse against the Catholic church. For those who took part in the debate, it could not fail to be a fruitful source of calumny and misrepresentation, and accordingly we have seen the reverend divines pouring forth their rancor against the most ancient and the most numerous portion of Christendom with an extraordinary profusion. It has happened, however, quite contrary to their expectations, that in emitting their venom they wounded themselves, not only by involving their own baptism in the attempted ruin of the Catholic rite, but also by the moral effect which the contradictions, false reasonings, inconsistencies, and absurdities of every kind, with which their

document abounds, must necessarily have upon the minds of thinking men.

The course pursued by the Old School Presbyterians is the very thing to render their sec unpoplar, and to justify more fully the title of gloomy heresy with which it was hailed at its entrance into the world. They begin, it seems, to be afraid of their solitude; they complain of the low state of religion; they witness with no little mortification the "suspension of divine influences" in their society, and then fast in order to obtain a revival of religion. Well may they do this. Better will it be if they resort to this salutary practice more frequently, not only once a year, but every week, and even every day; and if they do not succeed in removing the spiritual drought that they complain of, they will at least cast off that spirit of bitterness, and anti-christian feeling, which is no small hindrance in the way of peace and salvation.

GREGORY THE SEVENTH AND HIS AGE.

Gregory the Seventh and his Age. North American Review. July, 1845. Boston.



THIS is the title of a spirited article in the publication just referred to. Though it contains several inaccuracies to which we shall call the attention of the reader, it does honor both to the mind and the heart of the author, inasmuch as he has proved himself capable of appreciating, better than a host of other writers, the noble exertions of a sainted pope in the cause of order and morality, and appears, moreover, to feel a lively interest in those struggles and sufferings through which his pen has traced the career of the venerated pontiff. The style of the reviewer is in unison with his feelings, lofty, animated and picturesque.

His article, however, is far from being unexceptionable. There are several errors in it, which, although not imputable to any bigotry

or insincerity on the part of the author, but rather to the want of the necessary means of information, are not the less important or deserving of notice. We see not, for instance, any ground for the assertion that during the middle ages there was any thing like the "nasal twang of priestly insult to God;" and most probably the writer has no clear idea of it himself. We regret likewise that he has dwelt so long on the disorders of that remote period, (though he mentions only particular facts,) leaving his reader under the impression that all was then vice and corruption. This is manifestly incorrect.

There was, indeed, much evil in those times, as there always has been, and always will be while men continue upon earth; but there was a vast deal of good also: a lively faith, a sincere attachment to religion, an ardent devotion, were often visible in those days: there flourished many holy popes and bishops, priests and religious; piety had numerous votaries among princes as well as among the

laity, and a large number of useful institutions and communities, as those of Cluny, Camaldoli, &c., sprung into existence. The evil itself, however great it may have been at any time, was far from being derogatory to the Catholic church; on the contrary it served only to show forth her inviolable sanctity, by the unceasing efforts which it elicited for the arresting and suppression of disorder. This is so clear a point that the reviewer himself admits it, and we have merely to quote his own words.

"Though seemingly enslaved, the church was in reality the life of Europe. She was the refuge of the distressed, the friend of the slave, the helper of the injured, the only hope of learning. To her, chivalry owed its noble aspirations; to her, art and agriculture looked for every improvement. The ruler from her learned some rude justice; the ruled learned faith and obedience. Let us not cling to the superstition which teaches that the church has always upheld the cause of tyrants. Through the middle ages she was the only friend and advocate of the people, and of the rights of man. To her influence was it owing that, through all that strange era, the slaves of Europe were better protected by law than are now the free blacks of our United States by the national statutes."—P. 26.

Thus did the Catholic church incessantly oppose herself to tyranny, oppression, vice and immorality, and prove herself the advocate of truth, right, and justice, and of every thing conducive to man's happiness. How could it have been otherwise? How could the church have been unfaithful to her divine commission, and become disfigured by corruption, error, and superstition?

"Did Jesus come in vain? Did Peter found his holy see in vain? Had God deserted that church with which he promised to be while the world stood? God had not deserted it; it needed an effort on man's part; it needed self-sacrifice and courage," etc.—P. 31.

The reviewer, it is true, awards no credit to the Roman church for these first efforts in the cause of humanity and civilization; and in this, we are sorry to say, he evinces but little acquaintance with the history of the past. Besides the holy popes of primitive times, the Innocents, the Leos, the Gregories, how many others could he have discovered, even in the middle ages and prior to the pontificate of Gregory the seventh, who were equally zealous for the interests of religion, for the reformation of morals among the people, and for their own

advancement in virtue; such as Benedict IV, Leo VII, Stephen IX, Martin III, Agapet II, Sylvester II, etc. The *truce of God* itself, that excellent institution of the eleventh century, the merit of which he gives exclusively to the bishops of Spain and France, derived its principal efficacy from the solemn sanction which it received from Pope Urban II in the council of Clermont.

But the reviewer not only maintains this incorrect notion; he carries it to the very last extreme. According to him, "the church was not yet a hierarchy, but rather an aristocracy." It was the monk Hildebrand (afterward Pope Gregory the Seventh) who determined that "it should lose its independent, feudal, aristocratic character; that it should be one, and Rome its efficient head!" What! had not the church of God, before that epoch and from the first moment of her existence, been essentially one? had not the successor of St. Peter in the see of Rome been always the efficient head of Christendom! Wonderful indeed, if this had not been the case, and still more wonderful, nay, altogether incredible would it be, that under such circumstances Gregory the seventh could have succeeded in carrying out his views, with every odds against him and in opposition to the most violent passions of man.

Moreover, how can the reviewer reconcile this his favorite hypothesis with the facts which he himself admits, viz: the universal interest awakened by the election of the Roman pontiff; the persevering efforts of the German emperors to maintain it under their control; the titles and prerogatives enjoyed by the bishop of Rome, who was styled and considered the successor of St. Peter, the father of the church, the head of Christendom, the chief of bishops; and was appealed to and heard by kings and emperors as the highest authority upon earth? All these facts occurred as well before as after the pontificate of Gregory the seventh. Hence it is unnecessary for us to adduce the writings of St. Irenæus, St. Cyprian, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and the acts or decrees of the ancient and celebrated councils of Chalcedon, Ephesus, Nice, and Sardica, in order to show that the unity of the church and the spiritual supremacy of the Roman pontiff were always both dogmatically and practically admitted: the contrary system of the reviewer carries along with it its own refutation, and shows itself at once,

not only destitute of all probability and proof, but directly opposed to facts and to the monuments of history.

As to that assumption of temporal power over kings and emperors with which Gregory the seventh is so often charged, we will readily understand the subject with the aid of a distinction : either the question relates to a direct temporal power, which disposes of kingdoms and empires at pleasure, or it regards an indirect power, in virtue of which the pastors of the church employed their own sacred authority, for the purpose of compelling Christian princes to do their duty, and not to tyrannize over their subjects. In this latter case we freely admit the Roman pontiffs did exercise power over kings and princes, and we deem it highly honorable to them that they did so ; but in the former hypothesis the charge is manifestly unjust, for neither Gregory VII nor any other pope ever ventured upon a direct temporal power, such as that alluded to above. Of the indirect power we have many instances. Long before the middle ages, Philip, the Christian emperor of the east, was denied entrance into the church and subjected to a public penance, in expiation of the murder of his predecessor ; Theodosius, also, remained for eight months under a sentence of excommunication, for the slaughter of Thessalonica, and was compelled to pass a law which would in future secure him against the promptings of sudden anger ; at a later period the Emperor Mauritius was obliged by the rigorous remonstrances of Gregory the great, to repeal, or at least to modify a statute of pernicious tendency. This indirect temporal power was, it is true, exercised during the middle ages, to a much greater extent, and sometimes, though very seldom, it extended to a sentence of deposition against wicked and profligate princes. But it should be observed that this extraordinary measure was allowed by the general jurisprudence of the age, and required by the stern necessity of circumstances ; that there was no other way of saving the people from oppression, and the most sacred laws from violation ; that it was resorted to, only after all other means had been employed in vain, and against those sovereigns only whose elevation to the throne depended, more or less, on the free and conditional choice of their subjects.

Is Gregory VII, or any other pope, to be

censured under such circumstances, or rather not to be highly extolled for having used the authority which Divine Providence had expressly committed to him for the preservation of the church, and the guardianship of religion, civilization and morality ? If this is pride or despotism, as the reviewer, notwithstanding his usual tone of moderation, occasionally thinks proper to call it, it must be admitted at least that it is a noble despotism ; that despotism of truth over error, of virtue over vice, of moral power over barbarism and licentiousness ; a despotism which is daily exercised, with a due regard to circumstances, by a good father, for the maintenance of order in his family, by a good magistrate for the repression of lawless violence, and by a good ruler for the happiness and tranquillity of his people.

We shall notice but one more error in the article under consideration ;—we allude to the unjust suspicions cast upon the purity of Gregory the seventh's motives both before and at the time of his election to the papedom. How can that man be accused of ambition, who by his powerful influence determined the election of five successive popes, and never did any thing to bend the scale in his own favor ? How can he be in the least suspected of hypocrisy, when he is known to have resisted his own promotion as long and as effectually as he could, even so far as to urge the intervention of Henry IV, emperor of Germany, whose disorders he declared himself resolved not to tolerate, in the event of his being elected to the papacy ? It is impossible to account for Gregory's conduct on this occasion, except by the supposition of a sincere humility on his part which led him to dread the sublime and eminently responsible office of the supremacy, and to believe that many other persons were better qualified for the station than himself. When he perceived, in the unanimous suffrages of the Roman clergy, an evident expression of the divine will in his regard, he no longer resisted, but armed himself with an invincible courage to fight the battle of the Lord against the prevalent vices of the age, though upheld by all the powers of earth. And well, indeed, did he accomplish this arduous task at the expense of his ease, and the risk of his life. "The most fearful outbreaks of regal or popular displeasure could not move his fixed purpose. He had planted himself on eternal truth, and the

wind and the rain might beat upon, but they could never stir him;" nor could they abate his courage or even intimidate his magnanimous soul.

This holy pontiff is the more worthy of our admiration in the long and heroic struggle which he sustained, as he could not hope to reap himself the fruits of so many labors. The church was destined to enjoy the effects of his untiring zeal, but not till he had crowned his noble efforts by dying in exile. Here again we are happy to avail ourselves of the formal acknowledgment and appropriate language of the reviewer.

"Had Hildebrand's sick heart failed him

then, it would not have been strange; but he looked at his crucifix, at the image of his forsaken, dying, and yet victorious Master, and grew strong; for that told him how little the final triumph of a moral truth can be judged of from immediate success or failure. 'And I, too,' he murmured to himself, in words which, a few weeks later, were the last upon his lips, 'and I, too, have loved justice and hated iniquity, and I die an exile.' The future was hidden to him; but he knew that God ruled, that the great thoughts which by his struggles he had made familiar to man, rested not on his strength, but on an eternal basis; and that, though he was passing away, the Omnipotent remained as the world's ruler;—he knew that he had sown the seed, and that God would give the harvest."

ARCHÆOLOGY.—GLASS PAINTING.

BY L. C. BOISTINIERE; LL.D.

- I. *History of Glass Painting.*
- II. *Legends connected with Glass Paintings.*



A former paper on sacred archæology, entitled, *Legendary basso-relievo in the middle ages*, we endeavored to illustrate an idea, which we will now attempt to elucidate still further, by examining its ap-

plication to another branch of the fine arts; to an art, at one period, cultivated with love and devotion, and whose secrets are lost to this age of declining faith and meagre conceptions. We allude to the art of glass painting, to those noble compositions which, by their everlasting freshness and splendor, are still the glory and pride of many a venerable and antiquated Gothic cathedral.

The idea already mentioned, and which we wish to develop here, is: that, previous to the discovery of the art of printing, when the sacred records in the form of manuscripts could be procured and read by a very few persons only, churches adorned with all the richness of architecture, statuary, and painting, stood, as it were, like magnificent Bibles written in stone, gems, and gold, for the use of the poorer

people, always open, always eloquently and energetically proclaiming the mysteries of man's destiny, from the creation to the redemption which created him anew; always presenting in the reproduction of some parable of the Gospel, or in the pious traditions of some poetic legend, lessons of morality and virtue. All the arts were then enlisted for these purposes. Thus have we seen statuary and architecture announcing to the people the first parts of that divine homily, which will end in a brilliant and impressive peroration, descending from the gorgeously stained glasses of the long choir-windows. Each stone, with its sturdy voice, each color with its symbolical meaning, blending in admirable concert with the multifarious inspirations around, composed and perfected the various parts of that soul-stirring oration which, day and night, and for years and ages, resounded in the churches of God, and moved and enraptured the hearts of the successive generations that came to listen to it. If we admit that such was the tendency of those productions, then shall we clearly understand the meaning and object of this profusion of sculpture and paintings, as well as of the minuteness and variety of details which rendered them so complete, so much like life,

and we shall perceive more than ever that that object was undoubtedly the *education of the people*.

All this is deducible, not only from the nature of those compositions, but also from the inscriptions which they bear: *SANCTÆ PLEBI DEI: TO THE GOOD PEOPLE OF GOD*. Such was frequently the language in which the artist dedicated his work. To the good people of God! that they may here be instructed and consoled; that they may here ponder over at leisure the teaching already inculcated from the pulpit! To the good people of God! that they may, at all hours, read and meditate the events and the lessons contained in the sacred volume, which their poverty and the circumstances of the times wherein they live withhold from their reach!

Of all the impressions which the people received in this way, the most vivid, the most striking were those produced by the inimitable glass paintings executed by the artists of the middle ages. With the most simple means they succeeded in producing the most enchanting effects, the most harmonious combinations of light and color. But, before entering any farther upon this matter, it may not be unacceptable to the curious reader to furnish him with a short sketch of the history of glass painting. We shall also place before him a brief analysis of some of the principal legends which inspired the artist in the execution of his work: and we shall conclude our remarks by adverting to the Christian hieroglyphics frequently used in this order of compositions, and by an explanation or monography of one of the most celebrated glass compositions now in existence.

I. History of glass painting.—This art, which is deservedly called Christian, having been invented by the first bishops, has, at several periods, attracted the attention of artists and antiquaries. We see it mentioned, towards the beginning of the eleventh century, in the old writings of Eraclius and Theophilus the monk. The first composed a treatise on Roman art: *De coloribus et artibus Romanorum*; and the second a history of the arts in general: *De omni scientiâ picturæ artis*. These compendious works contain very interesting hints about the coloring of glass, and the transparent mosaics which admitted light into the vast and sombre depths of the first Grecian and

Roman churches, known under the name of basilics. Besides these writers, many able and profound antiquarians have treated this subject with erudition and interest. It will suffice to mention the names of Leviel, Brongniart, Alex. Lenoir, Langlois, E. Bareste, to whom we are much indebted. It appears from the investigations of these savans that, although transparent mosaic or stained glass was known in the first ages of Christianity, and perhaps among the Greeks and Romans, the nobler art of painting on glass with vitrifiable colors was invented by the bishops of the middle ages. In the Greek and Roman writers allusions are often made to a substance bearing a strong resemblance to our modern glass; it is uncertain, however, whether the ancients really possessed glass such as we have it, and applied it to the same uses as in our times.

The Egyptians had no windows. In a very learned dissertation on Egyptian architecture, Mr. Quatremere de Quincy says: "Windows, as we now conceive them, would not only have been completely useless, but entirely incompatible with the proportions of an Egyptian temple." Light was introduced into almost all the houses through the doors only.

Windows among the Greeks were square, with thin shelves or lattices, very much in the form of our Venitian blinds, and were called dictyston, thyris, &c.

Among the ancients the Hebrews seem to have been the most accustomed to the use of windows. They had them, not only in their houses, but also in their palaces and temples. We read in the Book of Kings that Solomon caused oblique windows to be opened in the temple of Jerusalem. These windows were long and narrow, wider in the interior than at the exterior. Some were partially closed, as those of the Greeks, with lattices, others with wooden cross pieces in the shape of a net work.

The Romans had two kinds of windows: some like incisions or clefts in the walls; others square, extending more in breadth than in height. The first were called *transennæ*, and garnished like those of the Hebrews and the Greeks, with cross works, or a sort of lattices painted red; the intervening spaces had no glass nor transparent stone, but were left open, according to the description given by St. Jerome. The other windows used by the

Romans extended, as we have said, more in breadth than in height, and were called *fenestæ*. They were furnished with wooden sashes in which were placed transparent or specular stones. These were of various kinds: the first (*lapides speculares*), which in the time of Pliny were procured from the island of Cyprus, Sicily, and Arabia, were soft and white, and formed of a great number of translucent laminæ. This stone, which has been the object of so much controversy, was nothing more than our common gypsum. The second, called *phengytes*, on account of their red veins, had the hardness of marble and the transparency of our unpolished glass. The third, *alabastrum*, were the common alabaster. The fourth (*lapides obsidianæ*), were black as jet and transparent, and were often used as mirrors. Pliny says that they rather gave the shadows of objects than the objects themselves. *Aliquando et translucidi crassiore visu, atque in speculis parietum pro imagine umbras reddente.* The fifth were simply transparent shells (*testæ perlucente*). The workmen who polished or set these stones in the windows of houses or of litters were called *specularii*.

These details are sufficient to prove that the ancients did not use window glass. It was only in the fourth century, under Constantine or Theodosius, that it became a general custom to substitute colored glass in the place of specular stones. This glass was used profusely on the windows of the first churches or basilics, and, although these windows presented as yet no paintings nor any of those bold Scriptural compositions which we shall find in the cathedrals of the eleventh century, they must have made a powerful impression upon the infant imagination of barbarians and the first Christians who contemplated them. The light which penetrated through this glass into the massive piles had something grave and mystical, elevating the soul to God. In entering these temples the savage conqueror must have felt the irresistible influence of those mellowing beams of every color, vivid rainbows, pouring down upon the sacred pavement their floods of molten gold; the sapphire, emerald, ruby, and topaz must have excited a feeling of awe and veneration in the wild son of the Danube, while there arose insensibly in his bosom a desire to pray and bow down before the invisible majesty of a crucified God.

The first record of the rich effects produced by those transparent mosaics, is found in a very curious work entitled: *Constantinopolis Christiana*; it gives a relation of all the splendors which accompanied the dedication of St. Sophias under Justinian. This celebrated basilic is a grand and magnificent type of Christian art, in its first period, when Christianity, ascending in radiance from the dark catacombs never to enter them again, stepped forth with confidence upon the earth, and showed herself unfettered and triumphant under the light of heaven. This monument, commenced by the Emperor Constantine, and placed by him under the invocation of divine Wisdom, after having been successively burned and destroyed by an earthquake, was entirely reconstructed about the beginning of the fifth century by Justinian. He convened for this work the most celebrated architects of his time, and all the arts were made subservient to the glory of the house of God. All the magnificence of the Greek empire was lavished upon its decoration. Around this dome, supported by a series of columns, vast and elegant porticos extended. Every where the most precious marbles, the richest gildings, the rarest stones were distributed with profusion; bright and transparent mosaics diffused over the sanctuary a luminous and till then unrivalled splendor; waves of glorious light flowed into the nave, through innumerable windows, and such was the effulgence of those ardent beams that it seemed, says Procopus, that light itself sprang into being under the vaults of the temple. Paul the Silent commemorates in pompous verses the magical effect produced by the morning rays of the sun, falling, like golden arrows, upon the windows of the holy edifice. St. Sophia, clad in this robe of splendors, and adorned with sumptuous magnificence, surpassed all that had been known before, and one may judge of the admiration that such an array of wonder inspired, by the words which fell from the lips of Justinian, during the ceremony of the dedication: "*Glory be to God, who hath permitted that I should finish so great a work O! Solomon, I have surpassed thee! . . .*"

This new style of decoration was subsequently introduced among all the Christian nations. Bishops themselves became glass painters; poets made this new style of orna-

ment the theme of their song, and historians have transmitted the names of the architects who caused colored glass to be placed in the windows of public and religious edifices. At the end of the seventh century, St. Wilfred sent to France to procure painters and colored glass for the completion of the noble cathedral of York. A short time after St. Bennet Bishop, abbot of Weremouth, introduced distinguished glass painters into England to work at the windows of monasteries and churches, and to teach their art to others. The Anglo-Saxons, enraptured with the elegant discovery, set themselves to work, and became in a very short time expert in the coloring of glass. Bishops Wilbred, Winfrid, and Wildehard, Englishmen by birth, did not not think it derogatory to the dignity of their station to teach this new art to their countrymen. Their example was followed in the middle of the ninth century by the first apostles of Sweden and Denmark, St. Anchaire and St. Rembert.

So far we have alluded only to translucent mosaics, formed of compartments of colored glass, fastened in the church windows with a kind of cement; we have now to speak of the art in its improved and elevated state, ceasing to be ornamental and secondary only, and becoming creative. After many long and unsuccessful attempts, the artist succeeded, by means of a vitrifiable color, in painting on the large window glasses, the boldest and most impressive compositions, with the same ease and finish that were practicable in oil painting, but with a much greater vividness and expression. According to a passage in the works of Leo of Ostia, abbot of Mount Cassino, this advancement seems to have taken place in the middle of the eleventh century. In the year 1058 the abbot Desiderius, one of the predecessors of Leo of Ostia, enriched with glass paintings the capitular hall of this abbey. In 1066 the celebrated church of St. Benedict, reconstructed by Desiderius, possessed twenty-nine windows nine cubits in height, and adorned with glass works encased in lead, and supported by transversal iron rods.

A contemporary of Abbot Desiderius, Theophilus the monk, who qualifies himself in his preface as *humilis presbyter, servus servorum Domini*, has left us a very exact account of the fine arts in the eleventh century, among different nations. "O you," says he, "who

will read this book, I will conceal from you nothing of what I have been able to learn. I will tell you what the Greeks know about selecting and mixing colors; the Italians in the fabrication of vases, in gilding and in sculpturing ivory and precious stones; the Tuscans in the art of working amber; the Arabians in chiselling and incrustating. I will show you how France manufactures the precious glass paintings which adorn her windows; how the industrious German works in gold, silver, brass, iron, and in the carving of wood." According to this author, France, during the eleventh century, was celebrated for her glass paintings; but a century after, in the time of Suger, it appears that the glass painters exercised their skill elsewhere, as Suger himself was obliged to procure artists and glaziers from foreign nations. Dom Doublet relates this fact in his History of the Abbey of St. Denis.

We have now come to the twelfth century; during this and the two succeeding ages, glass painting attained its full development, received its highest inspirations, and became a species of religious book, prepared by the bishops for the instruction of the people. This we have already gathered from the significant inscription, *SANCTÆ PLEBI DEI, to the good people of God*, which is still legible on a great number of these old compositions. Similar dedications are to be observed in many places, varying in words, but the same in spirit. Thus do we read, under the three glass compositions in the church of St. Niziers at Troyes, the following inscription:

MASTER ODART MOLE, CURATE OF THIS CHURCH, AND CANON OF ST. PETER, HAS CAUSED THESE THREE PAINTINGS, TOGETHER WITH THE WRITING THEY CONTAIN, TO BE MADE AS A CATECHISM AND BOOK OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE PEOPLE.

We will here close this rapid glance at the history of an art which, after having produced, during four centuries, the most astonishing master-pieces, and illustrated, in a most striking and impressive manner, the whole series of events commemorated by the Christian world, declined by degrees until it lost itself completely in the turmoil and excitement of ages bent on more material pursuits. It was a messenger from heaven, for a short time only, expanding its wings over the earth,

and then flying back again to the source of all inspiration, after having accomplished its mission of love and of faith.

II. *Legends connected with glass painting.*—We now enter upon a subject which the reader will probably find more interesting. Before we present any monography or description of various glass paintings, we will place before the reader, in a rapid sketch, some of the principal legends which, together with scenes and parables from the Gospel, were commonly the subject of those sacred delineations. We shall draw most of our facts and ideas from the learned disquisitions of Mr. Cyprian Robert, E. Bareste, Douhaire, and the old collections of Henry Sickius, Mathurin, Veyssiere, and Wallinus. We will quote them freely.

The elements which served for the composition of those legends were, in general, very uniform, resembling in this respect those heroic traditions of Greece, at the period of the settlement of the Hellenes in Europe, and which, during the five following centuries, furnished such rich materials for odes, dramas, songs, and poems of every description; those of Homer himself are thought to be but a collection of legends. Like these primitive Grecian poems, those of the middle ages, the religious especially, are founded upon a simple tale going back to the first ages of the church, and, as is the case with all primitive poetry, embellished and enlarged in passing through successive generations. Among those legends some have a strong character of unity, principally those referring to personages of the Gospel, and they always obey the law of a simultaneous development. Were they considered as isolated productions of the age in which they appeared, without any influence upon subsequent times, these legends of the nascent church would still form one of the most curious and interesting departments of literature. But they acquire a greater importance from the fact that they contributed vastly and beneficially to the development of poetry in succeeding ages. After having been the inspiration of epic poetry, of tragedy, of painting, of sculpture, during the mediæval period, in more modern times, like the flame of an expiring lamp, they cast their brightest splendors upon the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, and the *Messiah* of Klopstock, and then suddenly disappeared.

One of the most ancient among these legends, and that which we find frequently reproduced in glass paintings, is known under the name of the *Gospel of our Saviour's infancy*, the Arabic original of which was for the first time published in the sixteenth century by Henry Sickius. It was attributed to St. Matthew, St. James, and St. Peter, but more generally to St. Thomas. St. Irenæus considers it a production of the Marcionites; Origen attributes it to Basilides. Eusebius says that it is a heretical production. Travellers have met with it in Persia, Syria, among the Copts of Egypt, the Arabians of the Desert, and among the Christians of St. Thomas in the East Indies. The Mahometans themselves, in incorporating it in the book of the prophet, have altered it but slightly. It is a collection of traditions, more or less probable, regarding the flight of the holy family into Egypt, their residence in that country, their return to Jerusalem, and the education of the infant Jesus. This legend, which we extract from Henry Sickius, begins thus:

"In the name of the one God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

"We commence under his auspices the history of the miracles of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The peace of the Lord be with us! Amen.

"We find in the book of the Pontiff Joseph, who lived in the time of Christ, that Jesus, being in his cradle, said one day to Mary his mother: I am the Son of God, Jesus, the Word announced to thee by Gabriel. My Father hath sent me to save the world."

The legend continues, and relates the journey of Joseph in obedience to the edict, the delivery of Mary in the grotto of Bethlehem, the arrival of the shepherds, that of the wise men, the anger of Herod, and the flight into Egypt. This journey to Egypt is full of marvels. When the divine Infant approached a town the idols fell before their altars, and the sick were cured. . . . After a long journey they (the holy family) fell among robbers who took every thing from them, even their provisions, and treated in the same manner the other travellers of the caravan who journeyed with them. But whilst the robbers were busy in gathering their spoils, suddenly a great clamor was heard like that of a royal army advancing from the neighboring town, with

loud cymbals and prancing coursers. The frightened robbers fled in haste, leaving their booty on the ground. Then the travellers of the caravan, who had been bound with chains, unloosed their fetters, and coming to Joseph and Mary, asked them: Where is now the king whom we heard coming, and whose approach delivered us from the enemy? He walks behind us, said Joseph.

Coming to another town, they were met by a woman possessed with a devil, who recognised and cursed the Son of God, and was restored by him to health. The next day they resumed their journey, and reached a city where they were hospitably received. The family, however, with whom they staid were very sad, the young bride having suddenly been struck dumb. But having received the infant Jesus in her arms and kissed him, she recovered the power of speech. The rest of the journey is an uninterrupted succession of wonders. One day they met a band of robbers, the chief of whom were Titus and Damascus, renowned throughout that country. Titus insisted upon permitting the holy family to proceed unmolested; but his colleague was devoid of mercy. In order to prevail with the rapacious man, Titus untied his belt and presented him thirty drachmæ. On beholding this act of generosity, Mary was deeply moved, and exclaimed: The Lord will forgive thy faults, and receive thee at his right hand. Then Jesus added: Thirty years hence they will both be near me, the one on my right, the other on my left hand; but Titus alone will go with me to heaven. Another day they stopped in the wilderness, and found no water. Jesus striking the earth, a fountain broke forth, and has flowed ever since. A village was built around it, which at the present day is the city of Cairo.

After an exile of three years, the holy family returned to Judea, where the presence of the infant Jesus wrought many miracles in behalf of the sick and the poor. Throughout the whole of this legend our Blessed Lady acts the part of a most kind and excellent woman.

At the age of seven Jesus assumes a bolder and more decided mien. "One day he was playing with other children of his age, and like them, making little birds with soft clay. They all rivalled each other in working, and in praising their work. 'I,' said Jesus, 'will

order the birds I have made to walk.' 'Art thou then the Son of God?' asked his companions. . . . But Jesus, without answering, bade the birds move, and they flew off. He then commanded them to return, and they obeyed him. In this way he made several sparrows that were perfectly docile, walking, flying about, and eating from his hand."

This little story is extremely entertaining, and although well known, and frequently represented in painting, we could not refrain from presenting it to our readers. There are several others equally affecting, as that of the resurrection of a child bitten by a serpent, and the triumph of Jesus, carried through the streets by children amidst the joyous chants of the youthful retinue.

It is easy to perceive what fine subjects are here presented for the painter's brush. The artists of the middle ages, charmed with the touching incidents of this legend, reproduced it on several occasions, in great detail, and with the most unaffected simplicity. This legend closes at the time when Jesus was found by Mary discoursing with the priests and doctors in the temple of Jerusalem. "From that moment," says the legend, "his life changed; he began to veil the miracles he wrought, and to lead a more mysterious existence. He lived thus to the age of thirty, when he began his mission, and the Holy Ghost descending over him in the shape of a dove, a voice was heard from heaven, saying: This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Thus ends the poetic history of the first periods of our Saviour's life. This life is continued in another legend, known as the *Gospel of Nicodemus*. This has all the characters of an epic poem, and has also given birth to many a bright and richly colored glass painting. We think that, after having perused the extract here given, the reader will agree with us that as an epic poem this legend has, in some of its parts, seldom been equalled. Milton and Klopstock drew largely upon it, and, in many cases, they had nothing more to do than to add the charm of their melodious versification to the varied beauties with which this legend abounds.

The poem, for we may well call it so, opens in a very dramatic manner. It describes the triumphant entry of Jesus into Jerusalem. The shouts of the multitude that follow the

Messiah, have excited the jealous anger of the principal men among the Jews, the chiefs of the synagogue. They run to Pilate and summon him to quell the enthusiastic transports of the crowd, misled by the notorious Son of Joseph the carpenter, who calls himself King and Son of God, and who violates the ancient law of the Sabbath. Pilate, yielding to their importunities, orders an usher of his palace to bring Jesus before him, without, however, having recourse to violence or ill treatment. But soon after, a man enters, announcing to the governor that the usher whom he had sent to arrest the disturber of the peace, has joined the people in their transports, has become an adorer of Jesus, and has spread under his feet the flag which he bore folded around his lance. The Jews who stood near Pilate were indignant at this audacity of a public officer, and demanded his punishment. The usher at this moment enters himself. Pilate upbraids him for his conduct: "Why have you acted thus?" . . . "Lord governor," answers the usher, "when you sent me to Jerusalem to arrest Jesus, I found him mounted on an ass, surrounded by a crowd who held palms in their hands, and cried: 'Glory be to the Son of David!' Some spread their garments on the earth, when Jesus passed, saying to him: 'Save us, O thou who comest from heaven. Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord!' . . . and I adored him like the others."

Jesus, however, is brought into the presence of Pilate, and the soldiers who stood guard lower their eagles before him. The Jews are scandalized by this conduct, and loudly remonstrate against the offenders; but the soldiers assure them that they did not participate in the deed; that the ensigns, in spite of their efforts, waved and bowed when Jesus passed them. The Jews refuse to believe them, and a new trial commences. Jesus is brought back before the guard, and the ensigns fall again. The Jews become furious with rage. Pilate, pale and trembling, wishes to quit his seat, but detained there by a sense of duty, and the increasing clamors of the crowd, the wretched man remains. Whilst the adversaries of the Messiah are vociferating against him, all the lame whom he had made whole, all the blind whose sight he had restored, all the sick whom he had healed; in a word, all those who had been benefited by his kindness, come and tes-

tify in his favor. First appears the palsied man healed at the pool of Siloe: then the man born blind, then the lame man, then the leper. Surrounding them are a crowd of compassionate Jews, who weep, anticipating the fate of Jesus: "*Intrans præses in populum circumstantem Judæorum vidit plurimos lacrymantes.*" There is assuredly some grandeur in these last incidents of the legend, which gives no new details relative to the scene of Calvary, but follows the Gospel narrative. It is from the resurrection only that the legend derives that epic character, that sublimity of tone, of which we have spoken.

Jesus is dead; . . . darkness overshadows the earth; Jerusalem is all in confusion; the people murmur; but, unmoved by these events, the chiefs of the priests pursue their designs. They seal the entrance of the sepulchre where Jesus reposes; they station near it a guard of soldiers, and cast into prison Joseph of Arimathia, because in the name of the disciples he had come to ask for the body of their Master. But all these precautions are useless. The guards of the sepulchre arrive, and proclaim that Christ has risen from the dead, that they saw him spring forth from the grave, and speak to the women who sat and wept hard by. Though the people refuse to believe it, they persist in declaring what they have heard and seen. In vain is an attempt made to bribe them; the news continues to spread in every direction, and is confirmed every moment by the arrival of further intelligence. The venerable Joseph of Arimathia adds to the confusion of the magistrates, by announcing to them that not only had Christ risen from the grave, but that also several illustrious individuals had returned to life with him.

"Listen to me," says he: "We all knew Simeon, the high priest, who received the infant Jesus in his arms, when he was presented in the temple. Simeon had two sons, and we all assisted at their death and sepulture. Now come with me, see their tombs: they are open! Carinus and Leucius, repose no longer there. They are at this hour in the town of Arimathia, where they pray in silence without speaking to any one."

This intelligence casts dismay among the chief priests and the Pharisees, and no one doubts it after the testimony of Joseph of Ari-

mathia. They now deliberate upon what is to be done. On motion of Joseph of Arimathia, the resuscitated sons of Simeon are called into the synagogue, and requested by the magistrates to relate the events which had taken place in the region of the dead; and how they had been restored to life. Upon this, Carinus and Leucius betray considerable emotion, and lifting their eyes to heaven, then making the sign of the cross upon their tongues, they request that a book be given to each one of them, in order to write what had taken place. The books having been furnished, they sat down and wrote in silence what follows:

"We were seated with our fathers in darkness in the depths of the grave, when suddenly a light, warm and brilliant, darted like a beam from heaven, and illumined our midst. Then the father of the human race, Adam, and all the patriarchs and prophets exclaimed: This light comes from the Author of all light, and announces the dawn of eternal day!

"Isaiah then arose and said: behold the light of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, of whom I foretold when on earth: *Land of Zebulon, land of Nephthali, men of Galilee, the people who are in darkness will see a great light, and it will shine upon those who sit in the shadow of death!*

"And we all rejoiced at the splendor of the light that shone upon us. Simeon our father cried out in a loud voice: 'Glory be to Jesus Christ, Son of God, of whom I said formerly when he lay in my arms in the temple: *mine eyes, O Lord, have seen thy salvation, the salvation thou hast prepared for the world, a light to the revelation of the gentiles and the glory of the people of Israel!*'

"And all heard this with increased transports of joy.

"Then in the midst of us came one like a hermit of the wilderness, and we interrogated him: who art thou? He answered, I am John, the voice of the Almighty, the prophet, the precursor, who walked before him to prepare his ways, and give to the people the science of salvation. Seeing the Saviour coming to me, I cried out to the people: *Behold the Lamb of God who washes away the sins of the world!* I baptized him in the waters of the Jordan, and I saw the Holy Ghost descend upon him in the shape of a dove, and I heard a voice saying: *This is my beloved Son, in*

whom I am well pleased, hear ye him! And now, I walk again before him, and announce to you that his coming is nigh.

"Hearing that Jesus had been baptized in the Jordan, the first created among men, Adam, said to Seth, his son: My son, relate to the patriarchs and prophets what the archangel Michael said to you, when old and infirm I sent you to the entrance of the earthly Paradise, to ask for some balm of the tree of mercy, to anoint my decaying limbs.* Seth then, drawing near to the patriarchs and prophets, related to them what follows:

"My father having become old, and being near his death, sent me to the gate of Paradise, to beg of God that he would permit me to enter and gather some oil from the tree of mercy. I obeyed my father; and as I prayed at the entrance, an angel of the Lord appeared to me and said: What do you want? The balm of the tree of mercy, to restore your father to health? You can find none here now. Go back, and tell your father that when four thousand years will have elapsed, the beloved Son of God will descend upon the earth, and resuscitate the body of Adam, with those of all good men who will have died during that period, and, ascending from the waters of the Jordan, he will anoint with the balm of mercy all those who believe in him, and that balm will endure to the end of time. Then Jesus Christ will introduce thy father into Paradise.

"The patriarchs and prophets were filled with joy on hearing these words of Seth."

With this beautiful and majestic reunion of the saints of the old law, the narrative of the sons of Simeon contrasts a dark conveticle of demons deliberating upon the treatment they will offer to the soul of Jesus, when he descends into hell. "I have triumphed over him," exclaims Satan, "I have excited the Jews against him, and at this very hour he is expiring on a cross." This chief of the rebel angels, who presides in the councils of the infernal hosts, speaks of Jesus in a tone of derision: "That Jesus," says he, "who preclaims himself the

* Here appears the first vestige of the legend of Seth, so often represented in the middle ages—and which occupies so prominent a place in the celebrated legend of the *Wandering Jew*. This is not, after all, the only fable that oriental fancy has connected with the name of Seth. According to a variety of testimony collected by Fabricius, (Codex v, fol. 1, p. 141,) there exists a complete imaginative history of this first of the patriarchs, in which he is represented as being the inventor of letters, the sciences, and the fine arts, etc.—See Seldenius, *Dissert. de Horto Hedersei*.

Son of God, and who is but a man, is afraid of death, crying out : *My soul is sad even unto death.* And yet," adds Satan, " he has greatly opposed me, for he has cured a vast number of wretches whom I had deprived of the use of their limbs : and several souls I was carrying to thee, O Lucifer, he has rescued from my grasp !"

Lucifer is the king of the infernal empire, and Satan is his first minister. Lucifer, who proudly holds the sceptre, can not share in the disdain which his lieutenant manifests for a man who has opposed their designs with so much success. " Who is he, then," asks he, " that man who fears death, and yet surpasses in power all the powerful on earth, who have been brought hither without resistance ? If thou, Satan, speak the truth, he may be a God, who pretends to fear death in order to deceive thee. Wo to thee, wo for ever, if thou art vanquished."

Satan affects not to fear Jesus, boasting that he has him in his power, and that his friends, the priests, the scribes, and the Pharisees, will send his soul to him forthwith.

" Whilst Lucifer and his first minister were thus conversing, a voice like that of thunder was heard : * *Princes, open your gates, be raised up eternal gates, the king of glory is advancing. Tollite portas, principes, vestras ; et elevamini portæ eternales, et introibit rex gloriæ.* Hearing these words, Lucifer cries out to Satan his minister : fly away, leave me ; or if thou art a valiant warrior, go and give battle to that king of glory. He then drove him away, and calling his impious army, he said to them : close the brazen gates, fasten the iron bolts, and resist with courage, if you wish to escape captivity.

" The saints, hearing these orders given by Lucifer, felt indignant, and unanimously exclaimed : Open your gates and let the King of glory enter ; and David, raising his voice, added : Have I not said, *Let us sing the Lord's mercy, let us celebrate his marvels towards the sons of men, for he has burst the brazen gates, and the iron bolts has he broken ?* Have I not also said : *The dead will be resuscitated, they who are in the graves will rise again, they on earth will rejoice, for the deus of heaven have*

come to them ? and all the saints repeated : Lucifer, open thy gates : from this day thy power has ceased, and the voice from without resounded again as a clap of thunder : *attollite portas principes, vestras ; et elevamini portæ eternales, et introibit rex gloriæ !* Lucifer, as if he did not comprehend, asked : Who is that King of glory ? . . . I know these words, answered David, I formerly pronounced them, I will repeat to thee, O Lucifer, what I then said : *He is the mighty and powerful God, powerful in wars : he is the King of glory. He has listened from heaven to the groans of the captives, and he has delivered the sons of the dead.* No sooner had David pronounced these words than the King of glory appeared in human form. His presence illumed the eternal darkness, and loosed our fetters."

It would be difficult to imagine, says McDonhaire, a more striking and more dramatic scene. Could fancy create a bolder contrast than that presented between the venerable assembly of the saints gathered around the father of mankind at the dawning of their deliverance, and the infernal congress of demons united to devise a plan of vengeance against Jesus ? But the most ingenious idea is that solemn confronting of the two periods, the old and the new, that verification of the prophecies by the prophets themselves, and that awakening of a generation of four thousand years, at the sound of a voice which they had only heard before in a mysterious manner.

The shock and agitation caused by the arrival of Christ in the kingdom of the dead soon reach its farthest boundaries. The dead awake and rise to a man, still under the impression of a pleasing dream, and they contemplate in holy ecstasy the completion of the promises in the belief of which they had descended into the sleep of the grave.

Christ extends his hand towards the just. At his feet Adam, the father of all men, sings in rapture that beautiful psalm of David in which David himself exclaims : *Cantate Domino canticum novum, quia mirabilia fecit, etc.* Sing a new canticle to the Lord, for he has done marvels, &c., and the crowd of the just repeat *Alleluia, amen !* On the other side are heard the maledictions and gnashing of teeth of the demons.

" Then, says the legend, two men of old joined the company of the just as they ascend up

* Lift up your gates, O ye princes, and be ye lifted up, O eternal gates, and the king of glory shall enter in.

to heaven. Who are you, they ask, who go up to heaven with us although you were not with us in limbo? One of them answered: I am Enoch, transported from earth to heaven by the word of the Lord. This is Elias, the Thebite, carried away on a fiery chariot. We did not taste death as the rest of men; the Lord has kept us in reserve for the days of Antichrist. After having combated against him with prodigies and miracles, we shall be put to death in Jerusalem, and the fourth day after we shall be carried again into the skies.

"Enoch and Elias were still speaking when there advanced towards them a man of wretched mien, and carrying a cross upon his shoulders. All the just observed him. Who art thou? asked they, for thy appearance is that of a thief. Why this cross on thy shoulders? He answered: You speak the truth; I have been doing evil on earth. The Jews crucified me with Jesus; but seeing the convulsion of all nature at his death, I acknowledged him as the sovereign Lord of heaven and earth, and I prayed to him, saying: Remember me, O Lord, when you will be in your kingdom! He heard my prayer, and inclining his head, he said to me: Amen, amen, I say to thee, this day thou wilt be with me in paradise. Carry this cross with thee, go to Michael the archangel, who watches at the gate of heaven, and say to him: Jesus the son of God, at this time crucified, hath sent me hither. I did thus, and the angel opened unto me and gave me a place in paradise, saying: Wait here a little; Adam, the first man, will soon arrive with all the just. When I saw you all reunited together, I came to join you.

"Thus spoke the good thief, and all the saints, after having heard him, exclaimed: Thou art great, O Lord! and great is thy power! . . ."

Here end the revelations of Carinus and Leucius. The two sons of Simeon were forbidden to reveal any thing further touching the

mysteries of heaven. They were commanded, after having shown themselves in Jerusalem, to retire to the other bank of the Jordan, into a rich and pleasant valley, and there to celebrate the passover with other holy personages restored to life, in order to accomplish this great mystery. Three days only had been allotted for the term of their residence on earth.

"When they had finished their writing," continues the legend, "they arose and gave one of their books to the magistrates, and the other to Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. They were then transformed, becoming white as snow, and disappearing. Their books, when compared, were found exactly alike, the one not having a single letter more than the other."

The Greek text of this legend ends here, but a Latin version of it adds that the Jews of the synagogue, witnesses of this prodigy, recognised the hand of the Lord, and withdrew, full of confusion and smiting their breasts. According to the same version, Pilate ordered the priests of the temple to preserve these precious manuscripts in their library, and himself began an information upon the divinity of Jesus, who was formally recognised, at last, as the true Messiah. Upon which the governor wrote to Rome to acquaint the emperor Claudius with all that had happened. Some details have also reached us touching the more or less apocryphal conversion of Pilate, but we will abstain from mentioning them, and thus put an end to a paper already too lengthy.

In our next we intend continuing the same matter in presenting a rapid view of some of the Christian hieroglyphics found and mixed with many of the artistic productions of the middle ages, and terminate by a monography of a celebrated glass painting,—most of those glass paintings being but an illustration of the Gospel and of the two legends we have presented to the reader,—as the best commentary to the paintings we could offer him.

THE STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSET.

Continued from p. 368.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sketches of Character—Oddity and Piety.



“GOOD morning, Madam Botelar, good morning; I hope I find you perfectly well to-day,” exclaimed a tall and rather strangely dressed lady, entering the parlor hastily, and without ceremony.

“Good morning, Mrs. Talmadge; pray, be seated,” said Mrs. Botelar, rising and courteously offering her hand; “I am really glad to see you.”

“I hope you are,” answered her visiter, taking a chair, “though the fact of the matter is just this: there is so much insincerity among what the world calls polite society, that it is really a sort of penance for me to mingle with it. They are all so high up in the clouds that they scarcely ever have any thing better than a dish of vapors for their friends; this sort of stummary don’t suit me, so I take my own course, which you know is rather a helter-skelter one, and try to keep my heart in the right place!”

“Mrs. Talmadge,” responded Mrs. Botelar, “is quite a philosopher; it is true, however, as she says, her heart is in the right place, but there are some qualities which it is quite as necessary to keep in check.”

“I cry your mercy,” exclaimed Mrs. Talmadge, interrupting her, and wincing a little under her quiet reproof; “you know I must have my say out, good, bad, or indifferent though it may be!”

“So you will, my dear,” answered Mrs. Botelar kindly, “and more’s the pity! I am often astonished that a lady of your fine sense, good heart, and really good qualities, should be so extremely incautious, and allow me to

say imprudent in her language, as you frequently are, and at the same time exercise so little judgment with regard to your expressions.”

“Dear heart alive!” cried the incorrigible lady, laughing heartily; “certainly out of all these little goods I shall be able, after a while, to patch up quite a large one, at least large enough to cover some of my misdemeanors; meanwhile I will let good judgment, with its solemn owl’s face, off.”

Clavering entered the room just then, but seeing a stranger in such confidential conversation with Mrs. Botelar, was about retiring again, when she called to him, and, with a lurking mischief in her eye, introduced him to Mrs. Talmadge. She sprang up, and seizing his hand, exclaimed: “You are the very person I wanted, above all others, to see—a convert—a Virginian! and had trouble about your religion in the bargain! Shake hands—shake hands—don’t mind my way; I’m rough—but nothing for that—another shake; a convert! well, blessed be God for all things!”

Clavering was at a perfect loss; he had never met with one of this *genus* before, and was undetermined how to address her as she sat down again quite exhausted! Mrs. Botelar, in her quiet way, enjoyed the scene, but asked Clavering some indifferent questions for the purpose of giving him time to recover his self-possession, at last he observed: “Virginians, madam, should never meet each other as strangers.”

“No, never,” she answered, “never; give me a shake of the hand, a grip, if you will, before all the bowing and courtesies this side of France, and a kind hearty word, I don’t care if it is rough, before all the mincing remarks about the weather this—or the sunshine that—

or the rain the other, that ever the earth knew."

"Exactly," answered Clavering, beginning to understand the kind of character he had to deal with; "sincerity is a virtue which ranks high above the maxims of the world."

"True, my dear sir," observed Mrs. Botelar, "true; but remember the old proverb of 'whoever renders truth disagreeable commits high treason against virtue.'"

"Now, Madam Botelar, I know that is a thrust at me; but I give you fair warning, if you preach so many sermons at me, I shall become so disagreeable that you will be the cause of the very treason of which you speak. But, tell me, how do you like this shawl of mine; well, I bought it from a poor German immigrant, who has known better days, and who is literally starving for the want of those little necessary comforts to which she has been accustomed. It was her last piece of finery, and although it is gaudy, and in rather bad taste, as far as color and design go, as I stood in need of a shawl, I bought this at her earnest request, and intend wearing it too. I'm very independent in matters of this kind, Mr. Clavering; but, hey day," continued Mrs. Talmadge, looking at her watch, "two o'clock! bless me, I must be off. I must be at the asylum by three, to consult with the lady managers about getting two destitute orphans in the institution."

"Good soul," said Mrs. Botelar, taking her hand, and pressing it kindly, "you make me love you with all your oddities, because the goodness of your excellent and sincere heart imparts the hue of its own virtue to every act."

Mrs. Talmadge was touched by this unexpected proof of Mrs. Botelar's friendship for her, and looked at her a moment in silence, while a tear moistened her eyes; but hers was not the nature to give way to emotion of this kind, and she turned with a smile to Clavering, and observed dryly; "This is the way that the queen of Sheba and I always end our quarrels."

Mrs. Botelar was called out an instant to see a mendicant at the door, and as she walked out, her long dress majestically sweeping the floor, and her fine person erect, Mrs. Talmadge lifted her hands, and whispered, "Now, in your life, sir, did you ever see so

stately a body; she looks like a fine old picture, walking about in one's dreams. Mr. Clavering, come and see me to-morrow, I want to talk about the dear old state, and may-be, cry a little too; but no, I hate crying people! Come, though, at any rate; for, if you do not, I shall bring my work round, and inflict my company the whole day on Mrs. Botelar and yourself. Do promise me, because I assure you it will be a charity extended to certain individuals who expect to see me at home to-morrow!"

So closely and kindly pressed, he could not refuse; so giving her an affirmative answer, she shook hands and darted off, almost upsetting Mrs. Botelar as they met unexpectedly at the parlor door. Stopping an instant to apologize, and utter a hasty adieu, she proceeded rapidly on for the purpose of accomplishing the charitable object of which she had spoken. "Bless me, bless me," said Mrs. Botelar, with a little frown just perceptible on her brow, "what rough people one meets with sometimes in the world; I am quite in a tremor! Mrs. Talmadge is a good, excellent creature, but too rough indeed!"

"Can I assist you, madam?"

"Oh no, thank you, my dear; the puckers are all straight now, I believe. Let us sit down and enjoy a little quiet chat, which I always need after spending an hour with Mrs. Talmadge. When I was young I could have enjoyed her queer points, but they fatigue me now! By the by, are you going to see her?"

"Yes, madam, to-morrow morning I promised to pay my respects."

"I am glad to hear it. Yes, go, by all means; you'll be amused, and if you should perchance meet with any of her pensioners, you'll be edified. She is certainly the most charitable woman I ever knew, and beneath all this assumed carelessness of manner, runs an under current of unwavering and steady piety; but I really wish Mrs. Talmadge would be true to herself; she is an intelligent woman, and could be, if she chose, more refined and gentle in her manner; but she has set up this harum-scarum kind of a character, and so feels privileged to act as she pleases."

"It is a pity, but could she not be persuaded to lay aside some of those eccentric qualities?"

"Oh no, I believe not. I have done all that a friend could prudently do to effect this ob-

ject, but without success; for she is perfectly enchanted with her way, and to all my arguments replies, 'It will be all the same a hundred years hence.' Lead the conversation to-morrow to her first Catholic impressions, and if you are not amused, you may call your old friend a false prophet."

That evening Clavering spent, as usual, with Father Francis. He was preparing, with the purest and most suitable sentiments, to make his first communion. Books had been laid aside, and with his Rosary, and the "Following of Christ" by Thomas à Kempis, the hours glided by in sweet and tranquil numbers. All was calm; the raging storm was hushed, and in blessed hope he awaited the coming of his heavenly guest. But a few days longer, and the Lord would come under the spotless sacramental veil, to abide for a season with him. Illimitable praise and thanksgiving be to our Lord God, for this beaming way-mark along the shores of life, for this refreshment in the wilderness, for this consolation amidst the shadows of death, and safeguard beyond. Let us not despair when the thorn pierces our hearts, for here is a balm; let us not faint when heat and labor overcome our trembling frames, for with a supernatural strength it will bear us up; and when tears flow in torrents from broken hearts that leaned too securely on earth's promises, here is the kind physician, who, with cords of eternal love, will bind the fragments together, whose links will ascend upward, in sweet succession, from earth to heaven. . . .

The next day Clavering procured from his kind friend the address of Mrs. Talmadge, and after a circuitous and fatiguing walk, found himself at her door. Her house gave evidence of wealth and style, at least every thing about it had once been new and handsome, but the good lady had so little time to spare from her extensive charities, or devote to any thing beyond the mere domestic details which are absolutely necessary in a family, that every thing wore a dingy and disordered appearance. He was ushered in by a little girl, and found Mrs. Talmadge comfortably seated by a blazing fire, and knitting away on a pair of large coarse yarn stockings, as if her life depended on her success. "Mr. Clavering! how are you? I am truly rejoiced to see you," she said, extending her hand with a smile of wel-

come. This he warmly grasped, and reciprocated all her kind inquiries with a sincerity of manner perfectly congenial with her own, and which appeared to afford her the most unmitigated pleasure. "I am so delighted to find that Madam Botelar, with her grand, stately airs, has not petrified you," she exclaimed.

"Should such a deplorable event ever occur, I would most assuredly come to Mrs. Talmadge for an antidote," he replied, bowing.

"Ah, well! it will be all the same a hundred years hence; but come, draw your chair closer to my work table, it will look more cosy, and talk to me, for I declare I am almost too busy to look at you; but pshaw! never mind, I don't see Virginians every day, so lie there, stockings. I am knitting them for one of my Greeks."

"Greeks, madam," asked Clavering in surprise.

"Did you never hear, Mr. Clavering, what old John of Roanoke once said to a lady who solicited his charity for a fair which was in progress?"

"I do not remember."

"Well, you *do* remember, though, what a fierce old chap this same John Randolph was, and what biting sarcasms he could sometimes inflict on his best friends?"

"Exactly."

"He went to visit this lady, and at the termination of his visit, as she stood on the portico chatting with him, he cast those keen little eyes of his around the place, and saw several negroes who appeared half starved and literally in tatters. 'Oh! Mr. Randolph,' she lisped, rustling her silks, 'I have been commissioned to beg a donation of you for a fair which we are getting up for the benefit of the indigent Greeks.' 'The Greeks are at your door, madam,' he replied in a stern voice, and with his finger pointing to her ill treated slaves, while his keen, penetrating eyes probed her very heart with their searching glance. In another instant he was in his saddle, and galloping off as if contagion were at his heels, for you know that a kinder and more benevolent and indulgent master never owned a slave, and how bitterly he detested any thing like tyranny or neglect to those unfortunate creatures, whose bondage, as a hereditary and necessary evil, has been transmitted with all its train of at-

tenant reproaches to us by our forefathers. But, Mr. Clavering, do allow me to ask how it happens that you are a Catholic? I am all curiosity to hear."

"Will you allow me the privilege, madam, of making the same inquiry of you?" said Clavering, remembering Mrs. Botelar's injunction; "we can then compare notes. I have understood that your first Catholic impressions are a little remarkable."

"Remarkable for their queerness," said Mrs. Talmadge, "or rather their singularity. But I will tell you. I really can not help laughing sometimes when I think of the awful consternation my poor, dear husband, Jack Talmadge, would be in if he could raise his head from the grave, and see me a Roman Catholic! He was a deacon in the Presbyterian church down in Stonnington, away off in the sou'west corner of the old state, and a most excellent man he was too; truly a good man. One morning before breakfast he was conning over the 'Orthodox Organ,' which he had just received among some other papers from Baltimore by the mail, when a paragraph printed in capitals under the head of '**AWFUL AND TERRIFIC NEWS**,' arrested his attention. He uttered such a cry of astonishment and terror after he had read it, that I thought, for an instant, he had been seized with a mortal illness. 'I predicted it,' he cried—'they are coming at last.' 'Who, my dear?' I inquired. 'Who, do you ask? invaders, marauders, idolaters, the papists are coming.' 'Pish,' said I, 'I thought it was the British!' 'You won't be so well satisfied, Mrs. Talmadge,' he said, becoming desperately calm, and pressing the fore-finger of his right hand very impressively into the open palm of his left, while his eyes, dilating with dismay, almost started from their sockets; 'you will not be so well satisfied, I say, when you hear that the pope—mark, the pope of Rome—is sending over armies disguised as emigrants to lay waste the liberties of our free and happy land; but this is not all, Mrs. Talmadge, no, far from being all; when this is accomplished, another pope—another pope, remember—is to be sent to America to rule the destiny of free-born millions.' 'Oh, dear me,' exclaimed I, becoming alarmed too, 'what is to be done?' 'Done—done,' he cried, again starting off, and waving his arms about him in an ecstasy of fear, 'run and collect together the Presbytery as

soon as possible. I will go to our brethren in the lower streets of the town, and give the alarm, while you go abroad and sound the news in every direction; yes, we will collect them together, and devise ways and means to drive these invaders from our shores, with all their wickedness and car of Juggernaut.' In his haste he stumbled over our large house dog, who lay in his way, and falling against the breakfast table, upset it and its contents, and striking his head as he fell against a china bowl, received a severe wound just across his temple. Poor man! this accident, with the excitement he was under, brought on a fever, which was not abated by the company of elders and deacons who came every evening to console him, and read to him as they sat huddled up around the table, 'awful disclosures' which had been made by anti-Catholic societies, and a renegade priest, along with Miss Reed's narrative of her escape from a convent, and Maria Monk, until they were really afraid to go home after dark by themselves, but like 'burning and shining lights,' as they were of the church, each man carried a large glass lantern in one hand, and brandished in the other a stout cudgel. I never could divine of what they were afraid, from that day to this, unless it was of a superannuated old couple who lived in the village, and were the only Catholics in it. I verily believe," said Mrs. Talmadge, sadly, "these incidents led to my husband's death finally; for he never recovered entirely from the fever into which they threw him, but declined gradually in health until he died. You may easily imagine, Mr. Clavering, what my first impressions of the Catholic religion were, from the little circumstances which I have just related; indeed, I sincerely thought it far, very far beneath that of Mahomet. In some of the papers which I still received from Baltimore, I saw the merits of many literary institutions highly eulogized, and determined, after my estate was settled up, to remove thither. A brother of my deceased husband resided in the city, and to him I entrusted the investment of my money, and the purchase of a suitable residence, and in a few months we were delightfully situated in my new abode, and my children in the full enjoyment of all those sources of knowledge which a sound and refined education requires. Several weeks after our arrival were very agreeably occupied in riding and walking about to

see the various lions of the city ; in fact, you know that every thing in a large and populous city must have presented a novel and delightful contrast to the dull routine of a rustic village life, and, I assure you, my young people enjoyed it with unrestrained zest. I was frequently asked, 'Have you visited the cathedral?' The cathedral indeed! thought I, not for the world would I enter beyond the precincts of its enclosure! *I was afraid.* I fancied I knew a little too much about its trap-doors, and vaults, and subterranean passages, where the pale and wandering ghosts of incarcerated men and women were to be seen gliding along in ghostly procession, performing their midnight penance. I had read all these things in the 'Orthodox Organ,' so don't think I am exaggerating, Mr. Clavering, don't I beg of you, for I detest exaggeration as much as I do untruth ; it is the self-same principle after all, only in a greater or lesser degree, which gives rise to both ; those villainous pamphlets, those newspapers teeming with abhorrent falsehoods, all sanctified by being the official organs of certain denominations, actually warped my mind to that degree, that no imagination, however horrible, concerning the Catholic religion, and every thing connected with it, would have seemed at all preposterous. But, woman like, I began at last to feel a sneaking kind of a curiosity to go within the walls of this church, of whose beauty and grandeur I had also heard, and, after much persuasion, determined to accompany Mr. Lindsay, a gentleman with whom my eldest son was studying law. I do not precisely remember the year in which all this happened, or the exact date of my first visit to a Catholic church. It was, let me see, 1827—1829—no ; but never mind, it was during the time of the excellent Archbishop W——. But, Mr. Clavering, you are fatigued! My poor husband used to say to me sometimes, 'Jane, my dear, you have discovered the secret of perpetual motion ;' for then, as now, when I began to talk, I had no prudential considerations for my listener's ears."

"I assure you, madam, I feel much interested in your little narrative, and am anxious to hear of your first visit to a Catholic church," replied Clavering.

"Well, it was a dark winter's day, the very clouds seemed to have descended and saturated every thing with their reeking dampness as

they rolled in heavy masses along the streets. As Mr. Lindsay and myself were ascending the steps, the first note of the second vesper bell pealed! I thought I was shot! and was so mad at being scared out of my wits by a bell, that I did not wish to proceed farther, but Mr. Lindsay prevailed, and in we walked. But it was solemn!—the far off tapers—the reverberating and rejoicing music, the kneeling multitude. I forgot in an instant all the mysterious tales I had ever heard about papists, until he whispered that he could obtain a seat for me near the altar. 'Not for the world,' I replied in an under tone, all my fears reviving at once ; 'we will sit here,' and I went into one of the last pews in the middle aisle. I did not sit down. I was afraid, and thought I would keep my feet ready for a start, in case any thing extraordinary occurred. After gazing furtively around, and seeing that no one disappeared suddenly under ground, I began to feel more composed, and disposed to enjoy the scene. I looked with amazement at the altar, and noticed with a feeling akin to pity, the strange costume of the priest, and the throwing up of incense, and bowing to a figure before him, and exclaimed to myself: 'they are joined to their idols,' and was wondering which of the saints it could be to whom so much attention was paid ; for to me, who had never seen any thing of the kind before, it looked quite outlandish enough to be either St. Peter or St. Paul, or any other saint that flourished in the olden time, when all on a sudden, while through the distance and evening gloom my wondering eyes were magnifying it out of all possible human proportions, up it rose, and stood, and moved its head around, while every body in the church immediately sprang to their feet, and off I started, making my way with all possible speed to the door, for I thought a crisis had arrived, and that a general onset was to be made.* Mr. Lindsay followed me instantly, thinking that I was taken suddenly ill, and when he overtook me, as I was rapidly descending the steps, exclaimed: 'For God's sake, madam, what is the matter? you look pale, here lean on my arm.'

"'Hush, hush,' said I in a hoarse whisper; 'hurry on, or we shall be blown up ; hurry on, hurry on.'

"'What can be the matter?' he again asked,

* A fact.

looking much alarmed; I believe he thought that a violent fit of insanity had seized me; 'Mrs. Talmadge, what can have agitated you so? what have you seen?'

"Seen! I have seen priestcraft and wickedness."

"My dear madam, what under the sun are you raving about? On my veracity I can not comprehend——"

"Raving, do you call it? raving, sir? Didn't you see with your own eyes that awful statue with the helmet on its head suddenly rise to its feet, like a human being, and, at the signal, every body in the church was up, ready for any thing?"

"Well, he laughed, and laughed, and finally roared out. 'It was the good archbishop!' and laughed again, 'and the congregation stood while they sang the magnificent.'

"Come," said I, 'cat me no cats about it; I have had quite enough of it; I don't enter that door again, that's all; they can get along vastly well without my assistance.'"

"How did it happen, Mrs. Talmadge," inquired Clavering, who had been much amused, "that you ever ventured to approach again?"

"Why thus: Mr. Lindsay became a Catholic soon after, and my son in the course of a year or two, during which time he read unceasingly those books which misrepresented Catholicism and represented her in her own pure and heavenly colors, and, after comparing both, found, as he energetically expressed himself, that he must either be a Catholic heart and soul or an infidel. Gradually, and by very slow degrees, I was induced to read, and the pious example of my son, together with the well-selected books—but see, we are about being interrupted."

As the door opened, and a broad, red, good-humored face was thrust in, surmounted by a head which was covered by short curls of thick yellow hair, Mrs. Talmadge said to the intruder: "What, Barney! back again?"

"An thin may the angels themselves make ye a bed in hiven, my lady!"

"Did you get work, sir?"

"Sorra a bit. The whole world seems to be fixt up all at once, quite independent like."

"Astonishing," said Mrs. Talmadge, laughing.

"And I've been a thinking," he continued, crushing his tattered hat between his hands,

"that as ther is sich a bother for a poor boy in Baltimore, I'd lave it altogether intirely, and go beyant to Aistern shore, and never come back to Ameraky agin, for it aint by no manes the place it is cracked up to be at all, at all."

"Well, Barney," said Mrs. Talmadge, "you must go out again and try for work in some part of the city which is not so well fixed up as this, and, if you do not succeed, return to me, and, perhaps I can find something to employ you."

"Manewhile, me lady, iv the sowl ov me is starved out ov me body intirely; niver a bit will Barney want the labor thin," he answered, looking wistfully at a covered plate and bowl that sat at the fire, and, winking his eye and smacking his lips with an indescribable and graphic indication of hunger.

"Have you had no breakfast, Barney," enquired Mrs. Talmadge.

"Sorra a bit has gone in me teeth to-day."

"Truth now, Barney."

"As thrue as the Gospils, me lady."

"Well, I suppose you must have something, come here. Mr. Clavering you'll excuse my giving him his breakfast here? There, sit down, here is a breakfast for a king," said Mrs. Talmadge, as she raised the bowl and plate, the contents of which had been designed for her son who had not yet come in to his morning meal. He made his benefactress a low reverence, and fell too with right good will on the inviting meal of coffee, rich toast, and broiled ham, so temptingly set before him. One or two infirm old women now came in to whom the good lady gave some articles of coarse, substantial, and warm winter clothing, and to a modest nice little girl some tea, coffee, and sugar, and a small quantity of wine, all of which she packed away in a clean willow basket that hung on her arm. Barney revelled meanwhile in his unexpected luxuries, and rolling his eyes around on the recipients of Mrs. Talmadge's bounty, exclaimed with all the enthusiasm of his warm-hearted nation, "An' sure it is I've been translated widout knowin it at all, at all, from airth to hiven! Ah! me, if the poor craythur was only here!" Mrs. Talmadge did not hear him, but Clavering did, and, feeling an interest in the good humored fellow's welfare, determined to find out his history, for he, like the generality of mankind, was a physiognomist, and had dis-

covered in his countenance an expression of honesty and indomitable cheerfulness which penury and mayhap want had failed to quench, and then his involuntary exclamation about his absent relative, all convinced him that there was something behind the scenes worth finding out; so whispering Barney to wait without until he came, was about making his adieu, when his attention was directed to a new comer by an exclamation from Mrs. Talmadge. He was a heavily built old Dutchman, and stood in the doorway, leaning on a stick, looking doggedly around on the inmates of the room. His clothing was coarse and poor, but patched and darned with every variety of color until the original hue of his garments had become a difficult problem; his hat remained untouched, and no token save a sound between a grunt and a growl evinced a recognition of any individual present. "What on earth conjured you up, Carl," asked Mrs. Talmadge; "is old Frederika sick?"

"Yaw!"

"How long has she been sick, Carl, and what ails her?"

"Mien vrow hash got te bains in her legs, te bains in her arms, and te bains in her pack," he replied, looking as immovable as ever.

"Good old Frederika, I hope she is not going to die."

"Me cant tell dat. She says you musht sent her von of dem Plessed Firgin metals, and bray for her, ugh! ugh! ugh!" he exclaimed, after delivering his almost unintelligible message, and giving vent to those sounds of contempt, as if by them he made satisfaction to his own philosophic mind for having been the bearer of a message concerning things which he detested. Old Carl, like many others in this world of ours, was a nondescript in religion, he believed just what suited his own

notions and chimed in with his idea of creature comforts.

"Sir," said Mrs. Talmadge, sharply, "what do you mean by your ugh, ugh? Better wear a medal yourself, old gray-headed sinner, and ask the Blessed Virgin to pray for you—better do this, old Carl, than when you come to die repent when it is too late."

"Vell," said he, unmoved, "dish world ish goot enuff fer me, so long ash I can get a shup of peer and von goot pipe to shmoke."

"Old reprobate, do you think you will live always?"

"I hope to liff till I can't shee, till I can't hear, till I can't walk, and till I can't feel not no more all ofer, den I vill die and not know noting about it."

"You do," answered Mrs. Talmadge, quite exasperated, "you do! Perverse man! your soul at least can never die or wear out, either here or hereafter, and our God lives for ever. You will be banished from his presence, Carl, and from the presence of the angels and all the heavenly hosts if you do not pray day and night, for you are very old, and time is so short with you that there is but a step between you and eternity."

"Mien Gott! don't I tell you dish world ish goot enuff for Carl? What if te goot Lord would say 'come up now, Carl, and pe von angel?' Vell! tell me, vill you, what goot would it pe to be settin on a vet cloud all tay singing hallelujahs! so now—dere!" he exclaimed, stamping out in a towering passion. Clavering could but smile at the old man's unpoetical appreciation of the employments of the heavenly hosts, but felt at the same time deeply grieved at the state of morbid insensibility into which the obstinate Carl had fallen, and, uttering a short prayer in his behalf, bade Mrs. Talmadge good morning, and hastened out to keep his engagement with Barney.

TO BE CONTINUED.



INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

• (From our Irish Correspondent.)

IRELAND.—*Maynooth College.*—Every friend of Ireland and Catholicity on your side of the Atlantic will, I am sure, be rejoiced to hear that the British government has recently increased the annual grant to this most useful ecclesiastical institution. The endowment was formerly only the scanty sum of nine thousand pounds per annum, to which has been added seventeen thousand three hundred, exclusive of three thousand seven hundred which is to be appropriated to repair the present buildings, and to enlarge the college.

Those only who are acquainted with the spirit of bigotry, prejudice, and blind fanaticism which actuate all ranks of people in England, and Scotland, and the Protestant portion of Ireland, can have an adequate conception of the violent and obstinate resistance that was evinced against the enactment of this bill by their representatives. But petitions, remonstrances, clamors, and threats were in vain and futile, all were forced to yield to the strong arm of necessity. The discussion continued for three or four weeks, and the British House of Commons has been seldom the theatre of a more dreadful contest of intellects. The ungrounded apprehension of the ascendancy of "popery" instigated on one side the myrmidons of tyranny, bigotry, falsehood, and persecution, in spite of every consideration of public utility to oppose it, whilst the tools of Peel and the government were no less active and energetic in its support; hoping that they would be enabled by this mite of justice to conciliate Ireland; make her forget the accumulated wrongs and injuries of the past; secure her co-operation in case impending war should break out; wean the attachment of the hierarchy from the people and repeal; and sow the seeds of discord and dissension throughout the land. But how grossly have they not deceived themselves! Even the wily minister, with all his artifice and duplicity, has been duped on this occasion. For never had Ireland such ground for hope and speedy success—her people were never more ardently and strongly attached to the legitimate and sacred cause in which they are struggling—more wedded to their great and peerless leader—more determined to cling to his councils, until the grand and darling object of his countless labors and exertions shall be achieved. It is true, the priesthood and Catholic portion of Ireland have hailed this com-

pulsory donation with feelings of joy and gratitude, but that either would relinquish their birth-right and the blessings of a legislative parliament for this "mess of pottage," it is an utter impossibility, and a foolish and chimerical idea, which could be only entertained by those who are unacquainted with the Irish character. The grant will, no doubt, be productive of much advantage both to the inmates of the college, and the great mass of the people. It will remove the embarrassments in which the trustees of the college were heretofore frequently involved, owing to the inadequacy of the former grant from government to the defraying the expenses of so large a number of students. The intention of the government is also, it appears, to prolong the philosophical and theological course of the pupils two years. Their physical comforts and convenience will be likewise more attended to, and their condition in every respect immensely ameliorated. The students comprise three distinct classes. The first consists of those who pay twenty-five pound per annum for their maintenance and tuition: second, of those who are supported and educated by the annual grant; and the third, those of the Dunboyne establishment. The usual number of students, these last twenty years, has averaged at four hundred and twenty, which is much larger than the college could maintain by the former annual grant and individual bequests, accordingly many of the students were admitted as pensioners, or half pensioners, and even some free of all expense, excepting eight pounds to be paid on admittance. The college, in its present state, is capable of accommodating only about four hundred and fifty, but when the additions that are being made shall have been completed, it will be enabled, without the least incumbrance, to receive five hundred. This will be a most desirable object and advantage, as the number of clergymen will be thus greatly augmented throughout the kingdom, which requires for its Catholic population many more than it now possesses. The pupil's uniform consists of a cap and gown, which are similar to those worn by the Dublin university students. ●

The college is divided into three compartments—the junior, senior, and Dunboyne establishments. The present annual endowment will provide the two former divisions with maintenance and education free of all expense, whilst the sum of forty pounds being added to the thirty pounds which the

students of the Dunboyne house formerly received, it will render their position an object of laudable emulation to the other pupils of the college—hold forth a powerful incitement to assiduous literary and theological exertion, and no inconsiderable remuneration for industry. This body of students is confined to twenty, who are chosen from the various dioceses in the country in the same proportion generally as the free students. The professors of the institution are most frequently selected from them, being all persons of superior accomplishments, and particularly distinguished for their eminent talents and extensive knowledge in the respective studies, and more especially in theology. Each student undergoes a rigid examination before the board of trustees previous to his admission. The college is under the direction of a president, vice-president, senior dean, and two junior deans, and a bursar, besides professors of dogmatical and moral theology, Sacred Scripture, Hebrew, natural philosophy, logic, metaphysics and ethics, belles lettres, rhetoric, humanity, latin and Greek, and of Irish. The Revd. Mr. Keenan bequeathed a thousand pounds for the establishment of an Irish professorship, and much to the credit of the institution, be it said, that the Irish language is in a high state of cultivation and improvement, and regarded as a requisite attainment to perfect the Maynooth student's education. Indeed, it is indispensable almost for the ministry, considering that it is still the language spoken by a large portion of the inhabitants of this country. The buildings of the college form three sides of a quadrangle, and are favorably situated about eleven miles from Dublin, in a secluded and salubrious section of the county Kildare. The library contains about ten thousand volumes, exclusive of a large and most beautiful collection (of the finest works in modern and ancient literature and science), which was added to it by the late Dr. Boylan, former superior of the Irish college in Rome. It is erected on the Duke of Leinster's domain, and was first opened for the reception of students in 1795, by an act of the Irish parliament. Previous to this period, your readers are aware that the Catholic priesthood of Ireland were educated on the continent, but in consequence of the lamentable war that was then raging, all intercourse was obliged to be suspended. There are attached to the college fifty-four acres, which are allotted to the use of the students in their hours of relaxation and amusement. Such is a hasty and faint description of this seat of piety and learning, where the majority of the exemplary and devoted missionaries of our holy faith in Ireland have been instructed in the divine precepts of the Gospel—and have imbibed the saving maxims of truth and religion; which has exhibited the brightest ornaments of the church in this country, and which will,

there is every reason to expect, by the aid of the recent munificent and liberal endowment from government, be enabled to confer still greater and more abundant blessings on the ingenuous, hospitable, chivalrous, and religious people of Ireland. The most gratifying circumstance (I should have observed) connected with the government grant, and which is a source of the greatest joy and delight to those for whom it is intended to benefit, is that the state does not interfere with the established order and discipline of the college. On any other conditions, the endowment would not be merely objectionable, but would have necessarily been rejected and repudiated. The government has, also, a short time since introduced a bill for establishing three other colleges in the north, south and west of Ireland. The plan of education and system of collegiate discipline have been disapproved of, and decried with the utmost abhorrence and indignation by all the bishops, the whole body of the priesthood, and, I may say, by the entire Catholic laity of the nation. This unanimous decision and irresistible opposition, have even at present almost gloriously frustrated the delusive schemes and insidious designs of the government, and it is rumored that they have abandoned it as impracticable. The state intended to amalgamate the three colleges into a university; not to allow the students to reside or be supported in the colleges, but in the adjoining towns; to permit them to be opened to persons of every creed and denomination. The tenth clause of the bill was, perhaps of all, the most intolerable and adverse to the interests and wishes of the people, whereby it invested all power in the hands of the government, with regard to discipline and the appointment of professors. The sons of Erin, amongst whom the numerous readers of your invaluable Magazine form so large a portion, will be overjoyed to perceive by this, and every intelligence from Ireland, that the English government has been (reluctantly indeed, it is true,) compelled to take into consideration the doleful condition of this unfortunate and impoverished country; that her political position with foreign powers, particularly with America—the domestic discontent and disaffection which pervade all ranks of her subjects in England and Scotland, and the more than human power and moral strength of the repeal agitation, which is every day becoming more potent—more formidable to British tyranny and injustice, has at last necessitated her to mete out a paltry share of those rights which she has long withheld, to her disgrace and eternal ignominy. Still, it is heart-gladdening and delightful to mark the rapid, gigantic, and onward strides which Ireland is making towards independence; the happy and almost miraculous reformation which has taken place within these last few years amongst all grades

of society, in consequence of temperance—the enlightenment and unequalled morality of her people—the warm and unabated devotedness which they show towards their illustrious and incomparable champion, and the unshaken earnestness and unswerving determination they evince in the righteous and sympathizing cause of liberty, to which his protracted and toilsome life has been exclusively dedicated, are auspicious harbingers of hope and cheering presages that the day is not far distant when the galling chains with which her inhuman and relentless sister riveted and bound her, shall be burst—that her proud flag will be again seen floating in every breeze—her name inscribed amongst the nations of the earth, and her noble, gallant, and patriotic sons free and independent. There is also another celebrated literary and Catholic college in this county, and about five miles from Maynooth, which is under the management and control of the Jesuits. It is beautifully situated in a picturesque and delectable section of the country, and is known by the name of Clongowes Wood college, the former residence of Wogan Browne, Esq. In 1814, it was opened by the Rev. and much lamented Mr. Kenney, and has since enjoyed a much larger share of public patronage than any other similar institution in Ireland. I feel the utmost pleasure and satisfaction in being able to apprise your transatlantic Catholics that the iniquitous, odious, and intolerable “Bequests Bill,” which was, and is so vehemently and justly decried, and spurned here, will, there is every reason to hope, be abrogated or at least remodelled during the present session of parliament; otherwise, petitions will issue from every diocese in the land, calling upon the prelates who are commissioners, to abandon this execrable and pernicious bill, to resign their office as commissioners, and thus restore unanimity, concord, and peace to the Irish Catholic church.

R. R.

GERMANY.—*The Rongian Schism in Germany.*—Though we have already called attention to this subject, the following details, which we have selected from the *Boston Tablet*, will be read with interest.

“Much has of late been written in this country on the *New German Catholic Church*. The Protestant presses have teemed with abuse of the *superstitions of popery* that gave rise to it. The very pulpits have resounded with furious declamations against that *senseless worship which adores a so-called garment of Christ*. Ronge has been canonized by men who despise the petty invocations of the mother of the Saviour, of the apostles, of the martyrs, of the confessors, and of the virgins who suffered for Christ, or who for him practised all the virtues even to a degree of heroism. He has been called an apostle, suscitated like Luther of old, to reform a corrupt church. In a word, the preaching of Ronge and Co. has been heralded from Maine to Texas, as a mark of the protection of the Lord, as a proof of his vigilance for the safeguard of Bible

truths, as a forerunner of the final downfall of popery. And yet, *strange to say!* our good old father, Gregory, is still seated on the throne of St. Peter, the church daily opens her arms to receive new children into her bosom, the east and the west, and the isles and the dry land, send their ambassadors to acknowledge the authority of the successor of him to whom were given, by the Master, the keys of the kingdom of heaven, that whatever he might loose on earth should also be loosed in heaven, and that what he might bind on earth should be bound in heaven. What then is this astonishing reformation so much spoken of, and yet which has done so little? Who are the apostles of this new church? These questions, and many others which naturally arise, are fully answered by the *Ami de la Religion*, from which we translate the following article on the so-called *German Catholic Schism, its origin and phases up to the present day*:

“Every body knows that the great manifestation of faith, produced in Germany by the pilgrimage to Treves, filled German Protestantism with astonishment, and inspired it with the idea of a new and more severe attack against the Catholic church. The glory and the strength of Catholicism are in the *unity of faith*; the most terrible arm it opposes to Protestants are the innumerable dissidences that divide the heterodox sects, and which alone form an irrefragable argument against the impious doctrine of illimitable freedom in interpreting and investigating in religious matters. This Protestantism knows, and in order to wrest from the hands of Catholicism that fatal arm, it has imagined the idea of forming communities infested with all the errors of the sixteenth century, and preserving the name of *Catholic*, though this holy and glorious denomination must necessarily exclude the title of *national* that they have also at the same time given to these new churches.

“This foolish attempt displays a profound ignorance of ecclesiastical history, as well as a reckless and culpable contempt of the divine principles on which Jesus Christ has founded his church. Who is there that knoweth not that faithful guardian of all revealed truths, the true spouse of Christ, preserves them, and to preserve them suffers even the painful loss of a part of her family? In the eleventh century she casts away from her a part of the east that dares to rebel against her and her apostolic supremacy. Nor did she hesitate, in the seventeenth century, rather to lose England and the north of Europe than suffer any derogation to the Catholic faith. How then could it be supposed that what she rejected with just horror at such a sacrifice, she would receive it from the impure hands of two unfortunate priests, who had already incurred her censures.

“At the epoch of the Protestant reformation Luther had also conceived the ambitious project of founding a *Germanic church*, of which he was to be the head, and which by its organization would, with Catholic unity, defy the supremacy of Rome. But Luther was, in erudition, and talents, and character, far superior to the miserable apostates who would resume his work, and make unto themselves a name like unto his. And yet he found rivals who partook of his supremacy before even it was solidly established. Something similar is taking place in the present schism. Ronge has scarce proclaimed in Germany his *German Catholic church*, when, in one of the eastern provinces, another apostate preclaims an *apostolic Catholic church*. They acted from a different principle, though they produced

the same identical effect; one obeyed the impulsion of hunger, the other satisfied the impure cravings of the flesh.

"Ronge, for holding heterodox opinions, had incurred the censures of the bishop to whose diocese he was attached. Suspended from all ecclesiastical functions, without knowledge, without talent, but feeling bitterly the misery of his nothingness, he secluded himself amidst the mountains of Siberia, and found an asylum in the house of the Protestant minister of Laurahütte. There he languished, obscure and unknown, until a certain Count Reichenback, ultra-Protestant, whose temper had been singularly ruffled by the pilgrimage to Treves, and who was then seeking some Catholic theologian who would assume the publication of a libel against the holy relic, found, for money, a name-lender in the disgraced Ronge. Absurd and low as was this libel, yet it was above the capacity of Ronge; it had not even been written by Count Reichenback, but by a mixed society of Protestants, Evangelicals, and Rationalists. Ronge seized with equal avidity the sum proffered to him, and the opportunity of making unto himself a name in this anti-Catholic strife, and soon after was published, under his name, an infamous pamphlet, wherein it was blasphemously said that the holy robe of the Saviour was the property of murderers. This impious work revolted every Christian heart, and called down upon its apparent author and responsible editor, all the severity of the diocesan authority. They proceeded with canonic moderation, fixing unto him a peremptory term for a public retraction, under the threat of excommunication. Ronge refused to retract, and at the fixed time, he was publicly and solemnly cut off from the church. From that moment he became doubly dear to those who had dragged him into the abyss. The Protestant presses sang his praise, large sums of money and precious gifts were sent him from every part of Germany, his portrait was circulated through the country, and suddenly raised to be a great man, rival of the doctor of Wittemberg, he came and planted his standard in Breslau, where he had been publicly excommunicated; there, guided by his Protestant protectors, and secretly protected by the provincial government, he invited all those who were of his opinion to rally around him, and under his direction to constitute a *pseudo-Catholic* church.

"John Czersky, a priest of the diocese of Posen, at the same time, but from different causes, was entering the same iniquitous path. From a charity scholar, promoted (too soon) to the order of the priesthood, he shortly after, by his scandals of impurity, deserved to be interdicted from the pulpit and the altar. He was, however, restored on performing penance, and appointed curate of the parish of Schneidemühl, a small town of the Prussian province of Bromberg. A new passion, and a sacrilegious *liaison*, to which he gave the name of *marriage of conscience*, renewed the scandal of Posen; cited before the metropolitan court, where he foresaw that illimitated interdiction was unavoidable, he sought other means of existence, and followed by sixteen or twenty Catholics as corrupt as himself, he baptized his new church by the name of *Apostolic Catholic*. Interest and debauchery were then the double source of those two pretended Catholic schisms which now form but one. But though Czersky had incurred the same canonical censures as Ronge, their position was widely different. Ronge was enriched by the gifts of Germanic Pro-

testantism, which even handed over to him the coffers of the Gustavo-Adolphian Society, founded for the apparent object of supporting the Protestant ministers of poor congregations; so much did they desire to expect and consolidate the pretended Catholic schism of Ronge and his *primalial church* founded at Breslau. His new situation enabled him to visit Leipsic, Dresden, Berlin, and a few other cities, where he acted as chief of his sect, and sought proselytes, of whom he found scarce a handful among Catholics, while the Protestant sects gave him many disciples who followed him, more through curiosity and a certain love for novelty, than for any real communion for religious opinions. And now came the tug of war between Ronge and Czersky. The first had the preponderance of fortune, for Czersky's appeals to public generosity had not procured him sufficient for his own wants and those of the offspring of his sacrilegious marriage. He had tried, it is true, to establish a creed for his followers wherein he only suppressed the celibacy of the clergy, the fasts and the abstinence prescribed by the church. Preserving the mass, he suppressed the dogma of the real presence, the liturgic language, the commemoration of the saints, ordered communion under both kinds, reduced the number of the sacraments to five, abolished auricular confession, and excluded or modified some articles of the apostles' creed, which he admitted as the sole exterior of faith, omitting, however, the resurrection of the flesh. But this formulary had to give way to that of Ronge, and Czersky soon discovered that the only chance of salvation for himself and his infant church was to unite with Ronge, and thus to obtain his portion of the loaves and fishes. He descended, therefore, from the patriarchal throne, and became an humble acolyte of Ronge, to whose authority he submitted with his small flock. Ronge received him, and dragged him in triumph through all the capitals he visited; but as chief of the new church, he secured unto himself the administration of the temporal goods, which Protestant munificence continued to accumulate in his hands, and, as it is natural to such apostles, he kept the lion's part, and suffered his ancient rival to remain in a needy and precarious state.

"We give now the statistics of the two sects united into one, as published by the German papers. The clergy consists of five Catholic priests publicly degraded and excommunicated, Ronge, Czersky, Licht, ex-vicar of the diocese of Treves, Kerbler, ex-curate of Breslau, and Schreiber, ex-professor of theological knowledge at Friburg in Brisgau. As by a strange anomaly these self-styled Catholics deemed necessary the sacerdotal character as conferred by the true church, as for the perpetuation thereof they needed a bishop, they cast their eyes on a prelate from whose antecedents they might have some hopes of success. The baron of Wessenberg having manifested great attachment to M. de Dalberg, prince-primate of the Rhine Confederation, and grand duke of Frankfurt, was rewarded by the prelate, who, in an excess of extravagant friendship, consecrated him suffragan bishop of his diocese without apostolical letters or episcopal assistance. After the fall of the political edifice, M. de Wessenberg obtained from the grand duke of Baden the bishopric of Constance, of which see he took possession by main strength and with the help of the military, notwithstanding the apostolical censures. A friend to all new and lax doctrines, he was an ultra partisan of Frebronianism and of the Josephine system. He now lives retired at Friburg in Bris-

gau or at Constance, on a pension which he receives from the Baden government. We know not whether he has made his peace with the apostolic see; but this we know, that the request made by the innovators to confer on Ronge the episcopal consecration was rejected with indignation by M. de Wessenberg, who declared that, however he might have erred in disciplinary reform, his faith ever had been and ever would be dear to him above all.

"The small communities that have adhered to this schism amount to thirty or forty, and, as we have already remarked, the majority is composed of Protestants. But the Germans in general begin to discover that it is a mistake to encourage a club of Jacobins under the name of a new church. Robert Blum, the founder of the new church in Saxony, has lately developed in two public lectures the levelling theories of *rationalism* and *communism*. Religious indifference, so convenient for the rich and the wealthy, is not well calculated to excite the enthusiasm of the people who often know not how to procure the necessities of life, and the day is not far distant when it will be made apparent that the Ronges and the Czarskies are but automata, and tools put in motion and employed by the unknown chiefs of illuminism, that style themselves Young Europe, and, on Germanic soil, Young Germany. By late news from Berlin, we see the Rongian schism obliged to receive in its bosom many neophytes from the Protestant churches; among others the entire Protestant congregation of Sturgard, with their ministers, have passed over to the new church. The Prussian government in seeking to introduce a principle of dissolution in the Catholic church, finds out but too late that its own pet evangelical church is the sole sufferer. With the government it now rests to see how to neutralize the effects of this cancer, which may end by eating up the religious and national establishment formed and established with such difficulty, and at the cost of much money, and with the loss of much affection."—*Boston Tablet*.

FRANCE.—*The Jesuits*.—The following is extracted from the *National*:

"Shortly after the vote of the chamber of deputies, relative to religious congregations, M. Martin du Nord, the minister of justice, had sent for the celebrated preacher, Father Ravignan, and endeavored to reason him into acquiescence in the desire of the assembly, and to prevail upon him to consent to a compromise which would satisfy the clergy and place his own responsibility under cover. The minister represented to M. Ravignan that 'after the decision of the chamber, he could no longer wink at the existence of unauthorized religious communities;' that 'his zeal for the interests of the church gave him a right to expect that the clergy would assist him in a proposition so delicate,' and 'that he relied on his co-operation to induce the congregation in the Rue des Postes to dissolve itself and join the great body of the clergy.' M. Ravignan replied to M. Martin, that if, as a minister, he was obliged to abide by the decisions of the legislature, the pious cenobites of that community were under obligations to the holy see, to religion, and to themselves, far more sacred than worldly interests, and that they could not acquiesce in any such terms. The discussion becoming warmer by degrees, M. Martin threatened to have recourse to the administrative measures recommended by the chamber, when Father Ravignan declared to him that 'the Jesuits of the Rue des Postes were deter-

mined to wait the result, and yield only to the power of bayonets."

The bishop of Chartres, in a letter to the minister of public worship, dated May 19th, 1845, upon closing a powerful vindication of this order, thus expresses himself in relation to their expulsion from France. "I know, Monsieur le Ministre, that many archbishops and bishops have given you to understand that, if the Jesuits are driven from their homes, they themselves will throw open to them their own domiciles, and make them their asylums. As I see in these prelates nothing but piety, as I recognise them as zealous auxiliaries worthy of my respect, I beg leave to assure you that I shall at all times esteem it a source of pride to be able to imitate the example they have set me." After speaking of their immense services and sacrifices in behalf of Christianity, and repelling the imputation of their being a dangerous society, he asks: "What pernicious effects, what poison will befall France from the literary teaching of that company which has trained the mind of a Bossuet, a Fénelon, the great Condé, Descartes, the two Corneilles, Cassini, Huet, Bourdaloue, Pierre de Marca, the Cardinal Polignac, and a very great number of other celebrated and eminent men?"

SYRIA.—The news from Syria is most distressing. A civil war is raging in the Lebanon—a war of extermination. The Druses and the Christians have been slaughtering each other without regard to age or sex. Towns, churches, and public as well as private institutions of all kinds have been destroyed. Eleven villages were on fire at the same hour. The convents of the Maronites and Catholics have not been spared in this general destruction.—*Cath. Tel.*

FALSE ALARMS.—It would seem that the evangelical missionaries and colporteurs completely forget the moral contained in the fable of the naughty shepherd and the wolf. It is a dangerous experiment for the Bible distributors to overtax the credulity of their liberal supporters. As long as they confine themselves to hopes, promises and prospects of success, it is all very well; but when they come to the statement of facts, pecuniary considerations should dictate a wiser policy than that of some thoughtless missionaries who, in order to magnify the importance of their labors, or to exact considerable sums for the support of *invisible* churches and congregations, send the most astonishing reports of imaginary conversions to Protestantism in Catholic countries. "Wonderful stories," says the *Catholic Telegraph*, "have been circulated of the extraordinary effects produced amongst the people of France by the circulation and reading of the Holy Bible! Fancy sketches have been published of the surprise and gratitude evinced by the poor papists when they received a Bible for the first

time! They had never seen the book until the evangelical Quixotte from afar, moved by his commiseration for the benighted Catholic, presented him with one from his cargo! It is necessary to keep up at home the noisy machinery by which the reformed religion is fashioned; and to raise the funds to preserve it in perpetual motion, the imagination is busy in the concoction of extraordinary stories, by which the dupes are encouraged to persevere in their false charity. An instance of this kind is fresh in the recollection of our readers. The sectarian papers circulated far and wide a narrative of the conversion of forty communes in France, where priests and people walked over in a body to the ranks of the reformers. This slander made its first appearance in the *London Herald*. The earl of Shrewsbury forwarded a copy of the *Herald* to the bishop in whose diocese the conversions were said to have occurred, and the bishop sent the following reply: 'Monsieur, I am happy to be able to tell you that not one priest, not one parish of the diocese of Angouleme has had the misfortune to abjure the Catholic faith: what has been observed in this respect by an English journal is a most perfect falsehood. The number of Protestants does not exceed three thousand in the department of the Charente, and every year I have the consolation of seeing many of them return to the faith of their fathers, and again enter into the bosom of the church. Even last Sunday, in the church of Legansac, I received the abjuration of three of these newly converted. I am, with respectful consideration, monsieur, your very humble servant, † R. F., bishop of Angouleme.'

DOMESTIC.

DIocese of Boston.—*Confirmation*.—On Saturday, 21st June, the festival of St. Aloysius, patron of Christian youth, the sacrament of confirmation was administered by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, in the chapel of the college of the Holy Cross, Worcester, to thirty-three persons, twenty-nine of whom are students of the institution.—*Boston Tablet*.

On Sunday, July 6th, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick administered the sacrament of confirmation in the church at Salem to about sixty persons.—*Ibid*.

DIocese of Providence.—*Confirmation*.—The sacrament of confirmation was administered in St. Patrick's church, Providence, on the 1st of June, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Tyler, to seventy persons, mostly children.—*Boston Pilot*.

DIocese of New York.—*Confirmation*.—Sunday, the 15th of June, proved a day full of interest and instruction to the flourishing congregation of the church of the Most Holy Redeemer, situated on Thirtieth street, in the upper part of New York city.

Nearly two hundred persons, among whom were

several converts—(they had been prepared during the five preceding weeks, two instructions being given each week)—received the holy communion, at the seven o'clock mass, from the hands of the pastor of the church, Rev. Gabriel Rumpler, C. S. R.

At the eight o'clock mass confirmation was administered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes, preceded by a short instruction to those who had previously received the communication.—*Freem. Journal*.

DIocese of Richmond.—*Ordination*.—On Sunday, the 26th instant, Rt. Rev. Dr. Whelan held an ordination in his cathedral in Richmond, on which occasion Messrs. Charles Farrell and Austin Grogan were raised to the dignity of deaconship, having been ordained subdeacons on the previous Saturday. On the 1st of June the same gentlemen were to be ordained priests.

DIocese of Cincinnati.—*Ordination*.—At the request of the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, Bishop Purcell conferred the ecclesiastical tonsure and four minor orders on Mr. John Hoy, of the diocese of Pittsburg, on Sunday, 15th June. On Sunday, 22d June, the same gentleman was ordained subdeacon; on Tuesday, feast of St. John Baptist, he was ordained deacon, and on Sunday morning, 29th June, he will, God willing, be ordained priest by the same prelate.—*Cath. Telegraph*.

DIocese of Louisville.—*Dedication*.—Last Sunday, the 15th of June, the new church of Corpus Christi, in Newport, Kentucky, was consecrated by the Rev. J. A. Elet, superior of the Society of Jesus in Cincinnati, assisted by several priests of that city, and some scholastics of his order. After the ceremony, he addressed the congregation in an English sermon. After high mass, which was sung by Rev. M. E. Olivetti, Rev. A. Tusch, of St. Mary's church, in Cincinnati, preached in German. A large concourse of Catholics and Protestants were present, but the weather being rather unfavorable, many that intended to witness this significant ceremony were prevented. This church, which, however, is not yet entirely finished, is of brick, fifty-five feet long, thirty-three feet wide, from the floor to the ceiling twenty-four feet high. The lot of ground whereon it stands is a donation of Messrs. Goodman and Gould, both Protestants, and to the liberality of Catholic friends in Kentucky and Ohio it is due that this church has been erected in a place where but few Catholics were supposed to reside. Their number, however, now exceeds two hundred, and is daily increasing. Several stations are attached to this mission.—*Cath. Ad*.

DIocese of New Orleans.—*The Funeral Obsequies*.—A portion of the public press, ready to carp at and misunderstand every thing connected with the Catholic and his church, has had the ingenuity to make a "mountain from a mole-hill" in

reference to a circumstance connected with the late funeral obsequies of Gen. Andrew Jackson at New Orleans.

We take our explanation of the circumstances from *Le Propagateur Catholique* of the 21st June, just received.

It seems the committee to take charge of the funeral obsequies in honor of the deceased General, called upon the Rt. Rev. Bishop Blanc, of New Orleans, with a request that he would cause the religious funeral ceremonial to take place at the cathedral of that city, evidently referring to a solemn *mass ad requiem*. The prelate, of course, declined, as, according to the most positive ecclesiastical discipline, religious ceremonies for the dead can not have for their object one not a Catholic; as every church or persuasion has its own laws and rules of discipline, which are fixed and determinate. The course of the bishop was plain in the premises. The committee, it seems, then demanded that the funeral sermon, or eulogy, should be allowed by Bishop Blanc to take place in the cathedral. Apart from the very evident impropriety and unusual nature of the last request, a compliance therewith was prevented by well known ecclesiastical rules upon the subject, re-enacted in the very last council at Baltimore, to the effect that all ceremonies in churches, other than religious services, are forbidden. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Blanc was therefore under the painful necessity of denying the requests of the committee of citizens.

It seems to us that it would have been about as reasonable for the Catholics to have demanded of the Presbyterians the performance of *their* funeral usages, if they have any, in memory of the late Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, as to demand of a Catholic bishop a solemn *mass ad requiem* for an individual dying a member of the Presbyterian church. As to employing a Catholic church for uses purely secular, as funeral orations, &c., it is a thing unheard of, and which would be refused in all cases, even to Catholics themselves.

A few New Orleans and some other journals have made use of the above circumstances, with the aid of convenient misrepresentations and suppressions of the truth, to manufacture quite an "anti-popery" or "native humbug," as they may choose to call it.

We will merely remark, in conclusion, that none have shown themselves more ready and patriotic in rendering funeral honors, apart from strictly religious services, to the departed hero, than the very Catholics who have been in the above case so profusely reviled.—*N. Y. Freeman Journal*.

Confirmation.—On the 22d of June, Rt. Rev. Dr. Blanc gave confirmation at the Ursuline convent, to sixty-three persons, twenty-three of whom were young ladies of the academy. On the 30th of the

same month, sixty-three persons were confirmed at the church of St. Augustine.

Ordination.—On Wednesday, July 2d, Bishop Blanc conferred the holy order of priesthood on Mr. Adrian Rouquette, the first native of New Orleans who has been ordained since the union of Louisiana with the states.

IMAGE-WORSHIP IN CINCINNATI IN 1845.—The exclamation of Tertullian, "*O! Omnis anima naturaliter Christiana*," is frequently brought to our minds by the homage rendered to Catholic truth, at unguarded moments, or certain lucid intervals, by sectarians. Yes! the God of the Catholic religion is the God of nature. The one bears testimony to the other, and we have only to silence the clamors of heresy and prejudice, to hear the echo of every Catholic doctrine, in the heart. How often has not our church been reproached with making "graven images," and the "likeness" of any of the Creator's works, and suppressing that portion of the commandments which is said to forbid such things, whereas it only forbids us to adore and worship them, with any portion of that honor which belongs to God alone. And after so many eloquent tirades against this idolatry, lo! the whole world is running to one Protestant church after another, in this fair city of ours, to see a picture of "Christ healing the sick." There it is, and there they stand, and gaze upon it. And here are shoals of Protestant editors countenancing the deadly sin, "compelling" the Protestant patrons "to enter" and inspect it, and borrowing the good old Catholic argument—"of the superiority of descriptive painting to written narrative," and "that the *impression of reality* produced by the contemplation of a picture of Christ's miracles, his sufferings and death is more vivid and intense, is deeper and more enduring, than even the pages of the Gospel can convey!" The fact is evident, but we marvel at the witnesses.

"The Christian Advocate says:—'Having beheld the painting, we can not but express our high admiration of its execution. The whole is natural and unspeakably impressive.

"We recommend all who delight in works of this kind, to give it an inspection, and a contemplation too, for it furnishes abundant matter for thought.

"It has already been exhibited in several of the leading cities of the Union, and excited the admiration of thousands."

"The Watchman of the Valley says:—'The superiority of descriptive painting over written narrative consists in its power to impress on the mind the idea of reality—of life, to a degree of vividness and durability which the latter can not possess. This superiority will be discovered and felt by those who have read with the deepest interest the affecting narrative of Christ's miracles, as given in the New Testament, when they have looked upon this picture. Let them go and examine this work of the great artist whose name it bears, and they will re-

ceive an impression of reality which time can not erase.'

"Rev. Dr. Brisbane's Transcript says:—'I only know that some paintings produce intense *feeling* in my soul, whilst others, with the same figures, do not—and if all men had my taste or my *feeling*, the author of that picture, whoever he may be, would not need the name of West to give celebrity to his canvass and brush. If it be not West's execution, the artist whose it is must be one of the most modest of men. I can find faults in the work, but I have also found faults in what was certainly painted by West himself. I rather guess that those artists who condemn, would gain reputation by making an exact copy from the Messrs. Morris' picture—if they can.'

"The Herald says:—'We might proceed with this examination, but it is needless. Let every man who would transport himself for an hour or two to Jerusalem, to the feet of Jesus, and feel himself among the wondering crowd that attended on his miracles, go and see this picture for himself.'—*Cath. Telegraph*.

MERITED REBUKE.—The New York *Sabbath Recorder*, in noticing the amusing character which the late decision of the Presbyterian assembly bears in the estimation of the Catholic and Episcopalian bodies, and of all who can justly lay claim to intelligence and liberality, winds up his remarks with the following mild yet significant reprimand:

"These facts are sufficient to show that a spirit of inquiry is awake in regard to the questions at issue between Catholics and Protestants, which will not be put down by the mere *ipse dixit* of any body of men, however orthodox in their own estimation. The decisions of such ecclesiastical bodies as the assembly will be tried by the avowed principles and practices of the men who compose these bodies. If, after all their pretensions of adherence to the Scriptures, they will, without a text of Scripture, unchurch a large portion of those who claim to be a part of the church as much as themselves, they must expect to be referred to their own professions. If, notwithstanding their charges against the Baptists of bigotry and uncharitableness, they carry out the very same principle, how can they expect to escape the censure which they have so liberally heaped upon others? For our own part we are glad to see the discussion going on. We hope it may lead to greater watchfulness and consistency on the part of those who undertake to condemn others."

NEW CHURCHES.—New churches have been commenced at *Hardensburg, Ky.*, and at *Peoria, Illinois*.

EXTENT OF THE OREGON TERRITORY.—On the east it skirts eight hundred miles along the Rocky Mountains, on the south three hundred miles along the Snowy Mountains, on the west seven hundred miles along the Pacific ocean, on the north two hundred and fifty miles along the North American possessions of Russia and England. This area or immense valley contains three hundred and sixty thousand square miles—capable undoubtedly of forming seven states as large as New York, or forty states of the dimensions of Massachusetts. Some of the islands on the coast are very large—sufficient to form a state by themselves. These are situated

north of the parallel of 48°. Vancouver's island, two hundred and sixty miles in length and fifty in breadth, contains twelve thousand square miles—an area larger than Massachusetts and Connecticut. Queen Charlotte's or rather Washington island, too, one hundred and fifty miles in length and thirty in breadth, contains four thousand square miles. On both of these immense islands, though they lie between the high parallels of forty-eight and fifty-four degrees, the soil is said to be well adapted to agriculture. The straits and circumjacent waters abound in fish of the finest quality. Coal of good quality, and other veins of minerals, have been found.

The Rt. Rev. F. N. Blanchette, vicar apostolic elect of Oregon, recently arrived in Canada by the way of England. It is expected that his consecration will take place shortly in Canada.

"YOUNG ITALY" AND HER AMERICAN ALLIES.—We have heretofore had occasion to allude, more than once, to an extraordinary league, or society, calling itself the **CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE**, which originated in our midst, and has already excited some attention; more indeed than its *practical* history has merited. The chance allusion to it as the *Christian League* in the letter of his holiness warning the faithful against sundry of the sectarian and irreligious movements of the day, gave the *Alliance* a species of notoriety, which perhaps its own resources never could have drawn upon it, and which its members have not been slow in striving to take advantage of. The *Christian Alliance* is so far remarkable from its own intrinsic qualities, or at least professions, inasmuch as it differs in one essential point from most of those organizations which, for distinction's sake, may be called of the anti-popery order. The various tract, Bible, evangelical, and reform societies of that class generally confine their operations to attempts at sectarian proselytism in an innocent and most harmless way; making decidedly more noise than work, and principally objectionable, from the constant bickering and uneasy excitements which they keep up, and the amount of valuable money they annually waste. They, however, seldom, if ever, walk out of their well-beaten track to interfere with government, the political relations of states, police or law. The *Christian Alliance* has, in theory at least, a character not quite so harmless, and an object not so undeserving of animadversion and censure. That *Alliance* is indeed a politico-religious association, which departs from the common ranks of the other *leagues* we have alluded to, and seeks by new means to accomplish new objects and in a new way. Its political character, and the manifestations of such a character it has already made, are the unusual features of the *Christian Alliance*, which we deem obnoxious to the severest censure, as subversive of law, order, and that respect and de-

ference which as *Americans we owe* to the municipal and police regulations of *neutral* states at amity and upon terms of reciprocal friendship with the U. S.

We shall presently allude more definitely to these deformities of this new alliance.

The *Alliance* was first introduced to the public in its true features by the *Journal*. A correspondent, and one who had the luck to be somewhat behind the scenes, notified us of the birth of that society before the news of the event had travelled beyond the place of nativity. Again, we alluded to the new society, which, *like ill weeds*, had already grown apace, during November last, in connection with passages from a letter of the rather *notorious* Dr. Cheever, dated at Turin, Oct. 7, 1844.

A renewal of measures for the increase and advancement of the same project has again brought the subject to our attention. The ill success of the great tabernacle demonstration of last year, which our readers will all remember, and at which the Mr. Ketchum figured so largely, not by an exhibition of talent or learning, but in the position of a false witness, whose calumny was signally refuted on the spot: the ill success we say of that memorable effort threw cold water upon the exertions of the *allies* for a time. It will be recollected that, upon that occasion, notwithstanding the coaxing, wheedling, almost *driving*, tones of Mr. Ketchum and a host of *ministerial* assistants, and, although a hat was actually passed round, not a cent could be raised to *convert* Italy, and the meeting broke up in a state bordering on despair. They have recovered, however, from the severe shower-bath then administered to their *Quixotism*, and are again moving the elements in favor of their *Dulcinea*, the *Alliance*. They are calling to each other from all points of the compass. Meetings are being organized in sundry places. The spirit is moving many of the choicest spirits of the *Alliance* again to favor the public with exhibitions of their eloquence and taste. Dr. Bushnell of Hartford, who has lately returned from seeking recreation, &c., in the "old world," favored a congregation of our own metropolis very recently with a sermon on "Christian liberty viewed in connection with the origin, objects, practicability, and anticipated results of the association." The Rev. Leonard Bacon has also been delighting audiences, still later, with stirring appeals upon the same topic, in New Haven. Similar movements are taking place in other quarters.

Our object is now to deliver, in advance as it were, some few remarks, based upon reliable *data*, in reference to those *objects* which the members of the *Christian Alliance* are about, it seems, to re-attempt. We wish again to lay before our readers and the public the character of that Alliance, and its true object.

We have already observed that the *Alliance* par-

takes of a political character, and is, in fact, a body with political aims and objects. This we can readily show, from the very constitution and address which were adopted at the organization of the body.

Article 2d of that constitution is as follows:

Article II.—The objects of the society shall be to promote religious freedom, and to diffuse useful and religious knowledge among the natives of Italy, and other papal countries.

The following are extracts taken from the most expressive parts of the Address:—

At the present day, the destinies of a large part of the human race are dependent on the condition of Italy. The empire which the Roman pontiff holds in the world of thought and faith, is in the most intimate alliance, offensive and defensive, with systems of secular misgovernment. An intellectual and moral revolution in Italy, emancipating the minds of the masses there, and establishing the great principle of religious freedom in the conviction of the people, would speedily be felt wherever the see of Rome has influence.

The bishop of Rome, instead of being dishonored as the head of the worst governed state in Christendom, would become simply the chief dignitary of a great religious communion. That change would be felt throughout the world.

The common mind of Italy, it is believed, is gradually tending towards such a change. The abortive attempts at political revolution, which have occurred within the past twenty-five years, and which have been put down immediately by Austrian bayonets, have taught Italian patriotism one valuable lesson. The patriotic minds of that glorious land, whether in exile, or on their native soil, are understood to have abandoned the hope of liberating their country by insurrection and the sword. They see that there can be no hope of a new Italy, otherwise than by an intellectual and moral revolution that shall make the people new! They see that nothing desirable can be accomplished without the diffusion of new, quickening and elevating ideas among the masses of their countrymen.

With such views, movements are already organized by Italians themselves to diffuse among their countrymen such knowledge as will tend to that intellectual and moral renovation without which all political changes will be of little value.

The Christian Alliance, for the promotion of religious freedom, has originated in the attention which gentlemen of various Christian denominations, in the city of New York and elsewhere, have recently given to the present condition of Italy, and the relations between that country and the cause of religious freedom throughout the world. A door is open for the access of truth to the minds of the Italian people. Notwithstanding the most rigid censorship over the press and the importation of books; notwithstanding every regulation which the genius of despotism can devise to shut out knowledge and to suppress inquiry; notwithstanding the terrors of Austrian artillery and the inconveniences of a police swarming in every quarter; it is ascertained that, to some extent, papers, tracts, books, the Bible itself, can be introduced into Italy, and can be placed in the hands of those who will hardly fail to read, and profit by the reading.

With reference to the field thus opened among the Italians, both in and out of Italy, the "Philo-Italian Society" was founded a few months ago, in the city of New York. The correspondence of that society, and the consultations which it has held with friends of the cause in other parts of the country, have resulted in some modification and enlargement of the plan; and thus has arisen the organization which now presents itself to the Christian public. Our great object is the promotion of religious freedom; but still, as before, we propose to labor for that object, particularly and chiefly, by the diffusion of useful and religious knowledge among the Italians. It is upon Italy, with all its ancient and enduring influence upon the doctrines of the world, it is upon the metropolis of that great spiritual despotism which has for ages overshadowed the nations, that our eyes are fixed. Our prayer shall be, and our hope, that the great Babylon may fall; and that the banner of primitive Christian truth and freedom may float over the Vatican itself.

Appended to the Constitution and Address, is a statement of the *specific objects* of the *Alliance*. Among them are the following:—

1. It is proposed to send to London, Paris, Lyons, Switzerland, Marseilles, Corsica, Malta, Corfu, Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria, Algiers, Barcelona, and other parts of Europe resorted to by large bodies of Italians, a judicious agent to establish a correspondence, and depositories for the sale of Bibles and other books, and to effect other arrangements for the religious and intellectual improvement of that interesting people.

3. Funds are needed immediately for the preparation and publication of tracts and books in the Italian language; the History of the Reformation by Merle D'Aubigné should be translated into Italian without delay. The materials in McCrie's Memorials of the reformation in Italy may be put into an Italian dress, and published with great effect. The men are in this country, native Italians, men of taste, scholarship, patriotism, and enlightened piety, who may be employed on these and similar works.

Notwithstanding the cautious mode of expression, we think these extracts suffice to point out the political bearing of the *Alliance*. A few brief comments upon them will make it more evident.

By them, the sovereign pontiff is connected with "systems of secular misgovernment." An "intellectual and moral," not a religious, revolution is desired for Italy. An "emancipation of the minds of the masses" is sought for; a phrase which we know is always employed with reference to political objects and results. Again, the unhappy tendency, in what is called "Young Italy," to revolution and change, is alluded to; also "abortive attempts at political revolution." The *Alliance* proposes to accomplish and carry out that movement of the "common mind of Italy," not indeed by insurrection and the sword, but by means *more effectual* and within reach, the "*diffusion of new, quickening and elevating ideas*."

Then allusion is made to the *movements already organized* among Italians. The assertion follows, that, "despite Austrian bayonets" and the "censorship over the press," Italians can be revolutionized. What does this language glance at, we would ask, if not to the adoption by the *Alliance* of measures in defiance of the local laws, and police regulations, of the Italian states? Nothing less than illegal measures and *book smuggling*! The extracts likewise refer to the Philo-Italian society

of this city, to consultations with other *distant* friends of the cause, and to a common union of effort. Again, allusion is made to the establishing of *agencies* where expatriated Italians resort, in as immediate vicinity to Italy as possible: the keeping up of correspondences, which, if carried on at all, can only be *treasonable*, and in defiance of the Italian authorities. The Alliance proposes to co-operate with expatriated Italians and join with them in a common system of operations. This is most clearly evident!

It does not propose, by the ordinary means, to attempt the conversion of Italians by preaching, teaching, and distributing Bibles alone. It does not aim to change the belief alone, but the condition, of the masses. This the Alliance is to effect, not solely by the co-operation of Americans, nor by the union of religious sects, but by the aid of Italians, *absent* from the soil of their native land, wherever scattered—without reference to the religious views, or professions, of those expatriated specimens of Italian patriotism, and even without an inquiry whether they have any *religious* views at all.

In other words, the *Christian Alliance* has declared its *approval* of the schemes of Italian revolutionists and incendiaries; has established itself the associate and patron of political secret societies of Italian refugees; in fine, has become the friend and ally of "Young Italy."

We presume, in charity, that the respectable portion of the members of the *Alliance* are unacquainted with the very peculiar character of this "*Young Italy*," and of the pranks which she has been playing during the last few years.

We have already extended our remarks so far, that we must close here abruptly, with the promise of giving, at some future time, a sketch of the striking qualities of this youthful favorite of the CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE.—*Freeman's Journal*.

METROPOLITAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC, FOR 1846.—The reverend clergy, and all who feel an interest in the completeness and accuracy of the *Metropolitan Catholic Almanac and Laity's Directory*, are respectfully requested to forward to the editor of this Magazine, or to F. Lucas, jr., Baltimore, (before the 15th of next August,) such information as they may wish to appear in the above mentioned annual. As a special circular on this subject is addressed to the Rt. Rev. bishops, the present notice is intended particularly for those who, having the direction of colleges, academies, and religious communities, may desire to see a full and correct statement of their respective institutions, in the forthcoming Directory. To meet the wishes of the public, and to render the periodical as complete and interesting a source of information as possible, is the sole view of its conductors in thus requesting the co-operation of all who may contribute to its usefulness. The Catholic periodicals in the United States will confer a favor by publishing this notice once or twice.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Christ Healing the Sick*, and *The Spirit's Reproof*, poetical effusions, have been received, and will appear in September. We have also several publications on hand, the notice of which is deferred until our next.

LITERARY NOTICES.

History of the Life, Writings, and Doctrines of John Calvin, from the French of J. M. V. Audin, knight of the order of St. Gregory the Great, member of the academy and literary circle of Lyons, of the Tiberine academy, and of the academy of the Catholic religion, of Rome. Translated by Rev. John McGill. "Post tenebras spero lucem." Device of Catholic Geneva. Baltimore: John Murphy. Louisville: B. J. Webb & Brother.

This interesting volume, translated into English by the Rev. John McGill, is now offered to the public by the enterprising publishers in an elegant style both as regards printing and binding. But this part of the performance, though agreeable to the reader and pleasing to the author, is at best always but a secondary consideration. It is the subject, matter, and the manner in which it is handled, from which alone we can extract substantial profit. In this particular, the work before us will be found highly agreeable and instructive. To the reverend translator we tender our warmest acknowledgments for the gratification we have experienced in the perusal of a production which, but for his efforts, might have remained a sealed book to so many readers. He has carefully preserved the spirit of the original, and presented us in an English dress a work of the liveliest and most interesting character, and one which can not fail to delight wherever it is read. The style is so highly dramatic, and the incidents so vividly portrayed, that it is difficult to lay the work aside when once it is commenced. The industry and research which M. Audin has expended upon this literary labor are a sure guarantee of the fidelity and accuracy of its facts. To be satisfied of the diligence and caution with which he has collected the materials of his biography, we will let M. Audin speak for himself.

"We can affirm that for the composition of this work we have consulted more than a thousand volumes. We have given reference to these works in the progress of our history. The things that shall pass before your gaze are funeral realities; but another than ourselves shall write the recital of them. Now it shall be the secretary of the archives of the state council of the republic, and again Calvin himself. Did we narrate them ourselves, we should be accused of calumny. We have retrenched from this edition some facts in support of which we were not able to invoke the authority of the reformed writers. This we did because, above every thing, we desire to merit the eulogy of an impartial historian awarded to us publicly by one of our most learned professors, in one of his lectures in the college of France."

This praiseworthy caution led the author to submit his understanding of theological subtleties and delicate points of doctrinal difference, to reverend

gentlemen distinguished for the soundness of their theological knowledge.

"Our first volume," says the author, "in all that trenches on dogmas, has been revised by a member of that celebrated Society of Jesuits which at Rome had so materially aided us in our historical researches. The second has been examined by a professor of theology. How much do we regret not being allowed here to mention the names of these two ecclesiastics; our readers would perceive what a pledge of correct information their aid offered to the historian."

A Compendium of Ancient and Modern History, with questions adapted to the use of schools and academies. Also an Appendix, containing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, a Biographical Sketch of Eminent Personages; with a Chronological Table of remarkable events, discoveries, improvements, &c., from the creation to the year 1840. By M. J. Kerney. For sale by John Murphy.

We confess ourselves well pleased with this volume, and believe it is destined to find favor in the sphere for which the author has designed it. Its style is didactic and terse, and, while agreeable to the cultivated intellect, is adapted to the humblest comprehension. The title of the book is a fair exponent of its contents, all the leading facts of ancient and modern history being briefly presented to the reader. The author, as he promises in his preface, is very sparing in his own comments, though we could wish, judging from the few specimens he has given us, that he had dealt them out a little more liberally. One of these digressions, in his chapter entitled "Chivalry," is exactly after our mind.

"Whatever opinions we may entertain of chivalry at the present day, it certainly had a powerful influence in producing a favorable change in the manners of society during the ages in which it existed. It infused humanity into war at a period when men made it almost a business of life—it introduced courtesy of manners among those who possessed but little refinement—it fostered in its maxims a delicate sense of honor, and a scrupulous adherence to truth—it cherished the finest feelings and respectful attachment towards the female sex, and no institution, perhaps, ever had a more powerful influence to elevate woman to her proper sphere than chivalry."

There is one characteristic of the work, which pleases us above all others, and that is the studied care with which the author avoids all allusions and comments that might be in the slightest degree wounding to the religious sensibilities of members of any creed. This is a great desideratum in books designed for schools, as the evil of sectarianism so manifest in most of our elementary class-books has been long and loudly complained of. Nothing can be more improper in schools where children of all

denominations are mixed up than for tutors to use works of a sectarian character, or, what is worse, text books which are made up of calumnies and palpable falsehood insulting to the religious feelings of a portion of their pupils. We can not but hope that this work will be acceptable to our citizens, because of its fitness for the objects for which the author designed it, because of its impartial character, and because it is the production of a worthy and intelligent member of our own community.

The History of Ireland, by the Abbé McGeoghehan.

Translated from the French, by Patrick O'Kelly, Esq. Published by Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier.

The third number of this excellent work has reached us, illustrated with a handsome frontispiece of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. This number, which is entirely engrossed with a narrative of Christian Ireland, is one of deep interest, and discourses of the palmiest days of Erin's glory; when the Emerald Isle abounded in saints pre-eminent in learning and piety, and its whole extent was regarded by admiring Europe as the focus of knowledge, and was visited by all Christendom on account of the facilities for finished education which it every where furnished. The Abbé, quoting from Cambden, an English historian, presents us his testimony in these words:

"Our Anglo-Saxons," says Cambden, "went in those times to Ireland, as if to a fair, to purchase knowledge: and we often find in our authors, that if a person were absent, it was generally said of him, by way of a proverb, that he was sent to Ireland for his education."—P. 204.

The New York "Truth Teller," speaking of Abbé McGeoghehan's work, pronounces it, before as well as since its translation, "a text book of Irish history," and commends it as one of the most accurate and reliable of Irish histories.

The Catholic Cabinet.

We hardly know that this is a fitting place to notice this periodical. The last columns of our Magazine are generally devoted to the introduction of new works to the public, whereas we are now about to take a reluctant farewell of an old one. We observed with great regret the closing notice of the publisher of the Catholic Cabinet to his subscribers, wherein he declares himself, "constrained by circumstances to discontinue" its issue. We have always recognised in his paper an able ally in the cause of truth, and could have wished it an endless existence. Our own experience, however, teaches us that the Catholic monthlies have at best a hard struggle to maintain themselves, and we do not wonder much when we hear of their discontinuance. We may, however, we trust, be permitted to hope that the able contributors to the St. Louis Cabinet will not entirely put aside their literary labors, but remember that there is a Catholic Maga-

zine here, which will gratefully acknowledge any aid that they may be pleased to extend to it. By concentrating the talents of all Catholic sections of this country upon one point, we might hope ultimately to put one monthly at least upon a firm footing, and establish it permanently in these United States. How much better this than to see a number of monthly religious periodicals starting up, and each for want of sufficient encouragement dragging out a short and sickly existence. For the closing recommendation of the publisher in our behalf, we tender him our heartfelt thanks, and are truly glad to perceive that our efforts have found so much favor in a quarter where to receive praise is to feel some assurance that you have deserved it.

The Churchman's Faith and Practice. For sale by H. Colburn.

This work has been received by us, and we return our thanks to Mr. Colburn for his polite attention.

Oration, delivered before the Philodemic Society of Georgetown College, District of Columbia, July 5th, 1845. By Francis H. Dykers, of New York; to which are prefixed the Remarks of John W. Archer, of Virginia, previous to reading the Declaration of Independence.

We are gratified to observe the enthusiasm and unanimity with which our great national festival is celebrated among the colleges and institutions designed for the education of American youth. The force of early impressions is every where acknowledged, and we are glad to see them taking a right direction, so far at least as love of country and a proper estimate of our institutions are concerned. The oration before us, as well as the remarks preceding it, reflects equal credit on the intelligence and patriotism of pupils and instructors. Indeed, notwithstanding the misrepresentations and libels heaped upon that distinguished order, the Jesuits, by the deluded and the calumniator, we know of no association of men more peculiarly fitted to finish young minds in classic and philosophic knowledge, and at the same time to imbue them with a proper appreciation of self, and of that position which, as members of a great republic, we are each and all entitled to. We always feel a particular interest in the remarks of young collegiate orators. Our mind is irresistibly led to contrast their relations to their auditors, with those of the wornout selfish demagogue. The one pours out the effusions of an untainted and disinterested patriotism, his young heart sincere and untainted in all its sentiments; the other, bending every thought to suit some vulgar prejudice, to laud alike what is evil and what is good in popular sentiment and action, always thinking more of self-promotion than the advancement of the true interests of his country.

THE
UNITED STATES
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SEPTEMBER, 1846.

THE REFORMATION IN SWITZERLAND.

Histoire de la revolution religieuse, ou de la reforme Protestante dans la Suisse Occidentale.
Par Charles Louis de Haller, ancien membre du conseil souverain, et du conseil secret de Berne, chevalier de l'ordre royal de la legion d'honneur, et de celui de Charles III, d'Espagne, &c.

History of the religious revolution, or of the Protestant Reformation, in western Switzerland.
By Charles Louis de Haller, former member of the supreme and of the secret councils of Berne, knight of the royal order of the legion of honor, and of that of Charles III, of Spain, &c. 4th edition. Paris, 1839. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 436.



THE recent exciting occurrences in Switzerland have caused the eyes of the whole civilized world to be directed to that most interesting country. All Europe stood looking on with the most lively interest while those scenes were enacting; and France and Austria with their powerful armies hovered over the Swiss frontiers, ready to interpose in case of necessity;—whether to stay the onward progress of anarchy and civil war, or to turn the course which events might take

to their own advantage. Thank heaven, their intervention was not deemed necessary; and Switzerland, after an unparalleled excitement, and a sanguinary struggle, at length righted herself. And we trust that the Swiss cantons may long profit by the lessons taught them by the late terrible events, and that many years may elapse before their tranquillity will be again disturbed by political jacobinism or religious fanaticism.

It is admitted on all hands that, in the disturbances to which we allude, the Protestants were the aggressors, and that the Catholics acted only on the defensive. Lucerne, the principal Catholic canton of the confederacy, claimed the right of managing her own educational concerns without the interference of her neighbors; this right was clearly guaranteed to her by the fundamental articles of the Swiss confederation; and she resolved to maintain it at all hazards. If the Catholic Lucerners thought proper to entrust the education of their children to the Jesuits, what right had the Protestants of Argovia, Berne, and Bâle Campagne to object? What right had the latter to say to the former, you shall not employ these teachers, but you shall employ such as may be agreeable to *our* taste? Yet they did thus

wantonly and rudely interfere with what was clearly not their business ; but they received a lesson which may serve as a warning to all busy meddlers in future. In the two late desperate attempts to subvert the constitution and to crush the very independence of Lucerne by force, this brave old Catholic canton, assisted by its faithful allies of Schwytz, Uri, Zug, and Unterwald, proved to all the world that it could fight as well as pray, and that Catholicity, far from enervating, had strengthened its primitive vigor and courage. The old Catholic cantons proved themselves worthy descendants of those heroes who had fought at Morgarten under the victorious banners of Tell and Furstemberg, who had laid the foundations of Swiss independence in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and who, wherever their watch-word was LIBERTY, had ever proved terrible to their foes, and unconquerable in battle. The fierce Gorgon of despotism had not dared for centuries to desecrate, with his foul footsteps, the soil beneath which rested the mortal remains of those noble Catholic heroes, nor to pollute, with his pestilent breath, that pure and bracing air of the mountains, which was itself the most appropriate emblem of the pure, and lofty, and untrammelled patriotism cherished as their own heart's blood by the brave, sturdy, and enthusiastic Swiss mountaineers.

How could the Protestant reformation hope to conquer such men as these ? It might easily gain over to its standard the comparatively effeminate, and the far more worldly-minded and corrupt inhabitants of the plains ; it could never proselyte the unsophisticated children of the mountains. These prized their religion as dearly as they did their ancestral glory ; in fact the two were intimately associated together in their minds, as they had been in the glowing realities of history. It was the Catholic religion which had inspired the ardent patriotism, stimulated the noble courage, and nerved for battle the brawny arms of Tell and his associates ; it was the Catholic religion which had crowned the victors with laurel, celebrated the triumphal disenthralment of the country by its most splendid services of thanksgiving, and erected the public monuments which commemorated the victory. Bending reverently before the altar of his God, and falling prostrate before the Lamb offered up thereon, the Swiss hero had prayed with confidence for vic-

tory, and had returned his fervid thanks when victory had been won by his good sword blessed by heaven.

No wonder, then, that Lucerne and the other Catholic cantons could not brook to be dictated to by their neighbors in matters involving the free exercise of their religion. No wonder that they were willing to shed the last drop of their blood rather than have the bright jewel of faith torn from their bosoms, or than wear, riveted upon their necks, the galling yoke of a religious despotism. No wonder they fought, when assailed ; no wonder they conquered :—such men always conquer, because they deserve to conquer.

The late war in Switzerland was a religious war, in which one party was struggling for its religious independence, and the other, for the establishment of a religious ascendancy. That such a struggle should have happened a hundred years back would create little or no surprise ; but that it should have happened in our own day ; in this enlightened and tolerant nineteenth century ; in this *enlightened age of dollars and cents*, in which almost every thing else is valued more highly than religion ;—is indeed not a little astonishing. It might even seem that this age is awaking from its lethargic stupor of indifference, and putting on once more something of that religious zeal and enthusiasm which whilom animated the crusaders. But such is really not the case. The awakening is only local, partial, and fitful ; it is but a momentary outburst of a religious bigotry as blind as it is hateful, on the one side ; and of a religious enthusiasm for self defence as deep and determined as it was successful, on the other. It is a temporary war of two great conflicting elements in society : *anarchy and order*. Order has triumphed, and anarchy has been sternly rebuked :—long may it be before it will again dare to show its hideous head either in Switzerland or elsewhere !

It would be a very imperfect and short-sighted view of the subject, to consider the late Swiss disturbances as isolated events unconnected with the past history of Switzerland. To understand them aright, we must look back three hundred years, to the period when the great religious revolution, called by courtesy the *reformation*, swept over that country, scattering broadcast upon its once peaceful and happy soil the prolific seeds of dissensions and

divisions, and civil wars. There is no more doubt that all the evils, all the bitter feuds, all the rancorous civil broils, and nearly all the bloodshed of Switzerland during the last three centuries, have sprung from the reformation, *so called*, than there is of this other fact, that all the previous liberty, and peace, and glory of the country had sprung from the great political revolution effected by Catholics in the beginning of the fourteenth century. These two great revolutions are the starting points of Swiss glory and of Swiss disgrace.

It is with these views that we now proceed to present some of the leading features in the early history of the Swiss reformation, a revolution, as we sincerely believe, pregnant with infinite mischief of every kind to the Swiss confederation.

Zurich was the first city in Switzerland which embraced the reformation; or, as M. de Haller expresses it, she was "the mother and the root of all religious and political Protestantism in Switzerland."* She was nearly eight years in advance of Berne in the race of reform; and it was through her influence mainly that Berne at length consented to embrace the reformation. But once Berne had embraced it, she far outstripped her preceptor in religious zeal or fanaticism, and she took the lead in all the subsequent religious-political affairs of the country. Her central position, her rich and extensive territory, her untiring industry, and her adroit and unscrupulous diplomacy, gave her the ascendancy over all the other Protestant cantons, and made her the leader in every great enterprise. It was through her intrigues that Geneva embraced the reform; it was by her triumphant physical power that the reformation was thrust down the throats of the good Catholic people of Vaud. Bernese preachers, escorted by Bernese bailiffs and spies, traversed all the north-western cantons, scattering dissension wherever they went, and establishing the new gospel either by intrigue or by force, wherever they could. Cautiously and cunningly, but with an industry that never tired, and a resolution that never faltered, Berne pursued her Machiavellian policy, until, by one means or another, about half of the Swiss confederation was torn from Catholic unity, and bound at the same time, by strong political ties, to herself. Thus she became the great leader

of the Protestant, as Lucerne has ever been of the Catholic cantons of Switzerland.

It is from this elevated point of view that M. de Haller looks down upon the history of the Swiss reformation. Himself a Bernese, and, until he became a Catholic,* a Bernese counsellor as high in power and influence as he was in wisdom and talents, he was eminently qualified to write a history of the religious revolution which he undertakes to describe. Candid and moderate by nature, of an enlarged mind and comprehensive genius, his scrupulous veracity has not been denied even by his strongest opponents; while he certainly had every opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with the events he relates. He assures us in his preface,† that his history "can not be taxed with exaggeration, for it has been faithfully derived from *Historical Fragments of the city of Berne*, composed by a Bernese ecclesiastic (Protestant); from the *History of the Swiss*, by Mallet, a Genevan Protestant; from *that of Baron d'Alt*, a Catholic, it is true, but excessively reserved upon all that might displease the Bernese; and above all, in fine, from the *History of the reformation in Switzerland*, by M. Ruchat, a zealous Protestant minister and professor of belles-lettres at the academy of Lausanne, to whom all the archives were opened for the composition of his work."

This last named writer, whom he quotes continually, was a most violent partisan of the Swiss reformation; and yet he was compelled to relate a large portion of the truth, mixed up, as usual, with much adroit and canting misrepresentation. This he asserted, among other things, "that the Catholic religion is idolatrous and superstitious, and that it can not be sustained but by ignorance, by interest, by violence, and by fraud!"‡ M. de Haller meets the injurious charge, not by asserting, but by *proving* from undeniable evidence, that the Swiss reformation was established precisely by these identical means, and that it could not, in fact, have been established otherwise!

"Protestants of good faith—and there are many such among our separated brethren,"—he says, "will judge for themselves, from a simple exposition of facts, whether it was not rather their own religion which was introduced

* For becoming a Catholic he was expelled from the council, probably in order to prove Protestant love of liberty!

† P. ix. ‡ Quoted by de Haller, Pref. x.

by ignorance, interest, violence, and fraud : by *ignorance*, for it was every where the ignorant multitude that decided without knowledge of the cause upon questions of faith and discipline, and this was carried so far that even children of fourteen years were called to these popular assemblies ; by *interest*, for the robbery of churches, of temples, and of monasteries, was the first act of the reformation ; by *violence*, for it was with armed force that altars were overturned, images broken, convents pillaged, and it became necessary to employ fire and sword, confiscation and exile, in order to make the new religion prevail over the ancient belief ; by *lying* and by *fraud*, for Luther and Zuingle formally recommended both to their followers as means of success, and their counsel has been followed with fidelity and perseverance even unto our own day. We will now pass on to the *facts* and the *proof*.”*

We defy any one to read M. de Haller's book without admitting that he has triumphantly proved all this, and even more, by facts and evidence derived mainly from Protestant sources. Our limits will not, of course, allow us to go into all the details of the evidence ; but yet we hope to be able to furnish enough to convince any impartial mind that M. de Haller's position is entirely sound. But first we must glance rapidly at the manner in which the reformation was first introduced into Berne, which, as we have already intimated, subsequently exercised so strong an influence, both religious and political, on other parts of Switzerland.

It was slowly and cautiously that Berne embraced the new doctrines. Long did she resist the intrigues of the Zurichers and the wily arts of the new apostle of Zurich, Ulrich Zuingle. This man understood well the character of the Bernese—their wary distrust of any thing new, their deeply seated self-interest, and their dogged obstinacy in maintaining whatever they finally settled down upon ;—he knew all this, and he acted accordingly. Writing to Berchtold Haller, the first herald of the new gospel at Berne, he advised moderation and caution, “for,” says he, “the minds of the Bernese are not yet ripe for the new gospel.”† In a letter subsequently addressed to Francis Kolb, he

uses this quaint language, alluding to the national type of Berne—the *bear* :

“My dear Francis ! proceed slowly, and not too rudely, in the business ; do not throw to the *bear* at first but one sour pear along with a great many sweet ones, afterwards two, then three ; and if he begins to swallow them, throw him always more and more, sour and sweet, pellmell. Finally, empty the sack altogether ; soft, hard, sweet, sour, and crude, he will devour them all, and will not suffer any one to take them away from him, nor to drive him away.”*

Zuingle understood his men, and his arts succeeded even beyond his most sanguine expectations. Berne vacillated for several years between truth and error ; her policy was wavering and tortuous ; but at length she threw her whole influence into the scale of the reformation ; and once she had taken this her position, she maintained it with all her characteristic obstinacy. Though her counsels were often uncertain, yet, in the main, she continued faithful to the old religion up to the year 1527. On the 26th of January, 1524, we find her delegates uniting with those of the twelve cantons at Lucerne in a strong decree, *unanimously* passed, for the maintenance of Catholicity.† Shortly afterwards she listened with respect to the voice of the three Catholic bishops of Constance, Bâle, and Lausanne, who strongly urged the Cantons to remain steadfast in their faith, and who promised “that if, in lapse of time, some abuses had glided into the ecclesiastical state, they would examine the matter with unremitting diligence, and abolish the abuses with all their power.”‡

In 1525—6, the terrible revolt of the peasants took place in Germany, and penetrated even into Switzerland. It had certainly grown out of the revolutionary principles broached by the reformers, and it was headed by Protestant preachers, as M. Ruchat, himself a preacher, admits in the following passage : “having at their head *the preachers of the reform*, they pillaged, ravaged, massacred, and burnt every thing that fell into their hands.”§ Sartorius, another Protestant historian of Germany, admits the same.|| All social order was threatened with annihilation by these wild fanatics, whose number was legion ; and Berne, appalled by the danger, made a temporary truce with her tergiversation, recoiled from the pre-

* Pref. x and xi. He gives us in a note, besides some curious facts about Zuingle, the following passage from a letter of Luther to Melancthon, dated Aug 30, 1530 : “When we will have nothing more to fear, and when we shall be left in repose, we will then repair all our present lies, our frauds, and our acts of violence.”

† Quoted by de Haller, p. 18.

* Ibid. note.

† Ibid. p. 22.

‡ Ibid. p. 23.

§ Quoted by de Haller, p. 23.

|| Ibid.

cipice, on the brink of which she had been standing, and fell back on her old vantage ground of conservative Catholicity. On the 21st of May, 1526, her grand council published an edict for the preservation of the old religion, and bound itself *by a solemn oath to maintain it inviolate*.²²

Yet, in the very following year, Berne revoked this decree, violated this solemnly plighted oath, joined the reformation, and lent her whole influence to its propagation throughout Switzerland! Her wavering ceased all of a sudden, and her policy, though tortuous and unprincipled, now became firmly settled. Not only she declared for the reformation, but she spared no labor, no intrigue, no money,—nothing, to make it triumph every where. It was mainly through her efforts that the reformation was fastened on a large portion of the Swiss republic. By what means this was accomplished, we have already intimated; and now we will furnish some of the principal specifications and evidence bearing on the subject. The *facts* we are going to allege clearly prove this great leading feature of the Swiss reformation:—that it was only by intrigue, chicanery, persecution, and open violence, that it was established at Berne and throughout the canton, as well as in all the other cantons where Bernese influence could be felt.

In 1528, a conference, or rather a species of Zuinglian council, was held at Berne, for the purpose of deciding on the articles of faith to be adopted in the proposed reformation. Zuingle was the master spirit of the council, at which very few Catholics assisted. Ten articles, or *theses*, were there adopted by the ministers; but, though drawn up with studied ambiguity and vagueness, they were still signed only by a minority of the Bernese clergy, the majority still clinging to the old faith. Yet the Bernese grand council of state not only adopted and confirmed those articles, but enjoined their adoption on all the people of the canton. Pastors and curates were forbidden to teach any thing opposed to them; the mass was abolished, altars were to be demolished, images to be burnt, and the four bishops of Switzerland were declared deprived of all jurisdiction! Moreover, priests were permitted to marry, and religious persons of both sexes

to leave their convents; the preachers were ordered to preach four times each week under penalty of suspension; and finally the council reserved to itself the right “to change this new religion if any one would prove to them any thing better by the Scriptures.”²³

Such was the tenor of the famous Bernese decree by which the new gospel was first *established by law*. Nor did it remain a dead letter. Violence, sacrilege, and robbery rioted throughout the canton. The churches of the Catholics were forcibly seized on, the altars were overturned, the beautiful decorations of paintings and statuary were defaced or broken to pieces, people were forbidden any longer to worship at the altars and shrines of their fathers; and very soon the whole canton presented the appearance of a country through which an army of Vandals and Huns had but lately marched! It is a certain and undoubted *fact*, that the reformation was *forced* upon the Bernese people against the positive will of the majority! But the minority were active, untiring, revolutionary, and they had the civil authorities to back them; the majority were often indifferent and negligent, their natural protectors, the more zealous among the clergy, had been compelled to fly, and thus left a flock without shepherds, the people were at length wearied out and harassed into conformity.

To enforce the new religious law, commissioners were sent from Berne into all the communes of the canton, with instructions to harangue the people, and to use every effort to induce them to embrace the new gospel. After their harangues, the matter was to be immediately put to the popular vote, boys of fourteen years being entitled to the privilege of suffrage! If the majority went for the new gospel, even if that majority consisted but of one voice, the minority were compelled to abandon the old religion, and the mass was declared publicly abolished throughout the commune! If, on the contrary, the majority, as was often the case, in spite of every entreaty and threat, went for the old religion, the Protestant minority still remained free to practise publicly their religion! Moreover, in this latter case, the vote of the commune was again taken by parishes, in order that those in which the majority were Protestants might be pro-

²² Ibid. ch. iv, p. 27 seqq.

²³ Ibid. pp. 52, 53.

tested by the civil authority. Even if a commune voted *unanimously* in favor of Catholicity, the possibility of practising their religion was taken away from the Catholics by the banishment of their priests, and the stationing amongst them of Protestant preachers; or if their Bernese excellencies allowed them to retain their pastors, it was only for a time and until *further orders* !*

We ask whether all this was not downright tyranny; and whether our assertion made above was at all exaggerated? But this is not yet all, nor even half. There were in Switzerland certain cities and districts under the joint government and control of Berne, Fribourg, and other Catholic cantons. To these Berne sent out her emissaries, both religious and political. If they could be gained over to the new religion, they would probably throw off the yoke of their Catholic joint sovereigns, and fall solely under the government of Berne, to say nothing of the spiritual good which would accrue to their souls from the new gospel. Hence no money nor intrigue was to be spared to proselyte them. The fiery minister, Farel, armed with Bernese passports, and accompanied or sustained by Bernese deputies and bailiffs, ran over these common cities and districts with the impetuous fury of one possessed by an evil spirit. He stirred up seditions wherever he went, either against the old religion or against himself; and his progress was every where marked by conflagrations and ruins. In the bishopric of Bâle, in several towns and communes belonging to the present canton of Vaud, in Soleure, and elsewhere, this furious fanatic and political firebrand agitated society to its very depths, and lashed popular passions into a fury which was entirely uncontrollable. Wherever the populace could be won over to his party, or even overawed into silence, he caused the mass to be abolished, churches to be stripped, pillaged, and sacrilegiously desecrated, and altars to be overturned! And the Bernese authorities not only looked on, but they even sanctioned all these ferocious deeds, and guaranteed the person of Farel!†

Insurrections and violence every where marked the progress of the reformation. Look at the following graphic picture of Switzer-

land during that epoch, drawn by M. de Haller.

"During the years 1529, 1530, and 1531, Switzerland found herself in a frightful condition, and altogether similar to that of which we are now witnesses, three centuries later. Nothing was seen every where but hatred, broils, and acts of violence; every where reigned discord and division; discord between the cantons, discord in the bosom of the governments, discord between sovereigns and subjects, in fine, discord and division even in every parish and in every family. The defection of Berne, at which the Zurichers had labored for six years, had unchained the audacity of all the meddlers and bad men in Switzerland. On all sides new revolutions broke out;—at Bâle, at St. Gall, at Bienne, at Thurgovia, at Frauenfeld, at Mellingen, at Bremgarten, even at Gaster and in the Toggenburg, at Herissau, at Wettingen, and finally at Schaffhausen. Every where they were brought about by a band of paltrons, or at least of ignorant burghesses, both turbulent and factious, against the will of the intimidated magistrates, and of the more numerous and peaceable portion of the inhabitants who looked upon these innovations with horror, but whose indignation was arrested and whose zeal was paralyzed, as happens during our own days, by a pretended necessity of avoiding the effusion of blood, and preventing the horrors of a civil war. Thus one party declared an implacable war against their fellow-citizens and every thing that is sacred, while the other was condemned to suffer without resistance all manner of injuries, all manner of hostilities; and this state of triumphant iniquity and of miserable servitude was qualified by the fine name of peace. Every where, except at Schaffhausen, a city which was always distinguished for its tranquillity and the peaceful character of its inhabitants, seditious armed mobs rushed of their own accord to the churches, broke down the altars, burnt the images, destroyed the most magnificent monuments of art, pillaged the sacred vases as well as other objects of value, and put up for public sale at auction the sacred vestments: by such vandalism and by such sacrileges was the religious revolution of the sixteenth century signalized."*

Just imagine that the United States were densely populated and filled with cities, and that the Catholic religion were that of the people; but that a religious revolution had been effected in one of our great cities—say Philadelphia—by violence, sustained by the civil authorities; that there all our churches had been pillaged and desecrated, a part of them burned down and the other part seized on for

* Pp. 62—64.

* Ibid. pp. 53, 54.

† See *ibid.* p. 71 seq., for detailed proofs of all this.

the Protestant worship ; that the frenzy spread until similar scenes were enacted in half the cities and towns of our republic ; imagine, in a word, the Philadelphia riots, aggravated a hundred fold, extending through half the country, and keeping the people in a state of anarchy and civil war for more than twenty years ; imagine our hitherto peaceful republic broken up by discord, and bathed in the blood of its citizens, until at last the fierce rioters sit down in triumph amidst the ruins they had every where strewn around them ; and you will then have some faint conception of the rise, progress, and triumph of the Protestant reformation in a large portion of Switzerland ! Recent events, both in this country and in Switzerland, have proved that Protestantism has not yet lost all of its original fierceness, and that its turbulent spirit has not been yet entirely subdued by the onward march of refinement and civilization.

As might have been anticipated, the Bernese met with frequent resistance in their efforts to destroy the old religion, and to force the new one on the people. Popular insurrections broke out at Aigle, and in the bailiwicks of Lentzburg, Frutigen, Interlaken and Haut-Siebensthal, as well as in other places. How was this resistance met ? It was crushed by main force, probably with a view to demonstrate to all the world how sincerely the Bernese were attached to the great fundamental principles of the reformation,—that each one should read the Bible and judge for himself !

“An edict of persecution was issued,” says M. de Haller, “which directed that images should be every where broken and altars demolished, as well in the churches as in private houses ; that priests who yet said mass should be every where hunted down, seized on wherever they could be caught, and put in prison ; that every one who spoke badly of the Bernese authorities should be treated in like manner ; for, says M. Ruchat, the Catholics of the canton and vicinity declaimed horribly against them. In case of relapse, the priests were outlawed and delivered up to public vengeance : in fine, the same edict decreed punishment against all who should sustain these refractory priests (that is, all who remained faithful to the ancient religion), or who afforded them an asylum. A third edict of the 22d December, forbade any one to go into the neighboring cantons to hear mass, under penalty of deprivation for those who held office, and of arbitrary punishment for private individuals.”*

* Pp. 57, 58.

Was ever tyranny and persecution carried further than this ? And yet this is but one chapter in the history of the Swiss reformation ! The same ferocious intolerance was witnessed wherever the reformation made its appearance in the once peaceful and happy land of William Tell. Did our limits permit, we might prove this by facts as undeniable as they are appalling. Those Catholic priests who were not willing to betray their religion, or to sell their conscience for a mess of pottage, were every where thrown into prison or banished the country. They were succeeded by preachers, many of them fugitives from France and Germany, and most of them men of little learning and less piety, remarkable only for a certain boldness and rude popular eloquence or declamation. Men of this stamp, who had suddenly, and often without vocation or ordination, intruded themselves into the holy ministry, could not win or secure the confidence of the people. Accordingly, we find the following candid avowal on the subject in a confidential letter of the minister, Capito, to Farel, written as late as 1537. He says :

“The authority of the ministers is entirely abolished, all is lost, all goes to ruin. The people say to us boldly : you wish to make yourselves the tyrants of the church, you wish to establish a new papacy. God makes me know what it is to be a pastor, and the wrong we have done the church by the precipitate and inconsiderate vehemence which has caused us to reject the pope. For the people accustomed to unbounded freedom, and as it were nourished by it, have spurned the reign altogether ; they cry out to us : we know enough of the Gospel, what need have we of your help to find Jesus Christ ? Go and preach to those who wish to hear you.”*

The intolerance of the Protestant party was surpassed only by its utter inconsistency. The glorious privileges of private judgment, of liberty of conscience and of the press, were for ever on their lips ; and yet they recklessly trampled them all under their feet ! Each one was to interpret the Bible for himself, and yet whoever dared interpret it differently from their excellencies the counsellors of Berne, was punished as an enemy of the government ! The counter principle of a union of church and state was even openly avowed and constantly acted on. The council of ministers

* Epistola ad Farel. inter epist. Calvini, p. 5 ; quoted by de Haller, p. 99, note.

held at Berne in 1532 subscribed a confession of faith drawn up by Capito, in which the following remarkable passages are found.

"The ministers acknowledge *that it is not possible for them to produce any fruit in their church, unless the civil magistrate lend his assistance to advance the good work.* Every Christian magistrate ought, in the exercise of his power, to be the lieutenant and minister of God, and to maintain among his subjects the evangelical doctrine and life, so far at least as it is exercised outwardly and is practised in external things."* "The magistrates should then take great care to preserve sound doctrine; to prevent error and seduction, to punish blasphemy and all outward sins affecting religion and conduct, to protect the truth and good morals."†

This forcibly reminds us of the *nursing fathers* so much spoken of even in our American Presbyterian Confession of Faith! As some evidence of the love which the Swiss reformers bore to the liberty of the press and of conscience, take the two following extracts from our author.

"The Bernese, who had talked so much about the liberty of conscience and that of the press while it was question of establishing the reform, then sent deputies to Bâle to complain of the *libels* which were there printed against the dispute of Berne, and they demanded that silence should be imposed on preachers unfavorable to the reform. Thus it is that the Protestants did not wish to allow liberty to any one, so soon as they became the masters. The Bernese deputation was, however, dismissed from Bâle without having attained its object."‡

"In virtue of the freedom of conscience, the triumphant innovators removed all the Catholic counsellors and forbade any one to preach against what they called the reform. At Bâle, in particular, the nobility were driven away, and the Catholic clergy, the chapter, and even the professors of the university, abandoned for ever a city of which they were the ornament and the glory, and which owed to them its lustre and its very existence."§

Those who were guilty of the unpardonable crime of adhering tenaciously and clinging fondly to the time-honored religion of their fathers, were not the only ones who felt the smart of Protestant intolerance in Switzerland. Brother Protestants were also persecuted, if they had the misfortune to believe either more or less than their more enlightened brethren who were orthodox for the time being. The Anabaptists, in particular, were hunted down

with a ferocity which is almost inconceivable. The favorite mode of punishing them, especially at Berne, was by *drowning*! This manner of death was deemed the most appropriate, because it was only baptizing them in their own way!* The rivers and lakes which abound in Switzerland often received the dead bodies of these poor deluded men. Sometimes, however, this mode of punishment was dispensed with in favor of others less revolting to humanity.

"Their excellencies of Berne," says M. de Haller, "not being able to convince the Anabaptists, found it much more simple to banish them, or to throw them into the water and drown them. These punishments having, however, rather increased than diminished their number, the council of Berne, being embarrassed, resorted to measures less severe, and acting under the advice of the ministers, published on the 2d of March, 1533, an edict announcing that the Anabaptists should be left in peace, *if they would keep their belief to themselves, and maintain silence*; but that if they continued to preach and to keep up a separate sect, they should not be any longer condemned to death, *but only to perpetual imprisonment on bread and water*! This was certainly a singular favor. Catholics, who are accused of so much intolerance, had never molested the Zuinglians who had kept their faith to themselves, and even when these openly preached their doctrines from the pulpit, they were not condemned either to death or to perpetual imprisonment on bread and water."†

As we have already said, the progress of the Swiss reformation was every where marked by intrigues, popular commotions, mob violence, and sacrilege. So it was at Geneva, into which the reformation was introduced in the year 1535, chiefly through the intrigues of Berne. It was not Calvin who established the reformation at Geneva; he only reaped the harvest which had been sown by others. The fiery Farel, shielded with the panoply of Berne, and acting in concert with Bernese envoys, had already succeeded there in subverting, to a great extent, the ancient faith. And by what means? We have not room for details, for which we must refer our readers to a very interesting chapter in M. de Haller's history.‡ Suffice it to say, that the whole city was thrown into commotion; that the Catholic churches were violently seized upon, after having been first sacrilegiously defaced and

* De Haller, p. 97. He quotes Ruchat.
† Ib. p. 100. ‡ Pp. 58, 59. § P. 64.

* See pp. 39, 69, *et alibi passim.* † Pp. 153, 154.
‡ Chap. xvi.

desecrated in the hallowed name of religion; that the Catholic clergy were hunted down and forced to fly the city; that nearly half of the population was compelled to emigrate in order to secure themselves peace and freedom of conscience; that even after they had emigrated, their property was confiscated and they were disfranchised in punishment for their having dared to leave the city; that the harmless nuns of St. Clare, after having been long harassed and insulted by the mob, were also compelled to leave their home and to seek shelter elsewhere; that the Catholic church property was seized upon by the reformed party; that, after having filled the whole city and especially the churches with the "abomination of desolation," Farel and his *pious* associates were able to assemble congregations and to preach in only *two* out of the many Geneva churches of which they had obtained possession; that even in these they often preached to empty benches, so great was the horror which all these multiplied sacrileges inspired in the popular mind; and that, finally, the reformation was established in Geneva by the great council, and afterwards by the swords and bayonets of the Bernese army which entered the city in 1536.

Such were the first fruits of the reformation in Geneva! In the county of Vaud, which was invaded and subdued by the Bernese army in the same year, the proceedings were, if possible, still more violent, and the policy still more truculent. Wheresoever the Bernese army marched, there the reformation was established by force of arms. The Bernese bore the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other; and they established the new gospel in Vaud pretty much after the Mohammedan fashion of proselytism!

M. de Haller proves all this by an array of evidence which can not be gainsayed or resisted.* He proves it from the testimony of Ruchat, Mallet, Spon, and other Protestant historians. He furnishes *FACTS*, with names, dates, and specifications; *facts* as clear as the noonday sun; *facts* which we challenge any one to deny or contravene. And we ask, whether it be at all likely that a reformation effected by such means, was, or could possibly have been, the work of God? Could God have chosen such instruments and such

means to effect *his* work? Could he smile on commotions, on riots, on robbery, on impurity, on broken vows, on sacrilege? Gracious heavens! how much do those delude themselves who still cling to the belief that the reformation was the work of God! Well may we address to them, and to all who may chance to read these pages, the emphatic words of St. Augustine prefixed to the title-page of M. de Haller's work: "Let those hear who have not fallen, lest they fall; let those hear who have fallen, that they may rise!"†

If it be alleged that the Catholics too sometimes resorted to violence and appealed to the sword, we answer that they did so, almost without an exception, only in necessary self-defence. Their forbearance amidst all the terrible outrages we have briefly enumerated was indeed wonderful. If they sometimes repelled force by force; if they flew to arms more than once; it was surely competent for them to do so. Their lives were threatened, their property was invaded, their altars were desecrated; and surely, when considerations such as these urged them to buckle on their good swords, they were not only excusable, but they would have been arrant cowards had they not done so. And no one has ever yet dared taunt with cowardice the brave mountaineers of Lucerne, Schwytz, Uri, Unterwald, and Zug, who inherit the faith, the country, and the unconquerable spirit of William Tell. The recent occurrences in Switzerland prove that this spirit has not flagged in the lapse of centuries, that Catholicity is not incompatible with bravery; and that soldiers who pray, both before and after battle, are under the special protection of the great God of battles.

But whoever will read M. de Haller's history must be convinced that the Swiss Catholics were much more forbearing and tolerant than the Swiss Protestants. The former, in general, allowed the latter the free exercise of their religion in places where these were in the minority; whereas there are, indeed, but few instances on record where the latter accorded the same privilege to the former under similar circumstances. Did our limits permit, we might go fully into the comparison, and prove the accuracy of our remark by undeniable evidence

* *Audiant qui non occiderunt, ne cadant; Audiant qui occiderunt, ut surgant.*

* See p. 271 seqq. and 321 seqq.

But we must be content with a marginal reference,* and with the following touching anecdote, the scene of which is laid in the city of Soleure.

The Protestant party had sought to gain the ascendancy in this place, by entirely overthrowing the Catholic religion. For this purpose they seized upon the moment when nearly all the members of the council were absent, for entering into a conspiracy to take possession of "the arsenal and of the Franciscan church, to surprise the priests in their bed, and to massacre all the Catholics in case of resistance."† The conspiracy was, however, discovered to the *avoyer*, or chief magistrate, left in charge of the city, Nicholas de Wengi; and he took every prudent precaution against the meditated attack. On the 30th day of October, 1533, at one hour after midnight, the conspirators rushed to the assault, but they were amazed to find nearly half the city turned out ready to receive them, and to defend themselves to the last extremity. After a sharp encounter in which the arsenal was successively taken and re-taken, without, however, any effusion of blood, the conspirators were driven off. But, though beaten off, these had not yet given up the contest. They retired beyond the bridge, and having intrenched themselves, began to insult the Catholics. Indignant, the latter rushed to the arsenal, brought a cannon to bear upon the Protestant intrenchment, and fired one shot, but without effect. Just as they were preparing to fire another, the venerable *avoyer* Wengi rushed, out of breath, before the cannon's mouth, and exclaimed: "beloved and pious fellow-citizens, if you wish to fire against the other side, I will be your first victim; consider better the state of things."‡ His interposition was effectual; calm was restored; and the insurgents left the city.

We will conclude this paper, already long enough, by glancing rapidly at the war of Cappel in 1531, the first great religious war that ever was waged in Switzerland.§ And we do this because it seems to us that there is a striking parallelism between this first and the last religious war to which we have already alluded. In both, the Catholics acted strictly on the defensive; in both, Lucerne was at the head of

the Catholic party; in both, the Catholics were triumphant; in both, the genuine children of Tell proved themselves worthy of him, of their ancestral glory, of their country.

In the beginning of the year 1531, the Protestant cantons, and especially Zurich, flagrantly violated the treaty concluded in 1529, by which the Catholic and Protestant cantons had mutually promised not to molest or interfere with one another on account of religion. After having fomented troubles in various districts partly under the control of the Catholic cantons, Zurich at length openly invaded the territory of St. Gall, and issued a decree forbidding the five neighboring Catholic cantons to trade with her subjects in corn and salt. The object of this embargo was to cut off from the Catholic mountaineers the supplies which they had been in the habit of deriving by commerce from those living in the plains, and thereby to *starve* them into acquiescence in the glorious work of the reformation! Zuingli and the preachers openly clamored for the blood of the Catholics, in their public harangues in Zurich! Here is an extract from one of the great Swiss reformer's sermons, delivered on the 21st Sept., 1531:

"Rise up, attack; the five cantons are in your power. I will march at the head of your ranks, and the nearest to the enemy. Then you will feel the power of God, for when I shall harangue them with the truth of the word of God, and shall say: whom seek you, O ye impious! then, seized with terror and with panic, they will not be able to answer, but they will fall back, and will take to flight, like the Jews on the mountain of Olives at the word of Christ. You will see that the artillery which they will direct against us, will turn against themselves, and will destroy them. Their pikes, their halberds, and their other arms, shall not hurt you, but will hurt them."†

This discourse was printed and circulated; but alas for the prophetic faculty of the reformer! The event falsified his prediction in every particular. And, as Zuingli himself marked the preparations the five cantons were making for the coming struggle, his own heart failed him; and the lately inspired prophet of God dwindled down into a miserable paltroon, overcome by terror, and pretending to have had strange presentiments, and observed strange signs in the heavens! Nevertheless, the Zurichers compelled him to march at their head to

* De Haller, pp. 72, 150 note, 156, 272, &c.

† P. 157.

‡ P. 159.

§ There had been some troubles in 1529, which were, however, settled without much effusion of blood.

† Quoted by de Haller, p. 79, 79, note.

the village of Cappell near the confines of the hostile cantons. Here the two armies encountered; but fiery and fanatical as were the Zuinglians, they could not withstand the impetuous charge of the brave Swiss mountaineers. These carried every thing before them. The Zurichers took to flight in great disorder, with the loss of "nineteen cannon, four stands of colors, all their baggage, and of at least fifteen hundred men, among whom were twenty-seven magistrates, and FIFTEEN PREACHERS."* Zuingle, the apostle of Switzerland, fell, sword in hand, fighting the battles of the Lord, as never apostle had fought them before!

The Zurichers, however, recovered from their fright in a few days, and on the 21st of October,† "having been reinforced by their allies of Saint Gall, of Toggenburg, of Thurgovia, and even of the Grisons, of Berne, of Bâle, and of Soleure, they again attacked the Catholics with very superior forces; but they were a second time defeated at the mountain of Zug, and took to flight in disorder, abandoning their artillery, their money, and their baggage."‡

The Catholic army now marched in triumph almost to the very walls of Zurich, after having a third time defeated the Zurichers, and driven them from their position.§ The Zuinglians

* P. 79, 80.

† The battle of Cappell was fought on the 11th of October.

‡ P. 81.

§ P. 83.

were now disposed to accede to the terms of peace proposed by the Catholic cantons. The treaty bound the Zurichers "to leave the five cantons, with their allies and adherents, from the present to all future time, in peaceable possession of their *ancient, true, and undoubted Christian faith*, without molesting or importuning them with disputes or chicanery, and renouncing all evil intentions, stratagems, and *finesse*; and that, on their side, the five cantons would leave the Zurichers and their adherents free in their belief; that in the common districts, of which the cantons were co-sovereigns, the parishes which had embraced the *new faith*, might retain it if it suited them, that those which had not yet renounced the *ancient faith* would also be free to retain it, and that, in fine, those who should wish to return to the *true and ancient Christian faith* would have the right to do so."* The Zurichers farther bound themselves to pay or rather to restore to the five cantons the money which the latter had expended in the difficulties of 1529, and to replace, at their own expense, the ornaments destroyed or forcibly taken from the different churches during the preceding years.

Thus terminated the war of Cappell. It left the Catholics in the ascendent, and contributed more than any thing else to check the headlong progress of the Swiss reformation.

* P. 85.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING FROM A VISIT TO WEST'S PAINTING.

"And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple, and he healed them.

"And when the chief priests and the scribes saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying 'Hosanna to the Son of David,' they were moved with indignation."—*Matt.* xxi, 14, 15.

TREAD lightly here, for 'tis a solemn scene,
And fills the spirit with a holy fear!
Teaching the proudest in his strength, to lean
On hopes supernal. Silently draw near—
Mark well each figure, scan the whole design,
And read the moral: Mercy, love divine!

See the young mother with appealing eyes,
While, closely nestled to her throbbing breast
Her feeble, drooping, dying infant lies,
And catch the language in her glance expressed!

We almost hear the supplication wild,
 "Master! in mercy, heal—oh, heal my child!"

And here—her brow with wakeful watching worn,
 And limbs that falter on their weary way—
 Another mother, for her youngest born—
 Her best loved boy—the same kind aid would pray:
 "E'en from his birth, his sufferings have been great;
 Relieve him, Master! from this dreadful state!"

Next the fond father, with his sightless child,
 In silence presses to the hallowed place;
 One hand he raises in entreaty mild,
 While gazing mutely on that sacred face,
 And on the temple of the patient maid,
 Behold! the other eloquently laid!

What need of *words* his bitter grief to tell?
 Yet, strong in faith, he comes relief to find
 From Him who brake but now the same dark spell,
 And sight bestowed on yonder man, born blind;
 Amazed, and grateful, see him kneeling there,
 Convinced that God, the omnipotent, is near.

A maniac boy is in the distance seen,
 In struggles fierce with those who bear him on;
 The palsied woman, with her painful mien,
 Through kind assistance, has his presence won!
 Prompted by hope, what varied ills are brought
 To test a faith by miracles thus taught!

Wasted by suffering—victim of despair—
 A man is laid before the Healer's feet;
 His friends surround him; wife and child are near,
 And each, in turn, these heartfelt words repeat:
 "Save him, good Master! health and strength restore—
 Our best, our loved one—save him, we implore!"

They come; they come, the thickly gathering throng—
 The halt, the blind, the maimed—all onward press
 The lofty temple's columned aisles along,
 To catch the accents which they feel will bless;
 While priests surprised, and haughty scribes look on,
 And children shout the wonders that are done!

O 'tis a scene which calls upon the heart
 For all its sympathy with human wo,
 While every grateful pulse must thrilling start,
 In love to Him from whom such mercies flow;
 Healing is on his breath, while in his eyes,
 For fallen man, what deep compassion lies!

Aye! 'tis a glorious picture, which can bring
 Solace and hope to every human grief,
 Teaching the heart, with martyr-strength, to cling,
 In every trial, to its fixed belief;
 Thrice happy they who, *seeing*, thus have thought!
 But happier those whom faith alone hath taught!

Pause then, and gaze! for 'tis a scene to wake
 Reflection, hope, and joy within the soul;
 We know the love, which here its mandates spake,
 Still o'er the world exerts its blest control;
 Then here, in spirit, should not we too kneel,
 And crave that mercy which our woes can heal?

Should we not take the artist's lesson home,
 And own the influence of his great design,
 Which plainly bids each burdened bosom come,
 And lay its trials at those feet divine!
 Showing where love eternal may be found,
 To soothe each suffering, and to heal each wound.

MOÏNA.

St. Louis, Mo.

THE COMPANY OF JESUS.

On the Life and Institute of the Jesuits. By the Rev. Father de Ravignan, of the Company of Jesus. Translated by Charles Seager, M. A. Philadelphia: William J. Cunningham. 1845.



“YOU shall be hated by all men for my name's sake,” said our divine Saviour, when, about to separate from his disciples, he gave them his instructions and admonitions; and the history of the church is a continuous fulfilment of the prophecy. Never, in any age, has there been a follower of Jesus peculiarly devoted to his service, or a body of men who have given themselves up, without reservation, to his sweet yoke, upon whom the iron rod of worldly vengeance has not fallen with unsparing violence? It is the destiny of his children. They are to be tried with the seven-fold heated furnace of hatred and calumny, by the fury of human hearts stirred up to actual persecution under the cover of law, and where the hand of law can not be made to grasp the bloody scourge, by the unsparing cruelty of popular outrage. They are to be tried, that they may be purified. They are to be crushed down, and trampled under foot, that the precious odor of their patience, and humility, and purity of heart, like the

sweet scent of the bruised flower, may arise and fill the earth with its heavenly fragrance. They are to be persecuted, that they may become perfect, like to their Master, bearing in silence the cross of scorn, of calumny, of violence. And surely and earnestly has this destiny, in all ages, been accomplishing, but never has the prophecy been so closely fulfilled as in the history of the Jesuits. From the very inception of their society they have been the subjects of persecution; of the persecution, at times, of the rack and the dungeon, and the constant, but not less bitter, persecution of falsehood and calumny. They are hated for his name's sake. Their name has come to mean, in the vocabulary of thousands, every thing that is dark, and sinuous, and unfaithful; it has come to be a name of opprobrium, a charge of crime; its possession a token of depravity. It is not now, for the first time, that the name of *Jesus Christ* has brought scorn, and detestation, and ignominy, and death upon those who have chosen it as their distinctive appellation. It is not now, for the first time, that his followers, who have quitted the hopes and pleasures of the world, and enlisted under his holy name, have been compelled to bear the burden of his heavy cross. The world is too jealously vindictive, ever to forgive those brave souls who have

preferred their salvation to its sinful joys. They who enrolled themselves particularly under the name of *Jesus* were to suffer as had done those who first received their name from Christ. Time was when the name of *Christian* was the name of a slave, of a criminal; when it was a term of fouler reproach than that of *Jesuit*; when it meant, in the mouth of enemies, crime and ignominy; when it, too, was the rallying cry of excited mobs, the stirrer up of popular violence, the sure and inevitable passport to death: "To the lions with the Christians."

The spirit of the old opponents of Christianity is not dead; it slumbers not; but it is transformed. It was grand—it was terrific!—in its early power. It made countless glorious martyrs. It animated the mighty eagle of imperial Rome. With sharp beak and bloody talons, it boldly and openly destroyed the bodies of its victims. It could not reach the soul. It is changed. It animates the wily serpent of *philosophy*; and, in its transmigration, it has preserved its ancient malice, while it has exchanged the grandeur of the eagle for the slime and cunning of the reptile. It assails the soul. The spirit of infidelity never sleeps; it is ever at work, secretly and stealthily, as it were, but the foul traces of its sinuous path are indelible. It coils into many a heart, and, even when it passes forth, it leaves its slime behind. It endeavors to destroy, by defaming the defenders of the church. Its forked tongue is ever spitting forth foul calumny, and for the first objects of its poisonous hate, mindful of its olden conflicts and undying malice, it has selected those who bear the name of *Jesus* as the designation of their society.

The assailants of the *company of Jesus* have given glorious testimony to the energy, the spirit, the learning, the piety, and the unwavering courage of the Jesuits. The quenchless hatred of the foes of the church is their unfading crown of glory. In the eyes of these men every zealous priest is a Jesuit, every pious Catholic is a Jesuit, every ardent, faithful, true-hearted son of the church is a Jesuit. Yes, it is true, these slanderers are right; it is no falsehood that they utter; they are right, but they are right unwittingly. It is truth, and it is falsehood. Every true priest, every zealous priest, every good priest is a Jesuit; every true, pious, humble, patient, and re-

signed Catholic is a Jesuit—a follower of Jesus—not a member of the "*Company of Jesus*," bound by its vows, and submissive to its rules, but a follower of Jesus, the humble, the meek, the much calumniated, the persecuted, of him who prayed in his last hour for the forgiveness of his enemies. They are of the company of Jesus, in that they are pure of heart, and obedient to the commands of their Saviour. They are members of *his* company in that they are imitators of his life, and followers in his footsteps. But these, aye, thousands, who are thus worthy of persecution, who are happy enough to have won opprobrium for his name's sake, do not all belong to the Society of Jesus, are not all Jesuits. The church is not so poor that she has none but the members of one society who are worthy of hatred, worthy of persecution for the sake of their Master's name, worthy of the undying malice of the philosopher and the infidel, of the enemies of the Gospel of Christ. She is not without millions of such Jesuits—such followers of Jesus—and she never will be.

But the rancorous assailant of the "*Company*" means not this; he really believes, or pretends to believe, that they are members of the society, that they are the enrolled soldiers, the rank and file of that terrific army of which the Jesuit priest is the officer; that army which, like a secret society, extends its numberless ramifications over the whole land, preparing slowly, silently, but surely, to bring all things under their dominion; that all are unhesitating servants, obedient without question, to the will of their master; that they profess doctrines the most iniquitous, are governed by rules of conduct the most infamous, and influenced by a code of morals the most loose and licentious; that the bowl and the dagger are their play-things. No crime, in the mouths of these wretched men, is too dark for a Jesuit; no villainy too foul for a Jesuit; no scheme too deeply woven for a Jesuit. Such are the horrific pictures which the enemies of the Society of Jesus have painted of its members, and such pictures the diseased imaginations of an ignorant and deluded people have readily and indelibly received. According to these men, were the fiend to appear on earth, it would be in the guise of a Jesuit! Well! it is not strange; it is not new; it was said of old by the scoffer, and the defamer,

and the calumniator, of ~~one~~ the purest and the holiest that ever sanctified this earth, who was purity and holiness, who was God, "that by Beelzebub, the prince of devils, he cast out devils." He was a traitor; he conspired against Cæsar; he sought to overthrow the existing order of things; he was a seducer of the people, and exciter of sedition; he was a servant of the devil, worse than the robber and the murderer, and they crucified him. "*If the world hate you, know ye that it hath hated me before you!*" It is not new; near two thousand years ago hatred and malice made use of the same weapons which they use to this day; they used calumny and falsehood. The Saviour of the world, Jesus, was the victim; the *Jesuit* need not *wish* to escape. He was meek and silent; *they* complain not; but it is for their *friends* to defend them from their reckless calumniators. "You shall be hated by all men for my name's sake, but a hair of your head shall not perish. In your patience you shall possess your souls." One part of the prophecy has been fulfilled in them, as in all other members of the church—the foes of Christianity have brought about its consummation—they should remember that the other is not destined to fail. They have persecuted, they can not exterminate; they have calumniated, they can not destroy. In the midst of storms, and danger, and death, the persecuted have "possessed their souls in peace." Thus has it been with the church since its foundation; thus, too, with the members of the company of Jesus, as a portion of that church, sharing with its other members its opprobrium, its glory, and its promises. Every where assailed, the society every where stood firm; every where trampled upon, it only rose from the earth with renewed power, and strength, and vigor; every where slandered and calumniated, it came forth from the ordeal of slander and calumny, purer and brighter, and radiant with celestial glory. It seemed to have caught something of immortality from the church in whose bosom it was nourished. The blows which were aimed at its very life only served to chasten its suffering members, and to strengthen and invigorate the whole; stricken down and wounded, as it were, to death, by those in whose defence it was so faithfully contending, its existence was preserved by the hand of Providence, until the day when it

revived into the power of its olden time, strengthened and tried by adversity, glorious with an unexampled triumph, and gifted, it seemed, with an inextinguishable vitality. Fresh from the tomb in which its enemies fondly dreamed they had laid it, bound for evermore in the iron arms of death, it came forth, after its seeming slumber, with its old spirit, and invincible courage, and faithful zeal, and with new heart and new strength, recruiting its forces every where, from the best and holiest, and rallied under the banner of the faith, once more doing battle, as of old, unconquerably, in the cause of truth.

Its early history was full of trial and difficulty; its later has not been more free from toil, and struggle, and suffering. In its origin it evinced the providence of God; in every subsequent age it has continued to fulfil its mission. Its members were of no one nation, and of no peculiar tongue. They were of the world, and the scope and limit of their efforts was the whole human race. No province, no state, no kingdom, no continent was destined to be the sole and favored field of their labors, but every portion of the earth was to be, in time, the recipient of the benefits which they were to carry with them. In the first ten, the sons of five nations were enrolled, gathered by providential influence at Paris, around the feet of the first of their number, and their founder, Ignatius, the noble knight and saint. It was a stern hour in which he came, like a steel-clad champion, clothed in the invulnerable armor of humility and prayer, with his children clustering around him, bearing the banner of the Saviour far into the crowded ranks of the assailing foe. He was still the knightly warrior, courtly, brave, unyielding; but the spirit of his chivalry had changed. The weapons which he bore were prayer, and fasting, and almsdeeds, chastity, and purity of life, voluntary poverty, implicit obedience. His arm was no longer raised to destroy, but stretched forth to the assistance of his suffering brethren; his foe, henceforth, was sin and error. He was a soldier; he stamped his spirit upon his company, and they girded up their loins for battle.

The reformation had taken fast hold of Germany; its principles had been sown in France and Switzerland; it had secured adherents in Spain and Italy; England was infested with

its heresies. It was eating, like a canker, into the heart of the church. False priests, and false bishops, sordid men who loved the pleasures of the world, and who had grown restless under the privations and self-denials which the discipline of the church required—apostate monks, and thousands of deluded followers were, daily and hourly, casting off the yoke of obedience—for it is a heavy one to fallen nature—and sacrificing their faith to their passions and the love of ease. Unrestrained by fear or hope, or the love of God, they gave themselves up to the work of destroying that church which had been built up by the wisdom and power of the Almighty. Those who should have been the defenders, became the assailants of the faith; those who should have died its martyrs, became its persecutors; its natural defenders, Judas-like, betrayed it with pretended love. Buried in inglorious ease, too many of its soldiers slumbered calmly on their posts. Corruption had done its work, and the corrupted heart became hostile or indifferent. It was the corruption of men, who should have been holy and pure of life, that set it in motion; that same corruption of heart was the spring which gave it each new accession from the ranks of the faithful. To the eye of man, it was an hour of fearful peril, full of terrific possibilities. It seemed as if the power of the church was about to be overthrown, and cast down; as if her faith, and doctrines, and discipline were about to perish; as if the gates of hell had already triumphed. But the rock had not mouldered; it had not failed. It had been darkened and disfigured by evil hearts, until some of its children had become stains upon it, and festered in the sun-rays of its prosperity; but the raging storms that dashed their furious waves against its unyielding sides, swept back with them into the dark gulf from which they came, the filth and stains from its impenetrable surface, and the noble structure, the church, the work of God, still reared itself above the raging elements, upon its firm foundation, washed clean, unstained, more proudly beautiful, still undestroyed and indestructible. The assaults of heresy but won corrupted hearts; their loss increased the strength and beauty of the church. But it was long before these stormy waves returned to their abyss—they yet wash darkly round its base, in vain attempts to undermine its rock, and gladly

catching in their waters the polluted members cast from the heights above—long before the sun of hope dawned brightly. The conflict was terrific, and error already seemed to have won the victory. But God was with his people. It has been ever thus.

His hand, as of old upon the Galilean waters, is ever outstretched to save the successor of St. Peter when seeming, like the apostle, to sink in the raging surges around him. In every hour of peril to his holy church he has reared up saints and doctors to defend her: in the days of the reformation he gave her many and powerful champions, and not among the least of these were St. Ignatius and his companions.

Yielding up their own wills to the guidance of their superiors in all that was not sin, vowed to individual poverty and to perpetual chastity, giving up the affections and the things of this world, they held themselves in readiness to go forth at any moment upon any mission. Penal laws could not stop their path, popular violence found them meek and unresisting victims, yet pressing ever onward in the fulfilment of their holy duties. Death might stare them in the face—it was welcome; it bore with it an immortal crown: death by law, death by popular violence, upon sea or shore, what mattered it to them; its end was the same. "I can pass to heaven as easily by water as by land," exclaimed Jaius, one of the nine companions, as the excited rabble threatened to cast him into the Danube,* and he continued to lecture and preach boldly and openly in defence of the Catholic faith. He was sent; he remained until he was recalled—a soldier upon his post, he would not leave it like a recreant.

Deeply learned, well tried in endurance and patience of spirit by the previous training of the stern soldier's "exercises,"—skilled in the weapons of controversy, practised in the workings of the soul by their own inward spiritual examinations, they opposed an unbroken front to the assaults of heresy, and were ever to be found in the foremost ranks of the true spirits who resisted its fiercest inroads.

They were scarcely formed and organized before they were dispersed throughout the

* "Respondebat intrepidus in cœlum se tam facile aqua quam terra ire posse." See Dr. Pise's Ignatius and his First Companions," p. 291.

world, sentinels upon the outposts of Catholicity, wherever converts were to be made, or wherever the conflict was the hottest. They entered Germany and France and Ireland and England, and the infected cities of Italy; they fortified Spain and Portugal: they penetrated into Asia and Africa, and wheresoever they went they stemmed the tide of error, and often succeeded in driving back for ever its noxious waters. They won thousands of the fallen, back to the true faith. They brought powerful kingdoms within the fold of Christianity. Wherever the storm was most furious there was the Jesuit manfully breasting himself to its rage. It always broke full upon them.

Their learning and purity of life—their self-devotion, and their rapidly increasing numbers soon made them the most formidable of all the opponents of error. Before the death of Ignatius, fifteen years from the foundation of the society, it numbered one hundred colleges.* Its children had preached the Gospel in every land, had penetrated into India, China, and Japan, had turned the idolater from his idol, and worshipper of the sun from his helpless deity, had explored the new world, and carried thither the light of learning and civilization, with the pure and holy light of Christianity. Few lands are there won from heathen darkness, and in which the cross of Christ flourishes, where Jesuit hands did not help to cultivate the harvest, and Jesuit blood nourish and enrich the soil.

It is not strange that this fearless and untiring body—this company of Jesus who resisted so successfully the efforts of those who sought to destroy his church, should have been hated and persecuted by the reformers whom they opposed; but it is strange that they should have found enemies among the Catholics in defence of whose faith they were so energetically and devotedly contending. Perhaps in the providence of God this trial was given them to preserve them from the sins of spiritual pride and of self exaltation, to keep them in humility and constant watchfulness over themselves. They were assailed by the doctors of the Sorbonne, but in time they overcame that opposition by proving to their opponents the injustice of the assault, and their own innocence.† They were assailed by

“men of loose morals,” because they were stern and rigid in their own, and reproved without fear the evil and the backsliding which they saw. Such enemies were a title of praise.* They were assailed by the school-master, the mercenary priest, and the professor, because the fame of their colleges drew away students from all other schools of learning. But the crowning honor of their persecution was the bitter, and, as time has proved, the undying hatred of the reformers. If they were hostile to all Catholics and to their faith, they were doubly hostile to that army of bold and skilful champions who every where stood forth fearlessly in defence of the church. Upon them their hatred concentrated, and it was the hatred of the whole Protestant world. In the whole Protestant world the followers of Loyola were to be found contending with the varied and every varying foe. With Lutheranism on the banks of the Rhine, with Calvinism in the mountains of Switzerland and in the cities of France, with the church of Englandism, with the Independents, with every different form of error that pervaded the earth. And this hatred increased by communication, and accumulated as years passed, for passing years gave each new food in the renewed exertions of the Jesuits in behalf of truth. It became traditionary. Men handed it down to their children as a hereditary feud, nor did it lose any of its ferocity in the descent. It grew. Its wild tales became almost supernatural as the past rolled farther off into dim forgetfulness—this hatred looming darker and more mysterious in the distance of tradition. The silent, humble, and submissive Jesuit was to them the stern, ruthless fanatic, or the scheming hypocrite, making virtue and vice and religion and the souls of men subservient to his dark purposes.

The philosopher and the infidel, furious from the unconquerable resistance of the Jesuits to his insidious assaults, gave the power of his eloquence and his skilful pen to aid in their destruction. The drama was infected, and the stage became the vehicle of abuse. The press sent forth its countless sheets teeming with falsehood and misrepresentation—it does so still. The populace, ignorant and unenlightened, caught up the cry—it lost nothing

* Ibid. p. 58, &c., which see for much interesting matter concerning the society, set forth in Dr. Pise's usual agreeable style.

* Dr. Pise, p. 68.

† Dr. Pise, p. 361.

of its fury in their hands. The friends of the Jesuit despaired; it seemed as if their enemies had triumphed. They had been suppressed in France: * a bull† for their general dissolution was at last issued to take effect wheresoever it might be promulgated. From the day of their suppression in France dates the triumph of infidelity—year by year the progress of libertinism became more rapid. It struck at the root of civil order, at the truths of religion, at the very belief in the existence of the Deity. It brought the king to the scaffold—it shed the blood of the nobles, priests, and people. It held unresisted sway, and the fierce shouts of its frenzied orgies rang throughout France. The flood swept wildly on, for, in an unguarded hour, the strongest barriers had been removed. But their enemies were deceived. The society was not destroyed—it was not dead—it slept. In a remote province‡ the decree of dissolution had not been published—its enemies gnashed their teeth in rage—they were foiled in the hour of seeming triumph. The mighty heart of the great company still beat with the small stream of life, bound up, as it were, in lifeless numbers, weak and almost powerless—yet fated to revive and glow with health and strength and energy. In its revival it set about the great work of combating infidelity and error once more wheresoever it found them. It has not yet reached the degree of strength it once possessed, but it is growing with its wonted rapid growth. In the day of its greatest prosperity it numbered twenty-two thousand members—it possessed countless houses and innumerable colleges and schools. In its revival it was poor and weak, and its members few in number. It had to set about the work of rebuilding its colleges, its schools, and houses. It was destitute. But it has nobly done its work. Its schools and colleges are surpassed by none—

* 1762.

† 1773.

‡ Wonderful, indeed, was the preservation of the society in Russia, and more wonderful in its instrument, the proud but resolute empress. Every means was used to change her determination—persuasion, secret intrigue, bribery of her ministers. Discovering this attempt, she ordered the money to be brought to her, saying: "I will keep your money and my Jesuits." She baffled every effort of their enemies, turning the decrees which were obtained from the pope for their destruction to their advantage, and the society continued to exist in her dominions. Many of the Jesuits who found their way to the United States were formed in the novitiate of Russia. We understand an excellent manuscript history of the "suppression" is to be found at Georgetown college.

they have sustained the old renown of the society for learning. Its missions are spread again over the world. It is once more fulfilling its destination. It numbers three thousand members.

But is not to be supposed that all this could have been brought about without the stirring up of old calumnies—without the rapid addition of new ones. The Jesuits of to-day have not fared better than the Jesuits of one hundred years ago, of two hundred years ago, of three hundred years ago, and, from the violence of their enemies, to follow the rule of their great founder, we may suppose that their condition is flourishing and very prosperous, that they are again the instruments of incalculable good. In France, in Switzerland, they are assailed—they are threatened with the violence of the law, or the violence of the mob. In Ireland and England they exist by sufferance. In Germany and in America they are enduring the racking torture of public obloquy and vituperation. The press is a mighty engine for good: in the hands of unprincipled men it becomes terrific for evil, and a large portion of the press—not the most respectable, thank God—in all these countries is teeming with calumny and abuse against the Jesuits. Old exploded falsehoods, oft refuted charges, are searched up from the past and given forth anew as well substantiated facts. We have "*standing heads*" of the "Jesuit's oath," the "*secreta monita*," the "Jesuit morality," and a thousand silly tales to follow them. Fiction has taken the thing in hands, and, as fiction is never at a loss for a respectable quantity of facts with any degree of authenticity which may be required, it has been remarkably successful in its way, especially with those who are silly enough to believe it. The novelist has undertaken to furnish his paid-for weekly quota of falsehood and abuse. Eugene Sue and his Wandering Jew*—they run and rhyme together admira-

* Sue's book is principally founded upon the operations of the society through persons whom he calls "*Jesuits of the short robe*,"—members of the society, according to him, who live in the world and mingle in society, in professions, trades, occupations, &c. This idea is very extensively received among Protestants, and we saw it with regret asserted in a late letter of a French correspondent of the U. S. Gazette; but nothing can be more false. It is utterly without foundation. Sue's work is full of gross absurdities and falsehoods and misrepresentations, and, although it is a fiction, there is a large portion of it which he means to advance as truth. Among many other absurdities, he

bly—fit companions—both wanderers from truth and justice—both decides in heart and deed—will doubtless be good authority with many. Sue is perhaps less guilty than his employers—the infidel press of France. He is an author—he lives by the sale of his pen—the Jesuits have never stooped to buy the silence or the praises of any man. He sold his genius to their enemies. Perhaps the advocacy of such a man would have been a sorer blow to the society than all his abuse—it might have rendered them suspicious. We can scarcely imagine a greater misfortune for them than the praise of an author who has made it his business to fill so many pages per week with so much vice and horrible iniquity dressed in gaudy and seductive colorings—at so many franks the page—who has raked up the sinks of Paris—its hells of sin and shame, and unblushingly portrayed their minutest foulness, gloating, as it were, over the horrid picture—who is one of the most immoral writers of the day. Sue has been all along assailing virtue and religion, it naturally led him to assail the Jesuits; he was not unwilling to receive his price from their opponents.

The French Jesuits have done much good for France; they are willing to do yet more. They are ready to suffer, but, in the name of religious liberty, they claim the right of freedom of conscience which the charter of France professes to secure, the right to lead that kind of life which they conscientiously believe may best conduce to religious perfection.* They are Frenchmen: they devote themselves to certain religious duties. For the sake of *spiritual* freedom they deposit their freedom of will in indifferent things in the hands of their superiors—they govern their days by certain rules, and fill them with certain occupations; with study, with teaching, with administering the consolations of religion. They take certain vows. They do all this willingly. They ask nothing from France but liberty, freedom of conscience. If theirs be a slavery, it is a holy and a willing one; rather than be re-

rescues a young Jesuit from crucifixion in the Rocky Mountains at the moment when the Indians are about to scalp him as he hangs on the cross. To follow him through his mistakes in facts, localities, and utter departure from probabilities, would require more time and space than his infamous and infidel production is worth. It is so extravagant and "wandering" that it must fail to do the evil its author intended it should effect.

* De Ravignan.

lieved they will quit France. But in the meanwhile these quiet, submissive Jesuits, "two hundred and six in all France," have been unceasingly at work in the cause of religion; they have won thousands from the standard of infidelity. It is for this that their destruction is sought after. They may suffer for a little while—long enough to rally the mighty energies of a Catholic people; and the bonds will be broken. "The sons of the crusaders will not retreat before the offspring of Voltaire."* This persecution may be productive of unlooked for good.

America owes many benefits to the Jesuits. In both hemispheres they were heralds of good to the poor savage; their name to this day is dear to his heart. The soul of the philanthropist melts at the name of Paraguay. Three hundred thousand natives, civilized without the vices of civilization, pious, happy, and contented, gave to the world a glorious refutation of the slanders of unprincipled enemies. In the north, in Canada, on the shores of the great lakes, along the western rivers, by the mighty Mississippi, they furnished missionaries and martyrs to the church. They won the Indian to Christianity. The unconquerable Iroquois, the wild Huron, the tribes of the Algonquin, after a long and fierce resistance, overcome by their piety and zeal and indefatigable perseverance in preaching and in suffering, bowed their heads to the yoke of Christ, and cast themselves at the foot of his cross. Their labors of two hundred years ago are producing fruit to-day; the descendants of many of these convert-tribes still live good Christians by the graves of their fathers, and the traditionary fame of the good black gown, carried by the wandering Iroquois, who fled from extermination before the onward march of the Anglo-Saxon race, and cherished in the hearts of the simple Indians, urged them to seek for one of those good fathers of whom they had heard so much. Many a thousand miles they sent their delegations, twice failing but at last successful, and the Jesuit De Smet set forth upon his weary path towards the Rocky Mountains. He traverses a boundless prairie, swims rapid rivers, crosses deserts, climbing steep and dangerous mountains, threads his way through narrow and rugged passes. He dares toil and death in a thousand ways.

* Montalembert.

He is doing the Jesuit's holiest, noblest work : he is searching after souls. He wins thousands to the faith. He is in the apostolate. In Switzerland, a Catholic canton called the Jesuits to take charge of her colleges ; in a moment the infidels were up in arms—religion would triumph with Jesuit colleges : the increase of the Catholics, already great, would become greater : their own power would be overthrown. They sought to abrogate all religion, and they commenced with the Jesuits.* For once the hopes of the evangelicals rested upon the firmness of the Jesuits, upon the courage and military spirit of the Catholic people. For once, strange and incredible as it may appear, their hearts were with the success of the Catholic arms. Catholicity was the first assailed by those whose object was to destroy Christianity. Glorious testimony to the beauty and purity of the church, and the undying zeal of the Jesuit. Heaven smiled upon the gallant Catholic mountaineers—the old Tell cantons were victorious—they vindicated the fame of their fathers.

In all ages of the church have been exemplified every state and condition of its being—its struggling missions, its apostolate among the heathens, its trials, its perils and persecution, its martyrs, its saints, its glory, and its triumph. It is ever thus renewing the past, recalling to the memory of its children that it is the church militant, the church struggling, the church teaching the Gospel to all nations until the consummation, and thus giving testimony to her truth and her likeness to her divine Founder. No portion can escape its turn of suffering. Yesterday it was the Irish and the English Catholic—to-day it is the American, the French, the Polish, and the Swiss—to-morrow they may come forth more prosperous and more glorious from the trial. It is dawning already for the American and the Swiss. The brute force of mob violence has been crushed by the strong hands and firm hearts of freedom resolved to defend their rights, in the other by the *favor of public opinion* ! In both republics they may have ceased to dread the persecution of violence ; in both, they must yet continue to suffer the persecution of slander and calumny, and in this persecution the Jesuit every where receives the

largest share. He has his part in the persecutions of the church, in her missions, in her splendor and prosperity.

The enemies of the Jesuit charge him with ambition ; yes, he is ambitious of "the greater glory God. He is unscrupulous—yes, he scruples not to suffer all things for the gratification of that ambition. He is silent and reserved : yes, he is engaged in prayer and meditation. He never smiles—ah, we have seen a smile of heavenly import playing around the lips of many a venerable priest of the company of Jesus, that told of such love and charity for all men, as would have been incomprehensible to the ice-bound hearts of their maligners. He is sinuous, intriguing, wily. No, he is meek and patient, yet untiring and full of zeal in a righteous cause. He is an abject slave to his superiors. No, he has chosen a noble freedom, devoted himself in the cause of a glorious liberty, the liberty of a Christian—of a pious religious—he is bound by voluntary vows, well tried before he has been admitted to profess them—he has chosen willingly, let him alone. He has chosen true liberty—he has renounced the slavery of the world and sin. He has bound himself down to servitude in good. 'But he has committed every crime.' Name them, name them. Thus is it with the enemies of the Jesuits. Their virtues are strained into faults, and these charges failing, as they must, they resort to this last weapon of malignity, and endeavor to support such necessary assertions by the aid of falsehood. It can not succeed. It is not easy to crush a man, or body of men, by calumny in this country. The reaction must come at last—though in the meanwhile they continue to be the victims."† The people have a feeling of justice about them, which will prevail. The educated Protestant has learned to appreciate the erudition of the Jesuits ; the benefits of their system of instruction, a system common to all our Catholic colleges in this country—and to profit by them. And able and eloquent Protestants, of liberal minds, have at times been found to undertake their defence. Bancroft bears eloquent testimony to their virtues, their zeal in the cause of religion, their learning, and their unconquerable courage. When the Jesuit is the theme of his pen, his heart seems lifted up, and warmed, with a spark of enthusiasm, caught,

* Bishop Hughes' letter to Mayor Harper.

* See the letter of "Cæsar Malan, D.D.," a Protestant clergyman, in Switzerland.

as it were, from the ardent fires which burned in the breasts of those whom he describes. Their glorious spirit seduced his heart. He becomes eloquent; he rises to his theme. He is eloquent—but not with the cold eloquence which flows from his lips when the pilgrim and the Puritan is his subject. Protestant, as he is, the glow of Jesuit love, and charity, and resignation, is reflected in his thoughts, and tinges his words with their own heavenly and unwonted beauty.*

It would not be difficult to prove from Protestant authority alone, the falsehood of the charges brought against the Jesuits. But they need no other defence than their quiet resignation, and their submission to every insult and opprobrium which could be heaped upon them. Nothing but a Christian spirit could have sustained them in such trials as they have patiently withstood, ever proclaiming their innocence, and the true objects of their society. Among the most eloquent of these appeals to justice and humanity, is that of De Ravignan. An eminent lawyer, he felt himself drawn within the circle of the society by an irresistible influence, and the strongest attraction was the evident malignity of its opponents, their misrepresentations and the bare-faced falsehood of their charges. He entered: and in its bosom he found that peace and quietude which he sought. From the midst of the holy peace which he possessed in the sanctuary of his soul, he cries out with a warning voice to those who malign and accuse her. His only defence is a calm and eloquent exposition of the spirit and rules of the society, and the duties of its members. They need none other.

"The book of the *spiritual* exercises is a manual of retreat, a method of meditation." It was the first fruit of the conversion of St. Ignatius. It contains, in its almost inspired pages, the history of the hours of trial and supernatural struggle in the caverns of Maureza—the results of his experience recorded for the benefit of those who should come after him.

* For Bancroft's Eulogy (so to call it), see Vol. iii. It is also quoted in the first volume of this Magazine in the article on the "Jesuits," p. 449. Much has been said about the recent condemnation of Bancroft's History in Italy. The historical portion of the work is, in general, very good, and very liberal—but when the author undertakes to speak theologically, he is apt to fall into sad mistakes, when he really means well. Let the condemnation be taken for what it is, to wit: a disapproval of some of the theology to be found in it, and nothing more.

The book is divided into four weeks for the spiritual exercises, or "retreat," of which it is the *manual*, extending through the term of thirty days. In the first week the soul is turned within itself, to gaze upon and study its own condition—to count over its wounds, its defeats, to examine its powers. It meditates upon the hideousness of sin. It seeks to excite contrition for the past—to obtain pardon and forgiveness from God. These meditations are not to be the occupation of a single hour, of a set number of hours—not the mere perusal of the prayers and the subjects of meditation—but the full and faithful, earnest exercise of the soul bringing all its powers to the struggle. It is to continue through the day—it is to be arisen to from the couch of slumber, in the silent watches of the night—the heart is to be brought into the work of self-regeneration. Silence and solitude are to surround, and be the food and air of the soul—silence and solitude, which worldly men fear and dread—it brings them, as it were, face to face with God. "Solitude is the country of the mighty—silence, their prayer. There God speaks and acts in them: He gives them life for noble designs, for energetic purposes."† Thus passes the first. The soul has learned to despise itself, the world, and sin. In the second it is turned to the contemplation of the beauty, and the power, and majesty of the King of heaven, Jesus the Saviour. It catches a glimpse of the happiness of the blessed. The mysteries of the Saviour's life are ever before the eye. The soul is to raise itself towards him, to keep itself close beside him, as it were, in love and imitation. It has already learned to despise sin, to forget self. It must now seek, in its inmost recesses, to love Jesus, and remember him alone—to gaze on him, the sun of heavenly light, until the eye is blinded to all other rays. It is at this moment that the rewards of the previous struggle begin to pour down in celestial streams upon the soul, in its rapt contemplation, to prepare it for the farther trials which it is to meet. St. Ignatius would not have his followers enlist rashly under his banner. The time has arrived "when a grave deliberation must open itself, in presence of the divine examples of Jesus Christ, which fix the beau ideal of perfection for all."‡ It is the time for the election or choice of a state of life. It is the moment upon which depends the whole future

* De Ravignan.

† De Ravignan, 29.

—the choice, well or ill made, will have its influence in eternity. Two standards are unfolded before the rapt beholder—two chiefs are summoning him to battle under their rival folds—two armies, dividing the world between them—and the heavens, and all eternity, are drawn out in array before him—which shall he choose? Upon the gorgeous folds of the silken banner of the one, emblazoned in purple and gold, glittering in the noontide sun, appears the motto of its chieftain—"Riches, honor, pride." Millions are contending for the glory of being numbered with its guards. Upon the other, coarse and sordid, in dim, disheartening letters, is inscribed the legend, "Poverty, humility, reproaches," beneath its shadow sits the Saviour, with his bleeding wounds, his robe of mockery—the bloody scourges—the crown of thorns, the heavy cross—his followers are around him, silent, humble, and resigned—bearing their own crosses, their own scorn—darkness lies beneath them, but over them and around them shines a light of celestial glory. Which shall he choose? The choice is not long in making—it is made, it is fixed: and now it is necessary to prepare to sustain the trials, which must follow on the right choice. He must *study the cross of Christ*—it is a sublime, eternal book, fuller of heavenly wisdom than all the volumes of the earth. It contains, within itself, all knowledge, all piety, all learning, all love. No man can ever comprehend it all; it is inexhaustible. He must excite divine love in his heart; these are duties of the third and fourth week.

Meditation, and prayer, and silence, and solitude throughout, for thirty days—separate and apart from all the world—is the food, and exercise, and occupation of the soul. It is well tried; it has well searched and explored itself; it has fixed its path in life; it has sought to prepare for that path, to perfect itself in divine love. Such is the course of stern, interior self-examination, through which must pass every postulant who seeks admission into the Society of Jesus. It is the magic gate, by which he must enter to the vestibule. Within he finds every thing peaceful, calm, retired, collected, full of thought and meditation, yet nothing cold or morose—every thing is sweet and gentle. Upon the threshold is made known to him the whole extent of the duties of the members of the society, and the spirit which animates it.

He is asked whether he will renounce the world and its possessions; whether he will accept of poverty and humility, for the love of Jesus; whether he will submit his own will to that of his superiors, implicitly, in all that is not sin? Whether he will "accept and desire, with all his powers, what Jesus Christ, our Lord, loved and embraced?" Whether he will clothe himself with ignominy, suffer like him reproaches, false testimonies, innocently, for love of him? * "Yes, yes, yes." The questioning is finished; the postulant has answered, he enters the novitiate.

Two years of life will the novice pass in a profound retreat; silence, and solitude, and meditation once more surround him; the mysteries of the spiritual envelope him; the earth fades away from his sight; human learning, worldly pleasures and pursuits are forgotten; he gives up his soul to the solemn, yet sweet training of perfection. He searches and scrutinizes his heart, his feelings, his disposition; he discovers his weaknesses, he seeks to fortify them. He labors to eradicate the seeds of evil; to crush pride, to destroy it; to learn true humility; to practise obedience; to enjoy poverty, "in his patience to possess his soul." Often is his attention turned upon the nature of the vows which will be offered to him, if he persevere, and to the solemnity of the duties which they will impose. He is yet free. "He offers himself at last, and the society accepts him—he gives himself to the Lord by an irrevocable consecration.†

The novitiate is ended. The soul is educated, the will is subdued, the passions mastered. It is necessary that some further time should be devoted to human learning. The five years which follow upon the novitiate, perhaps longer, are devoted to the higher studies, and, at their expiration, having come forth honorably, the scholastic enters upon '*the Regence*,' or the teaching of classes at college. Five or six years more pass thus. Ten or twelve years have been given to the polishing, the adornment of the mind with learning, and thus fortified, at "the age of twenty-eight or thirty the religious is sent to the study of theology." Four or six years are consumed in this occupation. At the end of each year of these long courses an examination takes place, and the scholastic must be approved ere he passes into

* De Ravignan, 65, 66. † De Ravignan, 69.

the succeeding—at the end a general examination ensues upon the whole, and it is necessary to have received three votes out of four to be admitted to the “profession.”

But there is still another trial, another year of probation. Thirteen or fourteen years have elapsed since he departed from the novitiate; he has passed with honor through his studies; he has taught with success; he has won a reputation for learning; he has been ordained priest. Before he proceeds to the exercise of the priestly functions, he returns once more to the novitiate,* to silence and meditation. He lays aside his books, his lore—he has spent years in the schools of learning, he must pass one in the “school of the heart.”† His business is with himself, with his inward nature—preparing and fortifying it once more for the mission he is about to enter upon. Once more he goes through “the exercises” which led him into the precincts of the society.

When the year has expired, according to his merits, he receives his degree of “*spiritual co-adjutor*,” or of “*professed*.” He is a Jesuit. He is ready for the mission. Long, long years he has sought earnestly and well to prepare himself for that arduous duty: and after such an untiring course of preparation, is it strange that the Jesuit is a powerful adversary; that he is no longer selfish; that he is not worldly; that he is obedient; that he is devoted; that he labors incessantly for “the greater glory of God?”

Thus is the Jesuit formed, and although there may be members upon whom the labors of their founder is lost—who have failed to catch the spirit of their institute—some who are weak—the society has never been without the most abundant fruits of their painful cultivation.‡ The mantle of their sainted founder has descended upon the body of his children. We shall see how he is governed.

The soldier Ignatius, borrowed from his profession the indomitable spirit, the patience, the endurance, the stern obedience of the soldier. The military life appears again, and again, clad in the robes of peace and the sandals of the

missionary, acting in, and animating his constitutions. He was a soldier—and a fearless and unstained one—he would make the religious of his company invincible soldiers of Christ. For this did he assign many trials, patient exercise, enduring labor, searching spiritual practisings, to the recruits who sought to enlist under his banner. He would try them long and well, before he received them into his ranks. He wanted no cowards—none of faint heart, none who would falter and become recreant. The Jesuit who put his hand to the plough, must never hesitate or turn back. He would have brave soldiers. For the soldier, subordination was necessary—this subordination its founder took care to secure for his society—obedience in all that was not sin. The society is governed by a general, who is the depository of this obedience, subject, nevertheless, to the head of the church. The general holds his office for life, while the society possess a power of deposition by a mode prescribed in the laws of the company. He is elected by delegates from the *provincial congregations*, who meet in *general congregation* at Rome. The society appoints for him a certain number of assistants, and also an *admonitor*, whose duty it is admonish him, especially in what relates to his personal and private conduct. All superiors, all members of the company are subject to the general. The company is divided into provinces; each province is governed by a superior; each house has its superior, and all superiors hold their offices for three years. All have their advisers—all, in effect, have their part in the wonderful system of order, obedience, and regularity which forms the Society of Jesus. All are subject to the laws: none are above them. There is appeal for all. This is no despotism; it is the admirable discipline of a company of spiritual soldiers. Thus is the Jesuit formed, thus is he governed.

The object of all this earnest preparation is a mighty one; it is the spirit which guides and directs, which animates and sustains, which has rendered their vitality, as it were, immortal; it is the mysterious secret of their success—mysterious to many, plain as the noon-day sun to him who will look upon and understand it. IT IS THE GREATER GLORY OF GOD. He who looks upon the Jesuits as a body of men striving after learning, fame, power, the

* Ibid. 77.

† “In schola affectus.”

‡ The number of Jesuit authors is rated at twelve thousand—but they glory more in their eight hundred martyrs, who died for the propagation of the faith; in their eight thousand missionaries who spent their lives in spreading the light of the gospel in darkened lands; in their saints who have ranked amongst the holiest of the church.

reputation of sanctity, the possession of influence, any thing of this world, no matter how seemingly meritorious or innocent in itself, as the end and object of their labors, knows little of the spirit of their institute. He has yet to learn the first principle that actuates them. And yet it is every where. It is written upon their books : it glows from their works : it is ever upon their lips : it is always in their hearts. It is the first lesson of the novice ; it is the dying prayer of the professed. It is the aim and end of their existence. *Ad maiorem Dei gloriam.* They live for it, they die for it. If they are learned, and skilful, and eloquent, it is for the greater glory of God. If they are patient, and humble, and resigned, it is for the greater glory of God. If they are obedient unto death, it is for the greater glory of God. No man can understand the Jesuit without keeping this principle for ever before his eyes. Without it he is a mystery incomprehensible—an impossibility.

The company aims at all religious perfection. Before its day it had been deemed sufficient for religious orders to devote themselves to the cultivation of one virtue in particular—to singing the praises of God, to the teaching of the poor, to the tending of the sick and the dying, to the hospital and lazar house, to the practise of voluntary poverty, of obedience, of silence, of austerity, of abnegation of self, of the mission, of the apostolate. It was reserved for the sublime spirit of Ignatius to rise above them all in the grandeur and comprehensiveness of his design. He embraced them all. He would have them all practised in an especial manner in his company. He would have his children prepared for every state and condition of life. He cut them off from ecclesiastical preferment.

The design of the company of Jesus is the most perfect and complete design which the wisdom of man, if the offspring of man's wisdom only, has ever devised and executed. It has made it the instrument of incalculable good. It has become the nursery of piety and

learning, the school of theologians, the nurse of saints and apostolic men, the supporter of countless missions. It sent a Xavier to India, a Lallemand and Brebeuf to the wilds of Canada and the unexplored regions of the west. Its children have found countless converts and glorious martyrdom in China and Japan. Cambodia, Malacca, Siam, Tonquin, Syria, Persia, Tartary, the Mogul empire, have heard the voice of the Jesuit missionary. There is no quarter of the world to which he has not penetrated, carrying learning and civilization, and preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

And yet from the midst of these sublime employments of the mission he will turn, at a word, to the dull labor of teaching the lowest class at school, meekly, patiently, shrouding his mighty spirit and glowing soul in the dim walls of the noisy class-room. From the courts of princes, from the pulpits of crowded cities where his learning and eloquence would win renown, and gather thousands at his feet, he goes at the command to beg his bread, as it were, from door to door, to the dungeon, to the lazar house, to bury himself in the humblest rural mission. He is happy, he can save souls there—it is to the greater glory of God ! to the east, he obeys, to the frozen north, he departs ; he may win souls to God ; to the burning south, it is all the same to him, to the wild west and its rugged mountains and its untamed Indians, he is on his way before the last sound of the command has died upon his ear. He has forsaken the things of earth, he has enrolled under the banner of Jesus, he will do His work, be it what or where it may. He is his soldier ; his heart, his life, his soul are his. There is no employment which he does not accept, no humility which he does not love, no abnegation of self which he does not gladly embrace, no persecution which he is not content to undergo, no malice to which he does not submit, no labor which he shrinks from, no toil and suffering and humiliation which he does not accept with a high and holy joy, “ *ad maiorem Dei gloriam !* ”



THE ANGLO-SAXON AND ANCIENT BRITISH CHURCHES.*

(From the Dublin Review.)



HILE some modern writers have been busy with the history and antiquities of the Anglo-Saxons, others have been equally zealous for those of the ancient Britons. The inquiries of the latter are certainly not to be condemned, but they can hardly be expected to yield abundant fruit. We have authentic records, of various kinds, to throw light upon the Anglo-Saxon period; the simple and charming narrative of Venerable Bede, the scanty history of Ethelwerd, and the brief notices of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; besides biography, charters, and epistles in abundance; to say nothing of the existing edifices, poetry, illuminated manuscripts, and rude paintings, that help to complete the picture, not only of the public, but of the private life and customs of the Anglo-Saxons. Here there is ample room for investigation; but when we turn to the earlier period of the ancient Britons, we have hardly a single writer, scarcely so much as a native coin. The exertions of societies may throw light upon the early history of the Welsh, when the western mountains had become their protection against victorious Saxon and rapacious Dane; but for our knowledge of the ancient Britons as they existed under the Romans, and during the long struggle with the Angles and Saxons, we must still depend principally, if not entirely, upon the incidental notices of foreigners, or the brief records of Gildas. The fragments of Nennius, and of later writers, as well as of the poets and older laws, may afford a body of interesting tradition, but they must still be considered and made use of as tradition. They may have germs, and sometimes considerable portions of truth; but who

* The article from which we have made this extract is a review of Dr. Lingard's new work on the antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon church, and of a work on the same subject by a Protestant author, the Rev. Mr. Williams.

will undertake, after so many ages, to separate this fragment of truth from the accumulated fables with which it is incrustated?

Yet authors are to be found striving to build, with these unpromising materials, not indeed a monument of facts, but a model of the ancient British church, according to the most approved modern fancies. We may admire such industry, but the judgment that guides it we certainly can not praise, and the perversity that adorns such a collection of unsifted traditions with the name of history we are bound to expose and condemn. Such, however, is the character of the ecclesiastical antiquities of the Cymry. The title page is blazoned with "history, rites, and doctrines;" but for the fulfilment of the promise we look in vain. Triads, genealogies, and sometimes the transactions of Welsh societies, are the constant vouchers. It is true that Mr. Williams sometimes follows Usher, but he readily forsakes his more cautious guide, for an excursion among the dreamy mazes of Welsh tradition. On the subject of his authorities let us hear Mr. Williams himself:

"The authorities which may be said to impart to the work its peculiar character, or to form the basis on which it stands, are 'domestic documents' lately published. Of these, if any are more authentic than others, they are the laws, triads, and genealogies. However novel and striking these records may at first sight appear to be, they nevertheless successfully bear the test of inquiry. But, though principally, yet not exclusively, have these documents been used."—*Pref.* vii—ix.

We will not pause to inquire how the author can conceive these records to be so "novel and striking;" certain it is that their application, as historical documents, to the first ages of Christianity, must appear not a little remarkable to all that know their intrinsic value.

Few of the sources of early history are either clear or abundant; but in the triads there is scarcely such a thing as a doubt; all

is known and accounted for, no matter whether it refer to the first tribes that inhabited Britain, to the first people in the island that raised the cry of war, or to the individuals that taught the Cymry the art of ploughing and building. Their astronomers were so gifted with "knowledge of the stars, and of their nature and situation, that they could foretell whatever might be desired to be known to the day of doom."

(p. 35.) Can narrations such as these, and wrapped too in the fantastic form of the triad, have any claim to our regard? What, then, must we say when even Williams' authorities (*note*, p. 7) can not assign to the triads an earlier date than that of the seventh century? And yet, on the faith of such documents, we are called upon to believe minute facts, not only of early British history, but of a time prior to the foundation of Rome or Carthage!

Of the traditions of the Welsh, few are older or more deserving of notice than those of Nennius; yet Nennius is condemned by no mean authority, and the precise reason for his condemnation is his partiality for triads:

"The unhistoric character of Nennius is more clearly seen when we observe his mode of dealing with numbers. Here he exhibits a truly Welsh partiality for triads. There are three sons of the Spanish knight, and thirty ships with thirty women in each; Julius Cæsar returns to Britain after an absence of three years, with thirty ships, and fights three battles; the Roman governors are thrice slain by the Britons; Vortigern's castle is thrice destroyed; the Saxons are thrice defeated; Germanus fasts three days and three nights; and Patrick ordains three thousand priests and offers up three petitions. There are also numerous legendary tales undeserving a place in any historical document. A tower of glass is discovered in the middle of the sea; Vortigern's castle is destroyed by magic, and is to be built only by being sprinkled with the blood of a child who had no father. After such statements gravely advanced, and undistinguished by any mark of disapprobation or incredulity, no one, it is believed, will venture to give easy credence to the assertions which rest upon the unsupported authority of Nennius."*

If the triads are no authorities, the lives of the saints are in the same predicament:

"It is something remarkable, that of the ancient Welsh saints we have no ancient biographies. It is the same thing with respect to Gildas. We possess, indeed, two lives of that historian, but neither of them can boast of an

earlier date than the tenth, probably than the eleventh, century; and both present a mere farrago of traditionary tales tacked together without regard to place or chronology; tales which appear to have originally referred to several different individuals of the same name, and to have been afterwards appropriated to the 'historiographer,' the most celebrated of them all. To such works no credit can be given," &c. *L's H. and An. of Ang. S. Ch. v. i. p. 356.*

These biographies, then, of which the life of Gildas is a specimen, are in themselves but treacherous authorities, and are much too remote to be for one moment regarded as testimonies of the state of the ancient Britons. But, then, the bards, we are told, have preserved and transmitted the older history. Bards may be serviceable in describing the manners of their own period, but can never be regarded as historians, much less as vouchers for ages past. Those of Wales are in the same position as the triads and biographies, they are too late; all that it was in their power to do, was to embody in verse the existing traditions. But of what age are their writings? The fondest credulity can not assign them an earlier date than the sixth or seventh century. According to Sharon Turner, Aneurin, the "king of bards," describes the struggles of the Britons and Angles in Northumbria. Now it appears that the Angles did not arrive on the north of the Tees till the middle of the sixth century, and thirty years more elapsed before they conquered the country south of the Tees.* If even, then, Aneurin was contemporary with the events which he describes, he could not have lived before the latter half of the sixth or beginning of the seventh century. As Taliesin, said to have been one of the earliest of the bards, mentions Aneurin, he, too, belongs to the same, or else to a later, period.

No wonder, however, that we seek in vain for authorities among the fables of triad, genealogy, and poetry. We can not expect to find more than St. Gildas, himself a Briton of the sixth century; yet he tells that whatever records his country might have possessed, had either perished by the torch of the invader, or had been carried by the fugitive Britons into distant lands.†

These documents, then, are not contemporary with the earlier ages of the British church;

* *Ling. Hist. of Eng. v. i.*

† See *Ling. H. & Ant. Ang. Sax. note 2, p. 11, v. i.*

* *Nenn. Hist. Brit. 1831, Stephen's Pref. xxviii.*

did not exist in their present form till at least five or six centuries after Lever Maur's supposed embassy to Rome. Their utmost value is their testimony of the Welsh traditions of the seventh and subsequent centuries. If, then, the times had remained tranquil, and the old institutions uninjured, we must still have received their traditions with the greatest caution. What, then, when it was the reverse; when it was a period of disaster and national subjugation, in which fugitives of every tribe were quitting house and land for the barren mountains of the west? Were these intervening misfortunes, these struggles with a resistless enemy, not for months or years, but centuries, and not so much for victory as for existence; were these circumstances favorable to the reception and preservation of oral accounts of past transactions? If not, then the documents in question, so far from being historical vouchers, can not even be relied upon as echoes of the earlier traditions. Having seen the untenable nature of Mr. Williams' authorities, it will be unnecessary to examine the details of his work. If we still occasionally refer to him, it will only be for the purpose of refuting, not so much his own statements, as the popular errors which he has thought fit to repeat.

Have we, then, no native records, no native historian of ancient Britain? None but Gildas; and even his tone is exaggerated, and his information scanty. Living in the middle of the sixth century, he found himself amid the wrecks of Roman greatness, in a land that was little better than one wide field of battle. He saw the British standards almost every where trailing in the dust; he heard the thunders of war rolling louder and louder towards the west; and in bitterness of heart he raised his plaintive voice, to bewail at once the crimes and the inflictions of his native land.

Long had the Briton worn the toga, the badge of Roman servitude. But while the Huns were gathering upon the eastern Steppes; while the foot of Goth and Vandal was upon the threshold of Rome; the chieftains of the Saxon were blackening the shores of Britain. Bath, villa, and temple, yet reared their columned vistas among the British huts and forests; but the shout of the invader is heard amid the monuments of Roman luxury, and all lies ruined and smouldering. Sometimes

the conqueror builds his cabin amid the ruins, and transmits to future years the Roman name: sometimes the deserted abodes are left to the encroachments of the forest, and the future solitary will start at the sight of chiselled stones, and of an ancient city embowered with thorns and underwood.

But whither has the Briton fled? Driven from his home, and dreading the ferocity of the victor, yet disdaining to become his slave or tributary, he has chosen to herd with the wolf; famishing but free, and sweetening his hardships with dreams of revenge. If he hears the rallying cry of his countrymen, he hastens to their standard. When the struggle leads to fresh disasters, and the cause of Britain is hopeless, he again makes his lair among the woods and rocks. But, unlike the Normans, in a later age the Saxons came not merely to conquer and domineer, but to colonise and destroy: their kindred tribes of the Angles abandoned their native swamps to a man. They came to plant a new nation upon the smiling shores of Britain. With the weight of nations upon his exhausted frame, the Briton could never rise; could never again speak to his victors on terms of equality. All but the west was subjugated, and for ever.

Well might St. Gildas, when asked to write his country's annals, shrink in dismay from the task; well might he, when at last he consented, forget his direct object in his sorrow for his native land. It was at the request of his brethren, that he wrote his two works, the "*Historiola*," and the "*Admonitiuncula*." If, in his *Historiola*, he censures the crimes of his countrymen, he speaks of the Saxons, on the other hand, in terms of indignation and horror. British documents he had none; and whatever foreign accounts he might have read, he disfigured with the traditions of his country. Towards the close he becomes more interesting, and darkly unfolds to our view the wretched state of Britain.

The *Admonitiuncula* is a warning addressed to five British chieftains, and to the great body of the British clergy. The confusion of society, and the depravity of those that ought to have proved its regenerators, are here painted in the darkest colors.

These works are alluded to, and the *Historiola* is quoted almost word for word during six entire chapters, by Venerable Bede, who

lived within seventy or eighty years of the time of Gildas. At the end of the eighth century, when the Danes had begun their ravages, Alcuin recommended his countrymen to peruse the works of the British monk, that they might learn to avoid those sins that had brought upon the Britons the scourge of the Almighty.

Although it is thus evident, that in the seventh and following centuries, these works were held as the genuine productions of St. Gildas, one or two modern writers have chosen to call them in question, for no other reason, than because the tone appears to them to be "anti-national."

"But does it necessarily follow that the writer who bewails the evils which press upon his country, must be actuated by an anti-national spirit? or that the preacher who holds up to his audience the picture of their vices, to alarm their consciences and draw them to repentance, has no other design but to depreciate their character? There is not in the work a single word that seems to betray a Saxon origin; every line bears testimony of the British descent of the writer, so feelingly does he deplore the misery of his country, so intimately does he prove himself acquainted with the habits of the natives, and with the forms of their church, a church of earlier date than that of the Saxons; and so earnestly does he call upon them to appease the anger of God, by the reformation of their conduct; for, of the work, two-thirds are filled with exhortations to amendment. Moreover, the insinuation that such a forgery might be suggested—by the hostilities between the Anglo-Saxon and British churches—is utterly indefensible. The bitterness which existed was wholly on the part of the Britons, arising out of their antipathy to their conquerors: nor is there a single expression which can justly be charged with bitterness against the British clergy, in any Anglo-Saxon writer. There is an ancient document which appears to me to afford strong corroboration to the testimony of Gildas, by showing that the crimes which he attributes to these five princes, were common among the Welsh chieftains of that period. This is what is known by the name of the book of Landaff, and contains a multitude of entries respecting donations made to, or acquisitions made by, that church; which entries are generally prefaced with an account of the events which led to such donations and acquisitions. Of their authenticity it seems impossible to doubt, though the present copy is of later date. From these entries I shall, therefore, transcribe a few passages, which remount almost to the days of Gildas, and which present to us instances of perjury, adultery, and murder, as atrocious and repulsive as any to be found in the pages of that writer," &c.—(See *Ling. note B. vol. i.*)

Possessing but one British document of real historical authority, it is not surprising that, except some glimmering of the first introduction of Christianity, and of the persecution of Dioclesian, we know little or nothing of the British church before the time of Constantine; and that after that period, its history, to use the words of Dr. Lingard, "may be told in a few lines." These few lines, however, teem with allusions: we behold the British prelates at the councils of Arles, Sardica, and Rimini, uniting with their continental brethren, in regulating the affairs of the church; we hear of Britons going on pilgrimage to the Holy Land; we see the Britons alarmed at the approach of heresy, and appealing to their neighbors for help; we see a papal legate presiding over their deliberations; we witness the overthrow of error, and the veneration of the orthodox for the relics of saints.

Brief as the narrative itself may be, it has afforded matter for a lengthened discussion on two important subjects; the supposed conversion of Britain by St. Paul, and the supposed independence of the British church. From the time of the reformation, many have asserted that St. Paul himself preached to the ancient Britons. Mr. Williams prefers, I believe, without acknowledgment, to follow Archbishop Parker, and maintain that, though St. Paul never came into Britain, yet, that the first British converts owed to him their conversion. The reasons by which he attempts to establish this opinion, being illustrative of his method, may be worth a glance, before we enter into the full merits of the question:—

1. Bran, the father of Caradog or Caractacus, was detained in Rome seven years as a hostage for his son. (*Triads.*)
2. Caractacus was carried off to Rome in the year 51. (*Tacitus.*)
3. St. Paul was in Rome in the year 56. (*St. Jer. and Euseb.*)
4. The *Triads*, and the "Genealogy of the Saints," mention that "Bran the Blessed" brought the faith from Rome. (*Will. Cymry. p. 54.*)

Conclusion: therefore, St. Paul converted "Bran the Blessed."

If the authorities adduced were good, and faithfully quoted, and if, consequently, each of the premises were true and accurate, yet might we be allowed to ask, were there not

other preachers at Rome beside St. Paul? The truth is, St. Paul was *not* in Rome during any of the seven years of Bran's supposed captivity; he did not arrive in Rome till the year 61.* The third proposition, then, is useless; but the others remain, and as Mr. Williams deems them valid, he must of course arrive at the conclusion that Bran was converted not by St. Paul, but by the church of Rome. In fact, the only legitimate conclusion is, that when the Triads and Genealogies were compiled, it was the belief of the Welch (and who could know better than themselves?) that their fathers had received their faith from Rome.

Without pursuing any farther the speculations of modern writers, we shall find the whole question of the conversion of Britain fairly and completely sifted in Dr. Lingard's appendix.—(V. i. note A.)

"We meet in the work of Gildas with a long and tortuous sentence, in which he has been understood to state, that the Christian religion was preached to mankind at large about the end of the reign of the emperor Tiberius, and to the natives of Britain at some period which is not expressly named, but is darkly indicated by the loose and indefinite word *interea*, or in the *meanwhile*."—(P. 345.)

By Dr. Burgess this term "meanwhile" is gratuitously applied to the rebellion of Boadicea, (A. D. 61.) Gildas himself makes no direct mention of Boadicea. He "compresses the whole history of Britain, during the first three centuries, within the short compass of a single page;" he depicts the arrival and contests of the Romans, the subjugation of the Britons, and the reduction of the country to a Roman province, with a Roman name, and a Roman coinage. Then occurs the passage beginning with "*interea*." St. Gildas had stated, that the Britons were idolaters; now he is going to describe the persecution of Dioclesian, and, therefore, he adverts in the first place to the introduction of Christianity. "He neither states, nor pretends to state, the exact time when the event took place." As he has been describing the events of three centuries, the "*meanwhile*" that follows can mean no

more than some time or other during these three centuries.

Two Greek writers, on the other hand, seem at first sight to be of opinion, that the gospel was first preached in Britain by some of the apostles. These are, Eusebius, bishop of Cæsarea, who lived in the fourth, and Theodoret, bishop of Cyrus, who lived in the fifth century.

Eusebius undertakes to prove the truth of Christianity, from the manner of its diffusion throughout the world, from the small number of its founders, the apostles and seventy-two disciples, and from their personal unfitness. If such men could even gain over their countrymen, what prospect could they have of any greater success? yet they had diffused their religion through Rome and Persia, Scythia and India; and some had even penetrated to the isles of Britain.

If this argument be rigidly interpreted, it overturns the supposition that Britain was converted by St. Paul. For St. Paul was neither one of the twelve nor one of the seventy-two; but if thus taken in its strict meaning, it leads to the false conclusion, that the conversion of the gentiles was the exclusive work of the twelve and the seventy-two, and that the "doctor of the gentiles" had no share in the work. It is clear, then, that the argument can not be taken in a rigid sense; it evidently admits of some latitude; it refers to the effects of the preaching, not only of the twelve apostles and the seventy-two disciples, but of other persons not directly mentioned. When the mind begins to warm with the subject, it can seldom adhere to close logic, it naturally amplifies. Thus it appears to have been with Eusebius. As he proceeded his view enlarged, and his mind enkindled, till he identified, with the apostles and the seventy-two, the collective body of their associates and successors.

Theodoret states that "the fishermen, and publicans, and tent-makers," converted "every nation and race of men," and among the rest, of course, the Britons. His language is evidently of the same rhetorical cast as that of Eusebius. In fact, he himself soon after modifies his own amplification by informing us, that the Persians, Scythians, and the other barbarous nations, among whom must be included the Britons, were not converted till after the death of the apostles.

* L'Art de Verifier les Dates; and Not. Var. Euseb. Hist. l. 2, c. 22. Val. Ed. Cam. 1720. Perhaps we may be allowed to suggest that, if Mr. Williams should favor the public with any future publications, he would confer a favor upon his readers, were he to give his quotations in full, as Eusebius and St. Jerome are rather extensive works to hunt through for a date.

But it is urged, Britain must have been converted in the time of the apostles, because it received the faith from St. Paul himself. But how is this shown? Because, it is answered, St. Clement, the bishop of Rome, writes to the Corinthians, that St. Paul preached the faith to the boundary of the west. But, supposing even that the epistle were undoubtedly genuine, might not this boundary have been either Italy or Spain? The western shores of the latter are washed by the Atlantic; it is the extreme west of Europe. On the other hand, both Italy and Spain were well known to the Greeks, to whom St. Clement was writing, as "Hesperia," or the land of the west. As, however, the fact of St. Paul's preaching is coupled with his martyrdom, the probability is, that the boundary is not even Spain, but Italy, or rather Rome itself, where the apostle suffered. In any case there is no ground for concluding that it was necessarily Britain. The same answer applies still more pointedly to certain passages quoted from St. Jerome.

But again, St. Chrysostom says, that the British isles possessed churches and altars for the Christian sacrifice, and describes them as lying out of the Mediterranean and in the ocean itself; while Theodoret adds, that St. Paul preached to the islands of the sea; therefore, concludes Dr. Burgess, St. Paul must have preached in the British islands. The sea, however, that Theodoret referred to, is, as he tells us himself, not the ocean, but that sea which contains Crete, in other words, the Mediterranean.

To support this tottering theory, Venantius Fortunatus is called in: but he declares, not that St. Paul, but that the *writings* of St. Paul, came into Britain.

Dr. Lingard thus concludes his observations upon the "Pauline church:—

"I shall not trespass on the patience of the reader by directing his attention to two other imaginary facts, the missionary labors of Aristobulus in Britain, and the foundation of the church of Glastonbury, by Joseph of Arimathea. No one can examine the authorities on which these statements are founded, without pronouncing them at once collections of fables."—(*Note A. v. i.*)

In support of the opinion, that the British church was independent of the holy see, "history records no fact, supplies no testimony," during the whole period of Roman domina-

tion. Had we then no proof, direct or indirect, to show that it was *dependent*, the natural conclusion would be, that it was upon the same footing as the neighboring continental churches. Stillingfleet, indeed, maintains that it was independent; because it is not known that the metropolitans were ordained by the pope. But does it follow that, because a fact is unknown, it, therefore, never occurred? But granting that they were not thus ordained, what then? In the latter part of the Anglo-Saxon period it was not customary for the metropolitans to be ordained at Rome; yet it can not be denied that the authority of the pope was then fully acknowledged.

"Stillingfleet's argument is based on the practice of the eastern patriarchates, where the metropolitans were ordained by the patriarchs to whom they were subject. But why must the same discipline necessarily obtain in the western church? Let the reader cast his eyes on the map, and he will immediately see the difference. There were four minor patriarchates in the east; but the west formed only one vast patriarchate. The extent of the eastern patriarchates was of necessity circumscribed, so that from every part there was comparatively easy access to the patriarchal city. In the west most churches lay at a great distance from Rome; and the bishop elect would often have had to navigate the sea, to cross the Alps or the Pyrenees, to traverse tribes of barbarians before he could reach the apostolic see. Why, then, are we to believe that, in circumstances so different, the same customs must have prevailed? But in reality Stillingfleet's whole argument is an attempt at evasion, by changing the state of the question. For that question is not whether the successor of St. Peter exercised throughout the Latin church the same rights with respect to the ordination of metropolitans, which were excised by the eastern patriarchs, but whether he possessed, in quality of supreme pastor, a right to superintend the conduct of other bishops, and to inquire into the state of religion in other provinces."—(*L. Note E. p. 371. v. i.*)

While there is no kind of proof to establish the fact of the independence, or rather isolation of the ancient British church, there are many testimonies that indirectly indeed, but not the less strongly testify, that it was but one of the many branches of the Catholic church, deriving, like the rest, both nutriment and fructifying power from the common root and bond of union, the holy see.

British bishops were present at the councils of Arles, (A. D. 314), Sardica (347), and Rimini (359.) From this fact two conclusions

follow: first, that the British church formed an integral part of the universal church, agreeing with the continental churches in faith and discipline; and second, that the acts and declarations of these councils may be taken as acts and declarations of the British bishops, and expressions of the belief and practice of the British church.

Now there is one document at least in the acts of these councils that bears a direct relation to the present inquiry:

"At the conclusion of the council of Sardica, the fathers sent a messenger to give an account of their proceedings to Pope Julius, who, 'though absent in person, had been present with them in spirit;' and in a common letter, assigned as the reason of this message, that he, being the successor of St. Peter, was their head. It will perhaps be alleged that this proves nothing more than a primacy of rank, not of jurisdiction; but it will be difficult to understand why the bishops of each individual province—*de singulis quibusque provinciis*—should make reference or send information to a foreign and distant bishop as their head, if such bishop in that capacity possessed no real authority in their respective provinces."—(*Note E. v. i, p. 373.*)

It is in vain for Mr. Williams to object that the western Britons did not send bishops to the continental synods. Before he can show that this makes any difference, he must not merely suppose, but prove, that the western Britons differed in faith from the rest of their countrymen.

The same writer, moreover, thinks that the mere fact of frequent messages having been sent to Gaul, shows that the mission of the anti-Pelagian champions did not originate with the bishop of Rome, (*p. 102.*) We must remember, however, that intelligence from Britain at that troubled period would take a considerable time to reach Rome, that a further delay would be requisite for deliberation, and that another considerable interval must elapse, before the pope's decision could be imparted to the Gauls, and still more before it could become known to the Britons. Was it impossible during all this time for several different messages to have been despatched to Gaul? Or is the act of appealing for aid to the nearest church, inconsistent with the acknowledgment of the pope's authority? "Might not the petitioners have been personally acquainted with some of the Gallic bishops? May they not have applied to the bishop of Arles, the papal

vicar in Gaul, in place of the pope, whose representative he was?"

It is true that Constantius and the copiers of his narrative, state no more than the fact of the petition to Gaul. Constantius, however, wrote sixty years after the event, and is by no means to be depended upon for a full detail of circumstances. Occasionally he will furnish more than the reader could wish; but sometimes he scarcely stays to sketch a meagre outline. Thus, he says not a word of those that bore the message to the Gallic bishops, nor of those that received St. Germanus on his arrival in Britain, or accompanied him in his travels through the country; in short, during a long account of the transaction, he says not a word of British priest or bishop; there might have been none in existence.

From the silence of such a writer no conclusion could be formed. But there is an authority not negative, but positive; not writing more than half a century after the event, but contemporary; not scantily informed, but well versed in the affairs both of Gaul and Rome; it is that of St. Prosper, of Aquitaine, a native of Gaul, and secretary of Pope Celestine himself:—

"From him we learn in his chronicle, that in 429, Celestine, at the application of the deacon Palladius, sent Germanus 'in his own place,' (that is, as his legate,) that he might drive out the heretics, and guide the Britons to the Catholic faith. To this positive testimony of the secretary of Celestine, I see not what can be reasonably opposed; and it should be remarked, that Prosper does not make this statement once only, but repeats it equivalently in his controversial work against Cassian; where, speaking of Britain and Ireland, he says, that Celestine kept the Roman island Catholic, and made the barbarian island Christian; the first, by expelling certain native leaders of Pelagianism from their hiding-place in the ocean; the other, by ordaining a bishop (Palladius) to establish Christianity among the Scots.—(*L. v. i, p. 8, and 374.*)

The letter of the council of Sardica, and the mission of St. Germanus, tend undoubtedly to establish the fact, that the Christians of Britain recognised the authority of the see of Rome. We may arrive at the same conclusion by a different path. There can be no doubt that the Christians of Gaul held a close connection with those of Britain. Both countries had long been portions of the same prefecture or division of the empire. In religious matters their union

was equally great: the British bishops assisted at the Gallic councils, and received in return the aid of their Gallic brethren. All this presupposes a unity of faith; if, then, the Gallic church acknowledged the supremacy of the pope, the natural conclusion must be, that the same was the belief of the church of Britain. What, then, was the belief of Gaul?

In the second century St. Irenæus, who had been born and educated in the east, became bishop of Lyons, and, therefore, metropolitan and head of the Gallic church. In this capacity he had collected the suffrages of his brethren on the question of Easter, and had sent them to Pope Victor. Yet this saint, as is well known, proclaimed in the clearest terms the superiority of the Roman see to his own and to every other. "To the church of Rome, on account of her more powerful chiefdom, it is necessary that every church ('or the whole church'), that is, the faithful from every quarter should conform ('perhaps make resort.')

St. Cyprian furnishes equally strong testimony for the third century. Novatian, the heresiarch, being excommunicated by Pope Cornelius, solicited in vain the friendship of the African bishop. In Gaul he was unhappily more successful; he found means to corrupt Marcian, the bishop of Arles. Faustinus, one of the successors of St. Irenæus in the see of Lyons, sent information of this both to Africa and Rome. St. Cyprian was then in the see of Carthage. Did he call upon Faustinus, as head of an independent church, to assemble his bishops, and put an end to the evil? Not at all; he despatched letters to Rome, entreating and urging the pope to do his duty, and depose the bishop of Arles, and substitute another in his place. Surely St. Cyprian's notions of the papal supremacy was not limited to a barren superiority; his idea was, that the popes held and exercised a vigorous and paramount jurisdiction.

In subsequent ages there was no change in this respect. In the fifth century St. Prosper of Aquitaine informs us that Rome, as the seat of Peter, is the head of the episcopal order in the whole world, and thus held in obedience to its spiritual authority, more than it had ever held under the dominion of arms. The acknowledgment of the Gallic bishops, when supplicating Pope Leo to restore Hilary of Arles to his former post of apostolic vicar, is equally

strong: "The holy Roman church, through the prince of the apostles, holds the principality or chiefdom over all the churches of the whole world." Thus, then, it is evident, that the Gallic church acknowledged the superior authority of the holy see. Remembering the connection of Britain with Gaul, the inference must be, that Britain recognised the supremacy of the same universal head.

In the writings of St. Gildas, the only native authority, there is, with one doubtful exception, no reference to the present question. He speaks indeed of some ambitious clergymen, who, dissatisfied with the judgment of their fellows, appealed to an authority "beyond the seas and over distant lands," and who, having procured a favorable sentence, returned home in triumph, and entered into possession of what before they had been refused. The only legitimate conclusion that can be drawn from this passage is, that Britain was by no means an independent church, but that it acknowledged an authority residing in a far distant land. The only question is, what that authority was? what could it be? what see pretended to such an authority but that of Rome?

Thus, during six centuries, we find no proof, direct or indirect, of the independence of the British church; but we find many indications, many indirect proofs, of its belief in the supremacy of the see of Rome.—*L. v. i. pp. 370-379.*

By the seventh century there scarcely remained a trace, except among the western hills, of the tribes or church of ancient Britain.*

* The recent *Life of St. German*, a work for the most part excellently treated, lays much stress upon the effect produced upon the Saxons by the doctrine and discipline of the surviving Britons. This opinion seems to rest upon an assertion of Constantine, the biographer of St. German, that "in those parts (that is, where St. German had been) the faith continued untainted up to our times."

Upon this passage the modern biographer observes: 1st. "That Constantine speaks of what existed in his own time, after the Saxons had been for nearly forty years settled in Britain." (p. 201.) 2d. That as St. Germanus probably landed in Kent, even these shores "could hardly be excluded;" and 3dly, that it seems "hardly possible that the faith which remained entire in 433, should have been totally extinguished in 696, that is, 113 years after."

In making these observations the writers appear to have been laboring under a singular mistake with respect to the nature of the contest. This we will endeavor to rectify by a brief glance at the facts. The Saxons, or rather Jutes, are supposed to have begun the war in 449. For many years, instead of being "settled" in the country, they were engaged in a perpetual sanguinary struggle with the Britons. At the death of Hengist, supposed to have taken place in 488, his followers had but just succeeded in securing the

Transferred from the banks of the Rhine and from the shores of the Baltic, the sanguinary rites of Woden had supplanted for a while the sublime doctrines of Christianity. All was fierce, barbarous, inhuman. To the eye of the political economist, there was no hope of present amelioration: civilization must be the work of ages; conversion was not yet to be dreamed of. Yet it had been the dream, the long meditated project, of a single monk. That monk, with the tiara upon his brow, sent forth his trembling but obedient missionaries; and a change, and a rapid change, came on. A procession of Roman monks, with banner and cross, their badges of conquest, bear the "glad

tidings" to the astonished Ethelbert. Amid the cry of battle and oppression, that rings through all the land, their voice alone appeals to Heaven's mercy; nor appeals in vain. "We beseech thee, O Lord, in thy great mercy, remove from this city, and from thy holy house, thy wrath and indignation: for we are sinners. Alleluia." Masses, vigils, preaching, and miracles, soon produced their fruit; and the white fillet of baptism was seen on many a regenerated Saxon. The seeds are scattered; but a few years, and from that corrupted mass of paganism shall spring forth many a learned, many a saintly character, ornaments of earth, or flowers for heaven.

possession of Kent. While the Jutes thus struggled for a corner of the island, the Saxons arrived on the southern coast. Ælla and his sons landed on the isle Selsey, 477; while Cerdic, the founder of the line of Wessex, landed five years after in Hampshire, and by the death of Natanleod, the British king, 503, remained in possession of the neighboring country. It was not till 530 that Erconwald pushed along the north bank of the Thames, and conquered Essex; nor till 547, that Ida landed between the Tees and the Tyne. Though disputing the ground inch by inch, the Britons were driven into the interior of the island. Even there they were not allowed to rest: they were subdued by Creda, who passed the Humber, in 596. It was thus a century and a half before the Britons were either conquered or pent up in Cornwall, Wales, and Cumberland. It was not till towards the close of the eighth century that they were driven from the right bank of the Severn, and restrained within the famous dyke of Offa. It was still later before the Britons of Cornwall were completely reduced. The struggle had moved gradually towards the west, but it ceased not till the Saxon began to yield to the Dane.

On the one hand, then, this sketch taken from Lingard, (*Hist. v. i.*) perfectly coincides with the statement of Constantius. For there is no reason why the words "in illis partibus," should mean Kent, no reason why they should not refer to the neighborhood of Verulam, and other places in the interior, where the saint made his principal stay. On the other hand, as

the kingdoms of Essex, East Anglia, and Mercia, were not established when Constantius wrote, as in other words, not one-third of the Anglo-Saxon conquests were as yet achieved, it would be absurd to quote his authority for a time when he had been a century in his grave, and when the country to which he refers had become the theatre of so many disastrous events. To this we may add, that the struggle long wore a most sanguinary aspect, witness the massacre of all the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight, A. D. 530 (*Ling. Hist. and Ant. v. i. p. xix.*); that there are no traces of surviving Britons in the Saxon kingdoms of the Heptarchy, or, according to Lingard, scarcely any even among the Angles; that the celebration of the British service in the two churches at Canterbury is a groundless supposition; that the accounts of St. German's travels in Wales are mere fables, (*Ib. p. x. note*); that at the time of St. German's visit "one-half of the population were still either idolaters, or men who hesitated to be admitted into the Christian church, that they might with less restraint indulge in criminal gratification," (*Ib. p. 11*); and that whatever influence the Britons might have, they never employed it for the conversion of the Saxons; they might unite with them for political purposes, like Penda and Ceadwalla, the Briton, but "Penda and the whole nation of the Mercians were abandoned to paganism, and ignorant of the very name of Christian," and the Britons held at naught, and "to this day hold at naught, the Christianity of the Angles." (*St. Bed. l. ii. c. ii.*)



THE SPIRIT'S REPROOF.

BY ROBERT E. J. PRICE.

EACH guest had departed. Deep silence and gloom
Invaded the halls, where, in manhood's full bloom,
The proud and the wealthy so lately had met,
Ensnared in the meshes of folly's gay net.
False hearts boasted friendship, that no friendship felt,
And faces wore smiles, where contentment ne'er dwelt;
While fast the snow fell on this Ætna of sin,
Frost covered *without*—a volcano *within*!
In vain a night's shelter some beggar had sought:
"Too busy the mistress"—"his sorrow was naught!"
From the door of the rich the houseless was turned—
His hunger unsated—his agony spurned!

Around the old mansion the howling wind swept;
Unwaked by its violence, a fair lady slept:
Though lovely her features, alas! that her heart
'To anguish or sickness no balm could impart;
Not one kindly feeling within it was rife,
But selfishness swayed every act of her life!
The world's bitter censure was boldly defied
When money could purchase what else were denied!
A mirror of fancy sleep held to her view,
And the form of her sister, reflected, she knew;
That sister, whose virtues, when living, but shone
In contrast most fearful to vices her own!
On the silence of night the spirit voice broke,
And thus to the sleeper reprovingly spoke:
"*Thy heart to thy God!* Too long hath it slumbered,
And revelled in dreams of follies unnumbered!
Let the vain things of earth from thy memory be cast,
And the future atone for the faults of the past!
As in Egypt of old, first fruits of their corn
The husbandmen vowed, let the bright rays of morn
Thee, prostrate and lowly, in gratefulness see,
And thy heart to thy God thy first offering be!

"*Thy wealth to the poor!* In the hour of thy pride
The beggar hath starved, and the houseless hath died!
No more be thy gates to the wanderer barred;
No longer the outcast and friendless discard:
Bid poverty welcome, and sorrow be glad;
The mourner make cheerful, and merry the sad!
For thee shall the prayer of the orphan ascend,
And widows shall bless thee, humanity's friend!

"*Thy hand to do good!* Where misery, seated
In penury, lingers; when hope hath retreated;

When famishing want, and the curse of despair
 Have driven to madness—yes! thou shouldst be there!
 May spirits of good, their watch ever keeping,
 Protect and defend thee, or waking, or sleeping!
 With love for mankind, may thy heart be inflamed,
 And angels rejoice at the sinner reclaimed."

The lady awoke. Ere the next setting sun
 The world was well lost, because heaven was won!

New York, July, 1845.

THE STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Continued from p. 532.

CHAPTER XVII.



HE poor Irishman, with an expression of hope and anxiety depicted on his countenance, stood without, awaiting patiently the appearance of Clavering, who, as he approached him, said in a kind voice: "I wish you, my good fellow, to conduct me to your place of abode, and if I find that you deserve aid, I can promise to have you placed in a situation which will render you, if you are honest and diligent, independent. I, myself, am a stranger in the city, but know one who has the disposition and means to assist you."

Clavering, in his charities, as in every thing else, was truly unostentatious, and, like all sincerely benevolent and pious souls, preferred concealing *himself* from the recipients of his bounty, that those whom he clothed, sheltered or fed, might give all thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings and favors, so often and unexpectedly, extended towards them; and while he, as their consoling friend and kind adviser, heard their earnest expressions of gratitude, and witnessed their tears of humble thankfulness to the Giver of all good gifts, it was then he enjoyed the sweet reward of those acts done solely for the love of our Father in heaven, and thanked him for those opportunities which threw in his way a suffering or

afflicted fellow creature, for to such he was always a friend or brother, and, loving them, as he did, through the poverty and sufferings of our Lord, he would, in his humility, have kissed the dust from their feet, or taken them, with all their needy, and tattered, and soiled habilaments, to his bosom. Barney thrust his hands into the very depths of his pockets, and looked deliberately at Clavering, while his round blue eyes dilated with wonder and astonishment at the good turn his affairs had taken, and filled with a moisture which finally resolved itself into two heavy drops, which rolled silently over his ruddy cheeks, then thanking him with voluble sincerity, and many a blessing on his "tinder heart," proceeded to show him the place of his abode. They soon came to a sparsely settled and squalid part of the purlieu of the city, where want, and penury, and starvation stretched forth their gaunt arms to the shivering winds, and declared in silent, though horribly legible characters, that **POVERTY** was the presiding genius of the place. Here gibbering age and want-stricken infancy mingled their wail, and concealed crime, perpetrated under the influence of gnawing hunger, or desperate need, revelled, and grew, and festered! "Happy in comparison," thought Clavering, as he cast a shuddering glance around, "are those far off heathen nations in foreign lands, for whose salvation saintly men

peril their lives that they may reveal unto them the way of eternal life; happy are the wild hordes of the forests of our own land, for they, too, have messengers from God among them, who use the invisible, but mighty arms of justice and mercy, to crush their idolatries, and point them to virtue and heaven; but miserable, degraded, and wretched are those who live around us daily, and swarm in their polluted dens in the lanes and alleys of the city, and refuse to come forth except for the purpose of plunder and crime. To these the gate of mercy appears closed; they are like men blind in the midst of light, and starving in a land of plenty; they are steeped in the filth and degradation of sin, while the waters of life flow sweetly near them; *they are our brethren*, and in the lowliness and ignorance of their state, call in plaintive and pleading accents for men imbued with an apostolic spirit to go boldly among them, and rescue them from the gloom and chains of their depravity." Barney conducted him to a rude shed, which had once been a shanty, but was now a ruin, through which the wind found wide crevices to howl its wintry blast, and into which the drifting snow could find an ample passage. One or two ragged quilts were nailed around the wall, and formed an alcove for a rude couch, on which sat a deformed and diseased woman, rocking herself to and fro, unheeding the tears which rolled in torrents over her wasted cheeks. The two stood a moment, for she now lifted upward her sightless eyes, and cried in a tone of agony, "Home, home, home! Ireland ma vourneen! Och! but the heart widin me body is dyin' for home. An' the poor boy, he begs, and starves, and works, to hide me from want; wo's me! wo's me! why can't the poor and frindless die?"

"Why, Peggy, me darlint," said Barney, advancing, and taking her hand in his, "frindless is it ye are while Barney's alive? Yer dark side is come over ye's; but cheer up, ma vourneen! the Blessed Virgin has sint us a frind in our need."

"Ah, here ye come, Barney, wid yer cheerful voice; as long as I can hear it, it is well wid me, boy, for whin the world was an empty and lonesome place to me, you were father, an' brother, an' every thing to a poor lone woman."

"An' thin, by the piper that played afore Moses, ye overrate me intirely; indade, sir," he said, looking sheepishly at Clavering, "she does that same."

"Is she your mother, or sister, Barney?" inquired Clavering in an under tone, but not sufficiently low to prevent her hearing his question, which she eagerly answered, for Barney had disappeared.

"None at all, at all, kind sir, but a poor forsaken craythur, that was left alone on the airth when the cholera swept off all that cared for me." She told him that Barney's mother, who was a widow, with several half-grown children dependent on her, with all that benevolence and charity which is so conspicuously characteristic among the Irish poor towards each other, had received her, blind and afflicted as she was, into her family, and tended her with the most consistent kindness through long weary months of sickness, and under every circumstance shared their little all with her. But the smallpox swept them all off, except Barney and herself, when, hearing that gold could be gathered up by the handful in America, he sold every article of household use that he possessed, and, after paying his rent and the doctor's dues, immigrated with his blind foster sister, Peggy, to a land which was, indeed, one of promise and hope in perspective, for ever since his arrival in it, he had been hopelessly grasping after the bright shadow of prosperity, of whose substance he had heard such inconceivable and marvellous accounts. Clavering talked some time longer with her, and found her intelligent beyond her opportunities and situation, and calling Barney, slipped a few dollars into his hand to supply present wants, and told him to call the next day on Mrs. Talmadge, who would tell him of the arrangements made in his behalf by his friend, and hurried off, carrying with him the blessings of the poor, those blessings always so rich and eternal in their consequences, for, like ministering angels, they ascend up to the mercy seat, and inscribe remembrances on the everlasting archives, which will avail much for us in the hour of judgment. Barney was so overwhelmed with his unexpected good fortune, that he could absolutely do nothing for the remainder of the day but sit by the side of his companion in poverty, and give thanks to God and his kind benefactor. "To-mor-

row, girl, to-morrow will be time enough intirely, to lave the place; it would look quite indacent-like to run off the minit we could from the ould walls that gave us a shelter."

"Thrue, Barney; thrue, boy," she responded; "it is a cowl'd starving place to 'bide in, but not so cowl'd as the bare airth and freezin' snow would 'a bin; but blessed be the holy name of God for all things; he sint us throuble and danger, now he sinds the angils of his pity to heal up the wounds intirely. He knows—our Lord knows, Barney—what is best for us, poor sinful craythurs that we are." And so the two talked in great simplicity, not aware that in their humble content and submission to the will of Almighty God, they were learning precious lessons from the science of his saints. After dinner Clavering again returned to Mrs. Talmadge's, to whom he related the incidents of the morning, and begged her advice and co-operation in the affair. She entered into all his plans with a zest and sincerity peculiar to herself, and before evening they had, by their united exertions, procured a suitable residence for Barney and his blind companion in a quiet and respectable part of the city. Clavering had given a few directions, and deposited in the hands of Mrs. Talmadge a sufficient sum of money for the purpose of carrying out his benevolent plans with regard to them, with discretionary powers to use it to the best advantage. After she had, with untiring zeal, procured every thing necessary for their comfort, and introduced them into their new abode, she recommended to Clavering a worthy and respectable widow who wanted a home, and would, for a small consideration, piously attend to poor Peggy, and judiciously economize in the housekeeping department, and who, in a day or two, was duly installed in the domicile as manager of the domestic concerns. It was not Clavering's design to make the honest and warm-hearted fellow whom he had taken under his protection either a dependant and inert citizen, or a gentleman of leisure; so having purchased a small fruiterer's establishment, had, through the agency of honest tradesmen, a room suitably fitted up for the purpose, and here Barney was established, with the injunction to be honest, industrious, and, above all, attentive to his religious duties; his rent was paid a quarter in advance, after which it was expected that he would be

able to realize a sufficient sum from the profits of his business to do so himself. One of the first traits which displayed itself in his character was a disposition to aid those with whom he had suffered in the miserable neighborhood in which we found him; in fact, by the prudent and wise discrimination of Clavering, who, in the disposition of his charities, had appealed to every good quality in his heart, and most of all to his *self-respect*, Barney was in a fair way of becoming a diligent man of business, coarse, though respectable, in his appearance, and gaining friends every day by his good-humored vivacity, correct demeanor, and pious habits. Poor Peggy was almost happy; employment also gave her the means of feeling as if she could yet be of some use in a world which was hidden for ever from her; and while she sat knitting, the livelong day, coarse socks and stockings, which the ever-active Mrs. Talmadge disposed of for her, would sing with a feeble, though sweet voice, some pious hymn which she had learned at her mother's knee, or some one of those sad strains so dear to the hearts of the sons and daughters of Ireland, or, perchance, with a quiet smile on her placid countenance, listen while the widow Selden read for an hour from the pages of some well chosen volume. Instances of disinterested generosity, and pure acts of charity, "like pearls upon an *Æthiop's* arm," stand forth in beautiful and glorious relief against the shadow of sin which rests over the world, and make us almost think sometimes that, as of old, the angels walk among us. . . .

A few days after the events which we have related, Mrs. Botelar and Mr. Beverly, who had spent the evening with her, were engaged in a quiet and amicable discussion on religious topics, which was a favorite subject of his, and a theme of which he never grew weary, she impressing him by the gentle dignity of her expressions, and the happy manner in which she met and rebutted certain objections which he urged against becoming a practical Catholic, and he amusing her by the originality of his remarks, and the wonderful versatility of his conversational powers. Father Francis now came in, and after inquiring for Clavering, and learning that he had been out since dinner, joined, with his usual bland and cheerful affability, in the conversation.

"Well," said Mr. Beverly, in reply to an observation of Mrs. Botelar, "in my opinion it certainly requires a greater amount of moral courage to make a man a Christian than a warrior. I could to-morrow go to Texas, Mexico, or Spain, and become a desperate soldier with more ease, positively, than I could kneel in a Catholic church, and make the sign of the cross! I can scarcely define my feelings on this subject; indeed, madam, as a *man*, I am ashamed of them!"

"You will excuse me, Mr. Beverly," said Father Francis, "if I anticipate Mrs. Botelar, and answer you in, perhaps, plainer language than you have been accustomed to hear. There is a certain quality pervading the moral nature of most people called *human respect*, which is so subtle in its operations that the soul yields itself gradually and unresistingly to its baleful influence until, at last, its hydra-head guards every avenue of grace from the holy inspirations of God. It is a dread of the scorn, or censure, or ridicule of our fellow-creatures, of those who are so impotent that, by taking thought, they could neither add to nor take from one cubit of their own stature, and who, although they might exercise all the brilliancy of their sarcastic wit, and throw out every hyperbolical expression of irony of which they are capable, could neither impart the slightest sentiment of peace to your conscience if you yielded to their influence, nor deprive you of one moment of that interior tranquillity which is always the blessed reward of an unflinching discharge of duty. Does becoming a *practical* Christian render a man a fool? does it cloud his intellect? in short, does it fetter one single quality of his mind? Far from it! It elevates, ennobles, and sanctifies his nature, and expands, by its pure and invigorating influence, all the dormant energies of his mind. You might kneel in church, and, by using the symbol of our holy religion, draw down upon yourself the scorn and astonishment of a few! If so, hold an imaginary conversation with them; propose questions with which it would be natural to suppose they would catechise you, and allow your own conscience, Mr. Beverly, to answer, and notice on which side the moral victory would be. Behold, they might say, a man remarkable for his wit, and talents, and strength of nerve, kneeling, like a dotard, and using foolish and superstitious

signs! And well they might, if you bowed the knee to man or idols, or used the sign of any secret and hidden confraternity, or the emblem of some heathen caste; but, so far from this, you might, with St. Paul, stand forth and think yourself happy that you could answer well touching the things whereof you were accused, especially as you know that your homage and adoration would be given alone to the great and Almighty God, creator of heaven and earth, in whose presence all men are as nothing, and use the sign of that cross on which his beloved Son was immolated, and in that immolation presented the most sublime spectacle that heaven or earth ever witnessed, because he descended from the eternal splendor of his Father, to *suffer, die, and redeem those who loved him not*. What surpassing charity! what sublimity! what holiness, and disinterestedness of purpose!" Mr. Beverly was silent. The simple and natural arguments of Father Francis touched him more forcibly than the most profound disquisitions on the subject could have done. "When we see," continued Father Francis, "a man sacrifice his all for the purpose of rescuing a fellow being from penury, when we hear of philanthropic acts, or generous and extraordinary donations for the weal of the poor, or some singular and conspicuous exercise of gratitude, how we wonder, admire and extol; what reverence are we not disposed to pay those individuals; and if the benefits are extended towards ourselves, it appears as if the sacrifice of a lifetime can never repay those who befriended us in our need. And yet, for the sake of Him who sacrificed himself for us, how unwilling are we to return a tithing of that for which he suffered, how slow to appreciate the great gifts he bestows on us, and how prone to yield all our deference to the judgments and prejudices of his sinful creatures, when he, and he alone, can with any propriety demand it."

"Sir," said Mr. Beverly, "what the example of my friend Clavering has failed in doing, you almost persuade me to accomplish."

"Ah, here he is," said Father Francis, as Clavering now entered, "to add his persuasions to mine; but, my child, how is this; you are ill, let me support you to a chair."

"I do not feel ill," whispered Clavering, as he leaned on the shoulder of Father Francis, "but very faint; thank you, dear madam," he

said to Mrs. Botelar, who handed him a glass of wine, "this will invigorate me a little; I am better now—I breathe more freely—and after resting a moment, I shall be able to enjoy the conversation which I have interrupted." But the effort of walking to the sofa was too great in his weak condition, and a violent fit of coughing was the result, after which he sunk back into the arms of Father Francis, pale and fainting. Alas! the fears which had for several weeks disquieted Mrs. Botelar concerning him were too true! Now that his mind had become tranquillized, and the mental excitement which had so many months exercised a stimulating influence on his physical powers, was wearing away, it was plainly discernible that the finely strung chords of the young man's life were relaxing their strength and vigor; and although the destroyer had approached so noiselessly, and yet so visibly, with the funeral torch which kindled up the depths of his eyes with feverish glow, and lit the hectic on his cheeks, and all those unfailing and unmistakable symptoms which gradually appear when the seeds of *consumption* begin to ripen amid the vital organs of our existence, had stolen on so slowly, Mrs. Botelar felt that but little hope could be entertained of his ever being restored to health. "My dear Louis," she said as he recovered, "again let me beseech you to send for Dr. Lurbeck."

"I am better now, dear madam," he replied; "I am subject to these colds, and I assure you they generally leave me quite as strong as they find me."

Mrs. Botelar shook her head incredulously, and placing her fingers on his pulse, found it counting many more throbs in a minute than a healthy circulation would have required; there was a tension, a corded palpitation, and dry heat about it, which gave plain indication of fever.

"My dear sir," answered Mrs. Botelar, "you are ill!"

"And," added Father Francis, "it is your duty, my dear child, when your health is evidently failing, to make use of all legitimate means for its restoration."

"Clavering," said Mr. Beverly, who had with the deepest concern witnessed the foregoing scene, "I claim it as a right and privilege to bring a physician to you; your symptoms are alarming, my friend, and prompt medical aid is advisable."

"As you please, my kind friends. I submit to your advice, but really feel so much recovered that I scarcely think it necessary."

Clavering could not bear to admit to himself that there was the slightest ground for apprehension, and although he had felt but too sensibly, for many weeks past, that his strength was gradually failing, and found that he had become quite emaciated, and of late had been startled more than once by indications which threatened a hemorrhage of the lungs, still with that instinctive love of life which induces us to be the last who believe or feel the approach of danger, he disregarded these symptoms, and did not early enough pay that attention to them which the emergency of the case required. After a pause of several minutes, during which he leaned his head on his hands with an appearance of the deepest dejection, he said: "Perhaps, my friends, you are right; you may bring me a physician." Mr. Beverly immediately took his hat and cloak, and went out in search of Dr. Lurbeck.

"Not for my sake, reverend father," said Clavering, "not for my sake alone do I feel alarmed at this sudden giving way of my bodily energies, but the peculiar circumstances of the last few months would cause my death to be heavily felt by my — by my mother and dear old father. Oh, Mrs. Botelar, it may be weakness, perhaps it is unmanly, but methinks if I could behold those beloved and venerated faces again, and see them smile benignly on me as in days of yore——"

"My dear child," interrupted Mrs. Botelar, much affected, "you will see them under happy auspices again, no doubt."

He arose and walked to and fro the room; silent and uncontrollable anguish wrung his heart, and at last, his emotion overleaping the bounds of all restraint, he sunk, almost fainting, into a chair, exclaiming, "My mother! my mother!" and wept convulsively.

"My child, my child!" said Mrs. Botelar, as she approached him, and laid her arm, with all the affection of a fond parent, around him, while she drew his aching head to her breast, "I do not say to you, forget those things which have so wounded your susceptible nature; nay, I do not even say restrain those tears which they call forth, but, with unwavering voice, I bid you look to Mount Calvary; there, my child, behold Him for whom you suffer. He

suffered and died for us!" continued the lady in a sublime accent.

Father Francis had himself once known all the bitterness of an agony like this, for he too had been a banished exile, for conscience' sake, from the homestead of his youth, and the presence of those he loved, and endured not only this, but the restrictions of poverty also, in that spirit of suffering meekness and resignation which, although it wrung the strongest fibres of his heart, did not cause him to shrink a moment from the religion of that holy church of which he was now an ornament, and so keenly did the scene remind him of those early trials, that he could scarcely command his voice sufficiently to allow him to speak, when he took Clavering's hand in both his own, and with a gentle and friendly pressure, said "Aye, my child, He is gone before thee, carrying the cross, and on it he died, and if thou die with him, thou shalt also live with him; and if thou art his companion in suffering, thou shalt also partake of his glory."*

The young man raised his eyes, suffused with tears, towards heaven, and his lips moved in prayer; the agony was passing away, for he had knelt in spirit at the feet of Jesus, and offered himself as a holocaust to the Lord, and while an expression of sadness and resignation gradually settled, in soft repose, on his countenance, he whispered, in almost inaudible accents, as if communing with his own soul: "It is well. Not my will, but thine, O God, be done!"

Tears blind the eyes of the narrator of this little history, and its conclusion has become a difficult task; in the amiable Clavering she knew a friend and brother, and in a constant correspondence with him during his trials, wept and suffered with him; but she will be unselfish enough to disregard these feelings, and unfold to others a few more of those scenes which so edified her by their piety and acts of resignation. When Dr. Lurbeck arrived he proceeded at once to inquire particularly into the symptoms of his patient, and examine his chest with the most scrutinizing ear; and it was not long before he decided, satisfactorily to himself, on the case, and drew out his tablets to write a prescription.

"Allow me to interrupt you a moment, doctor," said Clavering.

"Certainly, sir."

* St. Thomas a Kempis.

"Will you confer a favor on me, doctor, and tell me, candidly, whether or not my lungs are incurably diseased?"

Dr. Lurbeck raised his head, and looked at him a moment with his calm, penetrating eye, as if he wished to read his inmost soul, and judge how far he could safely answer the question so simply, and yet so earnestly proposed; then, as if satisfied with the result of his inquiring glance, laid his hand on Clavering's, and with a look of sympathy, and a subdued kindness of manner for which he was so proverbial, replied: "My dear sir, you ought to have had medical aid long ago; I am afraid this disease has progressed too far to be eradicated, or even benefited by curative means; I can, however, safely promise you that, so far as medical skill can go, I will exercise it in your behalf; meanwhile, keep closely to your room, be prudent and careful, and you may be temporarily relieved very soon."

"Thank you, doctor; thank you kindly, for the candid opinion you have given."

"Is the result of my examination unexpected, sir, for you must have suffered a year or two?" asked Dr. Lurbeck, in surprise at his calmness.

"I was not prepared, doctor, for so decided an opinion, certainly."

"Well, well," interrupted the doctor, "do not allow it to agitate you; while there is life, you know, we may hope."

"My hopes, dear sir," said Clavering, "are not of this life, and so far from the possibility of an early death alarming or agitating me, it has diffused a calm and tranquil expectation of rest over every wearied emotion of my heart."

"What! so young, and yet resigned. Sir, have you nothing to live for?"

"Much, dear doctor; much to live for, and yet more to gain by death."

"It is mysterious," said Dr. Lurbeck, looking earnestly into the fire; "I can not thoroughly understand it, as much as I have seen of it; it is supernatural, decidedly—but I beg your pardon—good night, Mr. Clavering; attend to the direction on the paper, and I will call to-morrow."

Father Francis spent an hour longer with Clavering, and was happy to perceive that a resigned composure had diffused its heavenly influence around him, and judging from the sudden and severe prostration of strength which

seemed to have enfeebled him almost unto death, that he would be unable for many weeks to leave his room, made his adieu, with the promise to come at an early hour on the following morning to give him the holy communion, and with this hope to cheer him, neither pain nor debility could depress the patient invalid. Mrs. Botelar, with a mother's care, anticipated and attended to every want, and her last act before she left him for the night, was to arrange with pious and beautiful thought every thing on the little shrine of the Blessed Virgin in perfect order for the reception of the blessed sacrament. Mr. Beverly remained with him. Through the live long night angels kept sweet vigils around the couch of the young convert. He slept but little, for it seemed as if a foretaste of the unslumbering heaven of eternity was dawning on his spirit, and with clasped hands, and cheeks ever wet with ecstatic tears, he awaited in humble hope for the first chime of coming day to sound, and ere yet the stars had faded from the purple heavens, he was absorbed in holy expectation of the high honor which was about to be conferred on his unworthy heart. His soul's prison-house was irradiated by the hope which, during the still watches of the night, had like an angel guardian hovered around him! Onward rolled the torrent of his blessed thoughts, deep, but calm and tranquil, and high as high heaven, until he would fain have thrown off the shackles of life, and soared thitherward; but, ah, why was it that amidst this rapture of seraphic faith, a sullen gloom now sprung up like a deadly shade, causing him to shrink back and contemplate with trembling dread the coming of his illustrious guest, fearing at last, that after all his prayers, his hopes, his contrite tears had been but a mockery? but still he prayed amid his tribulation, and clung with trusting humility in his hour of darkness to the cross of Christ. He did well and needed not to fear; here was the safest place for the weary soul, and though a gloom as of the shadow of death encompassed him, phantoms might terrify, but could not harm him in this holy sanctuary. It was the last effort of

the subtle tempter: he cast, the baleful influence of his accursed wings in momentary dimness over the pure heart of the young convert, but this was all, there was nothing palpable in its horror, and although it hid for an instant those beams of triumphant faith, which had elevated his spirit almost from earth to heaven, he grieved, but, knowing in whom he trusted, feared not.

The door opened, and Father Francis entered the room, followed by Mrs. Botelar and Alice, who, with Mr. Beverly, reverently knelt as he deposited the holy sacrament in the place prepared for it. Where now the shadows! where now the gloom! Oh, Lord God, could that moment ever be forgotten by him when thou didst come, borne by thy servant, and concealed under the pure and simple sacramental veil, to disperse the mists that clouded for a moment his soul by thy adorable and real presence, and abide for a season with him in his tabernacle of clay! Words are poor; it is a fullness of exceeding joy which can alone be worthily sung by angelic hosts, and a recollection which will aid us in our adoration of ecstasy above, when we bow before the throne of the "Lamb that was slain," and see him with unveiled countenance as he is. . . . It was over; the solemn and sublime rite, the humble confiteor had been whispered by contrite hearts, and in consecrated hands the sacred host had been lifted with these soul-thrilling words: "Behold him, behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world," and while Father Francis pronounced the words of communion, Clavering received the bread of life, the food of angels! What then was the world to him; its pains or joys; its sadness or delights; its gold or ambition; its fame or honor? Like a vision, past and forgotten with its ties, and loves, and hopes, it disturbed him not now, for all the feelings of his sensitive and discerning mind were merged into one great and sublime emotion of humble and unrivalled peace and faith, while tears from sacred and newly opened founts flowed in sweet and silent torrents from his heart.

MEMOIRS OF CHINA,

FROM THE LETTERS OF FATHERS CHAVAGNAC, FONTEROY, AND ARTOUX, WRITTEN IN THE YEARS
1703, 1704, 1705.

(From the London and Dublin Orthodox Journal.)

Obstacles to the conversion of Chinese Ladies.—

The missionaries are presented to the emperor of China.—Of the city of Pekin, the capital of the empire.—The province and city of Nankin.—Journey of the emperor of China.—Manner of life, and dress adopted by the missionaries of China.—Construction of a church within the palace of the emperor.



AM about to detail to you some of the customs relative to the ladies in China; they seem to me to present an insurmountable obstacle to their conversion.

They never go out of doors, nor do they receive visits from men. It is a fundamental maxim, throughout all the empire, that a woman should never appear in public, and that she should never meddle with outdoor affairs; and to make them necessarily observe this principle, they are taught to believe that beauty consists not in the features of the countenance, but in smallness of feet. Thus their first care is to deprive themselves of the power of walking; a child only a month old has feet as large as those of a lady at forty.*

For this reason, the missionaries can never instruct them, either in person or by their catechists; they must first convert the husband, that either he himself may convert his wife, or allow some pious Christian to visit her in her apartment, and explain to her the mysteries of religion.

Besides, even when converted, they can not attend the church at the same time as the men.

*Gathrie (p. 654) says that "No swathing is omitted, while they are young, to give them that accomplishment, so that when they grow up they may be said to totter rather than to walk. This fanciful piece of beauty was probably invented by the ancient Chinese to palliate their jealousy." This seems rather a strange reason.

All that we have been able hitherto to obtain is, that they may assemble six or seven times a year, either in a particular church, or in the house of some of the faithful, to partake of the sacraments; in these assemblies baptism is conferred on those who are prepared for it.

I should also add that the ladies speak only the jargon of their province, so that it is very difficult for them to understand the language of the missionary, who very often knows nothing but the Mandarin language. We do all in our power to remedy this inconvenience. I remember an expedient discovered by the wife of a mandarin, a few days after my arrival at Soutcheou-Fou. As she could not understand the missionary to whom she wished to confess, she called her eldest son, and discovered her sins to him, that he might detail them to the confessor, and interpret the advice and instruction which he might give. Where could we find in Europe a similar example of simplicity and fervor?

We arrived at Pekin upon the 7th of February, 1688. The whole court was then in mourning for the death of the empress, grandmother to the emperor. When the days of sorrow were expired, the prince sent to know our names, our talents and acquirements. The empire at that time enjoyed a profound peace, which had been strengthened by his policy since his last two visits to Tartary. This gave us an opportunity of answering, amongst other things, that they admitted in France his genius and prudence, and that his valor and magnificence were subjects of universal esteem. He inquired the age of the king (Louis XIV), and wished to know the wars which he had conducted, and the manner in which he governed his kingdom. The officer, who spoke to us on the part of the emperor, told us that, though his master was not yet acquainted with us, still he had entertained the same benevolent

dispositions toward us as towards the other fathers; that he regarded the courage with which we had deserted our parents and country, to preach the Gospel to the other extremity of the globe, as an evident proof of the truth of our religion. His majesty did not stop here; he did us the honor one day to send some of the tea and best wine from his own table.

It was the duty of the members of the tribunal of rites to present us to the emperor, as this was the tribunal which had been ordered to bring us to the court. For this reason we saw this formidable tribunal, before which, a few years before, the missionaries had appeared loaded with chains. Considering its office, there was nothing in it which struck us as being grand or magnificent. The mandarins, who were seated in an alcove, received us very honorably, and, causing us to sit down, spoke with us. The first president, who was a Tartar, having received the emperor's commands, told us that his majesty desired to see us upon the following day, and that we should be presented by the superior of our house.

On the 21st of March, 1688, we had the honor to salute the emperor. This great prince displayed great kindness in our regard, and after having playfully reproached us all for not being inclined to remain at his court, he declared that he retained Father Gerbillon and Father Bouvet in his service, and that he allowed the others to preach in the provinces of the empire. He then sent us a hundred pistoles, and ordered tea to be served up to us, which appeared to the Chinese an extraordinary kindness. After this visit, our only thought was of spreading over the provinces, there to labor for the conversion of the infidels. But, before leaving Peking, we took the opportunity of visiting the curiosities of this far famed city.

Peking is composed of two cities. The first, in the middle of which is the imperial palace, is called the city of the Tartars; the second that of the Chinese. They are united, and are each four leagues in circumference. The multitude and busle is so great that you can hardly get along the streets, although they are very spacious, and although women are never seen in them.

We went to see the famous bell of Peking, which weighs a hundred thousand weight, if

we were correctly informed. It is formed like a cylinder, and is, in diameter, ten feet. Its height is half again its breadth, for this is the ordinary proportion in China. It is raised upon a tower of bricks and square stones, and covered with a roof formed of mats, since the former one of wood was destroyed by fire.

We saw likewise the observatory and its instruments; they are of bronze, and in very good condition, worthy of the magnificence of the emperor. But I do not know whether they will serve for very correct observations, as the divisions appear unequal to the eye, and the transverse lines do not join in several places.

The gates of the city appear larger and more magnificent than ours in France. They are very high, and enclose an extensive square court, surrounded by walls, upon which are built two saloons, as well upon the side towards the country, as on that next to the city. The walls of Peking are of brick, about forty feet in height, and flanked, at intervals, twenty fathoms, by square towers, which are always in a state of defence. There are flights of stairs in several places for the ascent of cavalry.

After being upon our journey for sixteen days, we arrived, on the 14th of April, 1688, at Kiam-Tcheou, a city of the second order, belonging to the province of Chansi. The way from Peking to this province is one of the most agreeable over which I have ever passed. Nine or ten cities lie upon it; one of them is that of Paotim-Fou, where the viceroy dwells. The country is flat and cultivated, the road even, and in several places it is bordered by trees, with walls to cover and secure the country. It is covered with men, vehicles, and beasts of burden, which are continually passing. In the space of one league are two or three villages, which cross the road, without including those which are seen on all sides to the edge of the horizon. Excellent bridges, composed of several arches, lie over the rivers. The most beautiful of these is about three leagues from Peking: the parapets are of marble; on each side are one hundred and forty-eight small pillars, which support statues of lions in different attitudes, and at the extremities are four crouching elephants.

After having crossed the river Fuenho, which is to the east of Kiam-Tcheou, the country for six leagues is level, covered with

trees, and well cultivated; there are many villages upon each side, and a long chain of mountains skirts the horizon. The traveller has to pass through two cities of the third class, after which he arrives at the mountains, across which, after five days' journey, I had advanced forty leagues. Our road was ascending nearly all the way, and was in many places very difficult. The mountains, in the parts over which I passed, were in some places barren, but in general the land was fertile and cultivated, even to the edge of the precipices. You sometimes come to plains extending over three or four leagues, in the midst of hills and mountains; in such places the country seems delightful. I observed some of these mountains cut into terraces, from the summit to the ground. When the hills are stony, the Chinese throw the stones aside, and build with them low walls to support the terraces; they then level the good earth, and sow seed in it. It is an endless labor, but it shows the laborious disposition of these people. Amongst these hills there was but one city of the third magnitude; the villages, however, and the hamlets were very numerous. I there saw delf, like that manufactured in France; there are potteries in several parts, whose manufactures are sent to the neighboring provinces. I was one day in a deep and narrow road, where a number of wagons were in each other's way; I was expecting that the drivers would burst into a rage, quarrel, and perhaps come to blows, as is very frequently the case in Europe, but they only saluted each other, speaking with great kindness, as if they were old friends, after which they began to help one another to disentangle the wagons.

On arriving at the extremity of these mountains, over a road which is rough, though cut in the rock, we descried the province of Honam, and the Hoam-Ho, that is, the Yellow river which meanders across the plain to a great distance. I travelled for eighty leagues over this province, all the way upon level ground, which was so well cultivated that not an inch of it was lost. There were only seven cities upon my road; but I observed on every side of me so many towns and villages, that I think that Honam is one of the finest provinces in China.

After leaving the province of Honam, you

enter that of Nankin, the capital of which is sixty leagues distant from the boundary. The province of Nankin is neither so beautiful nor so well peopled on this side as on the south.* After passing through four cities, I came to Pou-Keon, a small city, surrounded with strong walls, and situated upon the river Kiam. This mighty river, which traverses all China, from west to east, and which divides it into two parts which are almost equal, in one of which are comprehended the northern, and in the other the southern province, scatters plenty in its course, by means of the easy navigation which it affords to every description of vessels. Its breadth, before Pon-Keon, is nearly a league, and its depth in several places is more than two hundred feet.

The city of Nankin is not upon the Kiam, but two or three leagues upon the shore. It may be approached by several canals, which are always covered with boats, among which are many imperial barks, which, in size, might vie with ships. They are well built, varnished on the inside, and gilded without; they contain well furnished rooms and chambers for the use of the mandarins who come to the court, or who are obliged to visit the provinces.

It may be remarked that the name Nankin is no longer given to this city. The word Nankin† signifies, in Chinese, *the southern court*, as Pekin signifies *the northern court*. When the six tribunals of the empire possessed these cities between them, they were called courts; but as at the present day all these tribunals are united at Pekin, the emperor has given the name of Kiam-Nim to the city of Nankin. In common conversation, however, it retains its former name; but from all public acts it is expunged.

I arrived at Nankin on the 31st of May, 1688, and I remained there more than two years. During this time I visited the famous establishment of Christians at Cham-Hai; it is near the sea upon the east boundary, and eight days' journey from Nankin, although it belongs to the same province. This flourishing church owes its beginning to a learned

* The reader will be pleased to remember that the fathers were travelling from Pekin towards Nankin.

† To conform more to the English mode of spelling, I have dropped the final g, which properly belongs to these two names, since in the original they are written Peking and Nanking. In the name Tonquin I have retained the original spelling, Tong-king.

Chinese, who, by the celebrity of his conversion, drew many to Christianity.

In the beginning of the year 1689 the emperor visited the southern provinces. On the day before his arrival at Nankin, Father Galiana and myself went out of the city two leagues upon the road by which his majesty was to enter. We spent the night in a village, in which were sixty Christians, all belonging to the same family. In the morning we saw the emperor pass. He graciously halted his train, and spoke to us in the most obliging manner. He was on horseback, and was followed by his body-guards and two or three thousand horsemen. The citizens proceeded to meet him with banners, silken flags, canopies, parasols, and other ornaments without number. At intervals of twenty paces, in the streets, were raised triumphal arches, covered with brocade, and adorned with festoons, ribbons, and tufts of silk. These were erected in all the streets through which he was to pass. The number of people in the streets was infinite, but every thing was so respectful and silent that not the least noise was heard. His majesty had resolved to depart upon the following day. The whole body of mandarins besought him to remain a few days longer, but he would not hear them; the people came afterwards to request the same favor, which was granted, and the emperor remained three days longer at Nankin.

During his stay in this city we went to the palace every day, and he did us the honor to send daily one or two of the gentlemen belonging to the court to our house. He sent to ask me if Canopus could be seen at Nankin: this is a clear star in the south part of the heavens, which by the Chinese is called *Lao-gin-Ling*, that is, the star of the old men, or of those who live a long time. I answered that it was to be seen early in the night, and therefore one evening he came to the old observatory solely to see it.

These favors of the emperor were very honorable to us, as he did them before the whole of his court, and the mandarins* of the neighboring provinces returned home favorably inclined towards our holy law and the missiona-

* "The mandarins in China are the chief officers, governors of provinces, presidents of tribunals, and chiefs of the imperial palace; there are several orders of them." French Ed. Dignity in China is marked by these classes; in the same manner a duke would represent a first mandarin, &c.

ries who preached it. His majesty left Nankin on the 22d of March to return to Pekin. As it was our duty to accompany him some part of the time, we travelled in his suite for thirty leagues. We then halted to meet him upon the banks of a river. He perceived us, and had the goodness to approach our canoe, which was towed by his own bark for more than two leagues. He was seated in an alcove. The first thing he did was to read our *cheou-puen*, or return of thanks, which was made in writing according to the custom in China. It was written in very small characters, for it is the custom, when inferiors address their superiors, the higher the superior is in dignity, the characters used by the inferiors in writing to them should be smaller and finer.

This mighty prince treated us with much familiarity in this last visit. He inquired how we had crossed the Kiam, and whether there were any of our churches upon the way. He himself showed us the books which he had with him, and gave, in our presence, orders to several mandarins whom he had summoned. After having sent to our canoe a quantity of bread and other provisions from his own table, he dismissed us loaded with honors.

This prince, seeing all his kingdom in profound peace, resolved, either for divertisement or employment, to learn the sciences of Europe. He selected arithmetic, the elements of Euclid, practical geometry and philosophy. Fathers Thomas, Gerbillon, and Bouvet were ordered to compose treatises upon those subjects. To the first was assigned arithmetic; the province of the other two was the elements of Euclid and geometry. They composed their treatises in Tartar. Those who had been appointed their masters in this language reviewed the work together with them; and if any word appeared obscure or ill-chosen, they substituted another. The fathers presented and explained these demonstrations to the emperor, who, easily understanding their instructions, admired more and more the solidity of our sciences, and applied to them with renewed ardor.

They went to the palace every day, and passed two hours every morning and evening with his majesty. He made them mount to his alcove, and obliged them to sit by his side to show him the figures and explain them with greater ease.

The pleasure which he derived from the first lessons was so great that, even when he went to one of his pleasure houses two leagues distant from Pekin, he did not interrupt his pursuits. The fathers were obliged to go there every day notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. They set out from Pekin at four in the morning, and did not return till night-fall. Almost as soon as they had reached home they had to recommence their work, and oftentimes to sit up to a late hour to prepare the lesson for the following day. The extreme fatigue caused by these journeys and watchings sometimes overpowered them; but their desire of satisfying the emperor, and of rendering him favorable to our holy religion, supported them and soothed all their pains. When they retired his majesty was not idle; he repeated in private all their explanations, read over the demonstrations, called some of the princes, his children, to explain them to them himself, and he did not rest till he had made himself master of what he desired to know.

The emperor continued this study for four or five years with the same assiduity, without ever diminishing his application to the concerns of state, and without ever failing to give audience to the great officers of his household and to the supreme courts. It was not to him a mere speculation; he reduced what he had learned to practice, which rendered his studies very agreeable, and made him perfectly comprehend what he had been taught.

He himself levelled, for a space of three or four leagues, the steepness of a river. Sometimes he himself measured, according to the rules of geometry, the distances of places, the height of mountains, the length and size of rivers and fords, taking his positions, pointing his instruments correctly, and making the most difficult calculations exactly. He then caused the fathers to measure the distances, and was quite delighted when he found his own calculations conformable to them. His nobles who were present never failed to express their admiration upon these occasions. He received their applause with pleasure, but always referred the praise to the glory of the European sciences, and of the masters who were his instructors. Thus was his majesty employed, living in a familiarity with the fathers, which is not ordinary with the princes of China.

Our earliest missionaries in China were very

zealous and desirous to wear garments, in these as in their other missions, which should mark their disengagement from the world. The illustrious Gregory Lopez, bishop of Basilea, and others have frequently told me that Father Matthew Ricci, founder of the Chinese missions, lived thus in the first years of his stay in that country, and that he remained seven years among the bonzies, wearing a dress not very different from theirs, and living in a very humble manner. All the bonzies loved him for his sweetness and modesty; they honored his virtue. He learned from them the Chinese language and characters, but during this time he made scarcely any conversions. The sciences of Europe were then new in China, and a few of the mandarins had the curiosity to see him. He pleased them, for his manner was respectful and insinuating: some of them, convinced of his capacity, had an affection for him, and began to converse more frequently with him. Having learned from him, in conversation, the principal motive of his coming amongst them, which was that he desired to preach the law of God in China, and having heard from him its principal truths, they praised his intention; but they advised him to change his plan; "for," said they, "in the state in which you are few people will listen to you, and you will not be allowed even to remain for any length of time in the country. As you are a wise man, live like our wise men, and then you may speak to every one. The mandarins, who are accustomed to respect men of learning, will honor you likewise; they will receive your visits, and the people, seeing you held in consideration by them, will listen gladly to your instructions."

F. Ricci, who had, by experience, already discovered the truth of their remarks, having prayed to God, and consulted his superiors, followed the advice of the mandarins.

Fifty years afterwards, when our (Jesuit) missionaries had already formed an extensive establishment of Christians, the religious of the orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic passed from the Philippine islands into China. But, whether through ignorance or through a notion that it was more proper to wear their religious habit, they went in that dress, with a crucifix in their hands, to preach in the streets. They had the merit of much suffering, of being beaten, imprisoned, and sent back to their own

country ; but they could not effect the good ends for which they had hoped. This they experienced so often, and always to the prejudice of their principal design, that, by common consent, and by the repeated commands of their general superiors, they resolved, at last, to dress and live like our missionaries.

Only two years ago we met two or three religious arrived from Italy, who wished to adopt this first plan, and to wear their poor and coarse habits, as they had done in Europe. Their brethren were the first to oppose this design. The bishop of Pekin, who belonged to their order, caused them, two years afterwards, to change their dress, and put them on an equal footing with the other missionaries.

When, therefore, any fathers enter China, they must take the character of the literary men of this country. This is a plan which they can not reject after it has been approved by so much experience. If the Chinese do in reality regard us as men of letters and European doctors, which are honorable names, befitting our profession, it is necessary for us to observe all the etiquette and manners of that class of men, that we should wear silk, and that we should, like them, when we visit, use carriages.

Even supposing that we had not this general motive for this conduct, we should adopt it merely to conform to the ordinary practice of the country, for the generality of persons wear silk dresses, and make their visits in carriages. Amongst them these customs betoken neither magnificence nor vanity, but it is a mark of regard towards those whom they visit, and a proof that they are neither poor nor contemptible. In Europe, it is true, the use of silk is becoming the rich and great alone ; for such dresses are precious and costly, and therefore it is not wonderful that they are not proper for poor religious men ; but in China the ordinary classes of men, and even the servants, speaking generally, are dressed in silk. By these notions and customs, and not by those which we follow in France, our conduct is to be regulated, and by this criterion should the pious examine the conduct of our missionaries, lest they should imagine that they are effeminate in a country to which they have come actuated solely by their desire of living in great perfection, and of suffering much to extend the reign of the Gospel.

In these remarks I refer to visits only, for in their house, where the Chinese dress as they think proper, the missionaries live very humbly, using for their dress the most common stuffs, and when they perform missions in the villages, they travel on foot. Even in the cities, some of them walk, on some occasions ; but still this may be dangerous to their religion ; for without mentioning the raileries and scoffs which they draw upon themselves, and which certainly do not dispose the Chinese to listen to them, they should remember that the fathers are merely tolerated in China, that they should appear but seldom in public, lest the mandarins, offended at seeing them so numerous, or even at seeing the same persons often, should think them too bold, and should deem it their duty to speak of the matter at court. For this reason the missionaries are necessarily very cautious. I will allow, if required, that it would not be exactly the same if any of them had received the gift of miracles, which the apostles used ; a missionary invested with this authority, might travel on foot, with his staff in his hand, clothed as he might think proper, through all the cities of China. The people, attracted by the fame of his prodigies, would run in crowds to see him and listen to his doctrine ; they would respect him and listen with docility to his words ; they would admire his poverty, because they would think that riches were at his command. But even supposing a man of this description to exist, we must not, by any means, imagine that the other missionaries who had not received the same power, and who would still wish to act in the same manner, would find the people equally respectful and docile to their instructions.

It was in the month of January, 1699, that the emperor granted permission to Father Gerbillon to erect a church within the enclosure of his palace. Some time afterwards this prince inquired of, all the missionaries at his court whether they were willing to contribute to the erection of this edifice, a good work in which he would also participate. He then distributed to each of them fifty gold crowns, giving them to understand that he wished them to be used for this purpose. He moreover furnished a part of the materials, and nominated some of the mandarins to preside over the work. They had only two thousand eight hundred livres

when they dug the foundations; for the remainder they reposed securely upon the assistance of Providence, and, in the infinite goodness of God, it has not failed.

Four entire years have been employed in the erection and ornamenting of this church, which is one of the most beautiful and most regular in all the east. I do not pretend to describe it exactly; it will be enough to give you a slight idea of it.

The entrance is fifty feet in length, by forty square; it is between two sides of a house, which are two large saloons built in the Chinese manner: one is used for meetings, and for the instructions of catechumens, in the other we receive our visitors. In this latter are suspended the portraits of the king of France, the dauphin, the reigning king of Spain, of the king of England, and of several other princes,* with mathematical and musical instruments. There are also shown all the finest engravings which have been published, in order to display to the whole world the magnificence of the court of France. The Chinese looked at them all with surprising curiosity.

At the end of this court the church is built. Its length is sixty-five feet, its breadth thirty-three, and its height thirty. The interior is composed of two orders of architecture; of each order there are sixteen half columns covered with a green varnish; the pedestals of the lower order are of marble; those of the others are gilt, as well as the capitals, the fillets of the cornice, of the frieze and of the architecture. The frieze seems covered with ornaments which are in reality only painted. The other parts of the summit are varnished with different taints, according to their inclination from the surface, one lower than another. In the upper order are twelve large windows, formed in an arch, six on each side, and by these all the light of the church enters.

The ceiling is all painted; it is divided into three parts: the centre represents an open dome, of a rich style of architecture, which is composed of marble columns supporting a line of arches, surmounted by a fine balustrade. The columns themselves are enclosed within another beautifully designed balustrade, with

vases of flowers placed in different parts; above is the eternal Father, seated in the clouds, amidst a group of angels, and holding the world in his hand.

It was in vain that we told the Chinese that all this was painted upon a level surface; they could not be persuaded but that the columns were erect, as they seemed to be. It is true that the light is so well managed amongst this assemblage of arches and columns that a person might easily be deceived. The piece was executed by M. Gherardini, an Italian artist.

At each side of the dome are two beautiful paintings formed within two ovals. The wall behind the altar is painted, as well as the ceiling, and it forms a continuation of the architecture of the church in perspective. It is delighting to watch the Chinese who come up to look at what they think a part of the church, which is behind the altar. They come up to it, retire to a little distance, return, touch the wall, to discover if it be neither raised or sunk in any part.

The altar is proportioned exactly to the rest of the church; when adorned with the rich presents which we have received from his majesty, it seems to be an altar erected by a great prince to the sole Maker of kings.

The church was not in a condition to be opened before the end of the year, 1704. The ceremony was performed upon a Sunday. Father Grimaldi, visiter of the company (Jesuits) in this part of the east, accompanied by several other of the missionaries of different nations, performed the solemn blessing. Twelve catechists in surplices bore the cross, candlesticks, thuribles, &c.; two priests in their surplices and stoles walked at each side of the officiating clergyman, the other missionaries followed two by two, and then came the crowd of the faithful, whom devotion had assembled.

When the benediction had been completed, all present fell prostrate before the altar. The fathers arranged in the sanctuary, and the faithful in the nave, struck the ground with their foreheads several times. A solemn high mass, with deacon and subdeacon, was celebrated by Father Gerbillon, who may justly be regarded as the founder of this new church. Many of the faithful communicated; prayers were offered for his Christian majesty, and at the end of mass Father Grimaldi pronounced

* The different sovereigns of Europe at this period (1704) were:—England, Queen Anne; France, Louis XIV; Spain, Philip V; dauphin, duke of Burgundy, commonly called the great dauphin.

a very affecting discourse. The ceremony was concluded by the baptism of a great number of catechumens.

Mass was celebrated upon Christmas night with the same solemnity, and in the presence of a like concourse of the faithful. If the Chi-

nese ornaments and appendages, which had something very rustic about them, had not made me remember that I was in a foreign mission, I should have fancied myself in the middle of France, where religion is so unrestrained and free.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

(From our European Correspondent.)

ITALY.—*The Catacombs.*—For fear I may fill my sheet without saying any thing about Rome, I will cut off other matters till I make you a sharer in the pleasure I experienced last week in a visit to the catacombs. It was the second time that I saw the interior of these singular places, more interesting and sacred monuments, I think, than the richest sanctuaries that stand above them. The first time I went to them was the day after my arrival in Rome, when the fatigue of travelling, and gazing about, unfitted me for relishing the visit. This time I enjoyed it much more, and though you have heard and read a great deal of them, still I think you will find it not uninteresting to hear about them again from one you know. The form of the catacombs is simply that of long, low and narrow galleries cut through the earth, running in straight lines, and branching off in many directions, so as to form a complete labyrinth. The roof is commonly flat, and so low as to be easily touched with the hand, and the passage is so narrow as to be touched on both sides by only extending the elbows. There are some few places where it is enlarged so as to form a little room twelve or fifteen feet square. The tombs were formed by simply cutting into the sides recesses of the size of the bodies to be buried. The bodies were laid in, and the recesses closed up with slabs of stone or earthenware, so that the passage remained as before, except that the stone marked the place already occupied. In the catacombs of St. Sebastian, which I was in, all the bodies have been removed, and the recesses left open, except some very few about which there were not proofs sufficient to show that the person was a martyr. These have been reclosed. These tombs are met at every step, and commonly in two rows, one above the other. They were evidently made always for the particular body that was deposited, for they are of every variety of sizes, some of them being for little

infants only a few months old. Some were made different, so as to receive a stone coffin; and one, where a sovereign pontiff was interred, was formed in a large arched niche, the bottom of which was ornamented with mosaic, of which a fragment still remains. This is one of those little rooms I mentioned, which was used as a chapel. These rooms are plastered, while the little passages are left with the naked black earth. In some of the catacombs these little chapels are ornamented with paintings, containing Christian emblems, particularly of the Good Shepherd, the Resurrection of Lazarus, and Jonas swallowed by the whale. I hope before I go away to be able to visit some of those catacombs, particularly that of St. Agnes. There are large folio volumes filled with engravings of the pictures and inscriptions found, and at present Father Marchi, the superintendent, is publishing a work giving an account of the new discoveries.

In one of these little chapels, St. Philip Neri was in the habit of spending the night in prayer for ten years. He made every day the visit of the seven churches, of which St. Sebastian's and St. Paul's stand a good way out from town, and he commonly spent the night in the catacombs of St. Sebastian's. In another chapel near the entrance, an altar marks the spot where was found the body of St. Sebastian. The altar is in the middle of the chapel; and in the wall opposite to it is a small hole surrounded by ancient sculpturing, in which the blessed sacrament was preserved; in front of it is a low marble column with the top sculptured in the form of a flame, on which was placed the lamp that burned before the tabernacle. We saw also the spot where was found the body of St. Cecilia; it was marked with a Latin inscription in very old Gothic letters.

In a great many places there was a small round hole cut in the dirt near the tomb, and that served to hold the little phial of blood, which indicated, with certainty, the tomb of a martyr, and in one of them we saw still standing a stone with a palm branch

highly carved, which likewise served to mark the triumph of a martyr. It was the only one that I saw in its place—but I have seen great numbers of them in the vatican museum. We went only through a small portion, the part that is seen with safety, without danger of being lost. The entire extent I do not know: we passed about fifteen branches that had been walled up to prevent persons from getting astray; and we were told that not less than forty thousand bodies had been buried there, among them more than thirty popes. It gave me a strange sensation, as we were groping our way along with candles, to think how many centuries ago that ground had been sanctified by the saints whose fidelity preserved us our religion—to fancy some of the scenes that occurred there every day—the fervor of those faithful souls at the holy sacrifice—their fears, their confidence, their fortitude. And now the body of some holy martyr (either bought with money, they could hardly spare, or stolen at the risk of life), brought down by torch-light, through those dark and narrow galleries—the prayers of mingled melancholy and joy that the poor mother or daughter poured out in sobs, seeking some side passage where she might kneel, without impeding those who passed—then the stouter friends, with charitable zeal, working as well as the darkness and narrowness would let them—the sudden frights, the silent trembling, the active charity, the steady confidence in God, the price of many of the favors which we now enjoy to this day.

We give from the same interesting source an extract from a letter, which, though it will appear rather out of time, I am sure none of our readers will consider out of place.

{ ST. SULPICE, PARIS,
{ *Fest of St. Thomas à Becket.*

MY DEAR S.—A happy Christmas and new year to you across the wide Atlantic! My Christmas was spent in this pious community, of which I had heard so much, the seminary of St. Sulpice. It was a happiness which I longed for. After three weeks' tossing on the waters, without mass, without a priest, without even a Catholic friend to talk with, I felt, you may suppose, a strong desire to enjoy the beauties and the consolations of our holy religion; particularly at the solemn festival that was approaching, I was anxious to approach again the holy altar which for so long I had not even seen. And I was favored so far as not only to be enabled to celebrate the birth of our divine Saviour, but to do so in the midst of a community so especially devoted to the service of his holy mother. For the first time in my life, too, I attended at a real midnight mass, celebrated in the large chapel of the seminary, with the greatest solemnity. Two sub-deacons and four deacons assisted the celebrant.

The responses! the Gloria, Credo, the Introit, Kyrie, Gradual, &c. &c., were sung in the Gregorian chant by the *hundred and eighty* seminarians attending in full choir. Each wears over his surplice a large black cape with a hood, not unlike the bishop's, except that the hood is large enough to fit close on the head, and to cover the ears, having, however, a little segment of a hoop on top, so as to make it resemble a black helmet. As they sat in the large oaken shells along the walls, with those hoods sometimes on the head, and sometimes thrown back upon the shoulders, it was really as if I were transported in a dream to some old choir of monks in the middle ages; it was hard to realize that the figures were of young men of sixteen to thirty years. . . .

But I suppose you are not satisfied with my leaping over a whole month. Our passage was very rough; the captain had never before seen weather so bad continue so long. From the first, however, I felt great confidence both in the ship and the captain. I had heard such tales too, and seen such pictures representing waves shooting up straight above your head, almost to the clouds, that I felt quite easy and familiar with the little ones that honored us with their attendance—not familiar, neither—for it is really grand, even divested of that extravagance which is so cheap on canvass; I mean rather that I could enjoy the solemnity of the scene without terror. Hour after hour would I stand, leaning over the bulwarks, watching every changing form of the great billows rolling by. Our ship seemed always in the bottom of a great basin, the sides of which were formed by the waves, not rolling on, but heaving, and falling constantly in irregular black masses, like piles of rock. As we pressed on, the dark mass in front would sink to receive us, but still there was more beyond. Sometimes a wave, rolling underneath, would raise us up, and we would catch a glimpse of the horizon; then, as we sank again, often the prow of the ship would plough deep into the bank of waters before us, change it suddenly from an ebony black to snow white foam, which would come boiling and swelling along the side of the ship, rising, perhaps, above our heads (but always beyond our reach), and then roll away, changing from white to a beautiful green, and then to same jet black, until, perhaps, it would meet an opposite wave, when instantly that beautiful crest of white would form again, and sink at last with the waters around—*sic transit gloria mundi*.

After all, nature is stranger than fiction. There is one characteristic of truth, whether in nature, in the arts, or in morals, which I think will never be found to fail; it is, that it shows itself more, and pleases the beholder more, *the longer he views it*. I felt at first disappointed at the sea, but the more I saw of it the more my admiration grew. Every

day I wondered more, as I saw that immense body of water rising and falling, like the breathing of some immense giant; from a smooth, gentle concave at your side, it would slowly swell up, like a heap of rocks, till you had to raise your head to see the top, and then lazily it would sink again, and heave up in another spot. But, indeed, it is no use to try to describe it; so entire was the irregularity, so incessant the changes, that sometimes as I would try to watch one spot, I would get bewildered, and have to turn my eyes upon another. It was more quiet, and a relief to view the surface when it was somewhat smoother. For some time I wondered where was the green that I had heard attributed to the sea; it was to me all one dreary waste of black; but when I looked down, close by the vessel's side, then as the foam from the prow was whirled along, down under the surface, the water above it, seen against that white foam, gave a brighter or a paler green, as the foam was deeper or nearer the surface, and as it would roll on smoothly out through the bright path of the sun's rays, the green would turn to beautiful opal tint. At night, too, it was pleasant to see, all along the line of the water's edge, a constant succession of lights, as of innumerable fire-flies, playing in the water, and now and then, as a beautiful fantastic wreath of froth would lie dancing and curling about on the smooth surface, a number of these lights would flash out just beneath it, and make it seem a fairy garland of flame. I find my recollections of the sea are so lively, that I still keep talking of it.

At once to France. The fog, which had made our progress up the channel very slow, cleared away on the morning of the 22d, just in time to give us a fine view of Havre. As the curtain rolled away, it discovered a view prettier than any I have seen in pictures of harbors. But I have blundered enough at descriptions. At one o'clock we were on shore, just six days later than passengers who had sailed fifteen days before us. La Belle France! my first step upon her shore was up to shoe-tops in mud, and so were my first three hundred, for walk where I would, it was mud, mud. I wanted to look up at the old-fashioned houses, but I had to pick my steps. Numbers of women were in the streets, with white muslin caps, some rising up in a cone above the head; little boys playing marbles, and jabbering French; draymen with their blue frocks, horses with immense collars, covered with blue flannel; old men in night-caps, and carrying great baskets of vegetables strapped upon their backs, all chattering or shouting in French (except the horses), made me feel sensibly that I was no longer in America. Will you believe it, on entering the church I felt disappointed, and even worse? In the first place, I felt at a loss; I could not understand the arrangement; I actually hesitated which

to consider the grand altar, and I could not at all learn whether the blessed sacrament was in the church. I was afterwards told it was on a retired altar, which I had not seen. I knelt down; I had come in expressly to make a short act of thanksgiving for my safe arrival, but really with my lightness of mind, the embarrassment, and the novelty of all around, I could hardly recollect myself even for a moment, and I had to retire unsatisfied, and made my offering in my little room at the hotel, the only place where I could feel at all at home. I found it the same for two or three days. There was so much that was new to me, that I was in constant distraction.

It was not till I became more accustomed to the places, that I could feel any thing like devotion. There was one exception. After I had gone through the venerable cathedral of Rouen, and seen its antiquities and its beauties, more with a curious than a devout spirit, I went to the smaller church of St. Oen. There again I was strolling and gazing, until I chanced to see a little kneeling-desk, in the top of which was set a paper, framed and covered with glass. I had to kneel in order to examine it. It was a prayer, and an act of consecration to the Sacred Heart, and looking up, I found I was before a beautiful little altar, ornamented with that touching emblem of our Saviour's burning love. It was a simple, but a forcible invitation to any passer-by, and I felt there was no one to whom it was more appropriate than myself. His last favor, of a safe and timely passage through the dangers of the sea, and that one in anticipation of visiting the city of the apostles, the centre of religion, were new effects of his unbounded love; and my ungrateful neglect, and the equally long patience of that tender heart, still flaming as brightly as before, came strongly before my mind. I felt that I was really in the house of prayer.

In Paris I have been rambling about a good deal, just getting a glimpse of things. I have been to Notre Dame, venerable and grand, and I have been to the church of St. Magdalen, rich and magnificent; but I will not pretend to describe either. The latter is almost too showy, but I felt better pleased with it, when I saw outside a large statue of St. Helena by the side of St. Francis of Sales. Inside of the Madeleine again, around the sanctuary, is a painting of St. Helena, between St. James and St. Paul.

Here, in the seminary, the entrance to their beautiful chapel is through an elegant oratory of the Blessed Virgin, containing a beautiful statue, a copy of that of the *Solitude*, which you have seen in pictures. Here at St. Sulpice I find Mother Seton's nephew, M. Bailly, formerly an Episcopal minister near New York. He made his first communion in Rome last spring (1842), and he is now

preparing himself for the priesthood. He has a high name in New York for talent and learning, and I have found him remarkably amiable and interesting. He says he feels a strong interest for the community which his revered aunt loved so much, and he hopes, on his return, to make a pilgrimage to St. Joseph's, one of his first and most gratifying duties. Here are also Mr. Lyndon of Boston, and Mr. Haskens, ten years a minister in the same city.

Death of Cardinal Capaccini.—We have to announce the death of Cardinal Capaccini on the 15th ult. at Rome. The cardinal, as our readers well know, had been raised to the purple so late as the 21st of April last, and had long been a faithful servant of the holy see, having been successively nuncio in the Netherlands, at Naples, and Portugal, besides holding other important offices.

Health of the Pope.—The following paragraph appeared in the daily papers of Saturday, but as we happen to know that the very frequent report of the pope's illness, the death of this great cardinal, or the serious indisposition of that important functionary at the court of Rome, which so often appear in the papers, have their origin not always in mere idle rumor or purposeless chit-chat, but, at least at times, in deep design, which too often answers the purpose of those who spread them, we have generally waited for some confirmation before giving an apparent sanction to these reports by transferring them to our columns: "Letters from Rome state that the health of his holiness the pope is such as to cause very great alarm. He suffers much from a cancer in the nose, with which he has been for some time afflicted. The disease has been latterly somewhat checked, but within the last few days has again acquired fresh virulence. Mauro-Capellari Grégoire XVI, appointed cardinal in 1825, was raised to the apostolic chair on February 2, 1831. He was born in 1765, and is consequently now nearly eighty years of age.—*Tablet.*

Varro.—Signor Vincenzo Devit, a distinguished professor of the college of Padua, has, it is said, made a discovery of great interest in the field of classical literature. In an ancient manuscript in the library of that establishment, he has found a set of unpublished maxims by Varro, the illustrious contemporary of Cæsar and Augustus, and friend and client of Cicero.—*Ibid.*

The Vatican.—We hear from Rome, that his holiness the pope has issued an order opening to the public, for the future, the department of printed books in the library of the Vatican, and for the preparation of a catalogue of its contents for their use. The measure has given great satisfaction to the Italian savans; for, although the collection in question consists only of some thirty-five thousand printed volumes, there are amongst them many

rare, and some unique works—and a great number contain marginal notes by celebrated men.—*Ibid.*

FRANCE.—The Jesuit Question.—We are glad to be able to say that the rumors in relation to the suppression of the Jesuits in France, have proved to be highly exaggerated, and that all the concessions made to M. De Rossi have emanated from Father Roothman himself, the superior of that distinguished, most useful, and zealous order. These concessions have reference only to the government of the principal Jesuit colleges in France. We will lay before our readers the remarks of the minister of foreign affairs, and of Count De Montalembert, in relation to the matter, the subsequent explanation from the "Univers," from which the reader will be satisfied of the meagreness of these concessions, and of the misapprehensions under which M. De Rossi has, in his precipitancy, placed the minister of foreign relations.

The Marquis *De Boissy* asked for some explanations on the late negotiations at Rome, and the treaty of Morocco.

The *Minister of Foreign Affairs* regretted that the session was not to last a fortnight longer, as he should then be able to speak on the treaty of Morocco, whereas at present he considered it to be his duty to keep silent. As to the negotiations at Rome, he had to say that the government, though able to have recourse to temporal weapons, was disinclined to employ them. A struggle between the temporal and spiritual power had always turned out a grave matter, even when the former was certain to prevail. Besides, the government apprehended that the church, in beholding temporal arms used, might deem itself attacked. The government, since its accession to power, having done so much for the church, which, since 1802, had been defended by all the governments, after having been so harshly treated for nearly sixty years before, did not like to lose the good opinion that it had merited by any violent attack. (Hear.) The Catholic church was distrustful, and the government was unwilling to let it take up the cause of the Jesuits as its own. (Hear, hear.) Hence it endeavored to arrange the matter by means of the church itself. The agent of the government laid before the court of Rome a faithful statement of the state of facts, the state of the law, and the state of men's minds in France. The result has been that the community of the Jesuits in France is to be dispersed, their houses are to be closed, and their noviciates interrupted. He might stop there, for the chamber knew the facts of the case, but he went further. The court of Rome had, like the government, only made use of spiritual arms. It laid before the Society of Jesus the facts, the law, and the state of men's minds in

France, and then allowed that body to decide the case itself. The Society of Jesus was of opinion that the state of things which disquieted France ought to cease. (Hear, hear.) He would now ask if the conduct of the government, in this matter, had not been the most liberal, the most religious, and the most pacific? (Hear, hear.) It was by the accord of the reason and free determination of each of the parties concerned, that the question had been determined. Let the chamber then judge if this policy had not been the most sagacious and the most prudent that could be adopted in so delicate a matter? (Loud approbation.)

Count de Montalembert.—Gentlemen, I should not have been the person to commence this discussion, because I am not fully informed on many points that are essential to a just appreciation of the true character of the measures that have been taken at Rome, and which are a subject of congratulation to the king's government. But as the discussion has been commenced by another, I can not refrain from expressing, in very few words, my impressions about the issue of this affair, and about the consequences of the result achieved by the king's government. First, and in principle, after what has just fallen from the minister of foreign affairs, I flatter myself that if ever, either on some new occasion, or in speaking of the past, the question of the Jesuits shall come under discussion, we shall not again hear addressed to them the reproach which has been heard so often in this tribune and elsewhere—that of obeying a foreign superior. For, from the avowal the minister has just made, it is clear that the greatest gratitude is due to them on the score of that foreign authority, for which they have been so bitterly reproached; that subordination; that discipline; that passive obedience through which alone the king's government has gained the triumph of which it boasts. (Laughter.) Let it then be well understood, once for all, that the obedience of the Jesuits to a foreign superior is not a crime; let this be no longer made a matter of reproach against them. I have great hopes that no one will refuse to concede this point; for most certainly if the men whose conduct we are now discussing had not been bound to obey a foreign superior, the victory of the government over them would not have been so easy; and you may be very certain that those liberties, of which the minister gave you just now so eloquent an enumeration, would have effectively secured them a safe and easy means of escape from the terms to which they have been now subjected. True, a settlement of another kind has been made, and I adopt the definition of that settlement which has just been given by the minister. As matters now stand, I have not the means of verifying his assertions, nor have I any intention to dispute them. But, after the congratu-

lations in which the minister has indulged, I think it necessary to tell you that this is by no means the whole of the question; that the struggles which for several years past have so frequently taken place in this tribune and elsewhere, have a bearing which extends far beyond this question of the Jesuits. When the minister of foreign affairs said just now that henceforward the clergy run no risk of confounding their interests with those of the Jesuits, he has forgotten that already the clergy are at issue with you about an interest of their own; and that not only the clergy, but all the Catholics to boot, all the men who are in earnest about religion, are already involved in the discussion of a question which will survive that of the Jesuits, as it has preceded it—that is to say—the question of religious liberty, and of the liberty of instruction. In what the keeper of the seals the other day called "*the Catholic party*"—an appellation the propriety of which I shall not now discuss—we are not at all Jesuits; we have not at all a general at Rome; and all of us, except the Jesuits, still hold possession of those liberties which the minister has just enumerated. It now remains for you to subjugate what has been called the *Jesuit spirit*, and those whom it animates, that is, every man who desires freedom of conscience, and freedom for the church. What then has been brought about by virtue of that settlement which the minister of foreign affairs has just explained? Something unexpected has happened—I avow it. What has been regarded and described as the advanced guard of the Catholic army has been made suddenly, at the command of their chief, to lay down their arms and file off without saying a word under the enemy's fire. This is your triumph—I admit; but, more than all, it is a triumph of discipline and of heroic obedience. Having gained this triumph, you still have before you the main battle; the unbroken array of your antagonists; the whole Catholic population under the leadership of those eighty bishops who last year protested against your proposed law of secondary instruction; of those sixty bishops who have condemned the *Gallican Manual*. This is what remains behind. In no sense whatever, then, is this question adjusted by what has taken place at Rome and by your success. I say *your success*; for I detest every thing that bears the remotest resemblance to bad faith, and I desire neither to undervalue nor to deny the amount of the ministerial victory. What, after all, was the real state of the Jesuit question? Assuredly, no one can mistake the purport of what I am about to say. The question was full of embarrassment for the government; but there were others beside the government who were embarrassed by it also. No one will impute to me the intention of saying a single word that can seem harsh or even indifferent to men whom I love and

honor more than ever, and whose interests I have defended more warmly, perhaps, than any other person. Of a truth, when I think of the present lot of these men, who, alone amongst us all, Frenchmen like ourselves, are banished from their homes, from the fellowship that binds them together, from their property, some among them from their libraries, from their monastic life, from all the resources, all the enjoyments, all the habits of their past lives, and driven out to beg for shelter among cold or doubtful friends; when I think of all those young men of whom the minister spoke when he referred to the breaking up of the noviciates, who are about to be flung back upon a world for which they were not made, and which they had voluntarily renounced; when I think of the deplorable fate to which they are consigned by a policy which is ridden by merciless prejudices, I have no room in my heart for any sentiment but pity, and I am persuaded that the minister himself partakes my feelings, himself deplores the fate of these his victims. This feeling animates him, as it does me; and I am sure, therefore, that I would rather tear my heart out than come here to betray or abandon, in any fashion whatever, men whose calamities are so sacred in my eyes. But, after having done my best to defend them, and with the full intention of never ceasing to defend them, I may be allowed to say that their defence was one of the embarrassments of the cause of religious liberty. In what sense do I use this expression? Every man, and every cause that ever existed have embarrassments, which it is the part of wisdom to learn how to endure. We have been content to march under the load of that unjust, iniquitous, absurd, and monstrous unpopularity, which inveterate prejudice has heaped upon the Jesuits. We have borne it courageously, cheerfully, and, I venture to say it, proudly as those burdens should be borne, which are made up of nothing but what is honorable. Well, then, by your aid, we have got rid of this burden. I do not thank you for it; I offer you no congratulations—God forbid; but I may at least be allowed to put the fact beyond a doubt, and leave the world no room to think that we are cast down and vanquished by your victory. Yes, I repeat it: by your victory—since victory it is—you have delivered us from this embarrassment. It is now no longer possible to set up as a mark the men who demand the freedom of the church, and the freedom of education. Never more can you invoke the phantom of Jesuitism. We do not congratulate ourselves on this result, but neither do we allow it to afflict us beyond measure. This phantom has prejudiced against us, very unreasonably indeed, but very really, many men more or less religious. It has put arms into the hands of that hypocritical irreligion which dares not to proclaim itself openly, and which, of all forms of irreligion, is the

most dangerous. Every one must feel this to be true, and, in fact, every one acknowledges it. Allow me to carry you, very briefly, a little further back than the minister of foreign affairs has thought fit to do. How is it that the Jesuits have been brought into this question? Did any one think of them two or three years ago? Certainly not. On the contrary, at that time, those who evoked the phantom of Jesuitism, were laughed at for their pains. How, then, have *they* been brought into this question? How have *they* been dragged into this arena of political passions and strifes? You all know very well; it has been in connection with the dispute about the teaching and the monopoly of the university. Before that, no one thought of them. There was in the charter a promise of liberty; there was another thing which was called the university monopoly—a monopoly altogether at variance with the promise of the charter; a fact upon which all the world is agreed. Well, siege was laid to the monopoly; an attempt was made to get rid of it. Upon this, what was the course taken by the men most interested in the defence, in the preservation of this monopoly? I do not now speak of the present ministry, nor of a former one, but of certain men specially interested in the maintenance of the monopoly, which all on a sudden found itself besieged by a numerous army, an army filled with energy, and marching under the flag of the charter. They have done exactly what men do in a besieged town. They have made a skilful diversion; they have made a vigorous sally; they considered well their position; they have said among themselves—“Ah! you come to attack us in the name of liberty and the charter; well, it shall be our game to creep round you, and fall upon that flank of yours which is most vulnerable and most exposed, raising a shout against the Jesuits.” The scheme was very well contrived, and it has succeeded very well! Thereupon, what has been the course of the government and of the opposition? I do not wish to recriminate in regard to a question that is disposed of; but, yet I must say that the practical men in France, the men of the government, and of the opposition, have miserably placed themselves in the wake of those men who are so interested in upholding the monopoly of the university, and whose passionate frenzy is so rash; of whom there has been so much talk within these last few days. The beginning—never forget from which side the aggression proceeded—the beginning was made at the *college de France* and elsewhere. The fault of the government and of the opposition has consisted in their placing themselves in the wake of this movement, which had so low an origin, in consenting to become the tools and accomplices of this movement, and in adopting—not indeed the accumulated passions and prejudices of which the Jesuits are the object—but the conse-

quences of those passions and of those prejudices. Their fault has consisted in having adopted these consequences as their own; in having, as M. Guizot has just said, labored to get them adopted by another power, before which we can not but bow down. See then what has happened. The sally has been made; it has carried the government along with it, and it has succeeded. But with this success, and even by means of this very success itself, this exceedingly skilful and effective diversion has come to an end; but the siege of the monopoly still continues, and will long endure! For, say what you will—and here I think the minister of foreign affairs will not contradict me—the spiritual power with which he has been in treaty, and to which he just now alluded, has certainly never blamed nor disavowed the men whom it has judged proper to remove. Nothing like this, I suppose, is to be found in those measures which we know not, and with which he alone is acquainted. But if there has been neither blame nor disavowal of the Jesuits, there has, of course, been nothing of the kind for any of the other soldiers who are engaged in this service. There is neither blame nor disavowal of the bishops, of the priests, of the laymen who have been laboring in this contest long before the Jesuits, and much more energetically than they, and who will still continue to labor. As well as I can understand the matter, nothing has taken place but this: the spiritual chief of the Jesuits, or the holy father, or their general—it matters little who—

M. Guizot.—On the contrary, it matters very much.

Count de Montalembert.—Well, the holy father, if you will have it so, wishes that these men should be used no longer as a pretext for continuing this struggle, and that they should be its first victims. This being so, it must really be acknowledged that nothing is finished, nothing is changed except that our enemies have got rid of one of their pretences. The question of education remains entire; the question of the religious freedom of the church, so often debated here, both by myself and others, also remains entire. Attempts have been made to confound both of these questions with the Jesuit question. They ran a grievous risk of both being swallowed up in the Jesuit question, and perhaps of perishing in it. Thank God that can no longer be the case: you have yourselves disentangled them. Once again I render you no thanks, no congratulations, for what you have done; I only wish to make good my view of the true bearing of the result you have obtained. Can you dream of commencing at Rome another negotiation analogous to that in which you have now triumphed? Will you persuade Rome by your diplomatic manœuvres, to pronounce that the education against which we protest, in the name of the charter, is irreproachable, and that they are blame-

worthy who fight against it? that the books, for instance, put on the Index at Rome, are good enough for the instruction of the French youth? that the bishops are censurable for having raised their voices with such unanimity, energy, and publicity against the present state of education and religious legislation? I know well that nothing is impossible; but I may at least have leave to say that nothing can be more extravagantly improbable than such a result. Were it otherwise, when you whom I take to be Gallicans shall have been to Rome to ask and get this decision—supposing it possible—we who take ourselves to be Ultramontane, shall do nothing but bow our heads and submit. But till that time comes, know well that you have ended nothing; till that time comes we shall continue on the alert. With one hand on the Gospel, and the other on the charter, we shall demand every thing we have hitherto demanded, and we shall not lessen in any degree either our just pretensions, or the courage with which we have made them good. Upon this ground, then, do we challenge you to meet us next year. This year the question of education has been swallowed up in that of the Jesuits. Next year it will not be so; the question will re-appear in all its original dimensions, and with all its original force and vigor, and we shall then see whether any account is to be taken of the wishes, of the demands of eighty thousand petitioners, whose claims we have laid before the other chamber, and who claim that liberty of education which they do not believe to be sufficiently secured by the law you voted last year. This is what I felt myself impelled to say in this discussion, which I certainly should not have commenced; this is what I could not refrain from saying when the discussion has been commenced by others. I need hardly say, in conclusion, that now, as ever, I speak only in my own name, and that the impression, the resolution that I have just given utterance to, are only personal to myself. You well know that I carry on the war at my own charges, not looking for any recompense or encouragement, taking counsel only of the honor of the church and of my own, and always ready to sacrifice my honor to that of the church. Moreover, I so wage this warfare as never to lose sight of the rights and interests of liberty—that liberty which, in spite of all possible blunder, recantations, and defeats, will ever remain dear and sacred to me, and of which I shall never despair.

PARIS, July 9, 1845.

The Jesuits.—Ever since last Saturday the whole French press has been in an extraordinary state of excitement, and the Catholics were in a state of despondency. But since yesterday the latter are in a very different condition, and by the time my letter reaches you the former will probably be in an uproar. In one plain and single word, the whole news

published by the government relative to the negotiations with Rome is nothing less than a downright *untruth*. You may rely with the greatest certainty upon the information I am about to give you, as I obtained it from the very best sources. A note to the same purpose is published to-day in the religious papers, though from obvious reasons it can not be so explicit as my own communication.

A few days ago the *Univers* published a letter from a correspondent in Rome, announcing that the extraordinary congregation for ecclesiastical affairs had opined that the pope should abstain from interfering in the Jesuit question, as it is one of constitutional rights and liberty. M. Rossi, it is well known, has been sent to Rome to obtain an order for the Jesuits to leave France, as their existence is incompatible with the feelings of the country. The answer was, therefore, a signal defeat, and every one rejoiced at the sane policy of the holy see. The very radical papers seem to think it a very natural thing indeed. All of a sudden the *Presse*—a paper most particularly devoted to Louis Philippe, and that has obtained great popularity in France on account of its cheapness and immoral novels—the *Presse* published a short note announcing that the pope had consented to the expulsion of the Jesuits. The general of the order was to command them to sell all their property and leave the country. The *Messenger* officially repeated the news, the *Debats* rang forth peals of triumph, whilst the opposition papers already hissed and groaned at the papal weakness. Papacy was an old, decrepid institution, worm-eaten, and fit for nothing else but to be kicked about by every government party that should come uppermost. In the meantime the French court was in a frenzy of joy. The nuncio was complimented by the king himself upon the wisdom of the pope, though he had not received from Rome a single word to the purpose. Only do, for an instant, think of his excruciating anxiety. Now comes the best part of my story.

The day before yesterday a courier arrived in Paris with letters for the nuncio, who found out at last that M. Rossi had been all along telling—a *falsehood*. I must say the word. He had endeavored to play upon the fears of the papal government, the prejudices and bad passions of France would not allow the Jesuits to remain in the country; should Rome persist in refusing to recall them the consequences might be disastrous for religion itself, and the fortunate reaction of late years would certainly retrograde back to the infidel fanaticism of the restoration. Besides, the French cabinet had contracted an engagement; the interpellations of the 2d of May had forced it to promise the execution of the laws. An unfortunate circumstance indeed! but what could be done? Most certainly the pope

must trust Louis Philippe after all he had done for religion; but here his very crown was at stake! Most certainly the pope would take into consideration the critical circumstances in which the government was placed, though much against their own inclination.

To this a very proper reply was made. The matter was a matter of right and freedom, not a matter of religion; it would be odious indeed to sacrifice one of the most perfect orders in the world merely to cover the dastardliness of a half-religious, half-infidel cabinet. Not one single principle, not one single question of right should be given up; but if the government were really in such a predicament, well, let the ambassador apply to the general of the Jesuits. So that M. Rossi, the quondam Italian refugee, the quondam Genevan professor, and the quondam professed enemy to the very name of Jesuit, was obliged to treat with the general of that cursed order! to acknowledge him as a political power! The pope will not interfere, but should the *general of the Jesuits* think proper to adopt any measure in the full display of his own independence, acting as a superior, yielding, like a true Christian, Catholic priest and religious, something to circumstances, why then, to be sure, let M. Rossi apply to him! And M. Rossi *did* apply to the general; he *did* beg, and crave, and entreat for the recall of the Jesuits, but the recall was refused! He *did* beg, crave, and entreat for a petition of principle; but the petition, but the right was absolutely denied! M. Rossi *did* then beg, crave, and sue at least for the shutting up of the noviciate houses. But here the general merely replied: "And how will France do without missionaries for Oceanica, for the Rocky mountains, for China, for Cochin China? The Jesuits furnish more priests for that dangerous service than other orders; are you, then, so very rich in zeal and devotedness as to give up such a precious source of information even in a political view? You see the noviciates must continue to subsist in France as well as elsewhere, for they are true seminaries for martyrdom." Here again the ambassador was obliged to give up his claim, but objected that something *must* be done, as the government was bound. The general replied that if such was the case he would certainly do something, but without abandoning one tittle of his rights, or those of his brethren. Merely as a prudent concession to the folly of the times, he would consent to diminish the importance of three establishments in France, viz. Paris, Lyons, and Grenoble, on condition that the rest should remain upon their present footing.

Such is the true, and only true state of the case, notwithstanding all that the ministerial journals may say to the contrary. The total difference between this version and the former is too glaring to

require any comment upon the subject : but it is impossible not to be struck with the hypocrisy of M. Rossi, and his barefaced talent for invention, not to give it a more proper name. The discomfiture of the cabinet is complete. It has thus abandoned the ground of Gallicanism : it has applied to the spiritual power for support in its nefarious plans, as the only method of accomplishing them ; and that power has refused, absolutely refused, to have any thing to do with the matter. What is to become, henceforward, of its momentary alliance with anarchical and infidel factions, is difficult to say, but one thing certain is that its dastardly conduct has met with due punishment. The Catholics will more than ever rally round the standard of St. Peter ; more than ever do they feel comforted and disposed to fight the good fight. The terror, the heartfelt pain, the damp with which they were struck at first, show how exquisitely alive they are to the honor of religion. On last Sunday I conversed with several of our most eminent defenders, and their feeling of alarm and sorrow was universal. One of them told me no later than yesterday : " For eight long hours (until he became acquainted with the real circumstances), I experienced more poignant grief than I remember having suffered during the course of my whole life."

With these words I shall close my letter, as they are a very proper test of the sentiments that prevail here among true Catholics when their faith or religious interests are in jeopardy.—*Correspondent of the Tablet.*

Viscount de Cermenin.—The writers in the Paris papers appear to be much excited on account of the political desertion of the famous Viscount de Cermenin from the ranks of the republicans to those of the ultramontano anti-university party. It was M. de Cermenin, who, under the name of Timon, roused the country against the project of a *dotation* for the Duc de Nemours ; and now behold him enlisted under the banners of the church, making war against a state of society which he thus describes : " Your university youth are the worst we have had for fifty years." And after describing them as divested of all ideas of religion, he proceeds to ask : " Tell me, you who believe that society may be skeptical with impunity, where is the general who in your army has the least power over his troops ? the journalist who has the least power over the people ? the orator who in the chamber has the least power over the deputies ? Not one, not one. I look around me in vain. I see neither in the ministry, nor in the press, nor in the magistracy, nor in the academies, nor in the chambers, one man, not one, whose morality accords with mine, who loves the people as they deserve ; not one to whom I would confide the government of the country for a quarter of an hour. Now, I ask if such a society,

without faith, without courage, without doctrine, without hopes, without grandeur, without union, without symbol, without present, without future, is capable of comprehending, of loving, of desiring, of defending liberty?" In fact society, he protests, is going into a state of decay, but is held together by woman, who yet acknowledges the influence of religion. " Women," he says, " have preserved that virility of soul which has no sex, and which men have lost in skepticism and dissipation. Women hold over their husbands that sort of empire which strong minds exercise over feeble. Women teach their young sons those divine lessons of morality and religion that university colleges can not entirely subvert. Women can not help believing, because they need force both for themselves and for others." He assures us that unheard of efforts are making to corrupt the morality of the family. " They have undone man ; they now seek to undo woman. She has resisted, and will resist ; she will lean upon religion, and in this official world, which is shaking and giving away on all sides, she will remain upright for the purpose of restoration."

Conversions.—Religious matters more generally occupy public attention on the continent at present than politics. On Sunday last, the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, Paris, eight Israelites abjured Judaism, and received the sacrament of baptism from the hands of Abbe Ratisbonne, himself a converted Jew. The ceremony was performed in the chapel of the institution of St. John of God. Among the neophytes were an English lady and her son. The abbe addressed an impressive discourse to the congregation on the vicissitudes of the old people of God, and its future destinies, announced by the prophets, and concluded by inviting them to another solemnity, at which several other young Israelites of both sexes were to be admitted into the great Catholic family.

Religious Profession.—An interesting ceremony took place on Wednesday, at the convent of the Visitation, rue d'Enfer, where a young lady of distinguished beauty and superior accomplishments took the veil. Converted six years ago to the Catholic faith, she has passed more than two years in monastic retirement, submitting to the will of her father, till now having attained the age of twenty-one, the lovely Mina Bell, whose history is known to many, has become the bride of heaven. Among the distinguished persons invited to the Vesture were the Duchesses de Doudaenville, de Liancourt, and de la Mothe-Handancourt, Princesse d'Henin d'Alsace, the Countess de Pisieu, Desforts, de Ballincourt, de Castelnau, de Vosges, and de Villarmont, Baronne de Lambot, &c., &c.

M. L'Abbe de Courson, temporary superior of the seminary of Issy, has been elected superior of the society of St. Sulpice.—*Unwers.*

IRELAND.—The late advices from Ireland bring us the painful tidings of the demise of Col. Samuel Moore, an old and highly respected citizen of Baltimore. Col. Moore had gone to Ireland, of which he was a native, some several months past on a visit to his relatives, and was expected to return to his adopted country some time this fall. The death of Col. Moore will be deeply regretted in this community where he was universally beloved and esteemed for his social virtues, his public spirit, and his ardent devotion to his native as well as his adopted country. He was always prominent in all movements which tended to the amelioration of the political condition of down-trodden Ireland, and in the late war, between this country and Great Britain, he distinguished himself by his zeal and patriotism, and was an active participant in the battle of North Point. We sincerely trust that his virtues have found their reward in another and better world.

Speech of the Rev. Thomas McGuire, P. P., at a mixed meeting of the Catholic and Protestant clergy and laity, having for its object the suppression of the excitement in the county of Cavan, and the arrest and punishment of the lawless murderers and their abettors.

The Rev. Thomas Maguire, P. P., of Ballinamore, next came forward, amidst loud cheers, to speak to the resolution. He said—My Lords, Mr. High Sheriff, and fellow-countrymen of every class and denomination, I conceive this one of the most important meetings that ever has taken place in the county Cavan. (Cheers.) This meeting is assembled for the grand and laudable purpose of bringing public opinion to bear against the most monstrous crime that ever hell was capable of hatching. (Cheers.) There was a time, fellow-countrymen, when this green island was called the island of saints; but if people proceed in the cowardly, and bloody, and monstrous system of shooting men without any notice—not giving them even as much time as to say, "Lord have mercy on me,"—I say if such practices are persevered in, they will get for our country the denomination of the island of assassins. (Hear, hear.) I trust, my friends, you are too kind-hearted not to have a horror of the base, unprincipled, and cowardly system of assassination. (Cheers.) You may have wrongs, you may have grievances, real or imaginary, but I need not tell you that there never was a grievance, never an oppression, never an injury that could palliate the awful crime of murder. (Loud cheers.) Why not, if you feel oppressed, send a memorial to the gentry of the county—why not say to them, if it be the fact, that you are not able to meet your engagements, or to bear your burdens, and call upon them to redress those grievances you complain of, by legal and constitutional means? I tell you, my fellow-countrymen, from the feeling I saw evinced here to-day by the nobility and gentry of your county, that they are all disposed to do every thing in their power, not only for their tenants, but for their laborers, and not only for their laborers, but for their dependants. (Loud cheers.) But you will be good enough to bear in mind that we are here under the throne of God—that there is nothing between us and high heaven but those celestial bodies, created by the divine will for the wisest of purposes, and in

the presence of that God I implore of all who feel impressed with the idea of having souls to save, and who know not how soon they may be called to the judgment-seat of the Most High; I implore of you to bring your right arms to bear in defence of your country, in defence of your holy religion, disgraced by these murders, in defence of your common Christianity—for every Protestant has as great an interest in the honor of Christianity and in the honor of old Ireland, as any of us. (Cheers.) I say, therefore, that I witness a glorious occasion when I see the respected and beloved Protestant lord bishop of the diocese coming forward and pledging himself, and recommending his respected clergy, men of talent and education, to live in harmony, unity, social intercourse with their Catholic countrymen, and do every thing in their power to cherish and promote those sentiments of kindness and charitable feeling towards each other which are the very kernel of Christianity itself. (Cheers.) Let any man tell me he has religion—I care not if he never committed a crime against morals in his life, if he have not charity to his neighbor, if he cherish not a benevolent feeling for all upon the grand principle that we are born of one father and one mother—a wise and beneficent design of Providence that we should all live together as brothers and sisters of one family, and that we should be deprived of the power of using the argument of the Pharisee when he inquired: "And who is my neighbor?" It was also made a condition of our religion by him who died for our redemption, that we should love our enemies. Now, my beloved friends, it is very hard to doubt, and very trying to flesh and blood for a man to love his enemies, and to do good to those who persecute him. But we are promised grace enough to triumph over the devil in this respect; for we are promised that by doing so, we shall be known as the children of our Father, who is in heaven, and known as soldiers of Christ. There is an admonition in the Holy Scriptures that we must love every man of every cast, of every color, of every denomination, and of every class, and, I ask you, is it not an act of hypocrisy in any man to pretend to love God if he does not love mankind? Yes, it is a grievous insult to God if he does not love his fellow-man, if, while he proposes Christian feeling, he conceives a bilious and mortal hatred to his neighbor. (Cheers.) Let not, therefore, the sun set upon your anger. Quit the ways of darkness. He that doeth evil shunneth the light. Stay in your own homes. Let the father take care of the son, the sister of the brother, and let the ways of truth, and righteousness, and Christian charity, be adopted instead of the ways of misrule and lawlessness. I am your friend, I advise as your friend, and I believe that every gentleman who addressed you to-day is your friend, and I again reiterate their advice, and implore of you to stay in your houses. Avoid crime of every sort; discountenance the unhappy system which has for some short time disgraced your county, or otherwise martial law will be proclaimed, you will be tried at the drum head, and sent to New Zealand to the gibbet, and to the gallows. You will be driven out of the country, like droves of sheep through a narrow gap, or, as the royal prophet has it, "*sicut oves in inferno positi*." I say, return to order and tranquillity. I know that hundreds of you have nothing to do with Molly Maguireism; but you have not the "pluck" of Old Ireland in you if you do not take every stranger who comes amongst you for evil, by the cuff of the neck, and give him in charge to the police. Here

I stand as a minister of the Most High ; I stand as the inculcator of peace and order, and I say unhesitatingly before God, that if I saw the man who murdered the late lamented, and justly lamented, Mr. Booth, I would, if strength enabled me, seize him with the right hand, and not deliver him out of it until I would either put an end to his existence, or hand him over to the proper authorities. (Great cheering.) My friends, let me impress another thing on your minds. There is not a man who directly or indirectly contributes to shield the murderer—there is not a man who gives a sixpence to hide him from justice, who is not accessory after the foul deed. I say the man who contributes to have it done, or when done contributes to hide it is guilty of the murder, and not only of the particular murder, but of every crime committed as a result of the system encouraged. He is guilty in the sight of God, he is guilty in the sight of man ; he commits rebellion against the state, and tends to shatter the very frame-work of society. Allow me to make another observation ; if every townland would join, Protestant and Catholic, and give their hands to each other, if they would say to each other, let our old feuds be forgotten, let us show that we have the love of religion and the promotion of Christianity at heart, and make a declaration before man and heaven ; a declaration to be kept solemnly and as inviolate as Father Mathew's pledge, that the first stranger making his appearance in the county to whom suspicion attaches, and who refuses to account for himself satisfactorily, shall be taken up and handed over to the police. (Cries of we will, we will.) As sure as you, my brethren, and your Protestant fellow-countrymen join in this manner, as sure as you support and co-operate with each other, as sure as united confidence and mutual kindness is promoted between you, so sure will an end be put to the system which now creates the just fears of some, and gives an opportunity to the alarmists at both sides to magnify every appearance of danger. Heavenly Father, why should not an end be put to it? Why should one set of men be arrayed in opposition to their fellow-men, and why seek for grievances, a remedy which the laws of man denounce, and which the law of the eternal God has set the seal of reprobation on. But turning from the awful solemnity of contemplating the question in this view, I may say I see as many fine fellows here to-day as would beat out all the Molly Maguires in Europe. (Cheers.) For what are they? Not the staid, settled men of the county, not the fathers of families, not those who have been taught by experience the result of lawless outrages. No, they are a young set of scamps, a shoeless, shirtless, coatless, hatless lot of young vagabonds, who have nothing to lose, who have no state in the country, and who are regardless of their own characters, as of the property of their neighbors. It is of such men the "Molly Maguire" confederacy is composed, men who are afraid to show themselves, and men who have no influence unless it be for evil. (Cheers.) I know that some suspicions have been entertained that the Catholic clergy are not doing their duty.

The Marquis of Headfort (emphatically) no, no. Lord Farnham and other influential persons present also expressed a decided negative.

The Rev. Mr. Maguire proceeded—I know that those who take part in this meeting do not think so ; but I see the assertion in an odd newspaper, and sometimes, indeed, upon rather odd authority. (Laughter.) But I stand here fearless for myself

and for my order. I deny the charge, and in support of that denial I appeal to the stipendiary magistrates of the district in which I reside—appeal to the inspector of police, and I ask, have I not done my duty to men and to God in this respect, and have not my confreres in the ministry done theirs? (Cheers, and cries of you have—we know it.) In fact I would consider myself as a participator in crime—I would consider myself guilty of every murder committed, if occupying the position I do, I did not use the influence which that position confers, in seeking to put an end to such a system ; and I have gone so far in these attempts, that a stipendiary magistrate told me that if any other man had interfered to such an extent, and for such a purpose, he would be decidedly shot ; but I know my duty to God, and if there were five thousand muskets before me I would do that duty. (Great cheering.) One word more, and I have done. I have fully endeavored to impress upon you the dangers of a perseverance in lawlessness. I implore you in the name of Heaven—I implore you in the name of the Saviour whose blood was shed for our redemption—I implore you in the name of that common Christianity which we all profess—if there be one bad heart amongst you to day, let it be softened by the elements of Christian charity and benevolence, which you have heard uttered by preceding speakers. Trust in the just God, and that trust will not be despised, and let every man stand pledged here, by his happiness in this world and the next, to do all in his power to arrest the progress of crime, and establish peace, and tranquillity, and good order. (Great cheering, and cries of we will, we will.)

ENGLAND.—Late arrivals inform us that the Rev. J. M. Capes and the Rev. J. Montgomery have been received into the bosom of the Catholic church by the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman.

SWITZERLAND.—Murder of *M. Leu*.—The murder of *M. Leu*, the best representative of the Catholic party in the state council of Lucerne, has thrown a new light on the infamous policy of the liberalism of Switzerland. The *Presse* has the following account of the murder :—

"*M. Leu* was found dead in his bed, a ball having passed through his breast. The murderer had entered the window by means of a ladder. A quantity of straw and other combustible materials had been collected round the house, evidently with an intention of setting fire to it, had the ball, from any circumstance, missed its intended victim. No clue has yet been discovered of the murderer. The exasperation felt throughout the canton is very great, and threats of vengeance are uttered against the free corporations. The whole population went, *en masse*, to Ebresol to attend the funeral. The leaders of the radical party at Lucerne have been compelled to leave the town in order to escape the fury of the populace. Several arrests have taken place. The deceased belonged to the class of peasants, and was proud of that quality ; he was a considerable land-owner, and an extensive dealer in cattle. His fortune is estimated at from 300,000*fr.* to 400,000*fr.* He was a man about forty years of age, vigorous in body and in character, with an intelligent and energetic countenance, but without harshness."

The *Journal des Debats* has a letter from Zurich, of the 21st, which views the death of *M. Leu* as an event of considerable gravity, and says that nobody in the

moderate party denies its having been a "political assassination." The *Constitutionnel*, however, in its shameless efforts to support the character of its friends, the free corps, insists on it that M. Leu committed suicide. The *Quotidienne* replies:

"On the first report of the crime that has been committed at Lucerne, we keep silence. We had no need for the support of the cause we serve to asperse its adversaries. We take more pleasure in believing that in all hearts there is good faith; in all opinions sincerity; in all ideas candor. But why may not an explosion of indignation at a political murder be freely allowed to every mind? M. Leu, of Ebersol, has been murdered in the most shameful manner! Immediately an exclamation is raised against it as a simple assassination. The same cry was uttered in Paris on the morning of February 14, when Louvel struck the Duke de Berry. Without any knowledge, an affirmation is at once made. Every thing, on the other hand, indicates an act of political vengeance; for M. Leu was without personal enemies, being both benevolent and popular! How then could his murderer have ceded to a personal inspiration? The question is difficult to answer. If liberty were accepted by the pretended philosophers and sectarians in the same sense as it is demanded by the royalists and Catholics, we should not witness such atrocities. But the maintenance of monopolies thus produces acts of vengeance worthy of a barbarous age. It is from liberalism that civilization is in danger."

Whatever space we might be able to bestow upon the contest of parties, as to the cause of this assassination, we could not, in the present state of things, hope to arrive at any clear conclusion. That M. Leu was not a self-destroyer is most clear; that there was no man more free from the imputation of personal obnoxiousness to any but the enemies of the state, is acknowledged; and it would be a waste of space and time to quote at length the opposing opinions of the journals. The following official announcement was made by the Avoyer of the grand council of Lucerne, on the 21st ult.

"A frightful event has plunged into mourning the canton of Lucerne. M. Joseph Leu d'Ebersoll, member of the grand council, *was assassinated* in his bed on Saturday last at midnight. The country has lost in him one of its most generous citizens, one of its best fathers of families; the state, its most faithful and devoted servant; the church, one of its most virtuous and pious sons; all the people of Lucerne, a venerated brother and father; and the greater part of you, gentlemen, a friend personally endeared to you. This crime constitutes an unexampled deed, so much the more horrible, because so cowardly. An assassination is presented under the form of a political vengeance. For, in his political life, Leu always acted with so much conscientiousness and Christian charity, he always displayed so conciliating a mind towards every one, that it would be a folly to suppose he could have had a mortal enemy."

The Avoyer concluded his address with a sketch of the patriot's career, and by proposing a deputation of members to attend his funeral. This ceremony took place on Tuesday, the day following the above speech, at Hochdorff, of which parish Eber-

soll forms a part ecclesiastically, as it does politically, of the commune of Hohenrain. All the canton was assembled. The members of the grand council, six counsellors of state, forty officers, fifty priests, and ninety-five students followed the bier. The church, the cemetery, and village of Hochdorff were crowded; there were, at least, ten thousand persons present. Sixteen hundred inhabitants of Freienhaust, in Argovia, and fourteen officers from Schwytz attended; young and old, Lucernese and foreigners—all wept—all poured out their souls, and mingled their sentiments in one common grief. It was seven in the morning when the funeral procession left Ebersoll, and the head of the train had reached Hochford before the last of the mourners left.

[Since the above paragraph was set in type, the French papers bring intelligence that the murderer has been apprehended. He had been a laborer in the service of M. Leu, had borrowed money from his master, who had recently demanded it, and hence the committal of the bloody deed. These facts, if correct, relieve the atrocity of the still deeper stain which previously attached to it. As a deed of blood, the murder is sufficiently bad, but these disclosures take from the crime all complexion of a national stain.]

SPAIN.—*The Cathedral of Seville.*—At a moment like the present, when the unhappy kingdom of Spain, exhausted by civil dissension, has almost forgotten the religious glories of its happier times—when the monuments of the faith and piety of the middle ages are put up to public sale, or left to crumble into ruins, by a government without resources, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to become acquainted with one of the most celebrated of those relics of the olden time—one of those gigantic cathedrals, built when men

"Dedained the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more,"

to see how the ceremonies of our religious worship are still performed there, and in what manner the people participate in them. For this purpose we have translated the following extracts from a work by the Marquis de Custine, which contains a description of the cathedral of Seville.

"The cathedral of Seville is in the latest style of decorated Gothic. The exterior of the church has nothing very remarkable about its appearance, unless when seen from afar: from the promenade upon the borders of the Guadalquivir, where the innumerable pinnacles, which command its roofs, and terminate its lofty gables, resemble a forest of pines, planted upon the sharp-pointed summits of a chain of mountains. Perhaps even this is less beautiful, as a work of art, than it is grand, imposing, and magnificent. But the interior, which was completed in the fifteenth century, appeared to me a prodigy of man's handicraft. The entire edifice belongs to the chapter of Seville, a species of ecclesiastical etal-major, as rich as it is powerful. To-

wards the close of the middle ages these sovereign canons resolved to create a monument, which should be unprecedented and unequalled in the annals of church-building. They succeeded, and realized a masterpiece. It was the work of several reigns; till, at length, after a lapse of eighty years, Spain possessed, and the world admired, an edifice almost as wonderful as St. Peter's of Rome; more pure in style than the Duomo of Milan; more complete in finish than the cathedral of Cologne. On entering this gigantic building, the scene is beyond description: a glorious nave, with its pointed arches and vaulted roof, running up to an almost fearful elevation; double aisles, so spacious and lofty, so unbroken in length, and marvellous in extent, that the spectator, at his first glimpse through that forest of columns, seems to gaze upon five naves at once; and all this lighted up by eighty superb windows, filled with stained glass of the most gorgeous coloring, and priceless as the work of Arnold of Flinders. The choir recedes from the nave, and is reached by ascending many steps; it is enclosed by a massive screen and a lofty grating, beautifully wrought in gilt iron. I have observed the same form of choir as at Seville prevalent through most of the principal churches of Spain; the chancel is not part of the nave, the priests are not confounded with the people, as in France; but the celebrant and his assistants stand apart, upon the height which is formed by the great elevation of the sanctuary. It is a sort of holy mount, built beneath the vaulted roof, which produces a more than picturesque effect; for it is symbolical, and seems peculiarly adapted to the solemnity of that religious worship, whose very essence and life-blood is symbolism.

"The cathedral is four hundred and twenty feet long, and two hundred and sixty-three feet broad; the height is enormous, and would be considered out of all proportion, if compared with the elevation of other churches of the same size. All round the double aisles are a multitude of small chapels, which appear to have been joined interiorly to the walls of the building, and look like so many little churches, shut up within the great enclosure. On Sunday mornings they are literally filled with pious women, prostrate on the pavement, joining their prayers with the sacred phalanx of priests and levites, who are offering up the holy sacrifice, and calling down blessings on their spiritual children. One of these chapels—that of the kings—contains several remarkable tombs; among others that of St. Ferdinand III, who took Seville from the Moors, in 1248, the year in which St. Louis of France died. It is curious that Spain and France were each governed at this period by a saintly, and afterwards canonized king. Not far off was the tomb of Christopher Columbus, containing an inscription which is unique in the history of mausoleums and epitaphs:

'A Castilla y a Leon,
Mundo nuevo dio Colon.'

'To Castile and Leon Columbus gave a new world.' The son of this great man lies buried underneath one of the lateral chapels of the church. But these are not all the glories of Seville; many of the most renowned names in the history of Spanish heroism are engraven upon the pavement, and it may really be considered a very pantheon of Christian chivalry.

"It was on a Sunday, at the hour of mass, that I entered the cathedral for the first time; and no where—not even beneath the dome of St. Peter's—

has the Catholic worship appeared to me so majestic and imposing. A whole regiment of soldiers assisted at the divine service; but the multitudes were lost beneath these supernatural vaults, like a nest of ants upon a plain. Great part of the population of Seville seemed equally insignificant within this gigantic monument of Christian art. The officiating priest, attended by deacons and subdeacons, appeared at the high altar, and looked as if he stood upon a mountain. He was a venerable old man, and when he knelt, was scarcely perceptible, through the sublime obscurity of the sanctuary. The romance and imagination of Spain have rendered her ritual as poetical and picturesque as it is holy and exalted. The prayers of the unseen priest, and the supplicating voices of his youthful acolytes, seemed to fall from heaven upon the heads of the faithful, who knelt below, separated from the choir by the rood-loft and enormous screen. The organ is one of the most famous, the most grand, and sonorous in Europe; its mighty bellows resemble steam-engines in their machinery. Five hundred masses are said each day at the eighty-two altars; the quantity of wax, wine, and oil consumed there is fabulous; a large clergy, assisted by many sub-altars, is employed in the service of God in this religious republic. Never did I understand so clearly that stones placed one upon another, may form for man a country and a home. Among the levites attached to this marvellous temple there are eleven dignitaries wearing the mitre; forty canons of the highest rank; twenty of inferior order; twenty canons besides, with three assistants; two beadles, a master of ceremonies, and four coadjutors; thirty-six choir children, with their rectors, under-rectors, and masters of the chapel; nineteen chaplains, four curates, four confessors, twenty-three musicians, and four supernumeraries. It is as an entire people serving God within the sanctuary. With such an army as this, no wonder the ceremonies were pompous; no wonder that I thought of the holy city, and the chosen people, the temple of Solomon, and the piety of the Jews towards the God of their fathers.

"The archiepiscopal see of Seville is of very ancient date: it was founded at the time 'the bright cerulean Gothic blood' lorded it over Spain. The archbishop at present enjoys an annual revenue of about thirty thousand pounds.

"The cathedral is an everlasting novelty, it is impossible to see it all; it is a little kingdom, with its government, its people, and its employees, in canonical costume. There are halls, and passages, and hidden rooms, which the bewildered traveller reaches by chance, after wandering through side chapels and sacristies without number: here he is stopped by a peerless work of art, there by treasures of the richest value; the very doors and lids of the presses which contain them, are chefs d'œuvre of their kind, either in the rarity of the material, or the exquisite design of the workmanship. I beheld, besides many other things of inestimable value, figures of saints in solid silver, tabernacles from twelve to fifteen feet in height, of the same costly material; stuffs embroidered in gold, tapestries, decorations, and banners of gold and silver. Dazzled with so much magnificence, you pass from sacristies, gleaming with church plate and ecclesiastical treasures, to galleries bright with gilding, and vaulted ceilings carved with marvellous art. Then on to the marbles, the sculpture, and the paintings; then to a library filled with antique music books, chiefly of Gregorian chant—all of precious workmanship, many of high antiquity. Curiosity itself

is tired at last. The traveller wanders at hazard; he glances, half fearfully, at the vast field opened to his research; he murmurs at his own inability, and the shortness of his time; he wonders at the disorder of his ideas, and the confusion of his reminiscences. In fine, it is impossible to form any estimate, any adequate idea of all that this depot of Spanish art and Spanish grandeur contains within its walls. It is in such a place as this that one can fully recognise the profit to which a creature may place all the gifts of his Creator. God has no need of the highest masterpieces of our art, or the mightiest efforts of our genius; but man can not achieve a great work without faith, and in producing what the world calls a chef d'œuvre, he only pays a debt he owes his God: he digs up quarries of stone, he expends his wealth and talent, he spares not even his life, but what does all this cost him? He does not work for himself. What matters the time we spend in sowing, if we are to reap in eternity."—*Cath. Weekly Instructor, England.*

NORWAY.—The private correspondent of the *Univers* at Stockholm writes to the editor of that paper, under date the 4th of June, as follows:—

"I hasten to supply you with the happy news of the entire emancipation of the Catholics of Norway. The law concerning religious liberty has been adopted by the two chambers of Storting; and as it was proposed by government, the royal sanction can not be long withheld. As soon as it has been publicly promulgated, I will send you a printed copy. Some fear was felt for the result in the second chamber (Lagthing) on account of the fanaticism of some of its members, who exert a great influence on the numerous peasants who reside there. The law was presented to the second chamber on the 24th of May, the fete day of the Blessed Virgin, *titulo auxilium Christianorum*. The discussions were long and animated, but the cause of religious liberty was at last triumphant, and the second reading of the law was voted by the second chamber without any amendment. A church and a school should now be established at Christiana, but the mission is poor and without resources. Let us hope that the association for the propagation of the faith will come to the assistance of a work which promises the fairest of fruit."

TURKEY.—*Constantinople.*—The *Courrier de Constantinople* tells us, says the *Univers* of the 26th ult., that "the procession outside the cloister, which the Catholic churches have enjoyed the privilege of making on the solemnity of Corpus Christi ever since their foundation at Constantinople, took place this year with all the pomp and majesty that so pious a ceremony demands. At St. Benedict's the procession took place on the 22d, at St. Peter's on the 25th, and at St. Anthony's on the 29th. At each church Mgr. Hillereau, archbishop of Petra and apostolic prefect of the holy see at Constantinople, assisted by the entire of his clergy, officiated and bore the holy sacrament in the procession; the repositories of the Lazarists were superb, those of the Sisters of Charity magnificent.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.—The *Colonial Times* of Hobartown, of the 8th of February, quotes the following passage from the *Cornwall Chronicle*:—

"*The Roman Catholic Vicar-General.*—The vicar-general (the Very Rev. W. Hall), accompanied by a fellow-laborer in the cause of religion, is making a tour of the midland districts of this colony, in performance of the sacred duties entrusted to him. We hear that the mild and imposing manner in which these gentlemen perform their onerous duties, secures to them the universal good will and respect of all who have the pleasure of hearing them. We hear much said of the intolerance of the Catholic priesthood, but certainly that portion of it residing in this colony can not be justly so charged: they are remarkable for virtuous lives, and most unflinching exertions in the holy cause in which they are engaged."

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Catholic Institutions in Maryland.*—We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the prospectus of Georgetown college, D. C., which appears amongst the advertisements in this month's Magazine. The collegiate exercises of the institution will be resumed on the 15th of September. By that time all the Catholic institutions of this diocese will have again commenced their annual academic labors. Mount St. Mary's college, near Emmitsburg, and St. Joseph's Female institution, and its interesting little tributary, St. Francis Xavier's preparatory school for Male children, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and also in the vicinity of the same town, were each reopened for the scholastic year about the middle of August. St. Mary's college, Baltimore, and the Academy of the Visitation, Baltimore, resume their labors on Monday, 1st of September. The Academy of the Visitation, at Georgetown, D. C., will be opened for scholastic duty after the 15th of this month. St. John's Literary institution, and St. John's Female academy in Frederick, will have also recommenced their labors by the middle of this month. The female institution in Aisquith street, Baltimore, under the care of the good and pious Carmelites, last, though not least, in the catalogue of Catholic institutions in this diocese, has also resumed its literary labors. To each and all of these institutions—nurseries of piety and learning—we sincerely wish a continuation of that prosperity and success which has hitherto crowned their labors.

Generous Sympathy.—We have learned, with unmingled pleasure, that the Catholic young men of Baltimore have purchased a handsome silver chalice, which they intend to present to the Rev. Mr. Weinæphlin, of the diocese of Vincennes, as a testimonial of their regard for his character. Our readers are aware that this gentleman was long since liberated from prison by the governor of Indiana, there being every reason to believe him innocent of the charge alleged against him. Though he has already received abundant consolation in the midst of his trials, from the public expression of opinion in

his favor, on the part of the clergy of Indiana, and the Catholic press of the United States, and from the honorable testimonials of Protestants themselves, through whom he was discharged from confinement, it will be a source of great satisfaction to this much injured clergyman, to hear of the active efforts which have been made by his brethren in a distant part of the country, to offer so marked and lasting a tribute to the uprightness and innocence of his conduct, as a minister of Christ. The chalice has been sent to him, with the following communication, through the Very Rev. Dr. Spalding of Kentucky.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR:—The undersigned are a committee, appointed by the Catholic young men of Baltimore, to convey to you this testimonial of their respect for your character, and of their sympathy for the sufferings from which you were but recently relieved. We need not say to you that, in the execution of this duty, we experience a pleasure which we never before felt—a pleasure arising, as it does, from so many sources of interest—is but that which was experienced by the Catholic community in general, on the receipt of the intelligence of your discharge from unjust confinement.

"We recognise, in your discharge, not so much the triumph of the man as the vindication of violated justice, and the victory of religion over prejudice—for such was the evidence elicited on your trial that we are compelled to believe that, had you not been a Catholic clergyman, you could not have been convicted of an offence of which you were too evidently innocent, and under circumstances which violated all the attributes of right and justice.

"In your honorable discharge from prison, however, we have another instance of a spirit of justice existing in the public sentiment, which will, in the end, show itself above the heat of sectarian zeal and prejudice.

"This, our testimonial, will reach you at a period when we can not be accused of acting under the influence of excitement, but, after a lapse of time when deliberate reflection has the more firmly established your innocence of the alleged crime, and the general irreproachableness of your character.

"In obedience to the dictates of our holy religion we unite with you in forgiving those who thus sought to bring disgrace upon our faith. So do we wish with you in fervent prayer to our heavenly Father that he may soften their hearts to charity, and open their eyes to the light of divine truth.

"We also desire to present to you the regards of all our fellow-Catholics, without distinction of age or sex. This chalice, which we desire you to accept in token of our love and respect, was consecrated by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Chanche of Natchez—a prelate who is extensively known and beloved in our city.

"When, sir, you are using this chalice in the

holy sacrifice of the mass, we trust you will not forget those who are connected with us, while we solicit the same remembrance of ourselves.

"With a sincere prayer for your spiritual and temporal prosperity, and that you may be blessed with a long life of usefulness, we subscribe ourselves, devotedly your friends,

OWEN O'BRIEN, D. J. FOLEY,
 GEO. W. WEBB, MICHAEL CONNELLY,
 JOHN SHARKEY, BASIL T. ELDER,
 JOHN A. MCGREEVY, W. G. HULL,
 WM. J. BARRY, M. D. CHARLES HEUISLER,
Com. in behalf of the Catholic Young Men of Balt.
 DIOCESS OF NEW YORK.—Confirmation at Java,

N. Y.—We have received, from the Rev. Pastor of Java the following:

"On Tuesday, July 15th, the Right Rev. Bishop McCloskey administered the sacrament of confirmation to 250 persons. Among those confirmed were many converts to the Catholic church. The bishop expressed his satisfaction and surprise, on witnessing so many prepared to receive the sacrament of confirmation in this remote portion of the diocese. As it was the first episcopal visitation to Java, it produced an unusual degree of interest among our separated brethren, on whose minds an impression was made by the bishop's gentle and conciliatory discourse, calculated to efface the ill effects of misrepresentation and calumny. On the following day, the bishop went to Dansville, fifty miles from Java, and on Thursday administered, at the latter place, confirmation to about seventy persons."

This is a part of the diocese where a few years since a Catholic was rarely to be seen. Now there are many Catholic churches and settlements. The Catholics of this section are mostly farmers, settled independently on their own land. *The good work goes bravely on!*—N. Y. F. Journal.

New Church.—The German Catholics of Rochester are erecting a splendid church, to be built of substantial Lockport stone. The walls are from two and a half to three and a half feet in thickness. The foundation of the tower and walls is eight feet. The tower is twenty-two feet square, and will be two hundred feet, one hundred and thirty feet of which will be stone. The floors will be mosaic, of Italian marble. The altar will be constructed of the same material. The roof is designed to be of copper. The cornices will be of cut stone, so that an exterior entirely incombustible will be presented. There will be a dwelling-house for a priest, and a school room attached to the church in the rear. The height of the windows is twenty-four and a half feet, their width six and a half feet. The height of the walls to be fifty feet. There will be a parapet all round three feet above the roof.

The Rochester papers state that it will be a most "splendid" edifice and a great ornament to the city.

Bishop Chabral.—Among the passengers by the packet ship St. Nicholas, from Havre, which arrived here on Thursday last, we perceived the name of

Rt. Rev. Bishop Chabrat, coadjutor of Louisville, who has been staying at Paris for the last six months.

DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—*The New Church at Port Richmond.*—We are happy to be able to say that the congregation of Richmond may expect to have their church soon completed. This church, when finished, will be a handsome Gothic edifice, with a steeple two hundred feet high; its length is one hundred and twelve feet, by fifty-five in width, and to be built with stone.

The increase of the Catholics in Richmond rendered the necessity of a church there, especially since the destruction of St. Michael's, Kensington, whither the congregation were obliged to come at considerable inconvenience. The temporary chapel erected beside the ruins of St. Michael's church, is insufficient to accommodate the Catholics of Kensington, hence the greater necessity of a church at Richmond. We are pleased to find the good work speedily progressing under the management of Rev. Mr. Devitt.

It is with much pleasure we mention the interest taken by G. W. Edwards, Esq., in the erection of this church. He has contributed the liberal sum of \$500, and has kindly proffered his services to collect subscriptions amongst his friends.

To John Gihon, Esq., a Protestant gentleman of New York, the congregation are likewise indebted for his kind wishes and a donation of \$250. Neither must we forget to commend the zeal and liberality of the Catholics of Richmond; they have testified the interest they have in the completion of a convenient place of worship for themselves and their children, by contributing generously according to their means. They look for the assistance of the faithful, and we are sure it will not be asked in vain. The plan of the church is by N. Le Brun, Esq.

Ordination.—On Friday, the 18th of July, Messrs. John Walsh and Hugh Kenny received tonsure, and with Mr. Michael F. Martin were promoted to minor orders in the Cathedral, by the bishop of the diocese. To-morrow at 7 o'clock, A. M., subdeaconship will be conferred in the same church on Messrs. Walsh and Kenny.—*Cath. Herald, July 24.*

DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—*College of the Holy Cross.*—This institution bids fair to become the most popular seat of learning for the Catholic student of any in the country. Its location is admirable, and is easy of access from all parts of the country. Already it numbers among its students, natives of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Georgia, South Carolina, Canada, Cuba, &c., &c., who select this college in preference to any other. The number of scholars, although in existence but a year and a half, is sixty. When the fame of this institution goes abroad, its admirable management, and the great progress made by the pupils, we have no doubt but the number will soon be doubled.

Obscene Publications.—The grand jury of this county have presented as a public nuisance the publication of obscene and demoralizing books—the yellow-covered literature of the present day—so plentifully hawked about by street pedlers of both sexes, and of every age. Judge Wells coincided with the jurymen as to the magnitude of the evil complained of, and observed that all legal measures should be put in requisition to stay its progress.

Confirmation.—On Sunday last the sacrament of confirmation was administered in St. John's church, East Cambridge, by the Right Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, to upwards of fifty persons. The pastor of this beautiful little church is Mr. Dougherty, a zealous and exemplary minister of the Gospel. The choir is conducted by Mr. Michael Mooney, and the music and singing on this occasion were all that could have been desired.—*Boston Tablet.*

DIOCESS OF CINCINNATI.—*Tiffin, Seneca Co., Ohio.*—We are pleased to learn that the new German church of St. Joseph, a large and handsome brick building in this town, is to be dedicated on the fourth Sunday of August. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. F. S. Brunner, superior of the community "Pretios. Sang.," with the permission of the bishop. A considerable addition to St. Mary's church, in the same place, has recently been completed.—*Cath. Telegraph.*

New Church.—Rev. Mr. Luhr, pastor of St. Peter's church, Canton, Stark co., laid the corner stone of a new church, at New Berlin, seven miles north of Canton, which bids fair to be fit for service before the winter.—*Ibid.*

DIOCESS OF NASHVILLE.—*St. Mary's Female Academy, Nashville, Tenn.*—The accounts from all quarters of our country of the commencements of Catholic institutions, the great favor they seem to enjoy with the public, their multiplication and success throughout the land, are subjects of gratulation and pleasure to every sincere Catholic, and cheering evidences of the progress of truth. Indeed, as each academic year comes round, it brings with it intelligence of some new Catholic institution that has sprung up in the wilderness, or presents to our view some distant one, of which before we had not heard. So numerous are the reports of annual commencements which our exchange papers bring us at this season, that all the pages of this month's Magazine would hardly afford sufficient space for a detailed notice of their academic exercises. We shall, therefore, for this time, confine ourselves to a notice of a communication in the Louisville Catholic Advocate, which gives us our first insight of the success and progress of Catholic education in the young diocese of Tennessee. But a few years ago a Catholic could scarcely be found in the whole extent of that large and beautiful state. We remember to have heard from the lips of the present vene-

able bishop, the first who has governed that see, a narrative of the trials and obstacles with which he was met at his entry into the city of Nashville. There was not a resident priest in the whole of Tennessee; occasionally it was visited by some zealous missionary from the adjoining state of Kentucky in search of the few scattered sheep of the true fold, to confirm them in their faith, and console them with the rites of our holy church. One or two miserable sheds, in a dilapidated and falling condition, were all that could be claimed in Tennessee for the assemblage of the faithful. The worthy bishop, installed in his see, saw himself alone and unaided. To make his desolation more complete, he was attacked by the fever so prevalent in that country, and so often fatal to the unacclimated. Stretched upon a bed of sickness, he was looking hourly for his dissolution—with no familiar face to cheer him—no priest to minister to his spiritual wants, or to aid him with his corporal works of mercy. Thus he lingered on for several days, with a high fever raging upon him, till at last, as if by a special mercy and providence of God, a priest travelling through the southern country, casually stopped at Nashville, and in accordance with duty as well as courtesy, his first thoughts were to report himself to the bishop. His presence at the episcopal residence, at so critical a moment, sent a thrill of joy throughout the house. God did not forget the bishop, who had himself so often administered the consolations of the church to the sick and the dying. From the moment the good priest appeared at his bedside, the fever began to abate—he saw in the minister of his religion a friend and a comforter—he no longer felt alone in his new habitation. Health soon returned, and with it his proverbial energy, an energy which is manifested in the increase of his flock, in the number of churches built under his auspices, and, above all, in the establishment of the academy of St. Mary's in the city of Nashville, under the management of the Sisters of Charity. We give the following extracts from the communication referred to in the beginning of these remarks.

"I was present at the annual exhibition of St. Mary's Female Academy conducted by the Sisters of Charity. I was kindly received by Sister Serena, the superior. Their neat, clean, and beautiful house charmed me; its location is a delightful one, it is one of the best furnished houses in the city. I met with many of the elite of the city, accompanied by their blooming daughters, full of hope, and anxious to display the knowledge acquired during the scholastic year.

"It is a sublime object," says Lucretius, 'to view from a towering promontory the sea dashing and foaming, and spending its fury at its base; it is truly sublime to behold two vast armies in all the pomp and panoply of war, contending for the empire of the world.' If it be not a sublime, Mr. Editor, it is certainly a beautiful object to behold

eighty or ninety young females, the 'jewels of the country,' robed in snowy white, with cheeks rivaling the peach in bloom, assembled to vie with each other in the gentle warfare of academical pursuits for the honorable distinctions awarded to study, industry, and good conduct. It is cheering to witness the high stand which female education has taken amongst us. To the care of ladies is entrusted the guardianship of society in its earliest age, to them is frequently due the bias of the public mind. It is often in their power to refine the taste, and to whet the appetite for every virtuous and literary acquirement. The classic reader well knows how Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, contributed by the eloquence of her instructions to adorn and inspire the eloquence of her sons, afterwards so conspicuous. From the centre a ray is directed to each point of the circumference, and the mind of the female should be stored with knowledge to fit her to enlighten the circle within which she is to move.

"The young ladies were examined by the Rev. Mr. Macguire, and it is but just to add that his varied knowledge ranks him amongst the first of examiners.

"Miss Timithus M'Kernan, of Florence, Ala., graduated and received the first honors of the institute. She read a composition on chivalry; the subject itself was a happy one; the eloquence of diction, the pure and unembarrassed style in which she conveyed her thoughts, not only left a deep and lasting impression of her own high intellectual acquirements on a crowded auditory, but also reflected honor worthy of the distinguished reputation and intelligence of her teachers. She was crowned by Bishop Miles; and then the young ladies, accompanied by their music teachers, sang the coronation song, which sent a thrill to every heart, and made the big tears of sadness bead the cheek of many. Crowned and honored, she was embraced by her fond parents. May she wear her crown with honor to herself and St. Mary's, till she is crowned with roses which fade not.

"Placed with all I witnessed, I returned home to pen these few thoughts. The Sisters have reason to be pleased with the success that has crowned their untiring exertions."

DIOCESS OF RICHMOND.—*Dedication, &c.*—We learn from a correspondent in Wytheville, Va., that on Sunday, the 10th of August, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Whelan blessed the new church of that place, under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Seven converts were confirmed on the same day, and another on the following morning. The bishop preached several times during his visit to this place, and his discourses were listened to with profound attention by large assemblages of persons, who, for the first time, beheld in their midst a prelate of the Catholic church. The most favorable impressions, we understand, were produced upon the minds of many of our dissenting brethren who were present at the sermons of Bishop Whelan.

DIOCESS OF PITTSBURG.—"Taking the Veil.—Your readers are, I presume, already aware that the Sisters of Mercy have established a branch of their order at Youngstown, Westmoreland county. Mr. Henry Kuhn, one of the old Catholic settlers,

has given them a hundred and fifty acres of excellent land, on which they are erecting extensive and suitable buildings, so that *this* is likely to become the central establishment of the order.

"On the 26th of July I had the gratification of witnessing at St. Vincent's church the solemn reception of three new sisters, and surely if there be any thing which is calculated to elevate our ideas beyond the narrowed limits of earth, to teach us how the power of grace can make us triumph over the frailties of nature, and inspire us with the ennobling sentiments of virtue, it is the self-sacrifice which is made on this occasion—the renouncing of riches and every prospect of worldly honor, the trampling under foot its pleasures, and leaving all to follow Jesus.

"From an early hour in the morning persons were collecting from every part of the surrounding country, anxious to witness the solemn and imposing ceremony, and at 10 o'clock the church was literally crowded. Mass was sung by the Very Rev. J. A. Stillinger, and a very impressive discourse was addressed by the bishop to the postulants, on the dignity of the state which they were about to choose, and the obligations it imposed upon them. Every one present seemed by their marked attention to have been deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and when at length the postulants appeared before the altar, declaring their readiness to consecrate themselves entirely to the service of their God, many a silent prayer was breathed from the assembled multitude, that Heaven might accept the sacrifice, and enable those who had "chosen the better part," to walk worthy of their high vocation. The names of the new sisters are Sr. Vincent (Miss M. A. McGirr), Sr. Gertrude (Miss Catharine Maguire), and Sr. Bridget.

"A portion of the buildings intended for the Sisters will be completed this fall. The situation chosen is a beautiful one, commanding, as it does, an extensive view of the surrounding country; which is well diversified with hill and dale, while the blue ridges of the Alleghanies, extending in the distance till their outlines are lost in the far horizon, give the entire scenery a very picturesque character."—*Pittsburg Catholic*.

Ordination.—The Rev. M. A. De Larocque was ordained subdeacon on Sunday the 20th ult., and deacon on Friday the 25th, in the Cathedral. On Sunday the 27th, the same Reverend gentleman was ordained priest in the church of St. Vincent, near Youngstown.—*Ibid*.

Bishop O'Connor has left Pittsburg for Europe. "We are glad to learn," says the Pittsburg Catholic, "that he does not intend being absent for more than about three months. During his absence the administration devolves on the vicar-general, Very Rev. J. A. Stillinger."

DIOCESE OF MICHIGAN.—Consecration.—In a letter received from an esteemed correspondent at Ann Arbor, M., dated Wednesday, August 6th, we are informed that on that day the Right Rev. Bishop Lefevre, assisted by his vicar-general and ten priests, solemnly consecrated the new and beautiful church of St. Thomas, recently built under the auspices of the Rev. Mr. Cullen, the zealous pastor of the place.

The Rev. Mr. M'Laughlin, of Cleveland, preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion from the words "Lord, if thou wilt, let us build three tabernacles here; one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias," selected from the Gospel for the day. It gratifies us to learn that the building of the church was greatly advanced by the liberal munificence of our Protestant brethren at Ann Arbor.

OBITUARY.

DIED.—On the 22d inst., in the 25th year of his age, Mr. PETER DEVLIN, a native of county Down, Ireland. The deceased had studied, during five years, in Maynooth college, Ireland, and nearly two years at Mount St. Mary's seminary, Emmitsburg, Md. Four weeks ago he removed to Baltimore, where he intended, on the resuming of the classes, to continue his course of divinity in the Catholic theological seminary of this city. Having gone with a few friends to the Spring Gardens for the purpose of bathing, while swimming near the shore, his strength suddenly failed, and he sank before any assistance could be rendered. He was a pious and exemplary young man, and promised to be a very zealous and holy clergyman. May he rest in peace.

The Rev. Mother, Sister STANISLAUS, superior of the Ursuline community at Trois Rivières, Canada, died on Saturday night, August 9.—*Mel. Relig.*

Death of John Augustus Shea.—With feelings of deep regret, we announce the decease of John Augustus Shea, long and favorably known for his poetical compositions and his inestimable qualities of mind and heart. As a Christian, exemplary, as a man, beloved and esteemed, his loss will be deplored by all who knew him. With poetic talents of a high order, Mr. Shea possessed those unassuming qualities which accompany genius, and which find their way to every heart. In Mr. Shea, Ireland has lost a warm and enthusiastic champion—his countrymen a sincere and devoted friend.—*Fr. Jour.*

We feel it a mournful duty to add our regrets to those of the Freeman's Journal for the loss of so good, so estimable, and so talented a gentleman. Mr. Shea had been an occasional contributor to this Magazine, and we feel that the memory of one should be ever dear to us who had so kindly volunteered to enrich our columns with his poetic efforts, and who stood confessed before the world as an estimable gentleman, a ripe scholar, and an exemplary and pious Christian.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Miscellaneous Writings of George W. Burnap, author of "Lectures to young men," "Lectures on the sphere and duties of woman," &c. Collected and revised by the author. Printed and published by John Murphy, Baltimore.

The above is the title of a new work by George W. Burnap, pastor of the Unitarian church of Baltimore. This worthy and accomplished author has, through a life yet short, and which we trust is destined to last for many years to come, devoted much of his time to arousing a spirit of inquiry in the public mind on all useful subjects, and to the not less laudable object of enlarging the sphere of literary and classic taste in the community of which he is a shining member. The work before us contains much sound and practical teaching, embracing in its scope some wholesome views of literature, religion, and politics. In his discourse "on the end of the world," occasioned by the agitation of the Millerites in 1843, we find some doctrine which looks very Catholic and orthodox, and without which we do not see how any of the dissenting and separated sects could at all find fault with Miller or his followers. For what have the "latter day saints" done but interpret the Scriptures for themselves, as by the Protestant principle they are commanded to do? The Bible is so plain that no one can misapprehend it, say our separated brethren, and Miller has only worked out the Protestant principle to one of its many absurd conclusions. The author discourses from a text in 2 Thess. ii, 1, 2, and, in commenting on his text, shows that St. Paul had to deal with parties ignorant "of the peculiar language of the Jewish prophecies." A most un-Protestant act this on the part of the apostle to assume that his converts could not understand the Bible, but one which our learned author seems fully to appreciate, as indeed he treats Mr. Miller pretty much in the same way that St. Paul did the "proselytes at the gate." For after showing that this delusion about the last judgment has agitated men at different periods of the world, he asks: "What has been the cause of this periodical fanaticism? The answer is ignorance—profound ignorance of the meaning of the language of prophecy." And further on in the same discourse we find the following passage, which is not unpleasing to orthodox ears.

"To interpret the prophecies with any measure of success is the highest task of biblical learning and profound intellect. What then shall we say when a man, comparatively illiterate, comes forth to agitate a whole nation with his own crude speculations upon one of the most difficult of all subjects that can employ the faculties of the scholar and divine? What shall we say of the presumption and recklessness of the man who will tamper with the fears and ignorance of multitudes of the timid and imaginative, to the peril of their reason, or ultimately of all religious faith and conviction, upon the strength of a precarious calculation, the premises of which are

altogether uncertain, and the results of which will be varied a thousand years by the mistake of a single figure."

After pointing out the danger of private judgment, in religious matters, as evinced in Mr. Miller's case, and showing from Scripture that no man knows the time allotted for the general judgment, the author goes on, by arguments of his own, to prove that the world can not be destroyed till the progress of the human race has reached a point beyond which there is no progress, and where perfection begins, or until there is no more room for improvement in the things of earth, which he calls the accomplishment of the designs of Providence. This is a very pretty theory, and sustained by the author with ability and ingenuity, and by many beautiful and plausible arguments, laying down as conditions precedent to the consummation of time, the filling up of all the explored and unexplored wastes of this earth, the perfection of the physical sciences, the bringing into one the family of nations by the effects of commerce, and the universal prevalence of Christianity in every clime and nation. All these prerequisites are dilated upon with great eloquence, but they constitute at least but a speculative theory, as delusive perhaps, though far more reasonable, than the phantasies of Miller. The world, we are assured, is advancing now more in one century than it ever has advanced before in five. We are not quite prepared to admit that our planet is whirling along at such a meteoric speed. To be sure there are manifestations of progress around us in some things, but there are also evidences of retrogradation in others. This might be shown from the author's discourse itself, where he dreads lest in his own country at this very time his theory of progress is receiving a check in some particulars. (See p. 287.) But there are some retrograde movements of the age, which we look upon as virtual advances. There is a progress going on which is bringing man back to that truth, from which he has so long been led off by lust and avarice. Truth has suffered in the last three centuries, and men begin to acknowledge the fact, and seek to return to the spirit of the middle ages. They see at last, many of them at least, (what the author thinks no society has ever exhibited,) that the "true ideal of Christian life" was fully developed in the ages of faith when charity knew no bounds, and man loved his neighbor as himself. And even some of the varieties of that onward progress in which our author glories so much have been effected by means any thing but justifiable of the cause. Great advances have been made of late years by reason of Anglo-Saxon colonization, but we doubt if the poor natives of the colonized dominions have learned any thing more from their contact with this avaricious race than how to appreciate the qualities of rum and the ef-

sects of opium. If there is one period in the last three centuries more prominent than another for the progress of the human race, it is that bright period when the disciples of St. Ignatius of L  yola, spreading themselves over the immense territories of Asia and America, and intent alone upon civilizing and Christianizing, had astounded the world by the results of their labors. Theirs indeed was a progress to be boasted of—a progress which, had it not been checked by the combined attacks of envy and irreligion, would perhaps have exhibited to us at this day a realization of all that is reasonable in our author's theories. There is much in the discourse “on the end of the world” to which we can not give our assent, and which, if we were not afraid of expanding a notice of the work before us into a review of one of its articles, we would here point out. We can not conclude this notice, however, without assuring our readers that, notwithstanding we may differ with the author in many of his views, we consider his *Miscellanies* as characterized by that liberality and ability which has distinguished every production from the same source.

Familiar Instructions in the Faith and Morality of the Catholic church, adapted to the use of both children and adults. Compiled from the works of the most approved Catholic writers. By the Rev. Joseph Curr. Published and for sale by Patrick Donahoe, Boston.

This is the title of a meritorious little work now for the first time presented to us in an American dress by the Boston publishers. The design of this work is to indoctrinate the Catholic in all the fundamental truths of his holy religion, not by the old process of question and answer, but by plain and familiar explanations, which draw upon the understanding, as well as the will and memory. It is so arranged, by placing questions at the end of each chapter, as to aid materially the intellect in digesting the truths which it proposes to the understanding. We like much the plan of the work, as, we believe, it is only by such a one that a sluggish understanding can be stimulated into active co-operation with the memory and will. The work comes to us recommended by that distinguished prelate, the bishop of Boston, and has already, as we are informed by the publisher, “been substituted for the larger catechisms in the Sunday school of the Holy Cross, and other schools,” and is further fortified with a strong recommendation from Bishop Tyler of the diocese of Hartford. It is a work calculated to win its own way to general favor, and will no doubt increase rapidly in its use in Catholic schools.

Youth's Library, No. 12. Rosalie of Palermo. The Benevolent Children. Translated from the French. Published by Fielding Lucas, jr., Baltimore.

These interesting little tales are a continuation of a series in the course of publication by Mr. Lucas,

which recommend themselves strongly to parents, as combining all the pleasant excitement of story-reading with much wholesome and useful morality. No. 12 teaches, in the most fascinating manner, the importance of filial piety, and the pleasure to be derived from sympathy with the poor and the afflicted. Parents would do well to extend the fullest patronage to these innocent and instructive publications, as well for their intrinsic worth as to divert the tastes of their children from the odious and demoralizing trash with which our country is now flooded in the shape of cheap publications.

Buller's Lives of the Saints. No. IV of this excellent work has just been issued.

Denton's History of New York, formerly New Netherlands. Published by Gowans, N. York. For sale by John Murphy, Baltimore.

This is the first of a series of ancient productions which the publisher proposes to issue relating to the early settlement and history of the colonies of North America. The present and first number is a curious specimen of the literature of the 17th century, remarkable for that quaint and forcible mode of expression peculiar to that era. The reader will find it both entertaining and instructive, and will also observe in it an extravagance in puffing new settlements, which seems to have attained as high if not a higher state of perfection in those early days than is found even in our times. The execution of the work is highly creditable to the publisher; the type and paper can not fail to please the most fastidious reader.

Annual Address delivered before the Philodemic Society of George Town college, July 24, 1845. By Geo. Brent, Esq.

We regret that this interesting pamphlet should have arrived too late for more than an acknowledgment of its receipt in this month's Magazine, as it would have given us great pleasure to have pointed the attention of our readers to some of the eloquent passages in which it abounds.

Murphy's Catalogue of Catholic Books.

Mr. John Murphy, 178 Market street, has left on our table his Catalogue of Standard Catholic Books, which is the most comprehensive and complete catalogue ever issued in this country. This circumstance, however, can be a matter of no surprise to such as are acquainted with his enterprise and industry. The character he has attained for correct and beautiful typography, and the neat manner in which most of his own publications are issued, warrant us in calling the attention of Catholics throughout the country to his extensive establishment, assured, as we are, that his prices, as exhibited in his catalogue, are very moderate, and offer inducements to all to supply themselves at the cheapest rates with Catholic works of the most instructive and interesting kind.

THE
UNITED STATES
CATHOLIC MAGAZINE
AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1845.

OUR COLONIAL BLUE LAWS.

I. *The BLUE LAWS OF NEW-HAVEN COLONY, usually called Blue Laws of Connecticut; QUAKER LAWS OF PLYMOUTH AND MASSACHUSETTS; BLUE LAWS OF NEW YORK, MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, AND SOUTH CAROLINA. FIRST RECORD OF CONNECTICUT; interesting extracts from Connecticut records; cases of Salem witchcraft; charges and banishment of Rev. Roger Williams, &c.; and other interesting and instructive antiquities. Compiled by an Antiquarian.* Hartford: Printed by Case, Tiffany & Co. 1838. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 336.

II. *THE CODE OF 1650; being a compilation of the earliest laws and orders of the General Court of Connecticut; also, the Constitution, or civil compact, entered into and adopted by the towns of Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield in 1638—9. To which are added some extracts from the laws and judicial proceedings of the New-Haven Colony, commonly called Blue Laws.* Hartford: Judd, Loomis & Co. 1836. 1 vol. 16mo., pp. 119.

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WILL not pause to examine the grave question, whether the denomination *Blue Laws* originated in the trivial circumstance that the first printed edition of them was put forth enveloped in blue colored paper, or from the fact that the laws themselves were deemed intrinsically blue. A partiality to the former opinion, it may be, induced the authors or publishers of the two works, the titles of which are given above, to have the first put up in a *blue* cover, and the second printed entirely on *blue* paper; while, in confirmation of the latter opinion, it may be said that the popular acceptance of the term certainly denotes something more than a code merely put up in blue paper or envelope. The skilful antiquary may, perhaps, reconcile the two opinions, by supposing that the name was originally given in consequence of the circumstance alluded to, but that afterwards it was associated in the popular mind with the peculiar nature of the laws themselves which it designated. Every

philologist knows that many words in all languages have been subject to these variations in signification. One thing is certain; that the epithet *Blue Laws* now denotes a system of legislation marked by narrow-minded policy and proscriptive exclusiveness.

There has been manifestly a studied effort on the part of the descendants of the New England Puritans to cover up and to conceal, as far as was possible, all traces of the very peculiar legislation adopted by their forefathers. It was only after very considerable exertions and delay, that we could succeed in procuring copies of the two little works under review; a circumstance not a little remarkable, when we consider that the editions of them are comparatively recent. Whether it is that the editions were bought up by the curious almost as soon as they were issued,—which we think scarcely probable,—or that they were suppressed, or met with but little encouragement, we would not venture to say. Certain it is, that the copies are now very scarce, and that the works themselves are but little known to our booksellers, at least to those in the west and south. And if we are to believe the compilers of the works under consideration, they too had great difficulty in procuring the necessary materials. The anonymous “antiquarian” to whom we owe the first publication assures us that, of the first edition of five hundred copies, comprising the laws compiled by Governor Eaton at the instance of the general court of New Haven colony, and printed in London in 1656, only *two* copies, so far as his researches extended, are now to be found in this country.* Mr. Silus Andrus, the author of the other smaller work, tells us “that the first revision of the early laws of Connecticut was never before printed;”† that the earliest laws of the colony were recorded only in manuscript; and that he had often the greatest difficulty in deciphering the text, “particularly for the reason that the record, in some parts, was nearly obliterated, and in others totally gone.” He adds: “other parts of the record, therefore, have been resorted to, and the copy rendered complete. The ancient orthography has been accurately preserved.”‡

Both works carry with them intrinsic evidences of laborious research, and of a sincere wish in the writers to be accurate; and we are

* Preface, p. v.

† Preface.

‡ Ibid.

quite sure that they will receive the thanks of all who are interested in the study of the early history and antiquities of our beloved country. All that we regret, is that the works are not gotten up in better style, that they have had apparently so limited a circulation, and that the authors had not the courage to attach their names to the title-page. Does it, then, really require so great an amount of moral courage to tell the whole truth when it conflicts with popular error and prejudice?

It would seem so. Thus, how very gently does not Mr. Bancroft, in his late popular history of our colonies, touch upon the eccentricities of character and the legislative peculiarities of the pilgrim fathers! How much, and how very skilfully does he not labor to soften down, or to obliterate altogether, the shades of the historic picture! We do not venture to characterize this course as disingenuous and wholly unworthy the honest and impartial historian—this might appear too sweeping a censure—but we do say that we would have admired the work of our historian much more, had he ventured to tell the *whole* truth. He can not enter the plea of expediency; for the historian should prefer truth to expediency. He can not plead ignorance; for he certainly had spread out before him the original records of the New England colonies, and, among others, those identical records which are reproduced in the two works under consideration.

Besides, he might have imitated the candor, and profited by the labors, of at least three distinguished New Englanders who had preceded him in the historical career; and who had not feared to tell the truth, and to call things by their right names. We refer to Belknap’s biographical and other works; to Barber’s Antiquities of New Haven; and to Peter’s work on the blue laws. The truth seems to be, that Mr. Bancroft wrote his work quite too near to Plymouth rock—“the blarney stone of New England;” and that he sought too much to cater to the prejudices of his countrymen. We can scarcely find any other explanation of his strange *prudence* in regard to matters upon which he should have been more explicit and detailed. Had he been only as candid in reference to the blue laws, as he was in regard to the persecution of Roger Williams, of the Quakers, and of the witches, we would

have deemed these strictures wholly uncalled for. As it is, we may venture the suggestion, that the eminent historian will yet supply the deficiency we have indicated in some future edition of his valuable work, and that he will furnish us, at least in an appendix or a note, a faithful abstract of the early colonial blue laws of New England. This is what we purpose to attempt in the present paper, which we might entitle—a chapter that *should have been* in Bancroft.

We would deem it wholly unjust to the memory of the Puritans who settled New England, to say that they had no good qualities whatever, or even that their vices very greatly preponderated over their virtues. Faults they certainly had, faults as grievous as they were notorious and clearly marked. But they had excellencies also, which should be taken into the account in the estimate of their character. They were bold, daring, courageous, industrious, sober, enterprising, and religious after their own fashion. With an arduous mission to accomplish, they shrank not from the difficulties which encompassed them. Trained in the painful school of suffering and privation, and possessed of iron nerve, they were discouraged by no reverses, appalled by no dangers. Men of less sternness of purpose would have given up the undertaking upon which they embarked as utterly impracticable. They, however, never lost hope of a favorable issue; and, with an elasticity of character which does them honor, they surmounted obstacles, even as a ship rides the waves which threaten to engulf it in the abyss. And they have bequeathed this same enterprising and indomitable spirit to their children.

This much we say in their praise. But when this is said, all is told. Their faults stood forth, at least as prominent as their excellencies. They were narrow-minded, exclusive, proscriptive, and short-sighted in their very character, and in the whole line of their conduct and policy. In temporal matters, they sacrificed every thing to their own paltry interests. Their treatment of the poor Indians who then peopled New England, is worthy of a reprobation which we can find no words in our language strong enough properly to characterize. They cheated these simple-minded people out of their lands by shrewdness in bargaining; they goaded them into war by a sys-

tem of the most cruel and heartless exactions; and then they butchered them by thousands, or drove them for ever from the beloved tombs of their fathers! The claims of gratitude could not soften the obduracy of the Puritan heart. The venerable Indian chief Massasoit had sheltered them under his wigwam, and had, with a warm and generous heart, extended to them his rude hospitalities in the hour of their greatest need; he had been kind and faithful to them to the very hour of his death; and, in requital for all this noble generosity, they waged a war of extermination on his son Philip of Mount Hope, and they sold into slavery, under the burning sun of Bermuda, his youthful grand-son, and the only heir of his name and race!! This is but one specimen of their cruelty and heartlessness. Their mode of warfare on the savages, especially that adopted against the Pequods of Connecticut, would have disgraced the savages themselves. The result of this truculent policy was, what we have already intimated, the expulsion from their territory, or the extermination of all the flourishing tribes which once inhabited the New England wilderness.

For the truth of this picture we confidently appeal to Bancroft himself, who details all the soul-stirring and heart-rending events of which we have presented but a very imperfect summary. And until these *facts*, and many others of a similar nature to which we will have occasion soon to refer, be blotted from the pages of history, we must be excused from entertaining that lofty opinion of the Puritan character which our fourth-of-July orators, and Plymouth-rock-anniversary declaimers would fain wish to thrust on us. These fulsome eulogists must give us fuller and fairer statements of facts ere we can change our opinion of the pilgrim fathers, or regard their glowing representations as a faithful picture of the real character of those men. We must have the shades as well as the lights of the picture. We must have an account of the blue laws, of the Quaker laws, of the witch laws—of the stocks, of the whipping posts, and of the branding irons;—as well as of the pure religious feelings and of the lofty patriotic aspirations of the pilgrim fathers.

We must be told that, whereas they fled from the old world for the avowed purpose of escaping a grinding *Protestant* persecution, and

of breathing, in a virgin hemisphere, the pure air of religious liberty, they notwithstanding had no sooner established themselves in their new homes, than they boldly set to work to establish odious religious tests, to enforce religious uniformity, to persecute and to drive into the wilderness brother *Protestants* who had the misfortune to interpret the Scriptures differently from themselves; to banish, to hang, to brand, or to bore with red-hot irons the tongues of the inoffensive Quakers; to hunt up and exterminate the witches; and to enact the blue laws. Really, we can be satisfied with nothing less; and though the Plymouth orators may make wry faces, and protest loudly against taking a medicine so very unpalatable, they must still take it like men, if they would wish to be healed themselves, or to prepare themselves for healing others. The days of idle declamation and overstrained or false eulogy are, we fondly hope, drawing to a close, and those of sober truth are beginning to dawn upon us. Men now-a-days will not be satisfied with any thing less than the truth, and the *whole* truth, just such as genuine history unfolds it: and if, under this process, phantoms which we have conjured up for our own special entertainment should vanish, or if visions of ancestral glory should disappear altogether, or be brought down to the standard of sober reality, still the whole truth must be boldly and fearlessly told. Only those who are laboring to bolster up a bad cause can fear the truth; and the time has come when even the children of the Puritans must nerve themselves to look the truth boldly in the face.

Nor let us be told that the faults to which we allude were but blemishes in the otherwise stainless character of the pilgrim fathers. We know that this has been often said, and that it is even fashionable to repeat it; but it is not the more true for all this. To every reasonable and impartial man it must appear manifest that the charges we prefer against the early colonists of New England embrace something more than mere trifles and peccadilloes; something more than mere peculiarities and eccentricities; something, in a word, which deeply involves the very substance of their moral and religious character. Was it a mere trifle to hang witches, to hang Quakers, to drive out brother Protestants, to butcher Indians? Was it, even, a mere trifle to adopt a

system of vexatious legislation which established a harassing espionage over a man's most trivial actions, which prescribed the cut of the hair, the fashion of the dress, and the particular occasions on which mothers might with impunity kiss their children, or wives their husbands? Were all these things, and many more of a similar character, mere blemishes?

We think not; and we are of opinion that all our readers will agree with us in opinion, if they will only have the patience to examine those peculiarities of legislation, an abstract of which we will now proceed to lay before them. We shall state nothing which has not been taken from authentic records by the two writers to whose works we have called attention, or which can not be substantiated by other undoubted collateral authorities. And as the first work on our list comprises nearly all that is contained in the second, we may as well admonish our readers that our quotations shall be mainly taken from its pages.

The blue laws of New England may be distributed into two classes: the first comprising those connected with religion; and the second, those which regarded secular matters. We will present several curious specimens of legislation under each of these classes, from the various codes republished in the volumes before us. The laws in question were enacted by the general courts of the different plantations in successive years; and of the codes embracing them, that of the Plymouth or Massachusetts colony is the oldest, dating back as far as 1638, but that of New Haven, drawn up by Governor Eaton, and printed in 1656, is by far the *bluest*. The latter seems to have been derived with various additions and improvements from the former. A striking similarity both in principles and in language pervades all the early New England codes; and to avoid needless repetition, we shall quote sometimes from one collection and sometimes from another, and we shall endeavor to give not only the words, but the orthography of the original.

I. Religion was a prominent feature in the whole system of New England legislation. Every code which we have examined is based upon the doctrine of a union of church and state, and contains provisions rigidly enforcing religious conformity. Crimes against religion were punished by civil penalties always rigid,

sometimes wantonly cruel. The pilgrim fathers had been the victims of the same principle in the old world ; but still they took *special* care to re-establish it forthwith in the new. They required every one to come up to their own elevated standard of orthodoxy, and to believe neither more nor less than themselves. A complete theocracy, modified in its development according to times, places, and circumstances, appears to have been the cardinal principle, and the darling idea of all the founders of New England. If it be not historically true, as some one has however stated it to be, that "they agreed to take the law of God for their guidance until they could *make a better*," it is at least certain that they attempted to revive the antiquated system of theocratic government unfolded in the books of Moses, and that they even added to its rigor in many instances!

The following laws are predicated on the principle of religious conformity, or of church and state.

"Whosoever shall frequently neglect the public worship of God on the Lord's day, *that is approved by this government*, shall forfeit for every such default convicted of, ten shillings, especially where it appears to arise from negligence, idleness, or profaneness of spirit." (Laws of the Plymouth colony.)*

"Every person in this jurisdiction, *according to the mind of God*, shall duly resort and attend worship upon the Lord's day at least, and upon public fasting or thanksgiving days, and if any person, without just cause, absent or withdraw from the same, he shall for every such sinful miscarriage forfeit five shillings." (Laws of New Haven colony.)†

"It is ordered, that if any Christian (so called) shall within this jurisdiction, behave himself contemptuously towards the word of God preached, *or any member thereof* called and faithfully dispensing the same in any congregation, either by interrupting him in his preaching, *or falsely charging him with error*, to the disparagement and hindrance of the work of God in his hands, (Acts xiii. 10 *with Bena his note upon it*) every such person or persons shall be duly punished either by the plantation court, or court of magistrates, according to the quality and measure of the offence, that all others may fear to break out into such wickednesse." (Gov. Eaton's Laws.)‡

This principle is carried out in a variety of details which our limits do not allow us to furnish ; but we can not refrain from quoting two passages in Gov. Eaton's collection which dis-

tinctly and boldly avow the doctrine itself. They are taken from the "fundamental agreement" of the plantations composing the New Haven colony ; and their estimated importance may be inferred from the fact that the first is taken from the very beginning of the "agreement" itself, and the second is the first "fundamental" law on the list of articles subjoined to that instrument.

"That none shall be admitted freemen, or free burgesses, within this jurisdiction, or any part of it, but such planters *as are members of some one or other of the approved churches of New England* ; nor shall any such be chosen to magistracy, or to carry on any part of civil jurisdiction, or as deputies or assistants to have power, or vote in establishing laws, or in making or repealing orders, or to any chief military office or trust, nor shall any others *but some such church members* have any vote in any such elections, though all others admitted to be planters have right to their proper inheritances, and doe and shall enjoy all other civil liberties and privileges according to all laws, orders, or grants, which on (are ?), or hereafter shall be made for this colony."*

"1. This court thus framed, shall first, with all care and diligence, from time to time, provide for the maintenance of the *purity* of religion, *and suppress the contrary*, according to their best light and directions *from the word of God*."†

To these we will add the following provisions likewise contained in Gov. Eaton's code.

"22. All the people of God within this jurisdiction, who are not in church way, *being orthodox in judgment*, shall have liberty to gather themselves to a church estate. (1656.)

"23. No man shall be admitted to the *freedom* of this jurisdiction who is not a member of some church in New England, approved by the magistrates and churches of this colony." (New Haven colony laws, 1656.)‡

The following law, passed by the general court convened at Hartford in 1650, though it is couched in language very similar to that of one already quoted, is so curious that we can not refrain from giving it entire. After a suitable preamble, the court says :

"It is therefore ordered and decreed : That if any Christian (so called) within this jurisdiction, shall contemptuously behave himselfe towards the word preached or the messengers thereof, called to dispenche the same in any congregation when he doth faithfully execute his service and office therein, *according to the will and mind of God*, either by interrupting him in his preaching, or by charging him falsely with

* Blue laws, &c., p. 56. † Ibid. p. 127.

‡ Ibid. p. 176.

* Ibid. p. 142. † Ibid. p. 145. ‡ Ibid. p. 127-9.

an error w^{ch} he hath not thought in the open face of the church, or like a sonne of Korah, cast upon his true doctrine, or himselfe any reproach, to the dishonour of the Lord Jesus, who hath sent him, and to the disparagement of that his holy ordinance, and making Gods wayes contemptible and ridiculous, that every such person or persons (whatsoever censure the church may passe) shall for the first scandal be convented and reprov'd openly by the magistrates at some lecture, and bound to their good behavouour. And if a second time they breake forth in the like contemptuous carriages, they shall pay either five pounds to the publike treasury or stand two houres openly vpon a block or stoole four foott high vpon a lecture day, with a paper fixed on his breast, written with capitalle letters, *AN OPEN AND OBSTINATE CONTEMNER OF GOD'S HOLY ORDINANCES*, that others may feare and be ashamed of breaking out into the like wickedness.*

Closely connected with this branch of the subject are the laws regulating the observance of the Sabbath day. These laws were surely *blue* enough. They would have suited the taste of the Jews, even of the sneering Pharisees who were for ever blaming our blessed Lord himself for his alleged violations of the holy Sabbath day! The Puritans had very erroneous or at least very highly exaggerated notions in regard to the Sabbath; notions which, though manifestly more Jewish than Christian, they have faithfully transmitted to their posterity. The Plymouth code contains the following enactment:

"This court taking notice of the great abuse and many misdemeanours committed by divers persons in these many ways, profaneing the Sabbath or Lord's day, to the great dishonour of God, reproach of religion, and grief of the spirit of God's people, Do, therefore, order, that whosoever shall profane the Lord's day, by doing unnecessary servile work, by unnecessary travelling or, *by sports and recreations*, he or they that so transgress, shall forfeit for every such default forty shillings, or be publicly whipt; but if it clearly appear that sin was proudly, presumptuously and with a high hand committed, against the known command and authority of the blessed God, such a person therein despising and reproaching the Lord, *SHALL BE PUT TO DEATH*, or grievously punished at the discretion of the court."†

This law was re-enacted in similar language by the colonies of New Haven and Hartford with the addition of the appropriate Scriptural references!‡ Sabbath breaking was one of the highest offences known to the laws; and the

legislators descended to the most minute, and even ridiculous details on the subject. Take the following specimens from the collections of Barber and Peters, which comprise laws before unpublished, and anterior to those contained in the printed code of Gov. Eaton.

"21. No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting. (Barber.)

"22. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath day. (Barber.)

"23. *No woman shall kiss her child* on the Sabbath or fasting day. (Barber.)

"24. The Sabbath shall begin at *sunset* on Saturday."*

To these add the following singular law taken from Gov. Eaton's code.

"38. If any man *shall kiss his wife* or *wife her husband* on the Lord's day, the party in fault, shall be punished at the discretion of the court of magistrates."†

To this the author of the work from which we are quoting appends the following note:

"Tradition says, a gentleman of New Haven, after an absence of some months, reached home on the Sabbath, and meeting his wife at his door, kissed her with an appetite, and for *his temerity in violating this law*, the next day was arraigned before the court, and fined, for so *palpable* a breach of the law on the Lord's day."

This reminds us of another law, contained in a collection which we have not seen, by which it was prohibited to brew beer on Saturday, lest it should *work*, and thus violate the Sabbath on the following day! And of another regulation, in which the proprietors of bees were required to close the orifices of the hives on Saturday evening *before sunset*, lest the industrious little insects should be guilty of Sabbath breaking! We do not, however, vouch for the accuracy of either of these regulations; though we are persuaded that there were many such laws in existence which were never published, and the memory of which was preserved only by tradition.

In all the early codes of New England blasphemy was punished with death, and profane swearing with the most severe penalties. The laws on these subjects, especially those of Connecticut, were flanked with abundant references to Scripture; and it was a settled maxim, that, where the colonial law could not reach a particular case, it should be decided

* Ibid. p. 107—8.

† Ibid. p. 65.

‡ Ibid. p. 206, et alibi.

* Ibid. p. 122.

† Ibid. p. 130.

on by the law of God! Thus Gov. Eaton's code contains the provisions subjoined.

"40. No man's life shall be taken away, honor or good name shall be stained, his person imprisoned, banished, or punished, deprived of his wife or children, or property taken, unless by virtue or equity of some express law established by the general court and published: and for want of a law in any particular case, shall be judged by the word of God. (1656.)

"41. All capitall causes, concerning life, or banishment, if there is no express law, shall be judged according to the word and law of God, by the generall courte."* (1656.)

As for Roman Catholics, they might expect no toleration, and little mercy from people so peculiarly holy. The following is found among the blue laws of Connecticut:

"10. No priest shall abide in this dominion: he shall be banished and SUFFER DEATH on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant."† (In force before 1656.)

We conclude this portion of the subject with the following singular specimens of legal cant, sanctimoniousness and acumen.

"36. No one shall read Common prayer, keep Christmas, or saints' days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, and jess-harp." (Barber.) Blue laws of Connecticut.‡

*Ibid. p. 130.

†Ibid. p. 121. In many of the other colonies the Catholics fared little better. In New York city a Catholic priest was publicly hanged for his religion! In relation to the legislation of the colony of New York, Chancellor Kent says:

"Before the adoption of the present constitution of the United States, the power of naturalization resided in the several states; and the constitution of this state, as it was originally passed (Art. 42), required all persons born out of the United States, and naturalized by our legislature, to take an oath abjuring all foreign allegiance and subjection, in all matters, ecclesiastical as well as civil. This was intended, and so it operated, to exclude from the benefits of naturalization Roman Catholics, who acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the pope, and it was the result of former fears and prejudices (still alive and active at the commencement of our revolution) respecting the religion of the Romish (!) church, which European history had taught (!) us to believe was incompatible with perfect national independence, or the freedom and good order of civil society. So extremely strong, and so astonishingly fierce and unrelenting was public prejudice on this subject, in the early part of our colonial history, that we find it declared by law in the early part of the last century (Colony laws, vol. i, p. 39, Livingston's and Smith's edition), that every Jesuit and popish priest, who should continue in the colony after a given day, should be condemned to perpetual imprisonment; and if he broke prison and escaped, and was retaken, he should be put to death. That law, said Mr. Smith, the historian of the colony, as late as 1756 (Smith's History of New York, p. 111), was worthy of perpetual duration!"—Commentaries on Am. Law, vol. ii, pp. 62-3. New York, 1827.

‡Ibid. p. 123.

"1662. The court proposeth it as a thing they judge would be very commendable to the townes where God's providence shall cast any whales, if they should agree to set apart some p'te of every such fish or oyle for the incouragement of an able and godly minister amongst them." (Blue laws of Mass.)*

"For the prevention of the profanation of the Lord's day, it is enacted by the court and the authoritie thereof, that the select men of the severall townes of this jurisdiction, or any one of them, may or shall as there may be occasion, take with him the constable or his deputie, and repair to any house or place where they may suspect that any slothfully doe lurke att hom or gett together in companie to neglect the publicke worship of God, or profane the Lord's day, and finding any such disorder, shall returne the names of the p'sons to the next court, and give notice of any particular miscarriage they may have taken notice of," &c. (Id.)†

II. Such were some of the principal features in the religious portion of the blue laws of New England. We will now furnish some examples of such laws as regarded civil matters. And it will be seen, at a glance, that the same narrow-minded, exclusive, and proscriptive spirit pervaded the whole of that most singular system of legislation.

The criminal code was peculiarly rigid and unmerciful. It multiplied capital offences beyond all the bounds of mercy or reason. Not only idolatry and blasphemy, but also sins against purity, rape, and sudden homicide, were punished with death. In the code of Connecticut, adultery was also visited with the same penalty.‡ And all the laws under this head are duly confirmed by references to the law of Moses; as if the law of Moses had not been abrogated by Christ! We subjoin a few among the more curious of these laws.

"6. If any person slayeth another suddenly in anger and cruelty of passion; he shall be put to death." (Blue laws of Mass.)§

"25. If any man have a stubborn, rebellious son of 16 years old, who will not obey the voyce of his father or mother, and being chastened, will not hearken unto them, then shall his father and mother, lay hold on him, and bring him to the magistrates assembled in court, and testifie unto them, that their son is stubborne and rebellious, and will not obey their voyce, but lives in sundry crimes: SUCH A SON SHALL BE PUT TO DEATH. Deut. xxi, 18, 19, 20, 21. Enacted 1656." (Blue laws of New Haven colony.)||

*Ib. p. 49. †Ib. pp. 49, 50. ‡Ib. p. 126. §Ib. p. 52.

|| P. 123. See the same law in Massachusetts, p. 53.

"Whoever sets a fire in the woods, and it burns a house, SHALL SUFFER DEATH; and persons suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned *without benefit of bail*." (Blue laws of Connecticut.)*

For crimes not capital by the laws, the most severe and cruel punishments were often awarded. The rack, the stocks, the whipping post, and the branding iron, were not unfrequently put in requisition. Take the following laws as specimens.

"9. If any person commit burglary, or rob any person, *he shall be branded on the right hand with the letter B*; for second offence, *shall be branded on his left hand, and whipt*, and for the third offence, he shall be put to death. *Judg. xviii, 7.*" (Blue laws of New Haven.)†

"When it appears that an accused has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be *racked*." (Blue laws of Conn.)‡

"30. Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor, *shall sit in the stocks, or be whipped fifteen stripes*." (Id.)§

"And if any person shall commit such burglary, or so rob in any place on the Lord's day, he shall (besides restitution and damage) for the first offence *be burnt on the right hand as before, and severely whipt*; for the second offence, *he shall be burnt on the left hand, stand on the pillory, be severely whipt, and wear a halter in the day time constantly and visibly about his neck*, as a mark of infamy, till the court of magistrates see cause to release him from it," &c. (Blue laws of New Haven.)||

The following singular laws may be classed under the head *miscellaneous*. We venture to say that no system of legislation that was ever devised, either before or since, can present any thing half so curious.

It would seem that, in Massachusetts, Indians and wolves were classified under the same genus! In 1675 it was

"Ordered by the court, that whosoever shall shoot of any gun on any unnecessary occasion, or att any game whatsoever, *EXCEPT ATT AN INDIAN OR A WOOLFE*, shall forfeit five shillings for every such shott, till further libertie shall be given."¶

The good pilgrims seem to have had a mortal aversion for tobacco. Among the many laws on this most important subject, we select the two which follow:

"1640. That if any person take tobacco whilst they are empannelled upon a jurie, to forfeit five shillings for every default, except they have given up their verdict, or are not to give yt until the next day, or dep't the court by consent." (Blue laws of Mass.)*

"It is enacted by the court, that any p'son or p'sons that shall be found smoaking tobacco on the Lord's day, going to or coming from the meetings, *within two miles of the meeting house*, shall pay twelve pence for every such default to the colonie's use." (Id.)*

There were many laws regulating the attire both of males and of females, the fashions, and even the cut of the hair! Thus, our author tells us that

"There was an ancient law in Massachusetts, that ladies' dresses should be made so long as to hide their shoe buckles, and in 1630 there was an act of the general court also prohibiting short sleeves, and requiring garments to be lengthened so as to cover the arms to the wrists, and gowns to the shoe buckles; (also) 'immoderate great breeches, knots of ribin, broad shoulder bands, and they be, silk roses, double ruffs and cuffs.' In the same colony, in 1653, J. Fairbanks was tried for wearing *great boots*, but was acquitted."†

Among the blue laws of Connecticut, we find the following on this subject.

"33. Whoever wears cloths trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace, *above two shillings by the yard*, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender at £300 estate." (Several acts governing the attire of the subjects.)‡

"44. Every male shall have his hair *cut round according to a cap*." (Barber and Peters.)§

To which our author appends the following note by way of explanation:

"A cap to go round the head was used, drawn close to the head, and the hair cut by the cap. A pumpkin severed in the middle, and placed on the head, was often used as a substitute for a cap, in the season of them, as tradition says! The Levitical laws forbid cutting the hair or rounding the head."||

The subjoined blue laws of Connecticut, taken chiefly from the collections of Peters and Barber, regard different other subjects, and may speak for themselves.

"20. No one to cross a river, but with an authorized ferryman. (Barber.)

"25. To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

"26. A person accused of trespass in the night *shall be judged guilty, unless he clear himself by his oath*.

"28. No one shall buy or sell lands without permission of the selectmen.

"29. A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who are to debar him from the liberty of buying and selling.

"31. *No minister shall keep a school*. (Barber.)

* P. 122. † P. 126. ‡ P. 123. § Ibid.
|| P. 156. ¶ P. 50. ** P. 44.

* P. 49. † Pp. 131-2. ‡ P. 123. § P. 124. || Ibid.

"32. Every rateable person, who refuses to pay his proportion to the support of the minister of the town or parish, shall be fined by the court £2, and £4 every quarter, until he or she pay the rate to the minister. (Other acts to enforce collection of parochial taxes.)

"34. A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out AND SOLD TO MAKE SATISFACTION. (Altered in 1656.)

"37. No Gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrates only shall join people in marriage, as they may do it with less scandal to Christ's church. (Barber.) This law was amended by the court in 1694.

"39. The selectmen finding children ignorant, may take them from their parents, and place them in *better hands, at the expense of their parents.* (Record.)

"41. A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

"42. Married persons must live together, or be imprisoned.

"43. No man shall court a maid in person or by letter, without first obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence, £10 for the second; and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court."*

In the following enactment by the general court of Massachusetts, we may discover the germ of the odious sedition law proposed by the elder John Adams.

"It is ordered, that whosoever shall defame any court of justice, or any of the magistrates or judges of any court in this jurisdiction, in respect of any act or decision therein passed; every such offender, upon due proof made, shall be by the court of magistrates punished by fine, imprisonment, binding to the peace or good behaviour, according to the guilt and measure of the offence or disturbance, to them seeming just and equal."†

In regard to the indissolubility of the marriage contract, the good pilgrims held opinions not half so rigid as on other points of much less importance. Bible in hand, they allowed of divorce, with the privilege of marrying again, for mere desertion; as appears from the following law of the New Haven colony.

"And it is further declared that if any husband shall, without consent, just cause shewn, wilfully desert his wife, or the wife her husband, actually and peremptorily refusing all matrimonial society, and shall obstinately persist therein, after due means have been used to convince and reclaim, the husband or wife, so deserted, may justly seek and expect help and relief, according to 1 Cor. vii, 15; and the court, upon satisfying evidence thereof, may not hold the innocent party under bondage."‡

We might greatly multiply our quotations, but those we have already furnished are deemed sufficient to show the distinctive features in the blue law system of legislation. Was ever such a system heard of either before or since? Was there ever one more wantonly cruel in many of its enactments, or more vexatious by its minute details? We believe that it is wholly without a parallel, at least in Christian times.

And, be it remembered, those laws were not enacted in a dark age, but nearly a century and a half after the light of the blessed reformation had been beaming full upon the world! They were enacted too by men who boasted of their own superior religious lights, and who set themselves apart from the rest of the world as *Puritans*, or peculiarly *pure* and holy; by men who had the Bible for ever at their tongues' ends, and who were always vaunting their reverence for its sacred principles of love and mercy; by men with long faces and sanctimonious appearance, who gave themselves forth as models of righteousness; by men, too, who had just escaped the lash of religious persecution, inflicted on them by *brother Protestants* in Europe, and who should have learned more enlarged and liberal principles in the rough school of suffering! These men are held up by their posterity as the very paragons of perfection; and yet their *public* acts exhibit them in a different light altogether.

But the blue laws have been modified or repealed. True; but no thanks are due to the Puritans for the better system of legislation which now obtains in New England. The amelioration was forced on them by circumstances of imperative necessity; by circumstances which it would have been vain in them to have attempted to resist or control. It was surely no merit of theirs, that the odious principle of a union of church and state was annulled. The constant influx of European emigration, of persons belonging to all sects or to no sects, soon left them in the minority, and compelled them to return to more liberal principles. The abrogation of the blue laws, we repeat it, was brought about not by the Puritans, but in spite of the Puritans.

Nor let us be told that they did but act out the principles of their age; and that they were not alone in narrow-mindedness. Even if it

* Pp. 122—4.

† Pp. 55-6.

‡ P. 174.

were so, it would scarcely be a valid apology for men of whom we are constantly informed that they were in advance of their age. The truth is, they *were* in advance of their age, but it was in selfishness, in intolerance, and in bigotry. There were blue laws in many of the other colonies, but they were few, and exceptions to the general order of things; New England was the very paradise of blue laws, the soil in which they were indigenous, and in which they flourished most. We look in vain for a large collection of such laws, even in the Protestant colonies of New York, Virginia, and South Carolina, in all of which, however, principles of proscription for conscience' sake were openly avowed and acted on. We could easily establish this by giving a brief summary of the various blue laws enacted by those colonies, as furnished us by our anonymous "antiquarian." But our narrow limits will not allow us, at present, to go into the comparison; nor do we deem it at all necessary to do so. All who have ever glanced at the distinctive features in our early colonial legislation will readily admit that New England was manifestly *in advance* of all the other sections of the country in all that was *blue* and fanatical. In all this she stood alone and unrivalled.*

By the way, the land of "steady habits" does not appear to have been half so *steady* in olden times as it has the reputation of being at

* We have not space to enumerate the various blue laws of the other colonies. We present the following early laws of Virginia as a specimen of them.

In March, 1623, it was enacted by the general assembly of Virginia, "that whosoever shall absent himself from divine service any Sunday without an allowable excuse, shall forfeite a pound of tobacco, and he that absenteth himself a month shall forfeite 50lb. of tobacco."

It was further enacted, "that no minister be absent from his church, above two months in all the yeare, upon penalty of forfeiting halfe his means, and whosoever shall be absent above foure months in the yeare shall forfeite his whole means and cure."

"That no man dispose of any of his tobacco before

present. We find the blue law legislators continually inveighing against the frightful prevalence of drunkenness in their new land of promise, and enacting the most rigid laws for its suppression. And if we are to believe the account of a cotemporary Dutch traveller, who visited the plantations on the Connecticut river in 1638-9, they had abundant reason for the rigor of their enactments. He says of the colonists:

"The English here live sober. They drink only *three times* every meal, and those that become drunk are whipt on a pole as the thieves in Holland."*

To the eternal honor of the Catholic colony of Maryland be it said that there were no blue laws there so long as Catholics retained the ascendancy. The legislation was, indeed, *blue* enough, so soon as Protestants seized on the reins of government. At that time, even those who had been the first on this continent to give to the breeze the glorious banner of universal freedom, both civil and religious, became themselves the victims of a most intolerant and cruel legislation devised by those, too, whom they had sheltered and protected! †

This subject is so interesting to the Christian, and to the American antiquary, that we shall probably revert to it, and dwell at some length on the persecutions of *Protestants* in New England, and on the hanging of Quakers and witches by the enlightened Puritans!

the minister be satisfied, upon pain of forfeiture double his part of the minister's means, and one man of every plantation to collect his means out of the first and best tobacco and corn."

There were also in this colony, if we remember aright, certain laws about "ducking a gossiping and scolding wife," and fining the unfortunate husband a certain number of pounds of tobacco, if his wife was too free with her tongue! The gallantry of the old domination has, however, long since expunged these odious regulations, so very revolting to the dignity, and infringing so cruelly on the most cherished privileges of the sex!

* From his Journal, given by our author, p. 120.

† See Bancroft's History, vol. i, Maryland.



THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

BY FRANCIS DIMOND.

THE tribes were encamped by the verge of the sea—
Their camels unladen, their flocks grazing free ;
Their long lines of tents glittered bright in the sun ;
The desert was past, and the feast was begun.
Lo ! a dust-cloud along the horizon is seen,
Where but now not a speck on the desert had been ;
Above its dense masses shine banner and spear :
'Tis the dark host of Pharaoh in rapid career !
As the wolves beat around when the herd comes to bay ;
As the eagles survey ere they swoop on the prey ;
So, wheeling and circling, the horsemen came on,
As to spoil ready made, as to victory won.

And Israel looked up, and beheld from afar
The squadrons approach, and the strong men of war ;
And the shouts and the tramping smote hard on their ear,
And with murmurs they cried to the Lord in their fear :
“ By the sword, by the desert, by the depths of the sea
Hemmed in, must we perish ? Is this to be free ?
Hath Egypt no graves where the trodden might lie ?
That we are led forth in the desert to die ! ”
And the time-stricken matrons and young maidens wail,
And the faint-hearted shrink, and in dread terror quail,
And the elders stand silent, with deep clouded brows,
And the brave grasp their sabres, or leap to their bows.

Who is he ? who is he of the towering form,
Whose arm, uplifted, allayeth that storm
Of terror, of doubt, and of kindling ire,
Whose accents of power with courage inspire
The timid, and strengthen the bolder of mood,
In that wavering, heart-stricken multitude ?
It is Moses, the lord of the powerful wand,
The minister bold of Adonai's right hand ;
The doomed, tho exposed, the redeemed from the waves
Sent to rescue from thralldom a nation of slaves ;
It is he whose aspiring genius could soar
Through the loftiest maze of their mystical lore ;
Who first made the haughty Egyptian feel
The force of an Israelite's arm and steel ;
Who, an exile and lonely, by Madian's well,
Whilst the weight of the past o'er his young spirit fell,
Acknowledged the might of that powerful chord,
In the hearts of the brave, when by sympathy stirred,
To relieve the oppressed, the oppressor to bend,
The injured to right, and the weak to defend,
And smote the rude boors by that well's lonely waters,
And shielded from injury Raguel's daughters.

It is he who, alone by the 'mountain of God,'
 In the garb of a shepherd—his sceptre a rod—
 Appointed by heaven to the holiest trust,
 Leader, prophet, and lawgiver mighty and just,
 Goes forth to redeem, and to guide with his hand:
 It is Moses, the lord of the powerful wand!

As a rock 'mid the breakers, unmoved by their roar,
 When in fury they thunder, and leap 'gainst the shore,
 He stands in that tumult, commanding and high,
 And speaks with high trust beaming forth from his eye:
 O timid! O faithless! why murmur and wail!
 Can the mightiest One in his promises fail?
 Who, working his will through this feeble right hand,
 So often hath smitten yon beautiful land
 That ye might go free? Shall he slacken his power
 To shield and to save in this terrible hour?
 And you, ye strong hearted, who fearlessly stand
 With bow ready bent, or with sabre in hand,
 Trust not in an arm of flesh; for 'tis spoken:
 Your tyrants shall perish, your bonds shall be broken
 By him, the Almighty, ineffable OMN!
 Advance! and behold what he wills to be done!

* * * * *

The sinking sun's effulgence gave
 A golden tint to each rippling wave
 In the gulf of Heroöpolis,
 And lingered awhile with parting kiss
 On the eastern bound of that narrow sea,
 And the mountains of rocky Arabie,
 Whose summits riven, and bald and high,
 Gave back the light of that roseate die,
 From Sinai's cliffs, from Horeb's piles,
 O'er dark ravines, and broken defiles;
 O'er the trembling sea, and the shadowed coast,
 O'er fugitive tribes, and pursuing host.
 But, lo! more bright than reflected sheen
 Of the day-god's setting, a light is seen
 On Horeb's lofty mount! Each spire
 And cliff is bathed in celestial fire!
 'Tis night, yet it burneth bright and still,
 And shines afar from the sacred hill!
 It moves! It comes! 'Tis the spirit cloud!
 O God of our fathers, they shout aloud,
 Thine angel comes, in his fiery wreath,
 To scatter our foes with his burning breath!

As with the sound of strong winds rushing,
 When the cedars bend in the stormy blast,
 Or the distant roar of torrents gushing,
 When the thunder shower is spent and past;
 As with the speed of meteor flashing
 Its sparkling course o'er the northern heaven;
 Or Edom's fiery horsemen dashing
 Through the foes' array, when the ranks are given;
 So comes that fiery pillar, cleaving
 Its way through the gathering gloom of night.

And far o'er sea and mountain leaving
 One glorious, burning arc of light;
 It nears the hosts, and, slow descending,
 The dusky hordes of Misraim
 With fear behold its rays portending,
 Like the flaming swords of the cherubim!
 Now terror pale and gasping wonder
 Their vaward men of war restrain;
 Recoiling steeds and chariots thunder,
 In dread confusion, o'er the plain,
 And rend the rearward lines asunder,
 With palsied hand upon the rein.
 The trumpet's clang, the captain's shouting
 Fall, all unheeded, on the ear;
 The boldest warriors, wavering, doubting,
 Are backward borne in panic fear.
 Thus, rushing, surging, eddying, beating,
 The leaders with their broken powers,
 Brief space, in loose array, retreating,
 Draw up beneath Beelzephon's towers.*

* * * * *
 O speed ye! O speed ye! ye sons of Israel,
 For the rock and the desert, the land of Ishmael!
 On! fearlessly, trustingly leaning on God,
 Whose servant hath only to stretch forth his rod,
 And we go where, before us, no mortal hath trod!
 O'er the ridges of coral, all jagged and high,
 O'er the low-sweeping vales, where the sea monsters lie,
 By the swift-ebbing waters abandoned to die;
 By the wave-rounded hills of the yet dripping sand,
 O'er the bed of the ocean made dry by His hand,
 On! chosen of God! speed ye on to the land!
 To the land of your kindred, ye sons of Israel!
 To the free-spreading desert, the land of Ishmael!

O speed ye! O speed ye! ye sons of Israel,
 To the mountain of refuge, the land of Ishmael!
 Already its hills in the morning appear;
 Its broad-spreading palm trees—we see them from here—
 Where our strong and our valiant ones bring up the rear.
 Behold where our foremost exultingly stand,
 As our women and children deploy on its strand,
 And signal their joy to us, waving the hand.
 O joy! for their happy deliverance won

*I have taken the liberty of imagining Beelzephon to have been a city or town. My opinion, however, in prose, is that Beelzephon is the ancient scriptural name for a very narrow peninsula extending westwardly into the gulf of Suez, (or, as in the text, Hero-opolis,) and called in the present day Ras Safrone, and "over against" which the host of Pharaoh probably encamped on the main land. This peninsula, extending from the foot of Mount Kolzim, terminates at a point not over fifteen miles (on the map) from Mera,—probably the Mera of Exodus v,—on the Arabian shore. The resemblance in sound of Safrone to Sephon (a species of argument on which antiquarians build more important hypotheses) leads me to venture the supposition above suggested, as also the supposition that it is from this point the Israelites effected their passage.

The possibility of the twin summits of Sinai and Horeb being seen at the distance of about seventy or eighty miles from the base of this peninsula, by "the fugitive tribes," as imagined in the text, is left entirely with the reader. I may here confess that I have taken large liberties with quantities and accents, as well as with geography: for instance, "Israel" is sometimes accented on the penult, sometimes on the final syllable. Misraim, one of the names for Egypt, from Misraim son of Cham, is similarly treated. For these, and all other liberties, the usually accorded license is pleaded.

By the Lord 'twixt the set and the rise of the sun !
 And joy for our freedom thus bravely begun !
 Then onward ! then onward ! ye sons of Israel !
 No tyrant can live in the land of Ishmael !

O shout for your freedom, ye sons of Israel !
 Your feet tread the soil of your kindred Ishmael !
 The hard-hearted king and his cohorts pursue ;
 Their arms and their banners are gleaming in view :
 On the breath of the morn come their shout and halloo !
 Like hungering wolves, they pursue us amain,
 'To hurry our children to bondage again—
 To the labor unpaid—to the thong and the chain.
 In their blindness, they come by that perilous ford
 For his chosen ones made by the might of the Lord !
 If they 'scape from the waves, we will smite with the sword !
 Then shout for your freedom, ye sons of Israel !
 Every rock is a fort in the land of Ishmael !

All needless your courage, ye strong and ye brave !
 Though prompt be your arms to shield and to save.
 In safety!—in pitying silence, look back
 On your late trodden, desolate, sea-beaten track—
 Behold ! it is filled with our foemen, for miles,
 In thick serried squadrons, and glittering files !
 In front, in his gems and his purple arrayed,
 Is the hard-hearted king, with his banners displayed ;
 And his captains and nobles, the flower of the land,
 From Memphis to Thebais, ride on each hand,
 And behind them the veteran infantry rears
 Its far-shining forest of halberds and spears :
 Whilst hard on each flank, full of skirmish and wile,
 Ride the Nubian hordes from the hills of the Nile.
 'Tis the strength of the land ! But their country, for years,
 Shall mourn them in sackcloth, and ashes, and tears !
 And their homes and their temples with wailing shall ring,
 For the curses brought down by the hard-hearted king.
 O wo for Misraïm ! She shared in his wrong !
 On the neck of the weak she was cruel and strong.
 Oh ! wo for their hardness ! How boldly they ride,
 As if justice and right were arrayed on their side !
 In the strength of their will—in the pride of their power,
 They but ride to their fate ! They but rush on their hour !

Hist ! Now it begins ! Hark ! That terrible sound
 From the sea to the mountain re-echoing round !
 Low-muttering, hollow, deep-booming, then loud,
 As the thunder escapes from the bolt-riven cloud !
 'Tis the demon of ocean let loose from his hold,
 Where but now he was pent as a lamb in the fold,
 That the chosen might pass ! Listen ! hark to his call,
 And the shouts of his sea-spirits answering all !
 They gather ! they muster ! and see how they come,
 On their mountain-wave coursers, all crested with foam !
 Lie far-bounding lions, broke loose from their chains,
 In fury they burst o'er their ancient domains,
 As if eager to sweep in their vengeance away
 The usurpers who dared but to hold them a day !

They rage, and they riot! O who may withstand,
 But our God who hath made both the sea and the land!
 O mercy, Jehovah! Have mercy, and spare!
 Even thus for our foes do we offer our prayer!
 Have mercy! have mercy! O merciful Lord!
 If thou but a little brief time wouldst afford,
 They yet might repent them! O spare them awhile!
 O pity their children who play by the Nile!
 And their wives, and their parents!
 Omnipotent God!
 How stern is thy justice! how dreadful thy rod!

Norristown, Pa., May, 1845.

CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

BY T. H. GIRAUD.



PRESENTING these lines to the reader my object has been to insist on the leading principles of the Christian Architecture of the middle ages, and on some facts which are connected with it. In so doing I may perhaps tread an already beaten path, but where principles so simple, and so little known and attended to are concerned, it can not be amiss to repeat them.

It has been said that the pointed style has no right to claim the title of Christian to the exclusion of all the others which have been used for Christian churches. This assertion is easily answered. The pointed style has received the name of "Christian" in the same way that the pagan orders received theirs, from its origin. We evidently could not honor with the name of Christian those styles which originated in, and were used for the rites of paganism. It is true that, according to some, several forms, ornaments, and details of the pointed style are not original, but were borrowed either from the Saracenic, or from the *Romanesque* architecture.* But these were modelled and arranged by the artists of the twelfth and succeeding centuries, and modified to express their ideas.

* The *Romanesque* style, a corruption of the Roman architecture, called sometimes *Romanesque*, much used from the sixth to the eleventh, and even in some cases to the twelfth century. It is severe and imposing in its appearance, but generally heavy, and lacks the graceful character of the pointed style.

Britton, in treating this subject, remarks: "The origin and the progressive growth of the pointed style during nearly four centuries, its fanciful varieties and endless combinations, the latitude it gave to genius, and the numerous beauties of art and science which it has bequeathed to us, are so many claims on our curiosity and admiration. Whether it germinated in the east, in Italy, in France, Normandy, Germany or Britain, is a point not likely to be easily settled; nor is it worthy of jealous or envious contention. It more behooves the historian of art to ascertain where and when it was systematized, by whom and in what building the pointed style was employed throughout all the parts and members of the edifice." Where and when? history answers: in the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; in England, France, Germany, Spain, and even Italy, as we shall soon see: or, in other words, the pointed style was first systematized and used in the ages of Catholic faith, and in Catholic countries. We have still more direct testimony in favor of this assertion. K. H. Digby, after speaking of the churches of the early Christians, adds: "But the Christian church could not long exert her influence without producing that civilization which developed itself in the arts, as well as in learning and manners: and, accordingly, the rise of a new and most beautiful architecture followed soon after the re-establishment of society under the northern tribes." We see,

then, that this architecture owes its origin not only to Christian men, but to the church itself, which is here said to have produced it.*

It is also objected sometimes that the Gothic style was not used in Rome, the capital of the Christian world. Many reasons can be adduced for its not being so generally adopted there. Constantine, immediately after his conversion, appropriated to the use of the Christian religion some of the Roman basilicæ.† As the faith progressed, additional edifices became necessary, and the basilicæ already used were considered patterns; for man will not willingly lay aside a model for the sake of originality, and the Romans, having guides already before them, were not obliged, as their more northern brethren, to summon to their aid the inspiring influence of their faith, in order to create a style better adapted to its practice. Here it may be observed that the classic artists seem to have felt the insufficiency of the pagan forms, for we find many of their churches perfectly similar in plan to those of the Christian school. St. Peter's, at Rome, St. Paul's, of London, and many others, are cruciform, a plan evidently copied from the churches of the northern nations: for the Northmen were the first to adopt it generally. Many of the English and French cathedrals founded in the tenth and eleventh centuries, the abbatial church of St. Germain des Pres, in Paris, built about the year 350 by Childbert, and rebuilt as it now stands, in 990, by the abbot Morard; those of *l'Abbaye aux hommes* and *l'Abbaye aux dames*, in Caen, founded in 1070 by William and Matilda; the parochial church of St. Cassius and St. Florentius, at Bonn, in Germany, founded in the tenth century, and many others have the same form, whereas the churches before referred to are of a much later date.

Besides, the long residence of the popes at Avignon, the turbulence of the Roman nobility, whose private feuds often embroiled the state; in short, the whole history of Rome suggests reasons for her having retained her old architectural forms, while the rest of Italy and

all Europe adopted a style which, by the unity of its spirit, stamped all their buildings with the character of one and the same faith: and, however destructive of ancient art the classic mania may have proved in Italy, the fountain-head of the revival, enough still remains to prove that this assertion is not unfounded. The cathedrals of Milan, Pisa, Sienna, and Naples; the churches of Assizium (some of which are exquisite specimens); the Carthusian church of Pavia; that of St. Petronio in Bologna, and a great number of other edifices, secular as well as religious, fully show that Italy was keeping pace with the rest of Europe. Moreover, we find that "the ciboriums or canopies of the basilicas, were all in the pointed style." If we go still further, we find that those church ornaments which were used in the old basilica of St. Peter's, a few of which are yet preserved in the collection of the Vatican, are exactly similar in form and design to those used in the English cathedrals of the same period,* and also that, in Rome, there "are tombs of popes exquisitely beautiful, and corresponding in style and execution to our finest monument of the period of Edward III."†

We now pass to the consideration of the rules of art which the buildings of the middle ages teach us. They may be reduced to three architectural principles. 1. Before the design is made, the artist should take into consideration the object to be attained, the wants of the people, their resources, and the climate of the country. 2. In designing, no feature should ever be introduced which is not necessary in the construction, or for the sake of convenience and propriety. 3. Ornaments, if required, should not be distinct matters; but consist of the enrichment of the necessary parts in the construction. Mr. Pugin adds another principle, which is, however, but the corollary of the preceding ones. In pure architecture, the smallest detail should have a meaning, or serve a purpose; and even the construction itself should vary with the material employed, and the designs should be adapted to the material with which they are executed.

Simple as these principles may appear, it is easy, very easy, to fail in producing a Christian building, worthy of the middle ages, as many a "Gothic" monument of modern days, unfortunately proves. And why is this? We

* The author of "Genie du Christianisme" supposes the Christian architects to have drawn their inspiration from the forest. See his chapter on Gothic churches, "Des Eglises Gothiques."

† Basilica means a royal palace; Vitruvius uses it in the sense of court of justice. The Italians have retained that name for their churches; and we very seldom find the word "chiesa" used.

* A. W. Pugin.

† Ibid.

will answer this question by giving another reason for the success of the old Christian artists; they were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of their faith; they knew its ceremonies perfectly; they imparted to their structure that sublime humility which was the ornament of their own lives, and sought not fame by displaying what they could do, but merit, in rendering the tabernacle of God with men as worthy of its august purpose as circumstances would allow.

Many a noble building yet stands commanding the admiration of modern times, whose architect, often an obscure monk, has left his name unrecorded and utterly unknown, and so far were these men from relying on their own talents, that they implored the light and aid of heaven, by having the holy sacrifice of the altar offered up for that purpose.

"Indeed," says Digby, "it would not be easy to find any thing more expressive of humility than the buildings of the middle ages. With all their grandeur and beauty, they are always modest, and never disposed to show themselves off to advantage. They disdain nothing useful for the sake of appearances; they have no false surface to conceal weakness and deformity; they are grand without an effort; and always willing to condescend to the wants and consolations of the poor."

Here, in a few words, the author of the "Ages of Faith" shows the advantages derived from the application of the above mentioned principles. We behold in them that truth and simplicity which display even the smallest details of a building as they are, and which have made the flying buttress one of the most graceful features in the exterior edifice. Such surely were not the principles of art which caused Sir Christopher Wren to erect that immense stone screen around St. Paul's, of London, that he might conceal *his* flying buttresses, which classic taste did not sanction. He and others have been obliged to use the flying buttress, and afterwards conceal it; yet these men have called the airy arches of the Gothic cathedral "mere bungling contrivances."* The principles, also, which we defend, dispense with that perfect symmetry which in the pagan styles fatigues the eye without surprising it, whilst the picturesque and *necessary* irregularity of the

Christian building pleases and relieves without shocking it. Not that this irregularity was courted: for we find in each part of the whole a due regard for symmetry and unity of design: but the plan of the structure was regulated by the ceremonies and other circumstances, without regard to the (in pagan art) indispensable system of counterparts. The science and taste displayed in these buildings are truly surprising, I had nearly said unrivalled. Many of the writings of those days show a higher degree of perfection in science applied to art, than modern times would willingly credit.

"Thus," says Digby, "Vincent of Beauvais, who clearly had a knowledge of perspective, and of its application in the representation of objects, coming to treat upon the parts of architecture, shows *what* attention is due to symmetry, and proportion, and harmony of members, to disposition, and collocation and elegance of composition, to invention, and tempering of parts with regard to the effect of the whole, that the edifice may have solidity, usefulness and beauty, and," he says, "that to an architect both nature, and learning and practice are essential."

Such were the principles which produced those immense creations, the cathedrals, which a modern French writer has called vast symphonies of stone. And how were these churches erected? Neither by extortion nor forced labor. The good people of those days made voluntary contributions in money and materials. Those who could help in the work, would set aside a day once a week or once a month for that sacred purpose. Those who could not do this, would furnish cattle and provisions for the workmen, or furnish a part of the materials. Sometimes these buildings were the fulfilment of vows made in time of danger; sometimes the expression of their deep repentance for their past crimes; at others the pious offering of some Christian soul to obtain for others the graces they themselves enjoyed. All were anxious to participate in a work which, they knew, always entails a blessing. They felt the honor of the divine presence among them, and strove to make the dwelling of the Most High as perfect as human weakness and inability would allow. All others were with them minor considerations, and their faith could not suffer their private mansions to surpass in beauty and grandeur the temples of God. They reasoned

* Vide Pugin's *Principles* for a more ample explanation of this subject.

not, as our modern philosophers, on the uselessness of any thing but four walls and a roof for the performance of religious rites. They also felt that they could not make it worthy of the tremendous sacrifice; but they sought to come as near to perfection as they could. Thus is it we find them continually engaged in building and improving the sacred edifice. The records of any of the old cathedrals will prove this. We will select, for our purpose, the York minster, one of the most beautiful specimens of the English cathedral style, and we will give a brief account of its erection and history down to the schism of England.

The old cathedral, founded by King Edwin in 629, was at three different times destroyed and rebuilt, in 741, 1069, and 1137. In 1171 Roger de Bishopbridge, archbishop of York, erected the choir or chancel, where the present one now stands. In 1227 Archbishop Walter de Grey began the southern transept. In 1260 John le Romaine, treasurer of the cathedral, erected the northern transept, and the tower at the meeting of the nave and transepts. In 1291, April 7th, his son, who bore the same name, and became archbishop of York, laid the first stone of the nave. In 1330, Archbishop William de Melton completed the nave and two western towers. In 1370, the central tower, built by John le Romaine, was taken down, and the present lantern commenced. In 1375, Archbishop John of Thoresby, took down the chancel built by his predecessor Roger, to rebuild it in a style of greater magnificence, and more in keeping with the later portions of the building. The whole edifice, as it now stands, was probably completed in 1410 or 1412. The eastern window is a stupendous work, the dimensions of it being 75 feet in height and 32 in width, and containing upwards of 200 compartments of stained glass: it is the work of John of Coventry, who agreed to complete it in three years.

Such is the history of nearly all the other large churches of the middle ages; they were often begun without the knowledge of the time that would elapse before their completion; many a noble pile has been commenced when the funds in hand would pay for nothing more than the foundation. But they relied on Providence, and their trust was never in vain. Among the numerous instances of this kind mentioned in the "Ages of Faith," we find the following:

"After the destruction of the abbey church of St. Tron, when the Abbot Rodulphus was almost in doubt of being able to rebuild it, from his desolation and poverty, God inspired a certain matron of our town, by name Ruzela," says the chronicler, "who at her own expense began to build, and completed one pillar. A certain bailiff of the place followed her example, and finished another; and after them our townspeople, at their own expense, began four pillars, and left two of them imperfect. The abbot, perceiving what was the will of God, girded himself to the work, and in a short time both walls of the nave were raised to the proper height."

The ardor of the people was truly surprising. In fact, such was the zeal of some of the pious founders, that they would often take an active part in the labor. Thus Matthew Paris, the English Benedictine monk of St. Alban's, who flourished in the thirteenth century, tells us, in speaking of the erection of Lincoln cathedral, that Hugh de Grenoble, the sainted successor of St. Remigius, was wont to carry stones and mortar on his own shoulders for the use of the masons. In 1616, Cardinal de Berulle, founder of the Oratorians, when building his church, used frequently to carry the hod like a common hand. Such instances are far from being rare. Nor was it the case only among the religious; the laity displayed a similar spirit. "Godfrey, the bearded duke of Lower Lorraine, in his war against the emperor, Henry III., had burnt the greater church of St. Mary at Verdun, when that city fell a prey to his arms. Full of repentance for this sacrilege, he caused it to be rebuilt, and took for his penance the labor of frequently working at it with his own hands, carrying the mortar like the meanest workman; this was in the year 1046, as Lambertinus Schaffnaburgensis relates."* Giotto built with his own hands the beautiful tower of variegated marble in the cathedral of Florence: and even in our own days, the great Canova built in his native village of Possagno a chapel of white marble, and placed it under the invocation of our Blessed Lady. It is said that, though he was at the time far advanced in years, his funds being exhausted, he returned to the practice of his art, so as to obtain the means of completing it.†

That the pointed style is admirably suited for

* Ages of Faith.

† Ibid.

religious edifices, is plain, from the superior advantages it possesses, and from the practice of those ages when faith was more lively, and the greatest attention was paid to the ceremonies. It has been asserted, again and again, that it is a costly style. This we positively deny to be the case, if the style be skilfully and judiciously applied; for it bends to the means, allows enrichment to be postponed to solidity, and always prefers plain simple truth to magnificent, but perishable work. To conclude, we think it undeniable that the pointed architecture is better suited to the faith which created it, than those orders which originated in a religious system of a totally opposite character.

We can not, in this country, form a correct idea of the pointed style, for we do not know it. Even admitting that there does not exist here that classic infatuation which prevails elsewhere to such an extent, the monstrous erections which we frequently see, and which, "*Gothic*" not merely in name, are calculated rather to disgust than to prepossess. Catholic art, however, does not acknowledge such efforts to be her productions.*

* We think that Trinity church in New York, with the exception of the chancel, and St. Alphonso's in Baltimore, may be ranked among those buildings of

It is to be hoped, then, that the unjust prejudices entertained by so many against a style of architecture which they condemn without knowing it, will soon give way, as they must infallibly, at some time, give way before the advantages and beauties which the Catholic style, whether the early pointed or most florid Tudor, combines. We should not, however, be disheartened if we can not rival the cathedrals of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Such piles were not raised in a day or a year: they were the work of centuries. Let us make a beginning, introducing first the severe, early-pointed style, and then we may hope that we shall have bequeathed to posterity the spirit which will rival a York or a Milan, by inciting to the greatest perfection practicable in building the temples of the Omnipotent. Then each new failure will arouse new energies, and call up new efforts; and though the limit be unattainable, it may be neared as much as it ever was in those unrivalled ages, termed by the bigot "*the age of darkness*," but by the scholar, "*the age of light and of faith*."

which Catholic art could justly boast. The remark of the writer, however, is certainly applicable to all those pretensions to Gothic style that are so frequently witnessed in our day.—ED.

THE STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSET.

Continued from p. 383.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Letter from Blenheim Forest—From a relative of Mrs. Clavering to Mrs. Botelar.

Blenheim Forest, Feb. 26th, 18—.



UNDER ordinary circumstances, dear and respected madam, I would apologize for addressing one who is personally so entire a stranger to me as yourself, but grief and anxiety, you know, are great destroyers of etiquette, and to their influence conventional forms are frequently obliged to yield. Two

weeks ago I received from my friend and relative, Mrs. Clavering, a letter, announcing to me the sudden and dangerous illness of the colonel, and informing me at the same time of its indirect cause, and all the subsequent events springing from that cause, which have converted this once happy and hospitable mansion into a house of mourning and loneliness. As early as I could make arrangements to do so, I left home, and travelled day and night, until I reached Blenheim Forest, when I received from my afflicted friend a sad, though grateful welcome. A crisis had taken place in the colonel's disease the day before, and his phy-

sician pronounced him to be now comparatively out of danger, though every thing is to be apprehended from the painful recurrence of his thoughts to his absent son; thoughts to which his proud and unbending nature will never give utterance, and consequently no one dares offer sympathy to one who so sternly and haughtily forbids it. I have frequently observed, madam, that when a proud man is mentally wounded, the overtaxed and tensely wound-up feelings which obey silently and cruelly the destroying mandate of concealed grief, seem to absorb and overbalance all the gifts of fortune and happiness of a past life, and finally corrode and break down the strongest nerves of existence; when a few words of human sympathy spoken, a few acts of consolation meekly received, might, it is true, cover his proud forehead for a moment with dust and tears, and cower the mighty energy of manhood for a season; but if he bows thus lowly down, and avoids the whirlwind which follows wildly in the train of sorrow and death, and crushes the principle of life, does he not act with more rational wisdom? The ancients, on whom the light of revelation had not yet dawned, deified life by acts of human sacrifice, and Spartan immolation, but now, when life and death have been both sanctified by the new law of love, it is only the fruits of a broken and contrite heart—which suffers with generous submission the pangs inflicted on it—that man should presume to offer his Creator. But excuse me, respected madam, I am so accustomed to write familiarly to my friends, and express freely the thoughts which present themselves, that before I proceed further, I must commend myself to your kind and benevolent heart, to make all due allowances for that which might seem either too pedantic or familiar in my letter. Colonel Clavering has never breathed his son's name since the day he so cruelly exiled him from his house, nor will he allow any one to mention it, or allude, in the slightest manner, to any thing connected with his affairs; consequently, he is ignorant of his present residence in Baltimore, and also of his ill health. To Mrs. Clavering he is kind in his manner, and, as ever, polite, but it is evident that all confidence between them is destroyed; he looks on her as the origin of all his disappointed projects, but we who are intimately acquainted with the affair, know

how innocent she is of this charge, for, until the revelation of the change in the religious sentiments of her son, her most confidential friends, myself among the number, were under the impression that she had long ago forsaken the tenets of the Catholic religion, and become, at least in intention, one of us. But, madam, there is a change, a great change in this afflicted lady, and although I am a Protestant, and hoping to die as I have lived, a child of the reformed church of Christ, I can not but admire the firm and unwavering manner with which my friend silently, though perseveringly, practises the duties of her peculiar creed. Her example was always amiable and good; it is now transcendently so, and it really appears that the inclinations of duty and religion, which had so long forsaken her, or lain dormant, have returned with ten-fold vigor, sanctified by new graces, and strengthened entirely by that Holy Spirit which our Saviour promised his followers, to fortify and preserve them against temptation and danger. She frequently converses with me on the subject which has given her so much pain, and though I can see, from the very throbbings of her heart, that it is almost bursting with agony, and from her tears, which flow in bitter streams, that she is literally fainting under the burden of her trials, yet I must confess that such patience, resignation, and entire submission to the will of the Lord, I have never before witnessed. In the extremest emotions of her anguish, I have only heard such expressions as these: *"It is well! it is all just! I will not even ask that this chalice,"* as she calls it, *"may pass from me; I only beg grace from on high, for patience and submission, that without a murmur I may drink it to its dregs. I deserve it all, my friend; all, and much more."* There is something so heroic and dignified in her resignation, that I am amazed and silent! And yet, dear madam, from the tenor of your last two letters, she fears that her worst anticipations, relative to the health of her son, are on the eve of being realized; you say he is feeble, that he coughs; indeed there is an indefinable something in your expressions which causes us to fear that the disease with which he has been so long threatened is now developing itself. His mother can not write; she has been, and is still in such close attendance on the colonel, and requested me to write confi-

dentially to you, dear madam, and inquire into all the particulars of her son's case, hoping that you will, as early as you can conveniently do so, write a detailed account of his health, and, at all events, let her understand the worst.

.... *Thursday*.—Yesterday Col. Clavering was much better, dear madam, and to-day spent an hour or two in the room adjoining his chamber.

Friday night.—You must excuse my detached manner of writing; I thought, madam, I would defer mailing my letter until a decided improvement had taken place in the colonel's health, which we had every reason to hope for until last night. The reasons I will explain to you.

There is an apartment in which Louis had always slept from his boyhood, and which forms one of the suite of rooms occupied by Col. and Mrs. Clavering. There stood every thing, books, writing, drawing implements, and a half finished picture, just as he had left them, while over the mantel hangs a portrait of himself, painted when he was just nineteen, by an eminent artist, under the colonel's direction. This picture commemorates a noble and generous action in the boy's life. He is represented in the act of drawing the skiff of a poor fisherman from the stormy waves to the shore. He had saved the man's life by almost superhuman exertions, at the risk of his own, and given him in charge of his alarmed servant, while he returned to save the tempest-tossed boat, which was the poor creature's only property, from being wrecked against the rocks which line and jut out along this part of the shore. Madam, you should see this picture! The face, which is a perfect resemblance, beams out, pale, and almost inspired, from the gloom of the stormy background, while a single ray of light, from a rifted cloud, streams down upon his uplifted forehead, and falling aslant his shoulder, lends to the long, waving hair, which the wind has lifted and dashed in bright masses around his face and bared throat, a hue of spiritual and marvellous beauty. Do not the angels of God's love descend with us into the deep waters of life's fretted and stormy sea, and when they would fail, in their greedy wrath, engulf us, do not these ministering spirits, with faces uplifted to heaven, implore mercy on our struggling souls, and gently lead us where storms come

not? Of this tranquil assurance, this sweet hope, the picture always reminded me. It was a fancy of the colonel's to have this picture placed where his son could see it most frequently, and with a secret triumph, and delighted pride beaming in his eyes, he would often point to it and say, "Boy, never be guilty of an action that could sully that deed! I will disown you if all the circumstances of your life do not accord with this youthful, though philanthropic heroism." Into this apartment Mrs. Clavering had requested me to go for the purpose of hanging a veil over the picture, for fear the colonel might, during his convalescence, grow tired of his prescribed walks, and, in an absent or abstracted mood, inadvertently enter and see it. We dreaded the worst consequences from such an occurrence, for not only had he heretofore avoided the room, but had always descended to the lower part of the house by a private staircase which led to the grounds on the east side of the mansion, to prevent himself from passing the door. I laid the veil on a chair, and looked at the angelic face of the dear boy, madam, until tears dimmed my eyes, and I turned away, and approaching the window, was so struck by the sympathy between the sad aspect without, and my own emotions, that I involuntarily seated myself in the deep embrasure, and as the heavy chintz curtains fell again in their places, and entirely concealed me from the view of any one who might enter the room, I resigned myself to melancholy thought. Ah! how dreary was that wintry twilight, how chilly came the winds eddying up from the dark turbulent river, and how fitfully the dead leaves whirled, in fantastic circles, among the withered branches, and over the frozen earth! Where were those joyous in-door scenes which once caused the visiters of Blenheim Forest to forget the ungenial winter, with its images of decay and death; the blazing hearth, surrounded by happy faces, alas! like the hearts around me, it was only covered with the ashes of its former cheerful fires; the low, sweet strains of music were no more heard; the thrilling story and eloquent conversation were hushed, it seemed, for ever. Ah! I was aroused from my reverie by a deep sigh, and in an instant, from some instinctive foreboding, knew Col. Clavering must be in the room. Yes! there he stood, leaning on

his stick, trembling and agitated, before the portrait of his exiled son, his idol, which had been so suddenly dashed down from the throne of his proud heart. Escape was impossible, and to have discovered myself would have been both painful and awkward; so, breathing as softly as possible, I determined to remain perfectly quiet, and await the result.

Dear madam, *may I ever, hereafter, be spared the agony of seeing a proud man weep!* He clasped his hands while he gazed upwards on that tranquil and angelic countenance, and big, heavy tears, rolled in torrents over his face.

"Is it a dream?" he at last gasped out, "can it be! Oh boy! generous! noble! pure! brave and beautiful! you who would not have harmed the meanest reptile that crawls, how, oh! how is it that you have so wounded the heart that, above all others, confided in your honor and truth; your father's heart!" *He wept.* "I will think him dead," he again whispered; "I will think that these pangs, which are 'sharper than a serpent's tooth,' are but the natural grief parents feel on losing a beloved child — ah! I can not! I can not, weak, nerveless old man that I am. Rather would I have seen him a traitor to his country than his God, but his — the soldier's faith is honor to his country — yes! — but — my strength seems failing — my pride! where are they? — gone? I can not understand or comprehend, Louis, how this — ah!" — he groaned, and, leaning his head on his stick, uttered the profoundest sighs, such only as men can utter when an extremity of grief crushes every germ of happiness within them. A quarter of an hour must have elapsed, during which time he did not alter his position, and the periodical fever incident to his disease, accelerated and aided by the already excited state of his mind, had confused his thoughts, and crept, with its ideal visions, so softly and sweetly through the cells of his brain, that it was filled with placid images and delightful memories of long ago. "Aha, boy!" he said, rising and smiling, as of old, "that is a most capital likeness — excellent, and well painted too! That was a noble deed, Louis: never, for God's sake, boy, be guilty of an action that would be unworthy of fellowship with it. Good night! — what! no answer! — ah, well, he sleeps — he is fatigued — how softly he breathes! God bless thee, child; your dreams

will be sweet, after having so bravely saved a fellow-being's life!" He was leaving the room, but turned suddenly and looked around him, then pressed his forehead, and said: "How is this, where am I? — O yes, Louis' room; good night, my beloved child, good night!"

I trembled and wept so, my dear madam, that I could scarcely leave my hiding-place, and only got out in time to see the servants hurrying to and fro, in great alarm, all anxious to do something for the relief of their master, who had fainted, and fallen senseless in the corridor.

Saturday. — The colonel was ill all night, and this morning is much exhausted. Mrs. Clavering requests me to present her warmest and most heartfelt acknowledgments for the kindness which you have heretofore extended to her son, meanwhile begs an answer to this as early as you can conveniently write.

Respectfully and truly yours,

A. H. M.

Mrs. Botelar received the foregoing letter, but, with a want of fortitude which was not at all characteristic of her, could not decide in what manner to answer it. She shrunk from being the harbinger of such tidings as a communication from her would convey, and her imagination, with graphic pencil, painted but too vividly the scene of gloom and tears that its contents would add to the already afflicted circle at Blenheim Forest. Clavering was slowly declining, nor could the skill of his good physician, or the earnest and kind attendance of warm-hearted friends, stay his course to the silent grave. Mr. Beverly was with him constantly, and it was a tender and touching sight to witness the indescribable affection which he displayed in every act towards his dying friend. He who had heretofore been so erratic in his movements, that he could never rest longer than a few weeks at a time in any spot, no matter how many natural beauties or human endearments it presented to his mind — whose whole happiness seemed to have consisted in variety and novelty — who had raised his standard or beau-ideal of the qualities of a friend so near heaven that no man had ever, until now, been honored with his friendship, sat patiently, day after day, and watched silently, night after night, by the couch of the suffering man whom he had learned to love dearer than a brother. To read to him

when he was awake, or converse with him in a low tone when he was weary of books, to sit beside him while he dosed, with his finger on his pulse, or bear him in his arms, like a very child, to his bed, when he was faint, to steep his forehead in balsamic draughts when the fever glow was on it, to arrange the pillows of the patient sufferer, or modify the light of the sick room to suit his failing eyes, were some of the few offices which were faithfully performed by him; indeed, no mother could have soothed or cheered the last life scenes of a beloved child, with more tender care or anxious solicitude, than those which the generous and eccentric Beverly extended towards him.

Mrs. Botelar had left the invalid's room for the purpose of answering the letter from Blenheim forest; and Mr. Beverly, who had been conversing in his usual quiet and cheerful tone, suddenly ceased speaking, and appeared lost, for several minutes, in profound revery, the subject of which seemed to afford him the most delightful emotions, his eyes lit up with a cheerful expression, and a glow of sanguine pleasure, imparted a most pleasing aspect to his countenance; he approached the invalid, and, taking his hand, exclaimed, "We will go, Clavering!"

"Where, my friend?"

"To Italy—Italy, Clavering!—to that classic land where, in communion with the lingering spirits of sages and poets, your existence will receive the impetus which it so much requires; your mind will be again stimulated; your exhausted faculties will be renewed and invigorated, and, above the ruins of the mighty past, like those blossoms which grow above graves, and derive new life from the ashes of the dead, your mind will become so profoundly filled with the thoughts of buried ages, and so transfused with the histories and legends, not only of the seven hilled city, but of all Italy, that the current of disease must, and will be checked, and in that genial atmosphere you will breathe nothing but life, sweet life, Clavering; say, will you go?"

"Impossible! kindest of friends, impossible!"

"Not so—it is not impossible," said Mr. Beverly in a low, vehement voice. "The weather grows mild; you are no worse, your physician does not say your case is *hopeless*; there is nothing to prevent it. I, of course,

will go with you. I have been once, and shall only feel as if I were again going to the home of my heart, to an Eden, which in my boyhood dreams, I learned to love—say, Clavering, do you consent?"

"My friend," said he, holding up his emaciated hands and laying them on Beverly, "ere the time shall elapse which it would take to convey us to that sweet southern clime, these hands will be crossed in peace on my silent breast, and this body, which has experienced from you so much disinterested care, will repose in the bosom of its mother dust."

Mr. Beverly pressed his hands, but he so much dreaded the idea of losing Clavering, that when he made any direct allusion to death, a certain affectionate impatience betrayed itself in his manner. "Clavering," he at last said, "you give up life without a struggle. Why is this? Like the ancients, you contemplate death without terror; but, unlike them, you raise an altar to this ungenial shade, on which all your thoughts rest. This penalty of life will assuredly come; let us not court his presence, for has not our Creator imposed obligations on us whereby we may avoid it for a longer season than you care to dream of?"

"Ah, my friend," said Clavering, smiling kindly, "you forget that men of the olden time, although surrounded by the brilliant mysticisms of Epicureanism, and the still more profound mysteries of Metempsychosis, suffered the ills of life, its changes, its woes, and evils; there was always a skeleton among their flowers, and even they hailed death as the friend of the unhappy, and poetically called it the daughter of night and the sister of sleep. But, Beverly, had the hope of eternal rest and untold joys shone on those philosophers of old, think you not they would have regarded it as

'Tranquilla varco,
A pia tranquilla vita?'"

"I still think of Italy, Clavering!" he replied. "In that region, in which I wish you to gather new life, the *name* of death was once an interdicted sound. Its inhabitants had such a horror of it, that they always disguised it by some periphrasis, such as '*discessit e vita*;' they never said of their friend, 'he had died, but that he had lived.'* You *live*, Clavering, and that is a great point—so let us waive this gloomy subject, and talk of Italy. Has Rome,

* D'Israeli.

which the Catholic has received as a legacy from the pagan, no charm for you?"

"Many, my friend. Tell me of it?"

"Well, let me arrange it. We will approach Rome from the south. We will linger a few days in sweet Sicily, and our vessel shall glide so gently along the coast of Italy, that the perfumed winds from the shore will ever refresh you. We will count the gem-like islands that enrich the sea, and listen to the music with which the vintage is gathered in, and hear the peasants, with their vintage garlands on their heads, chant strains in soft Italian from the poetry of Ariosto and Tasso. At Naples we will change the sea for short land voyages. You will then be so much stronger, Clavering, that we will visit Pompeii, and enter those dwellings which for so many centuries lay buried in their lava tomb, where near the sill of each door the word *salve* still welcomes, though silently, the stranger, as it did ages ago when the gay and light-hearted Pompeian exchanged with southern warmth and hospitality the courtesies of social life. And Vesuvius! shall we pass by this mysterious conqueror, who laid low the little city of Palaces? Well, we will see it at night, Clavering, looming up among the clouds with its plume of fiery vapors, and you will think of Ossian's heroes as its banners of living flame throw out their lurid folds to the winds."

"My dear friend," said Clavering, cheered by Mr. Beverly's sanguine and hopeful manner, "I hear of Italy from you, of those scenes which I once hoped to enjoy, and of which you so eloquently speak."

"And you will enjoy them," interrupted Mr. Beverly, who had watched with pleased eyes the impression he gradually made. "We will journey up from Naples to Terracino, near which are memorials fraught with rich associations for both poet and historian. Again we will rest, and when evening falls, and the air is melodious with the sound of Ave Maria floating from steeple and tower, we will slowly ascend the mountain that overshadows the town, and beneath the shade of orange and lemon trees which embalm the winds with luscious sweetness, we will repose and look down on the tranquil plains covered with the aloe tree and broad-leaved cactus with their brilliant and many-hued flowers, which here flourish in uncultivated profusion; we will see

the bright-eyed children at play among flowers; we will press those perfumed stars of earth beneath our feet—for those little creatures, with instinctive poetry and an innate desire to please the strangers, will throw garlands in our pathway; we will look out on the tranquil sea, and while the sunset gems it with light, count the fishermen's skiffs, which, instead of bearing pennons of gay colored stuffs at their mast heads, are festooned with garlands, and their merchandise of fish, fruits, and vegetables concealed by leaves and blossoms. We will luxuriate on these poetical sights and sounds preparatory to approaching the Pontine marshes, whose pestilential fens, although they are ever sending upwards exhalations of death, are so fertile that the productions peculiar to them are verdant beyond description. These safely passed, we will journey on slowly near the lake of Nemi, and indulge in a few classical reminiscences in the sacred wood which surrounds it; cross the Campagna d'Albano, and then, Clavering, Rome—Rome, with its cupolas, its spires, its obelisks, all gleaming with sunshine, and pointing heaven-ward."

"I had once hoped to see it all," repeated Clavering.

"We will avoid the Corso; it has too much of modern life about it. We will establish ourselves at my old lodgings in ancient Rome, from the upper windows of which we can see the Tiber, the capitol, and catch a glimpse of one or two important ruins. After resting a few days, we will explore the sublime wonders of St. Peter's, we will linger there hour after hour tracing the grand designs and effects of its mosaics, and feel awe-stricken in the presence of its exquisitely modelled antique marbles, its magnificent paintings, and rich shrines. We will devote these hours, Clavering, to silence and study. One should never speak beneath that exalted dome, the very sound of a whisper dying away in immensity, brings home too humbling a sense of insignificance to the creature in the presence of his God. *There* the physical organs of speech should be still, and let the soul expand, and hold converse with the sublime present and the solemn past. But my friend you are fatigued?"

"Far from it, I am refreshed; you inspire me with a wish to hear much more of that spot where the blood-stained genius of antiquity lies low and silent beneath the altars of

religion." There was a kindling light in Clavering's eye, and an upspringing of life, an appearance of vigor, which should have deterred Mr. Beverly, who saw only in this excitement a newly opened fount of health, and he continued: "The Pantheon will interest you. It is the best preserved ruin in Rome, and seems as if determined to outlive time for ever for the purpose of commemorating the gratitude of Agrippa, and the humility of Augustus, who refused the dedication of it to himself as too great an honor, and consecrated it to all the gods of Olympus. Its Christian name, if I remember aright, is St. Mary of the Rotunda. In the church of St. John Lateran, where a number of councils have been held, we will see innumerable columns of rich marble, some of which belonged to the tomb of Adrian, and others to the capitol; and near it the obelisk brought from the heart of Egypt, which a barbarian king so respected, that he stopped the conflagration of a city in its honor, and legends tell us that for its sake a king pledged the life of his only son.* Its hieroglyphics defy now, as ever, the learning or wisdom of sages—they keep their own secret bravely, and perhaps conceal under their impenetrable characters annals of the most ancient people of antiquity. Genius is a creative inspiration; it is the gift of God, and proceeds alone from him—the pagan received it from his hands, although he knew it not; their successors toiled for fame, and derided the followers of the new faith, and scourged and put them to death as traitors to their deities, and it is well that thus after the lapse of ages these trophies should be brought and laid at the feet of the Christian's creed. Here, meekly standing, are pillars, urns, and columns, which once with proud magnificence decorated some temple where the voice of oracles was heard, or the virgins of Vesta kept vigils before their sacred fires, or perhaps dying gladiators or mangled Christians have leaned against them until the dire conflict between life and death should be done. Oh, Clavering, I have stood beside those works of antiquity with every life pulse throbbing with eagerness, and almost prayed that some supernal power like that which fables say animated the statue of Memnon, would breathe softly on them, that they might utter solemn revelations of the past. The church of St. Paul's presents no-

* De Stael.

thing in its exterior to please the eye, it looks like an immense barn, but within it is enriched by eighty pillars of such exquisite material and proportions, that they are supposed to have been brought from an Athenian temple."

"Beverly," said Clavering, "is it not a little singular that, surrounded by every thing which should have persuaded the instinctively noble and tender emotions of your soul to converge to one point of faith, you remained so vacillating and indifferent about the religion of Rome?"

"Perhaps so," answered Mr. Beverly, smiling; "but you know I have queer *penchants* at times, and one seized me very suddenly in Rome. At the extremity of Mount Palatinus is an arch celebrating Titus' conquest of Jerusalem. It is said to be a remarkable fact that no Jew ever passes beneath it, and the little pathway which they always take to avoid it, was pointed out to me. Clavering, it touched me deeply! that this people, who rank no longer among the nations of the earth, should, from the depths of their degradation, so proudly remember their ancient glories, and at this remote day refuse submission to the conquerer who caused the final and dire overthrow of their queen-like city, and the dispersion of their fathers. Since then I have honored these descendants of kings and high priests, whether covered with rags or wrapped in furs; I revere them as the first chosen of God, and his best beloved, who are still surrounded by his protecting hand, which will, as of old, guide them safely beyond the desert of their woes."

"He loves them," said Clavering gently, "as a father loves the prodigal whose excesses have banished him from the glory of his house. With them Almighty God will make an equal balance of justice, and when the penalties of their unbelief, its degradation, and multiplied afflictions fill up the measure, the prodigal will be permitted to return. He whom they madly rejected, the meek and lowly Jesus, will then appear unto them, not as a 'pillar of cloud,' but their true Messiah, and that proud Jerusalem which he loved as a mother loves her first born, will raise her forehead from the dust, while blood-stained Golgotha, radiant and serene, smiles in forgiveness on the wanderers. Then, Beverly, the earth which has so long been shaken by the tribulations of war, pestilence, and famine, will know peace. Ought

we not to weep, and pray that Almighty God may shorten the time of their exile?"

Mr. Beverly regarded Clavering with an indescribable expression of countenance, in which hope and dread were so blended, that it was difficult to tell which predominated. He had not seen as much consciousness of life about him for weeks, and knew not whether the reaction might be beneficial or injurious to him, but fearing that he might discern his fears and share their contagion, he answered Clavering's enthusiastic expressions by a remark so peculiarly characteristic of his original temperament, that his friend could not forbear a smile.

"Had I lived," said he, "in the days of Christ, when he and his followers were despised, scourged, and put to death, I should, without doubt, have bidden all the formula of the Mosaic law a decided adieu, and shared the hardships of that little band with heroic joy, and thrown defiance at those who persecuted them. I should have been a most outrageous Christian; but as it is, Clavering, that little circumstance almost made a Jew of me. And now, to show you what an impulsive fellow I am, when I visited the Coliseum, the terrific past, with its unholy pageants therein acted, was so plainly before me, that I became quite Christianized again. I was alone by moonlight in the Coliseum,—just imagine it, Clavering; ah, then it was on this earth where mortals had yielded up their life-blood for the sake of Him who died for us, that I felt most distinctly the divine inspirations of that faith for which they suffered. I kissed the dust thus sanctified, but selected no particular spot, for where their blood had not penetrated the earth, their forms, dragged from side to side of the arena struggling with hungry lions or goaded tigers, had touched it, their footsteps had marked it, and I could fancy no inch of ground which had not thus been made holy. Such things may be effaced, but not worn out."

"Beverly," said Clavering, "my friend, we will talk no more of Italy; methinks it has awakened within me vain regrets, and still vainer hopes. How I should have felt beside you amidst that mighty ruin, lit up by the peaceful light of a radiant moon, and rendered more sacred by the silence of night, let these trembling hands and this throbbing heart attest; they but pulsate with my wishes—they urge me to cling to life. *This must not be*—yet be not

wounded, my best of friends, some other day I will tell you of a fairer clime than Italia's; I will talk with you of its imperishable glories, of its golden fields, and everlasting hills of light. There, Beverly, time wears not out—immortality, peace, and eternal youth; in that atmosphere no clouds or tears —"

He sunk back exhausted on his pillows, and while serene visions of eternal life floated through his soul, and his lips moved silently in humble prayer, he became insensible. That evening, when Father Francis called to see Clavering, he found Mr. Beverly alone in the drawing-room, so gloomy and abstracted, that his heart was immediately filled with the saddest prognostics concerning the fate of his young friend, and as he wrung his hand he could only briefly say: "He is worse."

"He is sir; he is much worse, and I—fool that I was—am the cause."

"My dear sir," said Father Francis, surprised, "your grief lends an ambiguity to your language which I do not understand."

"Perhaps, sir," replied Mr. Beverly, after a short pause, "you have observed that my sentiments, feelings, and opinions are somewhat different from those of the rest of mankind, and being thus singular, it is not surprising that I have never formed a personal and affectionate friendship for any human being. Do not understand me, sir, to mean that I felt indifferent to the weal or woe of my fellow men; so far from this, I regarded them collectively and impartially as brethren; their griefs afflicted me, their joys saddened me, for well I knew that the sure penalty of smiles was in the end bitter tears. But, sir, there was nothing spiritual in my view of life, and although my soul had yearned for a congenial friend during many years of intercourse with the world and its denizens, I found it not; no one among men had ever touched the deeper chords of my heart; no spirit was there to unseal its hidden sympathies, and I had begun to think that the friendship after which I sought was an *ignis fatuus* that would always evade me, until I met Clavering. Sir, boy as he is in comparison with myself, his pure, trusting, enduring, and brave heart has made me feel that there is at least one on earth with whom my very being could become incorporated. This may seem unnatural, perhaps unmanly; but, believe me, it is true. During his illness,

his decline, I have watched him hourly ; sir, I felt that every new symptom of coming death was absorbing some portion of my existence, my anxiety became insupportable. I was unwilling to believe his disease was mortal, and cheated myself into thinking that probably a want of energy had kept the recuperative powers of his system in check, and determined to administer a mental stimulus, and then, if it partially aroused him, I intended bearing him off in triumph to some southern land, and trust to the goodness of God for a happy result."

"Alas!" observed Father Francis, "we shall soon, very soon, have to commend his disembodied spirit to the tender mercies of his Almighty Lord and Father. But how——"

Mr. Beverly leaned his face on his hands, and uttered deep sighs. "Sir," said he at last to Father Francis, "you think me weak, perhaps heathenish ; you can not understand how a man who has confidence in the wisdom of Almighty God has so little faith, resignation, or humility, or whatever you may call it. I confess, sir, my boasted code of philosophy, my generalizing system is crumbling beneath the strange and all-absorbing interest which I feel in this one being, and I am compelled to acknowledge, from this singular incident in my life, that the soul may be expansive, it may embrace with its eternal instincts all the inhabitants of earth in one bond of heavenly charity, but this principle can not be nomadic ; the dove may wander with the olive branch over life's troubled flood ; sunshine may rest upon its wings, but they will become weary and faint at last, and unless it enters within the ark which floats serenely beneath the bright arch of the new covenant, its efforts will all be vain, and it must perish."

"True, sir," said Father Francis, looking with much interest at his singular companion ; "but know you not where this ark of safety is moored ? The flood which engulfed a world bears her upwards but nearer heaven. The Holy Spirit of the eternal God rests like a halo with and about her ; her windows are always open to receive those who, weary with tempestuous doctrines which ever ebb and flow and change among men, would fain enter this safe and immutable sanctuary ; can you not discern in the ark of the olden time a prototype of the church of Christ?"

"Without difficulty, without difficulty,"

replied Mr. Beverly, abstractedly, for his thoughts again wandered to his dying friend, and after a few moment's silence he exclaimed : "It was a mad, foolish act, thoughtless beyond expression, sir ! I might have eloquently beguiled his thoughts into something like life, without playing so roughly on all the finely strung chords of his sensitive soul. Memories almost forgotten of the Vatican, the castle of St. Angelo, the Forum, the Mamertine prisons, the banks of the Tiber, the Appian way, and the seven ancient hills, with all their authentic historical traditions, would have thronged on my mind. For the moment we might have existed in the past, and, while walking along the shaded paths of Mount Aventinus, communed with the august shades of Pompey, Cæsar, and Cicero on the very spots rendered immortal by being their favorite haunts. But, sir, instead of this, instead of wisely depicting to him the interesting story of Rome's ancient glories, rehearsing her splendid fables, and kindling up the light of poetry on her deserted pagan fanes, I commenced just where I should have stopped. I dwelt with glowing tongue on that epoch where the meeting of paganism and Christianity caused time to pulsate with convulsive throes, and instead of lingering before the mythological agonies of Laocoon and the sublime, although fabled, sorrow of Niobe, I talked of martyrs who suffered for Christ, and led him in imagination to the sacred ground which had drank their blood. It was too much, sir ; I defeated by it my own object, and he is now suffering the consequences of my indiscretion."

The servant entered just then, and handing a letter to Mr. Beverly, said : "For Mr. Claring, sir."

"Letter!" said Mr. Beverly, taking it from the salver, and examining the post mark, "from Blenheim Forest!" "I can not give it to him, sir, will you oblige me by doing so?"

"Certainly," replied Father Francis, "and if Louis does not sleep I will go up and see him."

"He inquired for you, sir, a few minutes ago," observed the servant, who had been waiting.

"My dear Mr. Beverly," observed Father Francis gently, "you accuse yourself too bitterly. Your intentions were most pure and friendly ; your wishes almost holy, in behalf of

your friend; the consequences unfortunately have not corresponded with those wishes, and yet there is no reason for despondency. It is but one of the many lessons of disappointment which it is necessary that we should practically learn, to convince us that our whole and entire dependence should be placed alone on Almighty God. Life, health, soul, and body, friends and the capabilities of enjoyment proceed alone from Him; they are invaluable loans for which much spiritual interest will be required, and this interest must be paid by submission, meekness, and resignation to his divine will under all circumstances, and a compliance with his divine laws. There are some heaven-born spirits who practise almost intuitively these sacred precepts, but there are others also who require stern lessons to remind them of neglected duties and passing opportunities, and happy for those who, when they are chastised, acknowledge a Father's hand in the events which may have afflicted or disappointed them; happy if through the gloom they can discern the light of his countenance."

"Sir," said Mr. Beverly, raising his head, and looking keenly at Father Francis, "you think me, then, one of those who require stern lessons?"

"I do, sir. Your independent and sanguine nature, which has hitherto depended exclusively on its own prolific resources for happiness and enjoyment, will experience, I fear, some sober and grave changes ere it learns to understand the requisitions of the new spiritual law which our great High Priest—the God-man, our Redeemer and Friend established."

"Sir," said Mr. Beverly, "I admire frankness and truth, but when they are blended with fearlessness and humility in the character of a legate of high heaven, I revere them. You have reprov'd me, a thing which no other man has ever had the courage to do; you have counselled me during the period of our intercourse in a manner which, while it has exposed to me my own weaknesses of character, has been at once so mild and dignified, that I could only acknowledge its justice without defending myself. Ere long my soul will rest her wearied faculties in that sacred and immutable shelter above which the celestial dove ever watches, that the power of evil may not prevail against it, and where alone change

comes not for ever. In the bosom of the Catholic church I expect this undisturbed repose; but, sir, as a candid man, I must say that my mind is now so absorbed by intense anxiety concerning my friend, that I am not free to act in as decided a manner as the importance of the subject demands."

Father Francis sighed, and looking with a gentle and earnest glance at Mr. Beverly, replied: "Think you not, sir, that it would cause Clavering the most unmitigated regrets, if he knew that for his sake you thus trifled with the interests and welfare of your immortal soul? Why not follow his noble example? With far more important considerations than your own to delay this matter, he counted them as nothing when weighed in the balance of his duty to Almighty God, and decidedly, and manfully determined to suffer all things for Christ. I will now go up to this patient sufferer, and learn yet another lesson of meekness and patience from him."

The letter which Clavering received from Blenheim Forest contained a few lines from his mother, which she had hastily written to announce her expectation of being in Balumore in a few days with the colonel, whose physician had insisted on change of air and scene, and advised him to consult one of the many eminent practitioners of medicine in that city, relative to his case. The idea of beholding those faces which he had never hoped again to see on earth, suffused his almost exhausted system with another upflashing of life, and the struggle between the excited human hopes which still palpitated in his heart, and the entire resignation of his soul to the will of Almighty God, again exhausted him so entirely, that all feared that ere the morning light dawned again on earth his spirit would have left its tenement. Father Francis administered to him the last rights of the church, at which most solemn sacrament all the pious family assisted; and after the mid-watches of the night had tolled, while he lay once more composed and tranquil, he received the most holy viaticum. In this presence, honored by this divine guest, no turbulent thought durst oppress him; but angels with heaven's own sunlight on their wings brooded in celestial bands around him. Happy for mortals is the principle of faith. Were there no recompense beyond this life, how justly might they complain

and murmur in insupportable sadness ; but as it is, there is hope with an eternal fruition to cheer them on. Along the rugged pathway of life, although blood, and tears, and sighs mingle bitterly with every draught of joy, and blossoms wither and fall ere we can gather them into our garner-house of love, the soul, led by faith, patience, and resignation to the termination of her weary pilgrimage, approaches the portals of immortal life, and after being purified from every stain, enters into those regions of rest where the smiles of God shine for ever unclouded on the heavenly scene. In the living waters of that river which flows from the throne, all traces of tears are obliterated, and the spirit, while lingering beside its fountains of light, hears afar off the transporting harmonies of the seraphim as they adore the thrice holy Lord God of Sabaoth. Words can not tell, neither can the heart of man conceive the ineffable glories of that better land ; but with the hope of one day resting there for ever to cheer us on, who shall dare to shrink from crosses, the patient endurance of which will secure for us such an eternal reward ?

CHAPTER XIX.

The sick room.—New incidents.

SUPPORTED by pillows, Clavering reclined in a large chair. His appearance was a perfect incarnation of the poetry of consumption, and, while his eyes flashing with its warm feverish light, and his cheeks glowing with the hues of summer rose, almost cheated one into the belief that the bright dawn of life and not its last sunset was gleaming on him, his high white forehead, from which the dark hair fell luxuriantly back in many a waving mass, wore an expression of the most perfect peace, and a happy smile lent to his countenance a rare and indescribable shade of spiritual beauty. Alice, with a child's pure love of the beautiful, had brought roses and a few rare flowers from her little conservatory, and insisted on Clavering's receiving them. They now lay withering in the grasp of his hot fevered hand. Like earth's promises, they faded when their hues were most dazzling ; their bright leaves drooped, and in faint exhalations the breath of their life and sweetness was passing away. Father Francis was by his side. Mrs. Botelar

and Alice sat apart, and by the light which streamed in through the only open window, were earnestly engaged in completing some lady-like and useful piece of handiwork, while they conversed in a low cheerful tone on various interesting and cheerful topics.

"My child," said Father Francis, "you are expecting to see soon those you love?"

"Yes, dear father," replied Clavering ; "if such is the will of Almighty God, I shall once more see my venerated parents."

"But suppose," continued Father Francis in an under tone, "that some unforeseen Providence should detain them beyond the necessary time, would the idea of such a sacrifice disturb the tranquillity of your last moments?"

"Father," answered he, after a short pause, pointing to his crucifix which always hung near him, "that teaches me grateful and humble submission. For the last three days it seems that I can not behold it too often ; whenever I turn my eyes towards it, every emotion of my soul, every human hope and anxious wish is merged into one grand and sublime sentiment of resignation to the divine will of our Lord, and the joy of a happy reunion with my beloved father and mother, or the pangs of disappointed hope will be sanctified by this. I wish for nothing, I hope for nothing, but that the will of God may be accomplished in me."

"But, my dear child," said Father Francis, willing to probe him yet more deeply, "of all those ardent hopes which in their turbulent anxiety threatened a few days ago to destroy the feeble tenure by which you hold on life, are none now left ? is there no yearning, no wish, no secret wish that those who were the fond guardians of your infancy and boyhood should gather around your pillow when the last sad agony of nature deprives us of you?"

"It is all passed away ! away for ever," replied Clavering with a happy smile. "Almighty God be praised, the chain of life has dropped its links one by one, some have been broken rudely, others have melted in the ordeal through which I have passed, and my spirit is now almost free. I think of God, his mercy and love, and *ETERNITY*, and I am no longer sensible of pain, I look down from this elevated summit of thought which is tinged with the light of heaven's own love, and feel selfishly happy, so happy that I dare not dim the

transcendent scene by a tear or disturb the celestial air by a sigh. I forget the body which suffers, and think only of the spirit which is healed."

For a moment or so Clavering's face, glowing with smiles, was uplifted, and his eyes, radiant with hope, were raised upwards and seemed with intense gaze to pierce the veil of time, and hold sweet communion with the spirits of heaven, and while his hand, grasping unconsciously those fragrant flowers, pointed thitherward, he looked like an angelic being offering up emblems of his own stainless life.

"It is well, my child," at last said Father Francis; "I congratulate you. I wish you joy. In the holy company of angels, in sweet companionship with Mary and Joseph, reposing for ever in the smiles and love of our Lord, you will forget the ordeal through which you have passed, and the remembrance of bitterness or tears will not there disturb you. May the term of your probation be shortened, and may you enter speedily into those ineffable scenes of perfect and unalloyed bliss."

Father Francis now stepped aside to make his idieus to Mrs. Botelar, and say a few words of encouragement to Alice, who was preparing for her first communion, when the door opened and Mrs. Talmadge entered softly. Her eccentric but loving character had often made the sick room happy with smiles, and as she frequently related, with much earnest sincerity, little incidents connected with her various charitable expeditions, her hearers could but admire those self-denying acts for which she was so famed, and by which she accomplished an incalculable amount of good, and yet spoke of them as of the most ordinary and every day occurrences.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "where are you all? This dark room is enough to give one the horrors outright! Ah! now that I see you, Mr. Clavering, you look most decidedly better; in fact you look well; but you never complain, and are now, I suppose, gathering the fruit of your patience. Some people have a fancy, and I among them, that moans and complaints do sick folks a vast deal of good, and I have been sometimes half provoked at your——"

"Patience?" inquired Father Francis, pleasantly.

"The heavens above help us," exclaimed the lady, starting with surprise; "the—the priest's amongst us taking notes."

"The priest," replied Father Francis, smiling, "would have trembled for his good name had he known you could quote so readily from the Scottish bard."

"Ah, well! I am everlastingly getting into some scrape or other, but it will be all the same a hundred years hence. Where's Mr. Beverly?"

"Good day, my dear," said Mrs. Botelar, advancing; "can you spare breath enough to honor me?"

"How are you, Mrs. Botelar? I suppose I must beg your pardon for dashing in so unceremoniously? Where's Mr. Beverly?"

"Gone in search of you I believe, my dear," replied the lady.

"How provoking! Between ourselves and the walls, Mr. Beverly don't understand the meaning of the word patience very well, and I have been promising him for a week or two past to take him some fine day to learn a lesson from old Jeffries, and waited until twelve to-day, thinking perhaps he might call, but as he did not, I went out alone to see my old friend."

"And how is he?" inquired Mrs. Botelar; "I heard from Dorothy that he was much worse."

"Well, I heard so from his son, and really felt a wicked kind of a curiosity to know whether or not he had a complaint or murmur to make, but not he indeed! There he sat, propped up in his chair, looking more incomparably happy and incorrigibly patient than I ever saw him. 'Well,' said I, 'Jeffries how are you to-day?' 'Better, madam,' he said. 'But,' said I, 'you have been much worse! The inflammatory rheumatism in your arm with paralasys in your right side was no trifle.' 'Ah! madam,' said he, 'when I thought of what our innocent Lord suffered, and how he suffered, the pain I felt seemed like nothing, and then when a little ease came and the pain left me, I was so thankful, madam, that I forgot all about it.' 'But,' said I, 'do you not grow tired of solitude, Jeffries, and weary of remaining so many hours in one position? it is enough to kill one.' 'Well, madam,' he replied, 'you see my son has fixed rollers on my chair, and, thank God, I still have the use of one of my legs, and, as the chair rolls very smooth, I can travel all over the room. I have every thing to be grateful for; my son is one of the best boys in the world, and, if he can help it,

he never leaves me all day alone, but runs home from his work when the rest go to dinner, and the master gives him leave to see if his old father wants any thing. He fixes those flowers there in that warm place in the casement, and while I sit here alone the bright sunshine streams in, and the flowers grow bright, and I lift up my eyes and thank God that I can still see, and I look and look until I begin to think and think, and then that lily shining so white in the sun reminds me of the Blessed Virgin, and the roses and hyacinths of the holy angels all filled with one glory!" "But the sun does not always shine, Jeffries; how then?" "Madam," said he, "just rise up a little, and look out to the side of yonder hill, and tell me what you see." "See, why I see a grave, Jeffries, with a white cross at the head." "Yes, madam," he said, "that is my poor old Mary's grave, and no matter how dark the weather or how gloomy the day, when I look at that my thoughts ascend to her, and I think of the time when we shall see each other again in a land, madam, where we will, through the mercy of our Lord, rest for ever." That poor afflicted old man made me ashamed of myself, and I could but think of a certain celebrated *personage* who in vain tempted holy Job; so I left him, after conversing a short time longer with him, determined for the future that confidence in God should throw its sunshine always about me. Blessings are everlastingly floating around us, and we care not to grasp them with contentment; we prize them not until our capabilities for enjoying them are destroyed, or they fly away, and 'distance lends an unattainable enchantment to their view.' Ah, me! we may be learning all our lives, and yet know comparatively nothing."

"Mrs. Talmadge growing sententious!" exclaimed Mrs. Botelar; "miracles will never cease."

But that good lady was so accustomed to do every thing in her own way and manner, and bid defiance to all etiquette or form, that, without waiting a moment to listen or give a reply to Mrs. Botelar, she had snatched up a chair and seated herself before Clavering, and was soon carrying on a whispered conversation with him. Ah! how seldom should we judge from appearance, and how slowly should opinions be formed of persons from mere manner. With the invalid's hand in her own, and

her face bent towards him, many and sweet were the words of consolation and hope which she uttered, and so thrilling was the language that she poured into his ear, and which told of the better land, that a ministering spirit might have dictated it.

Shortly after Father Francis and Mrs. Talmadge had taken leave, Tom entered the room noiselessly, and presented Mrs. Botelar a card; she read the few words on it, and, becoming very pale, looked involuntarily at Clavering.

"I understand all, kind friend," he said; "they have come! My mother—my venerated father; is it not so, my dear madam?"

He was perfectly calm, and, while Mrs. Botelar was astonished at his composure, she could not feel sufficiently grateful that this arrival, which she had so much dreaded on his account, seemed likely, by the grace of God, to disturb him not, but, on the contrary, to tranquillize and soothe him still more, so finding that she could safely announce it, she answered candidly and sincerely:

"The Colonel and Mrs. Clavering have arrived. You were right, my child. They are at the hotel. This card is from your mother; she requests me to come to her immediately, as the colonel is so much exhausted by travel that it is impossible for her to leave him until to-morrow."

"Go, my best of friends," he replied, "and present me with the tenderest affection to those two. Tell my father that I am dying—tell him—but no, it might unnerve him too suddenly. Say what you will, dear madam; your own heart will dictate what is proper under existing circumstances; but break the matter gently to them, gently to my mother, and may our mother of sorrows impart to her soul strength and fortitude to bow with utter submission to the divine will."

"Ah! my child, may this heavenly composure continue, but I fear—" Mrs. Botelar could not continue, for tears choked her utterance.

"Why is it? how is it?" said Clavering, taking her hands in his own, "that I cause so many tears and so much sadness? Ah! madam, weep not, but rather rejoice that life's fitful fever is nearly over, and that my soul shall so soon be committed to the tender mercies of our dear Redeemer."

"True, my child. I should rather rejoice, but nature demands tears even while the spirit,

like a rainbow's arch, smiles gladly through them. I go, my child. Pray for those to whom I go, and to whom I shall bear such painful and unexpected tidings. Ah! here is our friend, Mr. Beverly; you have just arrived in good time, dear sir. I am obliged to be away for a short time, and I am sure I could not leave Louis under better care."

Mrs. Botelar could scarcely recognise the once girlish form and delicate features of Josephine Welden in the tall and elegant woman of fifty who now received with such chastened dignity and grace her friendly salutations. The effort on Mrs. Clavering's part to act with composure in this interview, at which the colonel was present, was vain; too many recollections, imbued with the bitterness of disappointed hope, came thronging about her heart, and finally she bowed her head on Mrs. Botelar's shoulder, as they stood encircled in each others' arms, and wept bitterly. The colonel was frigid though polite, and looked with displeased astonishment at this (to him) unnecessary scene, and, when the emotion of his lady overcame every other consideration, and she inquired, in broken accents, after her child, he exclaimed, in an angry tone:

"Forbear, madam, forbear. Save me at least the penalty of hearing the cause of these premature infirmities and this premature old age discussed in my presence."

He was leaving the room, but Mrs. Botelar arose, and approaching him with dignity, said:

"Sir, I may not be silenced on this subject, for I have a solemn duty to perform, a painful duty, and yet you will no doubt eventually thank me for not having shrunk from it. Your son——" This was quite enough, and the colonel abruptly left the room.

"Cruel, unkind, and stern to the last," exclaimed Mrs. Clavering, sinking back on the sofa; "but tell me his *mother*; surely I have a right to know; how is it with him?"

"My beloved friend," said Mrs. Botelar, "had I once sent you a jewel of inestimable value, telling you that, at some future day, I should demand it from you, how would you have acted when I required the costly trust from your hands? Would you have insisted on retaining that which had been loaned you for a season, or even felt unwilling to yield up to me my own?"

"Why, why," asked Mrs. Clavering, with

blanched cheeks and trembling lips, "why such strange question?"

"Answer me, my dear," said Mrs. Botelar, emphatically.

"Assuredly I would have returned your gem, and thanked you for reposing such confidence in me, and felt still more grateful for relieving me of the great responsibility of the trust. But my child, my child—Mrs. Botelar, you have not yet answered me?"

"In your child," replied the lady, solemnly, "behold the jewel of priceless worth committed to your care and keeping by Almighty God. He is now about demanding back the treasure he loaned you; be not ungenerous or selfish, but in the humble hope of again reclaiming it, bright with new lustre, on the morning of the resurrection, yield him up—yield him up."

"You mean to say," gasped Mrs. Clavering, "that my child is dying?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Botelar, slowly, "dying——"

"Ah! madam, say no more, say no more, this is indeed bitterness—the lees of the chalice, the consummation of the sacrifice! Can I now say, O God, thy will be done? Oh! Queen of heaven, Consolation of the afflicted! thou who didst also suffer on earth, teach me resignation like thine. I will go with you, my friend; lead me to the death-bed of my only child."

A few moments sufficed for the necessary preparation, and but a few more were sufficient to bear her to the presence of her son. He stretched forth his arms towards her, and the word "mother" trembled on his lips, but ere she could reach him a piercing shriek burst from the depths of her overcharged heart, and she fell lifeless at his feet. Clavering joined his hands on his breast, and, with an expression of meek patience on his countenance, fixed his eyes on his crucifix, and prayed—prayed for that tender mother who had suffered so much and so keenly for his sake.

When Col. Clavering left Mrs. Botelar so abruptly, he descended to the reading room, and while he was looking testily over the papers, his attention was arrested by hearing his own name repeated in a broad Irish accent.

"How is he, Barney?" said a voice.

"An' is it misther Clavering ye're after askin' for?"

"Yes; how is he? He was extremely ill a day or two ago; how is he to-day, Barney?"

"Dyin', sir, dyin' by inches, an' pining the sowl out ov his body to see his onnatural parents. Sure it is Madam Botelar's as kind as an angil, but a mother you know, sir, is a mother the world over."

"I am sincerely sorry," observed the gentleman to another, "that he continues so ill; for never before was there an interruption to a greater life of promise."

"Of whom do you speak, Talmadge?"

"Oh, I thought you knew all about the affair, Lee. He is the son of a Col. Clavering, of Virginia, who has disinherited him because he became a Catholic."

"Is his disease incurable?"

"Quite so. He is dying of a rapid consumption. Dr. Lurbeck told me yesterday that he could scarcely live a week."

A cry of agony was heard, and a fall, and a hurrying of people to the spot, and Col. Clavering was found insensible on the floor of the reading room. "Who is he?" "what is he?" "what is the matter?" were the inquiries passed around.

"Who is he?" cried the proprietor of the house, entering the room. "Heavens! it is Col. Clavering; assist me in bearing him to his room, gentlemen, if you please, and some one go for a physician immediately."

Mrs. Clavering was sitting by her child; his head reposed on her breast as it once did in days of yore; no word had been spoken of the past; the present hour, with its cares and blessings, filled their hearts; his face wore the same tranquil and happy smile, and his eyes soon closed in sweet slumber. It seemed as if an atmosphere of heavenly peace had gathered around him, which no evil power could wish or even dare to intrude on. While the mother and son were sitting thus, a furious ring at the front door gave evidence of visitors. Tom attended the summons, and an old man, haggard and trembling, tottered in from a coach that stood at the curb, and inquired for Mrs. Botelar. She heard the unusual noise, and was approaching the door, when Col. Clavering, for it was he, met her and exclaimed: "Forgive me, forgive me madam, I have suffered much; where is my boy? he is dying; take me to him."

"Compose yourself, sir, I entreat," said the

lady; "sit here, Col. Clavering; you are exhausted, and this violent agitation will not only injure you, but our dear boy; it might prove fatal to him."

"O God—O God!" cried the old man, striking his forehead, "I have killed him! stricken—stricken—stricken. Madam, this is no time to detain a father from his child. By what right am I kept away from him when he is—dying?"

This last word was uttered amidst weeping and sighs. Fortunately, Father Francis now came in to pay his usual evening visit to Clavering, and Mrs. Botelar introduced him to the colonel, who, forgetting all bitterness in the excess of his anguish, offered his hand; when at another time he would have saluted him with a distant bow and supercilious air. Mrs. Botelar left the room to go up and apprise Clavering of the unexpected presence of his father.

"And has he come at last?" whispered the young man, "at last! I thank thee, O God! I deserve not these blessings."

"Will you see him now, my dear?" inquired the lady.

"Yes, dear madam, if you please. My mother! why these tears? This re-union, mother, is happy; but how transporting will be the re-union in the land of love, where separations are unheard of, where it will be eternal."

Mrs. Botelar returned to the parlor, and found the colonel more composed, and listening with deep interest as Father Francis spoke in terms of high and well deserved encomium of his son, and threw in consolatory hints and gently soothing words which fell on his heart like a blessing. Leaving a message for the invalid, Father Francis made his adieu, thinking wisely that there was a sacredness in the meeting thus brought about by a good Providence, which might be sympathized in, but not looked on by stranger eyes.

The colonel entered the room of his son with faltering steps. Clavering would have risen up and gone to meet him, but disease had encroached too much on his strength, and he could only hold out his hands with a welcome gesture. The colonel approached, and taking his hands within his own, stood before him gazing silently and earnestly on the beautiful wreck; he scanned every feature, and looked at his emaciated hands, then stooped forward and kissed his forehead, and ere a word or ac-

tion of Clavering could prevent it, his father was kneeling by his side.

"Forgive me, my child," he whispered; "forgive me."

This was too much; it was the drop which caused the already brimming cup to overflow, and he fell forward on his father's neck almost dying, "Ah! sir," he whispered after a few moments' pause, "why is this? Rather forgive me all the pain and anguish I have caused you. In this solemn hour, my father, I declare to you that nothing—no earthly considerations—no persuasion, or entreaty, or influence could have made me act contrary to your will; but, my father, duty to Almighty God directed me, his Holy Spirit impelled me, and the salvation of my soul required the sacrifice."

"Enough, Louis—it has passed. Would to God I had acted differently. I believe you, my child. You have proved the sincerity of your principles; you are about offering up your life for them, and I—I, who should have shielded you from every danger, have been your most cruel foe."

"Father," said Clavering, gazing with dim eyes on the tears which streamed in torrents over the furrows of his face, "you pain me. Mother, have you no word of consolation to utter? My breath fails me—my strength is utterly exhausted; come, mother, and say all that I would say."

They lifted him gently up, and laid him on his couch. Violent paroxysms of pain racked his frame; the terrible cough seemed about to tear asunder the last vital thread, and a dark stream of blood slowly welled up from some broken vein, but no murmur escaped his lips, no complaint was uttered; but still looking on his crucifix, he offered up his sufferings gladly and with meekness to Him who had known sorrows, and tasted for the him the bitterness of death. In conjunction with these he gloried in the cross, and thought of those illustrious martyrs of God "who had fought to win the prize, and sailed through bloody seas," until, in his ardor, he would have embraced with joy, sufferings ten-fold more appalling had the will of God inflicted them on him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CLOUDS.

BY MISS OTT.

I've gazed upon the summer cloud,
Of sparkling, snowy hue,
That reared on high its columns proud,
Amid th' ethereal blue;
There dazzling temples, tow'ring trees,
With silvery branches spread,
(That seemed to tremble on each breeze,)
Their lofty forms displayed.

I've watched the dark and boding cloud
That bore the tempest near,
O'er which the fork lightning bowed
In majesty severe;
When heaven's artillery seemed to rend
The massive heap on high,
While from their darksome founts descend
The crystals of the sky.

I've marked the changing twilight cloud
That played in mimic scenes,
Ere wrapped in night's dark gloomy shroud,
It caught Sol's fading beams;

Fair landscapes met the enraptured eye,
 Then dwindling into forms
 Less grand, the flower bloomed on high,
 'Mid elements of storms.

Night's gloom sped on, they passed away,—
 I paused, and thought on life;
 How like those clouds are pleasures gay,
 Alloyed with shades of strife:
 So fair and tempting, men pursue
 These phantoms, false, but bright,
 Borne on by their deluded view
 Till lost in endless night.

MISSIONS OF CANADA.

(From the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.)



PROPORTION as the field of the missions becomes vaster and more fertile, the Lord calls to it a greater number of laborers. He raises up not only individual apostles for this divine ministry, but he also causes to arise new congregations, of which the collective devotion is better calculated for supplying general wants. Among these institutions of latter date, there is one with which we shall now make our readers more familiarly acquainted: it is the first time that it obtains a place in the Annals, and we ought to show its origin previously to narrating its labors.

The society of the *Oblati of the Immaculate Mary*, founded in the south of France, by the Right Rev. Doctor De Mazenod, the present bishop of Marseilles, reckons already more than eighteen years of existence. It had shown its zeal only in the neighborhood of its original house, when, in 1841, his lordship, Doctor Bourget, bishop of Montreal, in Canada, having come to Europe on business connected with the interests of religion, and, more particularly, in order to look for some apostolic men, whom he was desirous of establishing in his diocese, asked his lordship, Dr. De Mazenod, for a colony of his priests, the *Oblati of Mary*. His pious wishes were complied with,

and the worthy prelate, to whom the church of Canada was already under such obligation, had the consolation of also introducing into it these new fellow-laborers.

Their house having been regularly established, they began, forthwith, the labors of their ministry, which the Lord accompanied every where with abundant benedictions. *The Oblati of the Immaculate Mary*, in Canada, are now nineteen in number, of whom fifteen are professed missionaries and four novices. They possess three establishments; one, which is at Longueuil, where the visiter-general resides, and where the noviciate is situated, is specially charged with the spiritual care of the townships. They call by this name those habitations dispersed on the frontiers of Canada and the United States, which, not possessing a population sufficiently large, can not be erected into parishes with a stationary priest. A person may easily have an idea of the religious wants of this but little favored portion of the flock.

Another community of the *Oblati of Mary*, called by the Most Rev. Dr. Signay into the diocese of Quebec, has been established in the northern part of Saguenay, on the banks of a river which bears that name. In addition to the missions and the retreats given to the Catholic parishes, the fathers of that house

undertake the apostleship of the savages, of whom some tribes always occupy the sources of the rivers Saint Maurice and Saguenay, as well as the banks of the Montmorency.

More to the north, towards the fifty-second degree of latitude, there exist also some Papinachois Indians between the lakes Amnitchagan, Papimooagan, and Pirreteebée. On the right of the river Saint Lawrence, towards the eastern side of Lower Canada, called Gaspesia, are found the remains of the *Mismaks* or *Gaspesians*, formerly very numerous, and remarkable for the forward state of their civilization. The remains of these different tribes, which are still infidel, were visited several years ago by the fathers of Saint Sulpice, and by other Canadian priests. Thanks to their zeal, much good has been produced by them; several of them have even gathered, along with a rich harvest of souls, the ordinary reward of self-devotion; for, victims of their charity, they have sunk under the fatigues of so painful a ministry. At present, the *Fathers Oblati of Mary the Immaculate* have the care of all these missions; and some of their number have, every year, to visit the different posts, round which the savages collect, in order to make new proselytes among them, and to furnish to those who are Christians the succors of religion. They propose it to themselves (as soon as their number will allow of it) to extend their excursions into Labrador, as far as the little Esquimaux, in order to rescue the inhabitants from their idolatry, or from the seduction of the Moravian brethren, who have already formed some establishments among them.

The third house of the *Oblati of Mary the Immaculate* is at Bytown, in the diocese of Kingston, in Upper Canada. The members of this community, like those of Montreal, are intended to give missions to the parishes already formed, and to preach the gospel to the Catholic population, scattered through the interior of the country. In addition to this ministry, they also attend to that of the *Woodmen*. Hitherto thousands of wood-cutters, dispersed during six months of the year through the forest, employed at felling the woods, were entirely neglected with regard to religion; but, being now entrusted to the care of the *Oblati of Mary the Immaculate*, they will henceforth easily be able to partake of all the spiritual

aids which zeal and charity know how to multiply, when there is question of the salvation of souls. The fathers of the house of Bytown are, moreover, charged with carrying the lamp of faith to the savage *Algonquins* and *Abitibees*, spread over the north-west part of Canada, between the fiftieth and fifty-second degrees of latitude. Though formerly numerous, these tribes are now reduced to a very small population; the frequent wars which they made among themselves, or maintained against the whites, had already cruelly thinned them towards the end of the last century; and since then, the immigration of Europeans becoming continually greater and greater, these savages, being driven back into their forests, have perished in great numbers from hunger and want.

His lordship, the vicar-apostolic of Hudson's bay, having, on his side, invited the *Oblati* into his immense district, they will proceed thither to begin their labors next summer. Now, in these regions, nearly as extensive as Europe, and which extend from the seventy-second to the hundred and forty-fourth degree of west longitude, and from the forty-eighth to the sixty-eighth degree of north latitude, that is to say, on one side from the western limits of Labrador to beyond the Rocky Mountains, towards the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and, on the other side, from Lake Superior and the northern frontiers of the United States to the Frozen Sea, there are only five priests, whose entire life, being devoted to the care of a population of three thousand Catholics, is hardly sufficient for visiting the different posts of the English fur company.

These priests, notwithstanding their zeal, have not, as yet, been able to do any thing more than cast the good seed into that vast territory, where the greater number of the tribes have preserved their independence. They hope soon to be able to go and settle themselves in the midst of those tribes, who bear different names, according to the countries which they occupy, and who all appear disposed to welcome the ministers of the gospel.

LETTER FROM THE REV. FATHER BOURRASSA.

"Three Rivers, the 25th July, 1844.

"Reverend Father,—Here we are, returned from our mission on the Saint Maurice. The

fruits of grace and salvation, with which God has deigned to crown our humble labors, have fully compensated us for the fatigues of so toilsome a journey.

"The Saint Maurice, the course of which is about two hundred leagues long, would be a very fine river, were it not for the rapids and frequent falls which render the navigation of it so difficult. It was to the savages, who live along its banks, that I and the Rev. Mr. Marault were sent, in order to replace Father Paymant, a missionary full of zeal and virtue, who had visited them the year before, but who is at present afflicted with a general rheumatism, from the effects of the sufferings which he underwent in his apostolic journeys. To these savages, who are called *Borol-heads*, the gospel was first preached only about seven years ago, and they already afford much consolation to the missionaries, who have brought them the good tidings. I shall give you, in my letter, the details of our last expedition.

"We set out from the Three Rivers on the 8th of June; our vessel was a boat of bark, twenty-seven feet long, having a crew of five men and a young savage, who had passed the year in the house of Father Paymant; our clothes and small stock of provisions constituted all the cargo. In order not to detain you with too many introductory remarks, I shall not describe our voyage on the Saint Maurice, nor the different incidents which befel us in the course of it. You can form an idea of it by imagining to yourself two missionaries embarked in a frail skiff, sailing alone on a broad river, the current of which hardly allowed it to advance half a league in an hour, beholding around them only rocks, precipices, and large trees, and obliged, on account of the frequent and long shallows, to disembark and load their shoulders not only with their provisions and humble baggage, but also with the vessel itself, which it becomes impossible to move upon the river.

"In addition to this, the encamping for the night, which by right should have rested us a little after the fatigues of the day, afforded us no very agreeable repose. Our supper and bed were in complete keeping with our strange mode of travelling, and entirely worthy of the apostolic life. We usually halted towards twilight, and in the neighborhood of one of the great falls. Our people began their

work by unloading the boat, and turning it upside down on the bank; each person then took his part in preparing the supper; one cut wood, another got the pot ready, a third struck sparks out of a flint, which caught on some dry leaves. In some short time afterwards, a pretty thick steam arising from the kettle, together with the smell of the salted meat, apprised us that we might begin our humble meal.

"As the number of dishes was reduced to the fewest possible, a bit of pork serving us for *entremets* and second course at the same time, a few minutes were generally sufficient for this rustic banquet. Afterwards came prayer, which we said in common, and then we had to set about preparing our lodging for the night. We next pitched our little tent on the evenest and least damp spot we could find; every one equipped himself with two blankets, one of which, being doubled, served for a mattress, and the other covered his body to defend him from the cold and the dew; and thus we were lodged as pleasantly as if we were in the best bed of a comfortable hotel. Whether we then slept well is another question; for, besides that our shoulders did not readily accustom themselves to the hardness of our couch, we were continually kept awake by an innumerable body of insects, which afforded us no rest. All the gnats, mosquitoes, and fire-flies of the neighboring forests seemed to have agreed to assemble in our tent; the number of them was so great that we could hardly draw our breath, and you may judge if they spared their stings on us.

"We travelled in this manner for the space of about twenty days, at one time sailing on the river, at another encamped on its bank, and at other times walking on foot, and obliged laboriously to open our way through the woods. I shall say nothing to you of the beauties of these grand scenes of nature, which are nowhere met with so striking as in North America; but I must make an exception in favor of the famous waterfall of *Chawenigan*. We had passed the night of the 9th of June at the foot of this cataract. On the next day, being accompanied by the carpenter and our young savage, I wished to go and enjoy the sight of this important cascade, of which we had been able to see only the lower part on the evening before. We climbed up across a thick wood

to the top of the hill, from whence rush down the clear waters of the Saint Maurice. A heavy and majestic sound apprised us that we were not far from the abyss, and, in some time afterwards, we viewed this magnificent piece of scenery from the most commanding point of view.

"An island, or, more properly speaking, a heap of rocks, dividing the river at the place of the fall, forms thus two immense cascades, the waters of which reunite at the bottom of the gulf, to resume their course together. We saw only the *eastern* branch of the cataract, the time not being afforded us for visiting the *northern* one, which we have been assured has greatly the advantage over the former. This fall of Saint Maurice, situated at the distance of thirty miles from the Three Rivers, is upwards of one hundred feet in height, and is visited by a great number of strangers, whom curiosity brings thither from all quarters. But I was going to forget my promise of refraining from all digressions; and, nevertheless, I must tell you another adventure of our journey, which is more closely connected with the object I had in view.

"On the 16th of June, a week after our setting out on our journey, being at the foot of the eight great *rapids*, which come in sight after the famous passage of the *Juque*, we were not a little surprised at seeing a boat coming towards us. There were aboard four young men of the savage tribe of the *Bois-heads*, who, having left Warmantashing on the 12th, had travelled eighty leagues in four days. They saluted us affectionately, but appeared sad. Father Marault asked them, in the *Abenakee* language, what was the cause of their trouble. One of them answered, 'We are surprised and saddened at not seeing the *black gown* who visited us last year.' 'Father Paymant was near dying, and has not been able to return to you this time,' replied Father Marault to them; 'and as the guardian of prayer (the bishop) does not wish to abandon you, he has sent us in his place to instruct you.' These words were sufficient to satisfy them. Continuing then to address themselves to my colleague, they said to him, 'We were in great trouble about thee at Warmantashing, seeing that thou didst not arrive; then we said to ourselves, let us set out and go quickly to meet the *black gown*. We have, therefore,

come down the river, quite determined to pursue our journey to the great village (Quebec), if we had not met thee. Now, thanks to the Great Spirit, who wills that thou shouldst come among us; we are going to pray that he may protect thee until thy arrival at the cabin of prayer (the church), where thou art to instruct us.'

"These good neophytes did not wish to separate any more from us; their boat kept sailing alongside ours during the six days that we employed in proceeding to the port of Warmantashing. We arrived there on the 22d at nightfall. Before that so much desired place, at the sight of the savages dispersed on the bank of the river, what delightful emotions took possession of my soul! Dangers of the voyage, labors, fatigues, privations, all had vanished on my perceiving, at two paces from me, friends, brothers, and, what is more than that, souls ransomed at the price of the blood of Jesus Christ, whom I was called to save! I did not know them as yet, but the pain which they had cost me rendered them very dear to me.

"I saw them, men, women, and children, leaping with joy, and expressing, after their own fashion, the happiness which they experienced at our coming among them. According as our bark advanced, they were hastening to complete the preparations for our reception on the bank. By the orders of Mr. M'Leod, commandant of the port, the colors had been hoisted, and the men, collected in a group, were loading their guns. As soon as we set foot on the land a general discharge was forthwith fired to salute us. After some words exchanged between Mr. M'Leod and us, and having thanked him for his polite offers, we went to our savages; we had to shake hands with every one of them, and, as they were many, the ceremony was long. They quitted us no more during the whole of the evening, and the day was ended by prayer in common, which we said at the foot of a great cross.

"On the 22d we had the happiness of celebrating the holy sacrifice of the mass in one of the rooms of the fort. Oh! with what earnestness I offered to God the spotless victim for the salvation of these poor Indians!

"After the holy sacrifice, *Oskiloe*, one of the chiefs, followed by several men of his tribe, came to ask an audience of us. Address-

ing himself to Father Marault, he spoke to him thus:—‘My father, behold thee at last in the midst of us; how long have we been waiting for thee! Five Sundays have passed since we came here; our provisions are all consumed, and we catch no fish, because the water is too high. The places where there used to be a great deal are now almost without any. What will become of us, father? And yet we had rather die than go without confession this year. Here is what we have agreed to do. If the fishing continues to be bad, we will fast for ten days, in order to remain with thee; we shall suffer, but no matter; we shall do so with pleasure in order to save our souls. At the end of ten days, if the Great Spirit does not send us fish, necessity will oblige us to go away; we shall quit thee at last, but with much sorrow.’

“*Oskiloe* having done speaking, we answered that our intention had at first been to stop for some days at Warmantash; ‘but,’ added we, ‘since the want of provisions does not allow you to remain a longer time, we will travel together towards the chapel of Kikendate.’ We actually set out on the next day; I went on before, along with some savages, who offered me their boat, and on the 27th we landed at Kikendate. A shot, fired on purpose, apprised of our arrival the savages encamped in the neighborhood of the chapel.

“They came in great numbers to offer me their congratulations. I talked for a long time with them, and they felt so happy at possessing a missionary that they did not know how to express their gratitude. On the next day Father Marault arrived with the rest of the Indians, whom we had met at Warmantash. We regulated, forthwith, the exercises of the mission, which my colleague opened on that very evening by a preparatory instruction.

“Our savages, after having waited for so long a time, could not be more eager for the divine word, and from the first days we were able to enjoy plentifully the fruits of their good dispositions. The catechumens, particularly, distinguished themselves by the zeal and ardor which they showed for instruction, in order to hasten the happy moment when they would be admitted by baptism into the number of the faithful. The greatest sacrifices were counted as nothing, when they considered that it was at this price they should merit

the favor of receiving the first sacrament. We kept them at the church for more than six hours in the day, the greater portion of this time being employed in the catechism, or familiar instruction, which every one attended. So far from feeling tired of these exercises, which might have seemed long even to better instructed Christians, they had no sooner come out of the chapel, than, collecting in different groups, they endeavored to give an account to each other of the things which we had said to them, and that during whole hours, and sometimes even until late in the night.

“In their doubts and difficulties they used to come to consult the missionaries; then, whether we were gone to bed or not, asleep or awake, it was necessary to give them an audience, and answer all their questions. We did so the more willingly, inasmuch as these explanations, given to some, were immediately repeated by them to all, and thus spared us long explanations on the same subjects.

“Thanks to that ardor for learning the truths of religion, we were able, in the space of a fortnight, to administer the sacrament of baptism to twenty persons, the greater number of them adults, and to bless four marriages. We, moreover, prepared for communion fifty savages, who had been baptized in the preceding years. In addition to the hours intended for instructions, we had appointed other times of the day for prayer, which was said in common. It was there, in these sweet meetings of brethren, that I was deeply affected at seeing the wilderness embellished by so much piety and fervor; you would have supposed them rather to be angels than men; strongly attached to the object of their faith and of their love, they appeared to have forgotten the earth. Their modesty, in the holy place, was perfect, particularly during the holy sacrifice. Wo to him who, through levity, had even turned his head about; a cuff, vigorously administered to him by one of his neighbors, would have quickly apprised him of his fault.

“These interesting neophytes are greatly attached to prayer, and make of it, as it were, their daily nourishment. As regards fathers and mothers, it is a consolation, as well as a duty, for them to inspire their children with a taste for it; and more than once we have had an opportunity of judging for ourselves that

their labors were not lost, and that the seed sown in these young hearts had fallen on good ground.

"You will permit me, in concluding this letter, to quote you one example out of a thousand of which I have been witness. One evening, as I was discoursing with our men in a kind of sacristy, which served us for a lodging, I suddenly heard the voice of a child, which seemed to come from the holy place. It was about half past ten o'clock in the evening. Having a curiosity to know what it might be, I looked through the opening in the partition, and perceived two little children, who appeared to be eight or ten years of age: the younger, modestly kneeling before the altar, was saying his prayers; while the other, standing beside him, was watching to see that he should discharge well this sacred duty. This prayer being ended, the young Mentor caused his little pupil to kiss the ground, accompanied him to the door of the chapel, gave him the holy water before letting him go out, and then returned to fall on his knees near the sanctuary, in order to continue his prayer, which lasted for a very long time, after which he withdrew, to go and take his sleep, which must have been very sweet after such an action. At this affecting sight I could not refrain from tears; the remembrance of these two innocent creatures can never be effaced from my mind; I think I see them still offering

to God, whom they knew only for a few days past, the homage of a pure and candid heart.

"In fine, thanks to the extraordinary dispositions of these good Indians, there now remain only three infidels in their whole tribe, and even these show signs of an approaching conversion. All the others are of an irreproachable conduct, and make us hope that as long as they do not communicate with the whites they will always be fervent Christians. The progress which they have made in temperance and the other virtues is really surprising, and they themselves are astonished at it. 'How bad we were,' one of the savages used to say to us, 'before Fathers Dumoulin and Paymant had penetrated into our deserts! How much good they have done our souls, and how much we are now changed! Ah! my father! thank our brothers, the good *prayers* (the associates of the propagation of the faith), on account of the *black gowns*, whom we owe to their generosity.'

"Such, reverend father, is the people blessed by God, to whom I was sent this year. I should have willingly passed the remainder of my days among these dear neophytes, but the time appointed for our departure was come. All the preparations for the journey being therefore made, we embarked again on the Saint Maurice, and quitted, not without regret, that land of benedictions, wherein the Lord had made us find so abundant a harvest."

THE CHURCH OF ROME DURING THE FIRST SIX CENTURIES.

(From the Catholic Weekly Instructor.)



IS somewhat amusing to see how puzzled and perplexed our opponents are, in trying to point out the time when, and the place where, the church of Rome fell from that purity, which they acknowledge her to have possessed in the early ages. Some of the Anglicans, especially of the Oxford school, are great admirers of that terse maxim of St. Vincent of Lerins: "*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus traditum est.*" The

question then arises for the Anglican divines, if the maxim "*quod semper,*" &c., is to be acted upon and carried out, at what precise point the investigation is to stop. Is it at the close of the second, third, fourth, or fifth century? "Stand by the first six general councils," exclaims Hammond and Stillingfleet. "Stop at the end of the fifth century," says Archbishop Bramhall. "You must not draw bridle till the disunion of the east and west," cries Bishop Ken. "You are wrong," says Archbishop Usher, "four or five hundred years

are sufficient." "Rather three or four," says Waterland and Beveridge. "The precise limit is no where," says Mr. Newman; "it is a question of degree and place." "It is every where," says in emphatic tone the consistent Catholic. But a truce to these discordant declaimers. Let us now come to some quiet and substantial authorities on this important point. There are few calm writers and men of sound learning but admit the purity of the church of Rome during the first ages of the Christian era; indeed the fact has been so repeatedly acknowledged by Protestant divines, as to have become tantamount to a first principle.

I. Whitaker, on *Anti-Christ*, p. 31, writes: "During the first five hundred years, the church was *pure*, and inviolably taught the faith delivered by the apostles."

II. Jewell (than whom, by-the-by, no one ever penned more falsehoods in so small a compass), in his answer to Harding, p. 246, says: "St. Augustine and the other godly fathers rightly yielded reverence to the see of Rome, for the purity of religion there preserved a long time without spot. The godly fathers of those times seeking to the church of Rome, then, for purity of religion most famous above all others."

III. Fulke, *Confutation of Purgatory*, p. 373, says: "The early fathers do specially name the church of Rome at that time (meaning the first six hundred years). Because, as it was founded by the apostles, so it hath continued in the doctrine of the apostles."

IV. Morton, *Catholic Appeal*, p. 354, makes the following acknowledgment: "It has been the common profession of Protestants to stand to the judgment of antiquity for the first four hundred years and more in *all* things: nay, we give the Romanists the scope of the first five hundred or six hundred years, as they themselves acknowledge."

V. The next authority that we will adduce is that of the learned Usher. It is found in connection with an ancient and curious synodical decree of St. Patrick from the *Vetus Codex Ecclesiæ Armachanæ*. But first to state the decree and then Usher's remarks thereon: "If any questions arise in this island, that is, any difficult cause unknown to the Scottish nations, let it be referred to the see of the Irish Archbishop Patrick, and to his examination. But if the matter can be decided neither by

him nor his council, we have decreed that it shall be referred to the apostolic see, that is, to the chair of the apostle, St. Peter, holding the authority of the city of Rome." See now how Usher deals with this awkward document, not denying it, but endeavoring to get rid of it as best he can. "It is most likely," says he, "that St. Patrick had a special regard for the church of Rome, from whence he was sent, for the conversion of this island, so, had I lived in his days, I should have as willingly listened to the judgment of the church of Rome, as to the determination of any other church in the whole world, so reverend an estimation have I of the integrity of that church in those good days." So Archbishop Usher. Religion of the ancient Irish, p. 87.

VI. Here we have to thank Usher for bringing down the integrity or purity of the Roman Catholic church to the close of the fifth century. The question then naturally presents itself, what religion did Rome hold at that period? was Patrick a Protestant or a papist? We have a good authority for an answer to this question, no less than the centuriators, or century writers of Magdeburg. We need hardly remark that the centuriators were certain learned Germans of the city of Magdeburg, who, in the early days of the reformation, composed a body of church history. Now for their decision: "Patrick was a man excelling in doctrine and miracles, who by his prayers shortly converted all Ireland, founded churches without number, ordaining preachers, delivering the possessed, raising the dead to the number of sixty, and baptizing twelve thousand souls." *Magdeburg Cent.* 5 Col. 118, Cent. 6, p. 407. We may just add, for the edification of our readers, that the good centuriators intimate that Patrick did all this for the increase of popery. No harm to them for the insinuation, for popery could not have been a very bad thing, if it enabled Patrick to achieve such wonders. After this no descendant of St. Patrick will be ashamed of his religion.

VII. Whilst our separated brethren acknowledge the beauty and purity of the Catholic church in the early ages, they assert that at an after period she sullied this beauty and purity, and fell into errors and superstitions. But they are sadly perplexed as to the time when, and the place where, and we live in hope that, if they will only go on a little longer disputing

and contradicting each other, and throw a little more light on that calumniated period, they will dissipate and dispute away the dark ages altogether. When we ask them when these corruptions found their way into the church, it is amusing to see how puzzled they are.

"It is hard for us to answer at *what time*, neither is it necessary to set down the very instant of time; all things were not overturned at once; the hairs of the head grow not grey at once." Bishop of Durham's Charge, p. 10.

VIII. Whitaker, Answer to Campion, p. 171, is in the same "fix," as Jonathan would say: "We can neither tell by whom, nor at what time the enemy did sow your doctrine, neither do we know who was the first author of your popish opinions."

IX. "We do not hold," says Usher, (answer to Malone, p. 1, 9,) "that Rome was built in a day, or that the great dunghill of errors we now behold in her was raised in one age. Neither can I precisely lay down the time when she first thought herself wiser than her forefathers." What a figure such wit-

nesses as these would make in a court of justice!

X. We may close our Protestant authorities on this topic with the brief remark from Gibbon's Decline and Fall. He says: "No learned man can resist the force of that historical evidence which establishes the fact that, during the whole period of the first four ages of the church, the *principal points* of doctrine believed by the papists were already admitted, both in *theory* and in *practice*."

A short extract from St. Augustine may very suitably close the rear of all that we have adduced: "Whatsoever the universal church practiseth, if *no time* can be found when the said practice first begun, it must necessarily be judged to have descended from the very apostles themselves." St. Aug. lib. 4, Contra Donatistas, c. 24. Here St. Augustine charitably comes in to extricate these various bewildered Protestant writers from their difficulties, and supplies them with a simple, sound, and satisfactory answer as to who "was the first author of our popish opinions." Why, the apostles to be sure.

THE GREAT BRITAIN STEAM SHIP:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HER FIRST VOYAGE TO THE UNITED STATES.

(From Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.)



HE arrival of this mammoth steam-ship in our waters has produced an interest corresponding with the magnitude of the enterprise. The triumphs of art, now applied through the power of steam, are supplanting the triumphs of war; and hastening, it is to be hoped, the period when the nations of the earth shall lay aside the implements of destruction for the implements of a liberal commerce, and a higher civilization. Commerce and the arts are uniting with Christianity, in the great work of human progress. It is with this view of the subject that we hail every new achievement of art, every beneficent movement in the commercial world.

We propose at this time to record in the pages of this magazine a brief but accurate description of the Great Britain, and her first voyage across the Atlantic.*

The Great Britain left Liverpool on the 26th of July, 1845, at four o'clock, P. M. She encountered strong westerly winds and a heavy sea on her voyage, as well as fog, during the last five days, which compelled her to go slowly at times, and of course considerably retarded her progress. She reached the dock, or wharf,

* For the facts connected with the voyage, &c., we are indebted to the commander of the Great Britain, Captain James Hosken, R. N., politely communicated by that gentleman in reply to inquiries made by us; and for the description of the ship, to a pamphlet prepared by Capt. Claxton, R. N., a director of the company.

in New York, on the 10th of August, after having stopped at quarantine ground, making an average of rather more than eight and a half knots, or nautical miles, per hour, on the passage. The ship, during the worst of the weather, says Captain Hosken, behaved well, and gave promise of a good and safe sea boat, under the worst circumstances; her movements are all remarkably easy, whether pitching or rolling. The latter, Captain Hosken is of opinion, will be very materially lessened by the application of ridge keels, intended to be put on next winter.

"From what I remarked on the passage," we quote from the letter of Captain Hosken before us, "it is clear to me that the great size, and consequent increased capability of contending with heavy seas, will give our ship a great advantage over smaller vessels in extreme bad weather, more particularly when the sails can be combined with the steam power; the screw propeller also adds much to the efficient combination of the two powers. Her steering under every variety of circumstance, weather, etc., is something extraordinary, and renders her size no objection, as I find her more easy to manage, than I have steam vessels of half her size, with paddle wheels."

The Great Britain is the largest steam-ship in the world. The next in size is, we believe, the English ship "Precursor," of two thousand five hundred tons, in India, which has been found to answer well. First rate men of war are so different as not to admit of a comparison; their size varies from five hundred to one thousand tons less than the Great Britain. The "Pennsylvania," built at Philadelphia, is the largest.

The Great Britain is divided into compartments, to each of which the engine pumps, by the means of pipes and cocks, can be applied. The water-tight divisions of each compartment add greatly to the strength of the ship, either as struts or ties. All steamers, whether on the score of humanity, or for the preservation of property, ought to be so divided, for if a vessel be divided into five or six compartments, and any one of them should from accident fill, her buoyancy would be slightly affected. If two compartments filled, and those two were not at the extremes, the extreme compartments would still keep her afloat. If

two consecutive compartments, either forward or aft, filled, it is certain if she went down head or stern foremost that she would be some time about it, long enough, probably, to give time for all the boats to be got in readiness. The celebrated *Nemesis* struck on the English stones, in the British channel, going nine or ten knots; she slid off, after making such a slit in a plate in the forward compartment as filled it. She ~~steamed~~ several hours with the compartment full, until she obtained additional pumps in Mount's bay, with which the space was pumped out, and the leak stopped. At Portsmouth she was examined, and drawings of the damage were made by an employee of the company; she was repaired in a few hours, at an expense of about thirty pounds, and then started for China. The *Brigand*, a large iron steamer, which had been trading between Liverpool and Bristol, struck on sunken rocks off the Scilly islands, filled a forward compartment, and had some part of her paddle wheel forced so far into the engine room as to damage the plates, and fill that part also. She remained afloat, in consequence of the remaining compartments, long enough to enable the crew to save themselves and their kits comfortably, and then went down in deep water. The *Wye*, trading between Bristol and Chepstow, was cut down more than a foot below the water line by one of the Irish steamers, her stem having gone into the little *Wye* as far as the forward companion; she continued her voyage, and landed all her passengers as safely, but not quite as fast, as if nothing had happened: in her case, it was the foremost compartment that filled. The *Sylph*, although a slight vessel, and of wood, had compartments; the two foremost filled, but the after one kept her long enough afloat to enable all who were not killed or injured to effect their escape. The case of the *Vanguard* iron steamer, which for ten days was exposed to heavy breakers, on the rocks in White's bay, near Cork, may also be mentioned, both as a proof of the strength of iron, and of the value of compartments.

The length of the keel is two hundred and eighty-nine feet. Total length, three hundred and twenty-two feet. Beam fifty-one feet. Depth, thirty two feet six inches. Feet of water, when loaded, sixteen feet. Displacement, two thousand nine hundred and eighty-

four tons. Tonnage, by old measurement, three thousand four hundred and forty-three tons. Plates of keel nearly one inch thick. Plates of bottom varying to three-fourths of an inch at extremes, and to five-eighths generally. Top sides half an inch, and at the extreme aft seven-sixteenths. The ribs are framed of angle iron, six inches by three and a half inches, half inch thick, and seven-sixteenths. Distance of ribs, from centre to centre, amidships, fourteen inches, increasing to twenty-one inches at the ends.

Ten iron sleepers run from the engine room, gradually diminishing in number to the fore-end of the ship and under the boilers, the platform of which they support—in midships they are three feet three inches in depth, supported by angle irons in the form of inverted arches, and a short distance from each other.

She has five water-tight partitions. Stows twelve hundred tons of coal. One thousand tons of measurement. The engines weigh three hundred and forty tons. The boilers two hundred tons, and hold two thousand tons of water.

The main shaft is twenty-eight inches in diameter in the centre, and twenty-four inches in the bearings; in the rough, before turned, it weighed sixteen tons. It has been lightened by a hole of ten inches diameter bored through. A stream of cold water passes through the cranks and this hole when the engines are at work.

The screw shaft is in one long and two short or coupling parts. The part next the engine, solid, twenty-eight feet by sixteen inches diameter. The hollow intermediate shaft sixty-five feet, by two feet eight inches diameter. The screw part is twenty-five feet six inches, and also sixteen inches diameter. The total length is one hundred and thirty feet, and it weighs altogether thirty-eight tons. The screw is of six arms, fifteen feet six inches diameter, twenty-five feet pitch, and weighs four tons.

The main drum is eighteen feet diameter, and drives four chains, weighing seven tons. The screw shaft drum is six feet diameter, and the weight with the pull, when working, is equal to eighty-five tons on the bearings of the main shaft. The cylinders are four in number, eighty-eight inches each. Stroke, six feet. Power, one thousand horses. The con-

densers are of wrought iron, twelve feet by eight, and five deep. Under the whole space of the engines, up to the top, the angle irons are doubled.

The upper, main, and saloon decks are of wood, the two cargo decks are of iron. The officers and seamen are all accommodated on two decks under the fore-castle.

From the ship's bottom to the upper deck, runs on either side, for the whole length of the engines and boiler space, a strong iron partition forming below the coal bunkers; and above, the servants' accommodations on one side, engineers' cabins and stokers' accommodations on the other, besides twenty-six water closets.

She has six masts, fitted with iron rigging, adopted in consequence of its offering two-thirds less resistance than hemp, a great point going head to wind. It was wished that five should have been the complement, but there was some difficulty in adjusting that number, and the alternative was either four or six. Economy of labor is a principle which has, in a great degree, affected the mode of rigging both the Great Western and the Great Britain. Nothing is so difficult to handle, under a variety of circumstances, as the sails of a steamer, unless the engine be stopped, which can never be allowed in Atlantic steaming, where onwards—and for ever onwards—is the rule. The greater the number of masts, the more handy the sails, and the smaller the number of seamen required to handle them. If these ships had been rigged as ships ordinarily are, the former would require a crew of more than one hundred seamen, and the latter that of a large frigate. Divided, as the canvass is, and reduced, the former only requires twenty seamen before the mast, while thirty are enough for the latter. In the Great Britain there is, in fact, but one sail, the square mainsail, which, under any circumstances, can require all hands to furl it. Five masts of the six are hinged for lowering, when, in the captain's judgment, contrary gales shall appear to have set in, as the westerlies do at certain seasons of the year, prevailing for months in the Atlantic. To a seaman's eye they have a look of insecurity; but if the strain which a fixed mast will stand is compensated by additional shrouding and stays, either in strength or quantity, the same end is attained. The

after masts could not be stepped in the ordinary manner, on account of the space occupied by the screw shaft. In theory, the principle of lowering is evidently right, because a steamship's masts and rigging, going head to wind, offer more resistance than the hull out of water, and there seems no reason to fear the result of practice.

The displacement of the Great Britain is less than three thousand tons when loaded, and with twelve hundred tons of coal on board, while the displacement of a first rate, with all stores on board, is better than four thousand five hundred tons, although the former is more than a third the longer ship. The form of the bottom, and the difference of ten feet in the draft of water, (the one drawing sixteen feet, the other five or six-and-twenty,) and the finer lines, cause this great difference in displacement, and, consequently, of the midship section. The Great Britain's midship section is, from the same causes, less than that of a fifty-two gun frigate, consequently, with the same quantity of canvass, the former should sail faster than the latter, even if their lines approached to similarity; but with the Great Britain's lines, more than one hundred feet longer than the frigate, and with equal stability, (of which there is no kind of doubt,) the speed in sailing alone should be much beyond that of the frigate, save when the winds are light, and the lofty sails of the frigate tell. The Great Britain, unless disabled in her machine-

ry, will not use her canvass with a fair wind, unless it blows from a little gale up to a hurricane; all her sails, except the square and gaff-topsails, being really double thread number one canvass, or storm sails.

The plain sails of a fifty two gun frigate, that is, without counting royals, staysails, and steering sails, number something short of five thousand yards of canvass, and the plain sails, that is, omitting the steering sails, etc., of the Great Britain, amount to four thousand nine hundred and forty-three yards, or, in other words, they are alike in quantity. There are more points of sailing in which the centre of effort of the frigate's or square rigged ship's canvass will tell better, but there are some in which the low canvass of the steamer will have the advantage, and no steamer has any business with lofty spars or flying kites. If circumstances should bring the Great Britain to canvass alone, as her motive power, she will do as well or better than her neighbors, although the screw will stop her way perhaps fifteen per cent. In such an emergency the captain would disconnect it, and it would revolve then in the proportion due to the ship's way, or not impede her as if it were a fixture.

She carries four large life boats of iron, and two boats of wood, in the davits, and one large life boat on deck; they are built according to a patent, taken out by Mr. Guppy, and are capable of carrying four hundred people.

POPE ADRIAN IV AND KING HENRY II.

(From the Tablet.)



TAKE the first opportunity offered by the parliamentary recess to find room for the following, which has long stood over. We translate it from the Italian of our correspondent.

The *Times*, about the middle of April last, gave a letter which asserted that Henry II re-

quested of the pope permission to conquer Ireland, assigning several reasons: "First, because it would be an infallible mean of bringing under the holy church that island, which, as yet, did not acknowledge its jurisdiction; and, a little lower, this letter said, "not but that that island had been Christian for many ages, but it did not acknowledge the authority of the pope;" and the *Acta Regia*

are quoted as proofs of these assertions. The writer goes on to add: "The history further informs us that King Henry conquered Ireland in 1172," &c.

It is not our present purpose to enter into any research concerning either the *Acta Regia* or the citations from it here quoted. We shall merely ask, in the first place, had Pope Adrian refused his permission to invade Ireland, would Henry, through respect to the holy see, and from the want of right to invade a country that did not belong to him, and by which he had not been offended, have abstained from the conquest of Ireland? The Roman pontiffs, from St. Peter, who had a Nero to deal with, even down to the now reigning pope, Gregory XVI, have always been in continual communication with emperors and kings; whence we may believe that, through his knowledge of the hearts of kings, and in order to support himself in the Roman see, Pope Adrian determined to accede to the request of King Henry; but leaving all this to the learning and discretion of the reader, and coming to that which is positive, we say that Pope Adrian did not grant Ireland to Henry, like a fold of sheep destined for the slaughter-house, but granted it under certain terms, laws, and conditions. Pope Adrian concluded with King Henry a social treaty on account of Ireland, laying, as his four corner-stones, four fundamental articles of his political edifice—the national constitution of Ireland. The pontiff, with the foresight of a sage, and the solicitude of a father, provided, as far as depended on him, for the safety and prosperity of Ireland, and the faculty or permission he gave was not given as an excitement to conquest; but, on the contrary, as a modification and subduing of the spirit of conquest. Let us see:

The first constitutional article provides for the *instruction of the ignorant*, and this is twice repeated in the bull. "As a good Catholic king, you project the instruction of ignorant people, and the civilization of the barbarous." "You have apprised us, dear son, of your design of an expedition into Ireland to subdue the ignorance of that nation."

The second constitutional article provides for the protection of the church. Not of that Protestant church which was not then in existence, but of that church of God upon earth of which King Henry was a member and

Pope Adrian the head. "To enlarge the church of God here upon earth as a good Catholic king."

The third fundamental article provides for the preservation of all the rights, privileges, goods, &c., which pertained to the ecclesiastical establishment then existing in Ireland. "And that you will maintain the rights of those churches without the least detriment or diminution." . . . "Provided always that the rights of the church are inviolably preserved."

The fourth condition was: "To pay out of every house a yearly acknowledgment of one penny to St. Peter,"* conformably to holy writ, that religion being by the divine institution to be administered by men, dedicated to that service, and specially the great centre of that religion which was spread throughout the whole world, they should be aided and supported by the faithful in their temporal wants. "He who ministers at the altar should live by the altar."

Now, as to the proposition that Ireland had not acknowledged the authority of the pope before the time of Henry, we can not think of seriously discussing such a question. It may be sufficient to record that John Paparo, cardinal priest of St. Lawrence, in Damaso, was sent as legate into Ireland by Pope Eugene III, and brought with him four palls, which, in a synod held in March, 1152, he delivered to four archbishops, viz., Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam. In this synod a certain number of suffragan bishops was allotted, and subjected to each archbishop, which, in the *census cameralis* are thus disposed:—Under the archbishop of Armagh: bishoprics at Connor, Down, Louth, Clonard, Kennemis, (?) Ardagh, Rathphoe, Rathline, Duleek. Under the archbishop of Tuam: bishoprics at Mayo, Killala, Roscommon, Clonfert, Achonry, Clonmacnois, Kilmaccough. Under the archbishop of Dublin: bishoprics at Glendalough, Ferns, Ossory, Leighlin, Kildare. Under the archbishop of Cashel: bishoprics at Killaloe, Limerick, Iniscatly, Fenabore, (?) Emly, Roscrea, Waterford, Lismore, Cloyne, Cork, Ross, Ardfer.

What a development of the authority of the primacy on the part of the Roman pontiff! What a manifestation of obedience and veneration!

* Ecclesiastical History, &c., by Jeremy Collier. London, 1708, p. 345.

ration on the part of the episcopacy of Ireland !*

Henry, after the conquest, might have alleged that the pope had not authority to concede to him the conquest of Ireland, and that, therefore, the articles stipulated for in favor of Ireland in these bulls must remain without authority. But as Henry had no direct natural title to the conquest of Ireland, he would by such confession have annulled also the civil title as contracted for, and then the said conquest would have remained an acquisition without title, a possession, *de mala fide*, or at least without sufficient ground, the effect of which would have been the annihilation of the contract, the abandonment of the conquest, and the *restitution of things in their entirety*, as they stood before the conquest; because the conventional acts that an unjust conqueror performs during the time of his conquest with the conquered country generally suffer exception from natural equity, which in such circumstances is frequently violated by frauds, by craft, by force, and by the fear of the conquering power. It is manifest that we ought to distinguish between this and the rights flowing from a legitimate conquest, in which the fear felt by the conquered is a just consequence of a just humiliation; and conventions signed even under the influence of the fear of a just conqueror, are transactions consequent upon the ulterior evils and ulterior eventualities of an unjust resistance; and they establish a civil and natural right on the part of the just and conquering belligerent. So, in our case, the convention of Henry with the pope received also the concurrence of the nation itself; and the social compact or charter of Ireland was in such wise consolidated by the concert of the three contracting parties—Henry, Ireland, and the pope; and the pope retained the position of guarantee and supreme judge of the contract itself. As appears from the fact that in the very year of the conquest—"In his time, viz., in 1172, a synod was held at Cashel by

the command of King Henry II, in which Christian O'Conarchy, the pope's legate, and bishop of Lismore, presided. Brompton, abbot of Jervall, in Yorkshire, informs us that King Henry received from every archbishop and bishop charters with their seals pendent; whereby they confirmed the kingdom to him and his heirs, and testified that they constituted him and his heirs kings and lords of Ireland for ever. To which Roger Hoveden adds, that the king sent a transcript of these charters to Pope Alexander, who by his apostolic authority confirmed the said kingdom to him and his heirs according to the letters of the archbishops and bishops."

The presence of the pope's legate at this synod, the consent of the bishops, and the active part they took in it, demonstrates that all matters thereat concluded were done in conformity to the stipulation already agreed on in the bulls of Adrian. This synod also being assembled at the call of Henry, and his being present at it by his representatives, (among whom was Ralph, the abbot, another Ralph, the archdeacon, and Nicholas, his chaplain,) and Henry having after the synod sent the charters of the bishops to the pope, all prove that the bull of Pope Adrian to Henry was the touchstone by which Pope Alexander tried the deliberations of Henry and the synod after the conquest, and having found those deliberations conformable to the stipulations in the bull, he approved and confirmed them.

The bulls, therefore, of Pope Adrian to Henry ought to be considered not as mere historical curiosities, but as a political monument—they may be called the *Magna Charta* of Ireland. Such are the equity and the wisdom of this charter, and its provisions are so adapted to the conservative policy of the conquest, that, after so many ages, after so many profanations of the names of the popes and of their bulls, it is found necessary at the present day to return to the primary elements of those very bulls. "To subdue the ignorance of that nation"—"to the instruction of ignorant people."

* See the whole works of Sir James Ware concerning Ireland. In two volumes. Dublin, 1764. Vol. ii. p. 296.

* James Ware, vol. i. p. 468.

BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.



THE recent commencement at Baltimore of an institution under the charge of brothers of the above mentioned order, affords a fit occasion for laying before our readers a sketch of its origin and usefulness, and a few remarks more particularly regarding its introduction into the United States.

The order of which we speak was founded by the Rev. John Baptist de la Salle, a secular priest of great learning and piety, who was born in France in 1651. In 1679 he established several charity schools, boarding the teachers in his own house, and exercising a general superintendence over them. The advantages of his institute becoming known, members of his community were solicited from several quarters, and with a view to supply them, he opened a novitiate at Rheims, another at Paris, and a third at Rouen. In 1684 he distributed his patrimony among the poor, and devoted himself entirely to the instruction of poor children, and to the consolidation of his institute, which was spreading with great rapidity. Six years after his death, which occurred in 1719, at Rouen, his congregation was approved by Benedict XIII, under the name which it now bears. A house of the order was immediately opened in Rome, and with the aid of influential persons, and by the eminent success of its devoted members, the institute soon numbered various establishments in several parts of the continent. But the desolating fury of the French revolution caused the suspension of this noble work in France, and led to the total suppression of the order. The storm, however, had no sooner passed away, when the schools of the brothers were re-opened, and so rapidly did they extend their benevolent efforts, that, in 1829, they possessed no less than two hundred and ten establishments, with a force of more than fifteen hundred members. In Paris alone there were sixty houses.

In 1802 a society was commenced in Ireland through the zealous and munificent efforts of Mr. Edward Rice, who proposed to himself, in behalf of the poor children of Waterford, something very similar to the Brothers of the Christian schools. At first his exertions met with some delay and opposition, but the utility of his design eventually suggested itself to those in authority, and he was liberally encouraged in his undertaking, particularly by the bishop of Waterford. In 1819 the number of houses in the south of Ireland amounted to seven. The following year the society was confirmed by his Holiness Pope Pius VII, under the name of "Religious Brothers." Since that time the number of schools has considerably increased. In 1843 the institute had nineteen houses, one hundred and five members, fifty-eight schools, and about ten thousand persons under instruction. Of the nineteen houses, seven are in England and one in Sydney. This is a perfectly distinct order from that originally founded by Dr. de la Salle, but we have mentioned it here on account of its differing but very little from the latter in its rules and constitutions.

The following extracts from the rules laid down by Mr. de la Salle, will exhibit the object and spirit of the institute which he established.

"That all the members labor, in the first place, for their own perfection; and, in the second, for that of their neighbor, by a serious application to the instruction of male children, especially the poor, in the principles of Christian religion and piety."

"The brothers should recollect that the instruction of poor children is the great object of their institution, and, for which, through the mercy of God, the institute has been particularly raised up. They should always teach them gratis: nor can they receive from them or their parents any thing by way of retribution for their education, but shall content themselves with the glorious recompense promised

to all, 'who instruct many unto justice.' This gratuitous instruction of the poor is one of their vows."—*Rules*, c. i, § 3.

"The spirit of this institute is an ardent zeal for the instruction of children, for rearing them up in the fear and love of God," &c.—*Ibid.* c. ii, § 12.

"The Brothers shall teach the children, in the way of science, such things as are befitting them But, above all things, the Brothers are to recollect that the instruction of the children in piety and religion is the great and main end of their institute They shall cherish a tender affection for all the scholars, particularly the poorest, &c."—*Ibid.* c. 6, § 1, 2, 5.

"These pious laymen have proposed to themselves the following end, viz. the gratuitous instruction of poor children, in the rudiments of the Christian faith, and whatever else may be adapted to their state and condition."—*Brief of Pius VII.*

"These rules or constitutions are as follow, viz. 1st, that these religious Brothers . . . shall make it their principal care to teach children, particularly the poor, the things necessary for a Christian life; and that the main end and spirit of the institute must be an anxious solicitude to educate youth according to the maxims of the Christian law . . . 5. The Brothers shall teach the children gratis, never accepting any thing as a reward or retribution either from them or their parents."—*Ibid.*

"The Brothers," says the Dublin Review, November, 1840, "are bound by the three religious vows of obedience, chastity, and poverty, to which a fourth is added, of firm perseverance in the institute, and a fifth, peculiar to themselves, of the gratuitous instruction of the poor. They live together in communities consisting of as many members as the general wants of the society may allow, or the necessities of the district in which they are situated may demand; and subject to certain rules of conduct admirably suited to preserve among them the piety and the detachment from secular engagements so necessary for securing the confidence and respect of the people among whom they live, and to keep alive the spirit of devoted zeal which the effective discharge of the laborious and irksome task of elementary instruction so largely requires. Each house is placed under the immediate control of a

brother-director, appointed for a limited number of years, to whom the management of the funds and the general superintendence of the Brothers themselves, and of the scholars are entrusted. The superior-general is elected by the secret suffrages of the directors of the several houses. His office, which, according to the first constitution, lasted but for ten years, is, by a more recent enactment, to continue for life; and he is assisted in the government of the order by two others, chosen in the same manner as he is himself, and dwelling always in the same house with him. Thus is there a compact body of men united together by common laws, under a common head, and animated by a common spirit, for the attainment of a simple end,—and that end one of the best to which the loftiest desires can be sacrificed, or the brightest genius directed. The steady resolve of every member is first tested, in the course of preparatory training, and afterwards confirmed, by the deliberate and solemn promise which he makes, upon his admission, of persevering in the order: and the paths of ambition, which superior wisdom or superior talents might open to some, in the ways of ecclesiastical preferment, are effectually closed, by an explicit enactment of the pope, forbidding the brothers to aspire to the priesthood or any orders whatever. One of the most abundant sources of neglect, or of something worse, in the schools of the poor, is that the teachers are for the most part persons who take up the office of instructor, as a last resource from the pangs of absolute poverty or of the drudgery, to them equally intolerable, of active labor; or they are those who take it up as a means of temporary employment and support, until an opportunity is presented of embarking in some more lucrative or respectable trade. Men, with such views, have no love for their profession: they go through its duties as through a hated task, the prospect of whose speedy termination is all that cheers them on; their minds are sordid and contracted, and they do not feel the importance of the trust committed to them, or their ambition stretches beyond the present narrow sphere, and they despise the occupation which serves only as a step whereby to climb to a higher place. Hence it is that even of the poor children, who spend a sufficient time at school, so few are much improved, and so many are

hardly improved at all. Hence so much fine intellect, which, if properly cultivated, might become a source of comfort and of fortune, is to its possessor and to society, a fruitless, if not a dangerous gift. But the Brothers of the Christian Schools become teachers, not from necessity, but from choice. Their energies are kept always active by the only stimulant which is unwasted by frequent application, uninfluenced by change of time or place, unsubdued by hardship, unwearied by fatigue, unbribed by gain—by the stimulant of deep, disinterested religious feeling. As disengagement from pursuits of avarice and from the narrowing ties of domestic attachment gives to the charity of the priest a free and ample range, so are the offices of an humbler sphere, and more earthly nature, benefited by a similar freedom in those upon whom they devolve.

“Of the mode of living pursued by the Brothers during the time not devoted to professional duties, it is only necessary to state, briefly, that their hour of rising is five o'clock each morning, throughout the year; after which, about three quarters of an hour are devoted to exercises of devotion. The schools are opened at nine, and closed at three. Dinner commences at half past three; after dinner, the time is spent until nine, partly in recreation, partly in short spiritual exercises, and partly in reading literary or religious books. On Wednesday the Brothers, after dinner, walk out in the country, until half-past seven; and on Saturday, which is always vacant, they walk out in the country, in like manner, at some convenient time, between breakfast and dinner. When the inclemency of the weather prevents the usual walk on Wednesday, the next favorable evening is selected.

“No one is admitted into the institute before the sixteenth or seventeenth year of his age, and no one can make his simple perpetual vows, until he has completed his one-and-twentieth year. The young candidate, besides unexceptionable testimonials of a virtuous life, must also possess considerable knowledge of an elementary kind, and exhibit proofs of a capacity that, with due cultivation, will make him afterwards a useful member. After his admission, he is placed under the direction of the master of novices, and, for the space of

one year, engaged in a course of uninterrupted study. During all this first period of probation, he receives frequent lectures on the art of teaching, the different modes to be adopted, according to the age or temper or capacity of the pupil, and the faults to be avoided. Among the novices, from one to two hours is, under the inspection of an experienced Brother, devoted, each day, to mutual examination and instruction, on the several branches of science and literature usually taught in the schools. The year of novitiate completed, the candidate is sent to one of the houses, where his application becomes still more protracted and laborious—not less than nine hours being daily consumed between oral instruction and private study—until, in the tardy judgment of his superiors, he is deemed in every way sufficiently qualified to enter on the office of public teaching. It frequently happens that the young Brothers pass from six to ten years in these preparatory exercises, before they become members of the institute; and even after that, a certain time is, as we have seen, devoted to useful reading, for four or five days of every week. All, of course, are not subjected to such a long and trying ordeal, because for all it is not necessary.”

Having thus briefly exhibited the character of the order, we shall add a few words in relation to its establishment at Baltimore. Circumstances having rendered it necessary, in 1842, to remove the free-school, attached to the cathedral, to a more eligible locality, it was deemed advisable to erect a large and commodious building for the purpose, and at the same time, with the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop, it was designed by the Rev. Mr. White, then rector of the cathedral, to place the institution, at its re-opening, under the direction of brothers of the Christian schools, if they could be procured. With this view he made a diligent inquiry relative to the most effectual mode of securing their services, and being satisfied that, in consequence of the already large and constantly increasing demand for members of the institute, it would be difficult to obtain them without placing a few young men in one of their houses, for the purpose of being formed to the spirit and duties of the order, he selected two among the youth of the cathedral congregation, who seemed to have a vocation for that life, and conducted

them to Montreal, Lower Canada, where the Brothers had for several years been pursuing their charitable labors.* The two candidates entered this institution in July, 1842, and, in view of the favorable dispositions which they manifested, as well as the desire expressed by the director of the establishment to extend its usefulness, there was reason to hope that, in the course of a year, the school in Baltimore would possess the advantage of being conducted by the Christian Brothers. To the accomplishment of this, however, new obstacles presented themselves. One of the young men whom the Rev. Mr. White had placed in the institution, at Montreal, was soon compelled to leave Canada, his health having greatly suffered from the severity of the climate, which threatened rapidly to undermine his naturally delicate constitution. The field of labor also in that country having increased in a ratio which rendered it impossible to furnish any tutors for an establishment abroad, all that could be obtained by the Rev. Mr. White, on a second visit to Canada in the summer of 1843, was to obtain additional assurances of assistance, as soon as it would be practicable, to awaken an increased solicitude in behalf of the Catholic youth of Baltimore, and to induce the superior of the institution at Montreal to visit the metropolitan city a few months after, with a view to make the necessary arrangements for the accommodation of the Brothers, as soon as Providence would enable them to open a house in the United States. Upon the return of Brother Aidant, the superior at Montreal, he led us to believe that the following year a sufficient number of tutors could be furnished for the school in Baltimore. But the numerous applications which had been previously made for the Brothers throughout the church, and particularly in Canada, still opposed the execution of the project. In the meantime an excellent school, under the care of lay teachers, was conducted at Calvert Hall† for the youth of the cathedral congregation. It

was opened in September, 1843, and was superintended by the Rev. H. B. Coskery, who had succeeded the Rev. Mr. White in the rectorship. In the early part of the summer of this year Bro. Francis, one of the candidates who had gone to Montreal three years before, was advised by the physicians to return to Baltimore, his health having been much impaired by the rigid climate of the north, and this circumstance was considered, by his spiritual superiors, as a favorable opportunity for commencing the labors of the Christian Brothers in this city. The preparatory steps were immediately taken by the Rev. Mr. Coskery, and in the course of the last month two other Brothers arrived from Montreal, and entered at once, with Brother Francis, upon the duties of the new establishment.

Connected with the school in Baltimore is a novitiate for the reception of such young men as desire to embrace a religious life, and devote themselves to the Christian education of youth. Among the various experiments which have been made in this country, with such partial success, for the education of young persons, and particularly those of the more indigent classes, it is truly gratifying to behold in our midst the commencement of an institution, which will be likely to apply a remedy to the evils that have been, and are still complained of. We look upon the establishment that has just been opened at Baltimore as destined to form an era in the annals of education, and of Christian piety in the United States; for we may hope, not presumptuously, that it will become, with the blessing of Providence, the nursery of a numerous and devoted band of men, who will spread themselves, far and wide, over the country, to labor truly in the great cause of education, and to instruct the rising generation in that two-fold knowledge which will render them good Christians and useful citizens.

For the information of the reader, we will here subjoin a statistical account of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, throughout the church, to the beginning of the year 1843. We have not been able to collect more recent data, which would, no doubt, carry the estimate much higher.

The number of houses amounted to three hundred and ninety, distributed as follows:—France, three hundred and twenty-six; Isle of

*Rev. Mr. Gilden, late pastor of St. Vincent's church, Baltimore, also contemplated, about this time, the introduction of the Brothers into his parish, and with this view he placed three young men in the institution at Montreal. But the austerity of the order and other circumstances concurred to frustrate his zealous and charitable efforts, by leading the candidates to abandon their original design.

†The new building erected for the school, and for other purposes.

Bourbon, four; Italy, thirteen; Piedmont, eleven; Savoy, fourteen; Belgium, seventeen; Switzerland, two; Greece, two; Canada, one; (United States, one.) The number of schools was six hundred and forty two, employing three thousand and thirty brothers, with the exception of forty-two, who were

engaged in the charitable service of three prisons. Besides these, the institute possessed five hundred and eighty-five novices. The number of scholars under instruction was one hundred and seventy-one thousand five hundred, of whom seven thousand eight hundred were adults. W.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

ITALY.—*Roman Prisons.*—Whatever may be the defects politically of the time-honored government of the Papal States, (and what system of human government has not defects?) it is yet admitted on all hands by the intelligent and well-informed that the papal rule within the states of the church is parental and mild beyond that of any country in Europe. So far is this characteristic of mildness a marked trait of the Roman government, that among statesmen and writers it has been deemed a glaring defect, and taken as an evidence of want of energy and even of decay. By reason of its moderation, that government has been stigmatized, with what is doubtless intended by infidels and pseudo-patriots, as an epithet of contempt, namely, as the "imbecile rule of priests."

Italian revolutionists are fully aware of this, and are emboldened by that knowledge in the prosecution of their incendiary schemes and violent attempts at revolution. The other governments of Italy make thorough work with the mock patriot. He meets with but little mercy at their hands, and almost instant imprisonment, exile or death is the reward of conspiracy. Not so with the civil authority of Rome. It passes stringent regulations, indeed, but when the victim of violated law is bound, and the knife prepared, the executive arm hesitates in compassion and forbears to strike. This may be deemed *weak* forbearance, and, although a mercy to the transgressor, as a wrong towards the innocent and peaceful subject. In consequence, while other Italian powers have enjoyed a state of comparative repose, the states of the church have been constantly threatened with plots and secret cabal, and agitated by conspiracy.

It is surprising, therefore,—we may say unaccountable—to hear on every side, from the press, the sectarian assembly, ay! even the pulpit, allusions to Roman dungeons, inquisitions and racks, urged in every strain of hyperbole and exaggeration.

The recitals, as advanced in the columns of the organs of sect, sometimes exhibit infantile imbecility to such a degree that they become the source of merriment alone. We can not even say of them:

"Hyperboles so daring and so bold,
Disdaining bounds, are yet by rules controlled."

They have no moderation, and are kept within no "rules," except, perhaps, those of interest.

The following sapient allusion to "Roman prisons" is taken from the August number of a paper published at the capital, called the *Washington Investigator*, and edited by a Mr. Polk.

"Can any one tell whether Bishop Reze, late of Detroit, has been released or not from his confinement in Rome? On going to Rome, a few years ago, he is said to have fallen under ecclesiastical censure, and to have been imprisoned. We have conversed with an American gentleman, now high in the government, who was there at the time, and conversed with the American consul on the subject of Bishop Reze's confinement, and the consul, it seems, refused to investigate the matter, because it was a religious difficulty between the bishop and the church. A shameful excuse, we may say, for an American consul to plead, when the personal liberty of an American citizen was the subject. If Bishop Reze chose to change some part of his religious faith at Detroit, as he had a right by law to do, what right has a foreign prince to call him to account and imprison him for it? And what does an American consul deserve for unfeelingly abandoning him to his fate? Our consul at Rome should be any thing but a papist."

This paragraph (being of the suitable stamp) is selected by the *Commercial Advertiser*, and one other paper of this city, we believe the *Journal of Commerce*, as a fine platform for another onslaught upon the Catholics. The *Commercial* published the above comments in character. It gives a wound with one hand, and with the other plays the quack in a cunning attempt at sewing it up *avry*. It admits the fact, as stated by the Washington paper, and thus does all the injury within its power. Its subsequent rigmarole remarks can surely only have been em-

ployed as a sort of blind; they at least furnish a specimen of the peculiar moonshine in which the editor of that paper so much luxuriates. We are sorry we can not afford space for them. The Commercial never once thinks of pausing to ascertain the fact of an "imprisonment," which never had taken place except in the imagination of Mr. Polk of the Investigator. If the editor had checked his "anti-popery" propensities long enough for a brief inquiry, he would have ascertained that the "confinement" of the "bishop" never had existence except in that peculiar corner of dream-land denominated "no where."

To our certain knowledge the Rt. Rev. Dr. Reze, now titular bishop of Detroit, never was imprisoned at Rome, is not now there, and has not been there since the spring of 1841, at which time he left for Germany, where he now resides *voluntarily* in a religious house, we believe one belonging to his order, the Franciscan. Will the editor of the Commercial be good enough to get "perpendicular as regards his facts," in some approaching number of his paper?

While upon the subject, we may as well amuse our readers, and indulge the Commercial, with a story, rather better than the one from the Investigator, about "Roman prisons." The principal difference between the tales is that one is built on sand, whilst the circumstance in ours actually happened. We had it personally from the gentleman who was the victim of the *delusion*.

Some few years since, a young American gentleman, a Protestant, upon a tour in Europe, visited Rome. In the course of liberal studies he had conceived a desire to investigate the grounds of the ancient faith, an inclination rather spurred on by a glance at the old Catholic institutions of Europe, and nourished by the sublime religious associations of the eternal city. He abode in Rome, in daily association with American acquaintances and intimates drawn thither by a common but not similarly appreciated attraction. The desires and doubts which oppressed his mind, placed him ill at ease, and he cast about him for some quiet and holy retreat from the numbers with which the city of Peter abounds, where he might calm his mind by refreshing study, consult at leisure his doubts, and seek the truth by patient thought and investigation. Upon request, and as an especial favor granted but to very few, he was allowed to pass his retreat or retirement from the gay scenes of Rome in which he had moved, and which were unsuitable to the discovery of the all-important treasure he had in view, at the "Gesù," a house of the Jesuits, long noted and familiar to every stranger at Rome. He established himself at the Gesù quietly, so as to avoid interruption from visitors, and entered upon the prosecution of his cherished design. He was soon missed,

however, from the circle of his American friends, one of which circle, his intimate, was deputed to find out and deliver him from bondage. The gentleman called at the Gesù, but was denied. He took his departure, "looking daggers," and muttering words of strange import. It was afterwards mentioned to our friend and informant, that a gentleman had called and inquired for him, but, upon being denied, had gone away in seeming resentment. Apprehending who it might be, and lest erroneous impressions should arise from the refusal in the mind of his visitor, he took pains to have him sent for to see him very soon after. The gentleman again called, had a long interview with our informant in the room appropriated to his use while at the house of the good fathers. The visitor was assured in the most emphatic terms by the sojourner at the Gesù, that he was not in the least under restraint, that he had come there voluntarily, had been allowed to remain there as a favor upon his own solicitation, that the doors were open, and he was at perfect liberty to depart at any moment he chose. After his visit was over, the guest departed, silent indeed, but evidently not exactly convinced and but ill at ease. The rest is soon told. The inquiring friend, upon return to the anxious circle, intimated "a harrowing tale" of mental if not bodily restraint, the inquisition, Jesuit influence, &c. &c. Letters were thereupon written to the family of our misrepresented friend. That worthy family was thrown into consternation, and a younger brother of the supposed prisoner, in the height of his fraternal resentment, entertained the project of chartering there is no telling how many vessels of war, and bringing "diplomatic" as well as other dangerous missiles to bear upon his holiness and the eternal city. Our friend is now in this country, his doubts at an end, his faith at length based upon the rock of Peter, and, moreover, with deeply grateful recollections of his *Roman prison*. Strange to say, however, some members of his family to this day, and among others the *deputed* visiting friend aforesaid, are not entirely satisfied that, while in the old, massive, venerable building of the Gesù at Rome, he was not in some way under restraint from the good Jesuit fathers by express command of Pope Gregory.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

Rome.—It is said that the lanternino and roof of St. Peter's are in a state of ruin, and require instant repair. The restoration of the ancient basilica of St. Paul, on the Ostia-road, and which was destroyed by fire some years since, is almost completed. An English company has just made a proposition to the papal government for deepening the Tiber. It demands neither payment nor indemnity, hoping to repay itself by the monuments of antiquity which it expects to find in the bed of the river.—*Tablet*.

GERMANY.—*Ronge*.—A letter from Halberstadt, in Prussia, of the 9th, says, "M. Ronge preached here to-day, in the court of the cathedral. As he terminated his sermon with the words 'Rome must and will fall,' a Catholic exclaimed, 'And you also, heretic,' and then advanced to Ronge, with the intention of throwing a stone at him; but another Catholic, who was near the preacher, prevented this, and knocked the offender down with a stick. A great tumult then ensued, and the troops were called out, and forced to use their arms. It is said that several persons were severely wounded. Before peace could be restored, the partisans of Ronge had pulled to the ground the house of the man who had menaced him."—*Times*. After Ronge descended from his pulpit, a young man struck him, with a stick, a violent blow on the back. The abbé immediately fell on the ground. The abbé got up and ran away, but soon afterwards was further ill-treated by several other men; and it was only with great difficulty, and through the protection afforded him by a great number of his friends, that he succeeded in gaining the hotel he lodged at. Some moments after a crowd of his partisans walked through the streets of the town, and threw stones at the windows of the houses they thought to be inhabited by Roman Catholics. The police put all their agents on foot to appease the tumult, but their efforts were useless; the rioters breathed only rage and vengeance. The military were called out, some detachments of infantry and cavalry appeared, and after having ordered the rebels to retire, which was not obeyed, the troops charged them, and blood flowed in abundance. The German Catholics went in crowds to the Rue de la Digne, where dwelt the salesman who had endeavored to throw a stone at Abbé Ronge; they barricaded themselves in this narrow street, and demolished, from top to bottom, the house of this individual. It was only then they separated, and that tranquillity was re-established in Halberstadt. The number of the killed and wounded is not at present known; that of the persons arrested is upwards of one hundred and fifty. The royal court of Magdeburg has instituted an inquiry into the affair, and will judge it when the inquiry has terminated. There have been tremendous disturbances at Leipsic too, arising out of the same cause as this, at Halberstadt. A letter from Leipsic, dated the 13th, says: "Blood flows within the peaceful walls of our city. Around us are dead and wounded, who have fallen a sacrifice to the ball of the military. Yesterday Prince John came here to review the civic guard. He had already been very coolly received at Chemnitz, and even here opinion was early put forth against him. The reason of this was understood to be the report circulated respecting his reserve and reluctance to the establishment of the German Catholic community,

which, probably, was the more readily adopted on account of the dissatisfaction which his conduct in the late diet had occasioned. He has sent his son, too, to another university, a step which is by no means liked here; and, finally, an unfavorable influence is ascribed to him as to the ministry of worship. The opinion hereby produced was made manifest yesterday noon on the exercise ground by repeated huzzas for Ronge, and in spite of calls made by the Commandant Haase, scarcely fifty voices gave *vivats* for the prince. Many arrests speedily followed. Though the excitement was very great, people did not suppose that the worst was yet to come. About nine o'clock a great multitude assembled in War-horse-place, in front of the Prussian hotel, where the prince usually alights. The tattoo was loudly beat, and the people as loudly expressed their opinions. The crowd in front of the hotel, on the appearance at the balcony, gave three loud shouts for Ronge, and the favorite songs of the Catholic reformers were sung. The attitude of the mob was extremely vehement. The tumult continued, and all the windows in the prince's hotel were broken. The party of military here, amounting to only two hundred men, were brought out at ten o'clock. When they came to War-horse-place the square was speedily cleared, but the masses continued in the adjoining streets. The people began to separate; but though they were thrice summoned to disperse by the military, the dispersion could not very speedily take place. Five rounds of musketry were fired, when nine were killed, and ten severely wounded, besides numbers who were slightly, by the cross-firing from the hotel. The commandant was Colonel Susmilch. Persons attracted to the spot by curiosity suffered most while they were endeavoring to disperse. The promenading places were now pretty quiet. The excitement, however, was not suppressed, but rather strengthened. The masses collected in the city, and on the promenades about War-horse-place. The cries of rage were frightful. At length the prince ordered the civic guards to be called out; and at half-past eleven the 'appel' was beat. Had this been done at first, the tumult would have been kept down, and we should not have had so many human lives to lament."

Leipsic is described as tranquil at the latest date. Fourteen persons killed in the riots had been buried, and their funeral was fully attended, but no evil consequence followed.—*Tablet*.

It only remains, says the *English Churchman*, to mention that although some of the Protestant sovereigns, and especially the king of Saxony, were at first supposed to look favorably upon the movement, they now barely tolerate, and certainly give it no encouragement. This is doubtless, in a great measure, owing to the loudly

expressed joy of all classes of radicals and communists, and, as declared by the king of Hanover, the fear that it may in some way or other produce a disturbance of the public peace. They have therefore been refused the right of baptizing and marrying in their own congregations, and are directed to apply to the Protestant clergy, for the performance of these rights. In Prussia a royal edict has prohibited the practice of granting to them the use of Protestant churches, although some municipal councils maintain their right of doing so, and that of Dantzic has not only given up to the German Catholics the ancient cathedral of that town, but has even voted an annual stipend to the newly appointed priest out of the public funds. To the king of Prussia we must allow the credit of being actuated by higher motives. He has the penetration to discern that a movement commenced with schism, and carried on by popular excitement, can not produce the fruits of a healthy and judicious reformation, and, Protestant as he is, would rather see his subjects good Catholics, than unbelievers and rationalists. That the latter must and is intended to be the result, two incidents will clearly prove. The congregation formed at Wismar published previously to the council at Leipzig; the creed of which they have since accepted as not inconsistent with their own, a separate confession of their faith, in which they expressly deny the doctrines of the Trinity, of the Holy Ghost, and of the resurrection. The other incident is not less significant. A feast was given at Halle, to celebrate the formation in that town of a German Catholic congregation. Kerbler, until lately a Roman Catholic priest, now chosen to be their minister by the German Catholics at Leipzig, and regarded as, with Ronge and Czerski, one of the leaders of the party, rose to propose a toast. It was to the health of Ulrich, the notorious chairman of the association of "Protestant Friends," the Protestant clergyman who in a public assembly avowed that his tenets were unscriptural, who in his published "confessions" has declared, that the association, at the head of which he stands, "seeks to make prevalent a form of Christianity, in which all parties among Protestants, in which Protestants, Catholics, and Greeks, in which Christians and Jews, may feel themselves to agree with one another."

In fine, it is evident that while the Catholic government openly opposes, the Protestant princes will not support, the new schism. But still it is strong in numbers, strong in popular opinion, above all, in energy and zeal. What the end may be it is impossible to foresee; probably it will share the fate of the "French Catholic church," projected in 1830, by the Abbe Chatel. In the meanwhile it has, we fear, delayed rather than advanced the prospect of any sound reform in the Roman Catho-

lic church; and it has undoubtedly given a new impulse to rationalism among the Protestant bodies, and rendered even more vain than before any hope that they will return to a pure faith, to an apostolical constitution, and to a renewed communion with the Catholic church.—*English Churchman.*

FRANCE.—We are happy in being able to inform our readers that the father general of the Jesuits, although accountably averse still to any official contradiction of this great official falsehood, has directed letters to be written privately by that excellent Catholic layman, Mr. Charles Weld, now at Rome, to various friends of the society here, in which Mr. Weld, repeating the substance of an hour's private conversation with the general, positively states, that not only M. Guizot's official statement, but every other one which has appeared, in the newspapers or elsewhere, on the subject of M. Rossi and his mission, is utterly false; false in every detail, and false alike to the letter and spirit. Mr. Weld is authorised by the general to state that no concession whatsoever was made to M. Rossi, either by the pope or the general—that he utterly failed with both—and that every request he made was unequivocally and without compromise rejected. This is a good intelligence indeed, however tardy; but we must repeat that we could have wished it to have been communicated to the world in a more official manner; or, at all events, that the acts of the French Jesuits had not been of such a character and so timid, as to serve in some degree to corroborate the words of the French minister.

IRELAND.—The government has dismissed from the deputy lieutenancy of the county Antrim and from the magistracy, James Watson, Esq., for having called on the Orangemen to re-organize, now that the laws passed against the society have expired. It has likewise superseded Jas. Power, Esq. M. P. of county Wexford, in the commission of the peace for that county, because he attended a repeal demonstration.

Mr. O'Connell and the Repeal Association are taking measures to return 60 repeal members to the next parliament.

A great meeting of the Orangemen of Ulster took place at Enniskillen on the 12th ult. It was a failure. Instead of 100,000, as their papers anticipated, scarcely 5,000 were present. Scarcely any of the gentry attended. All passed off in peace.—*U. S. Cath. Miscellany.*

The New Colleges.—A deputation from Armagh, consisting of the Most Rev. Dr. Crolly, Roman Catholic primate, and Messrs. Dobbin, Paton, and Robinson, had an interview with the lord lieutenant, at the Viceregal Lodge, this day, to present a memorial representing the great advantages which that ancient city possessed, as the most suitable site for the new college in Ulster. The claims and

peculiar recommendations of Armagh were set forth in the memorial, and earnestly urged by the primate and the other members of the deputation. His excellency, who received the deputation most graciously, stated that he would take special care to place the arguments in favor of Armagh before Sir R. Peel, and that he felt assured the claims of that city would receive the fairest and most impartial consideration.—*Tablet*.

SWITZERLAND.—The *State Gazette* publishes an official account of the investigations carried on for the discovery of the murderer of M. Leu. All idea of his death having been caused by his own hand is completely abandoned.

The Swiss diet assembled at Zurich on the 4th, and rejected the motion of Argovia for expelling the Jesuits by a majority twelve to ten. The question will be again brought forward next session.

The Jesuit question was discussed in the diet on the 4th and 5th instant. On the 4th M. Francini (Tessino) said that the instructions of his state, which was altogether Catholic, and inviolably attached to the holy see, laid down the principle that the question under discussion had become a federal one. The state of Tessino felt, neither leaning nor aversion to the Jesuits, but it could not shut its eyes to the historical fact that wherever that body succeeded in obtaining a firm footing, they never failed to exercise their dominion over the people, clergy, and government. The hon. deputy here alluded to the eulogiums always bestowed on the Jesuits by the deputy of Friburg, and contrasted with such praise the reprobation which they had met with in so many states in Europe. He compared the wretched position of the states of Italy where they were tolerated, with the great prosperity enjoyed by the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, which no longer permitted Jesuits to remain there. Articles one and eight of the federal pact gave the federal authorities power to take such measures as might be requisite for the common safety. The present question was of that nature, and he trusted that the diet would come to some decisive resolution on the point, and not again give the world an example of its impuissance.

M. Briatte (Vaud) considered the subject to have been already abundantly discussed, and that further remarks would not change the opinion of any one. The events that had passed since the extraordinary diet had only confirmed the canton which he represented in the opinion that a decision against the Jesuits could alone restore peace and union to the republic. He concluded by calling on the diet to act with decision and vigor, and expel the body in question.

M. De Courten (Valais) denied the competency of the diet to interfere in the Jesuit question. The only persons that could be injured by the

present proceedings were the authors of the present attack. The reception and maintenance of a religious order was purely cantonal, and the Catholics would never submit to the expulsion of the Jesuits, without admitting as a consequence that the Protestant cantons possessed a right to interfere in the choice of the ministers of the Catholic religion. He had, in the name of his state, to protest against the interference of the diet in the question.

Sitting of August 5.—The second day's proceedings lasted six hours, and were even more animated than the preceding ones.

Mr. Brocher (Geneva), without attempting to deny the inconveniences arising from the presence of the Jesuits, declared himself of opinion that the diet ought not to interfere against them. He did not question the competency of the diet, and proposed that, if Lucerne persisted in maintaining the Jesuits, there should be attached to her, during the period of her being Vorort, a council of representatives, as allowed by art. 9 of the federal pact.

M. Furrer (Zurich), president of the diet, concluded the general discussion, by summing up the arguments brought forward on both sides.

After this address, the free discussion was opened by a brilliant speech from the Avoyer Neuhaus, of Berne, in refutation of the arguments of the Ultramontane party, and strongly in favor of the immediate expulsion of the Jesuits. The deputies of Friburg, Schwitz, Uri, and Uterwald, replied at great length to this speech.

As to the general result of the votes, the order of the day remained in a small minority, which leaves the question in *statu quo*, not permitting it to be brought forward before next session.

The *Journal des Debats* publishes a letter from Zurich, of the 7th instant, which would seem to indicate that Switzerland was on the eve of a new civil war. The free corps, says the writer, burn to take revenge. The chiefs who secretly organized and commanded the last expedition, the Snells, Steigers, Ochsenbein, Koller, and others, are indefatigable in their exertions and intrigues. The Bernese population, in particular, regard the defeat of the free corps as a stain on their military glory, and are anxious to wipe it off. In short, the recollections of the religious wars of old are revived, and Switzerland appears to have retrograded to the 16th and 17th centuries. The following fact will give you an idea of the feelings in that canton. In a village contiguous to the frontier of Lucerne a bell, cast in honor of the free corps, was inaugurated a few days ago. The ceremony was celebrated with unusual pomp, in presence of an immense concourse of people. The bell was christened *Sans peur* (fearless). Speeches breathing the most revolutionary and fanatical spirit were delivered, in which the orators declared that "the bell

would soon sound the battle, and the extermination of the people of Lucerne." A political association, calling itself the "Confederation of the People," has been formed under the ægis of the radical governments of Berne, Argau, Vaud, and Soleure, with a view to combat the Jesuits and their adherents. That association is directed by a central committee, having under its orders cantonal and other inferior committees, and its decrees are rapidly transmitted from one end of Switzerland to the other, and blindly obeyed. The idea of this association, as well as the *chasse aux Jesuites*, belongs to a German political refugee, named Snell, who has been mixed up in all the movements of the country for many years, and who wishes to bring Switzerland under a central radical government, for the purpose of revolutionizing afterwards the neighboring countries. The last revolution in the canton of Vaud was effected by that association, and the invasion of Lucerne by the free corps was also directed by its leaders. Sooner or later the government will be compelled to adopt measures against that association. The real crisis will then commence, and those who are best acquainted with the state of the public mind in the canton of Berne are of opinion that the association will come off victorious. Once master of the government, they will soon find a pretext to declare war against Lucerne, and to march in a mass into the interior of Switzerland. The month of September is said to have been fixed upon for that purpose. In the meantime, Lucerne is preparing for the struggle, as well as the lesser cantons. The exasperation is still greater in that portion of the country than even in the radical cantons. A most determined resistance will be offered by them to the invaders, and a traveller just arrived thence assured me that the people were ready to run every risk to retain the most precious of blessings—the liberty acquired by the blood of their ancestors. The warlike spirit that formerly animated those mountaineers is again roused. They remember how often they defeated the Austrian princes. They have not forgotten that the canton of Schwytz alone withstood, in 1798, the attack of the French army under Brune, and that the republican general was obliged to offer an honorable capitulation to a handful of shepherds. In the canton of Uri the young women have for several weeks practised firing at marks with carbines. They have told their fathers and husbands, "When the drum shall beat, you will fly to the assistance of your brethren of Lucerne, and we will remain to defend our homes." You must not suppose that the mountaineers of internal Switzerland are a fanaticised people, as they are sometimes described, or that they are mere instruments in the hands of the Jesuits. Few of them ever saw one of the holy fathers; "it is not" for their sake that

they are about to risk their lives. It is of little concern to them by what professors theology is taught at Lucerne. They openly condemn the imprudent conduct of that canton, but they know very well that the introduction of the Jesuits is a mere pretext invoked by the radicals to overturn the conservative government, to place the majority of the people of Lucerne under the control of the minority, to destroy the federal compact, and to found an Unitarian republic which would render the lesser cantons the vassals of their more powerful neighbors. To this those proud mountaineers will not submit; and, rather than undergo that humiliation and the ruin of their independence, they will, at the signal, rise like one man, and in a few days their blood will flow in the same valleys where the valor of their ancestors gave birth to the liberty of Switzerland.

The diet has acceded to the demand of the radical cantons by ordering that the indemnity of Lucerne (130,000 francs) should be paid out of the federal treasury, and they have sanctioned the pillage of the convents by Argau, only seven votes being given for the re-establishment of the convents in that canton.—*Tablet*.

STATE OF SWITZERLAND—ROME—THE JESUITS.—The following is from the *Times* of this morning:—"Upon the state of Switzerland the *Journal des Debats* publishes the following letter from Zurich, dated the 10th inst.:—'Yesterday the Deputies of Berne left Zurich precipitately. The cause of their departure is no mystery. Today the district committees of the famous democratic league are to meet at Berne. The event is of a nature to inspire the government of this canton with alarm. Whilst the popular league is deliberating at Berne, the committee of the free companies has met at Zoffingen, a small town in the canton of Argovia, on the frontiers of Lucerne, which they have made their head-quarters, and whence they started upon their memorable expedition. MM. Steiger and Roschenstein are at Zoffingen. It is on this day likewise that the canton at Vaud is called to vote upon the new constitution, concocted by M. Drucy and his colleagues. You perceive, therefore, that one-half of Switzerland is at this moment in a state of great excitement.' Upon this subject our Paris correspondent writes:—'Very serious events are imminent in Switzerland. Never was there more extraordinary fatuity or gullibility than the 'Liberals,' about to plunge their country in civil war, have been guilty of. The truly well informed admit 'the Catholic clergy of Switzerland, who have been always distinguished for patriotism and liberality, have become changed since the introduction of the Jesuits into the cantons; but the noise made about that order, and the importance attached to their residence

in the republic, are sadly misplaced.' Our Lucerne letters state that accounts from Rome very positively, though not very politely, deny the statements of the French authorities and journals, that the papal government had *per se* made any concession on the subject of the Jesuits to France."

TURKEY.—A letter from the Rev. Father Gerard, prefect apostolic of the mission of the Reformed Minors at Constantinople, announces to us the happy news of a religious establishment having been formed in the isle of Mitylene, (the ancient Lesbos.) This island, formerly abounding in all spiritual resources, has been, for many years past, without a church and without a resident priest. Since the month of August, 1844, it has been provided with a chapel and an establishment entrusted to the care of the Reformed Minors. The Most Rev. Dr. Mussabini, archbishop of Smyrna, has vouchsafed to repair in person to Mitylene, in order to open a chapel, which is dedicated to the Mother of God. The Baron de Bourquency, ambassador from France to Constantinople, and Monsieur Barthelemy Geymut, consul of Sardinia at Smyrna, have employed their influence and their zeal to remove all the difficulties which stood in the way of this useful foundation.—*Annals of the Faith.*

EGYPT, CHINA, ETC.—Several religious belonging to the Order of Minors of the Observance, have set out for different missions, namely—for lower Egypt, Father Anthony d'Orsogna, of the province of Saint Bernard; for Chan-See (China), Father Bartholemew Sandrini, of the province of Tuscany, and Father Benedict Dominick, a Spaniard; for China, Father Peter, of Lucca; for Albania, Father Diego, of Murin, and Father Henry, of Nocera.—*Annals of the Faith.*

The ship which sailed from Antwerp, in the beginning of May, 1844, having on board the Rev. Messrs. Charrier and Galy, has arrived at Macao. In a letter directed from that city to his cousin, the Rev. Mr. Bernelin, P. P., of Montromand (department of the Rhone), of the date of the 30th November, the first named of these two illustrious confessors of the faith says, with that tone of calmness and intrepidity which we have always admired him for:

"I arrived in China in good health, and after a voyage of five months and four days, without counting eighteen days' stay at Syngapore. Our passage has been long enough to make us have a taste of every kind of weather, and breathe the wind from every point. One of the most furious tempests was near swallowing us up in the Chinese seas. During the space of twelve hours it held us between life and death. Every one was at prayer. Thanks be to God, no harm was done to the ship. We saluted the celestial empire, and dropped anchor at Macao on the 24th October, six days after the bad weather ceased."—*Annals of the Faith.*

CYPRUS.—Four nuns of St. Joseph of the Apparition, who departed some months ago with the Rev. Mr. Brunoni, apostolic missionary of the Propaganda, have arrived at Larnaca, in the isle of Cyprus, where they are engaged in the instruction of their sex.—*Ibid.*

CHINA.—According to the *Notizia delle Missioni Catholice*, published in Rome, in 1843, there are in China, thirteen bishops, with four coadjutors—seventeen in all. Priests about 160—of whom about 120 are natives. Catholics about 360,000. The diocese of Macao has two colleges, that of Nankin, one college and one seminary; that of Sutchuen, two colleges, and fifty schools for children, &c., and all this, under laws which proscribed Christianity.—*U. S. C. Miscellany.*

MESOPOTAMIA.—The mission in this country, under the charge of the Rev. Capuchin fathers, and the centre of which is Orfa, is in a very prosperous condition. Many of the Jacobins, schismatic Armenians, and even Mussulmen, embrace the Catholic faith. The Very Rev. Joseph de Burgos is apostolic prefect of this district.

WEST INDIES.—*Trinidad.*—Mgr. R. P. Smith, the Bishop of Trinidad, celebrated for his zeal and ardent charity, has been in Paris with M. l'Abbé Christopher, of Montreuil-sur-Mer, the worthy curate of San Fernando, who accompanied him as secretary. The wants of his immense flock induced this zealous pastor to undertake so long and dreary a voyage. The diocese of Trinidad is 300 leagues in extent, and includes eighteen islands. Mgr. Buckley was the first bishop that ruled over this vast diocese; he arrived there in 1821. All the English and Danish colonies at the Antilles were under his jurisdiction; he had then only six priests. This excellent prelate died in 1828, and left twelve priests. Mgr. MacDonnell, who succeeded him, found great resources in the disinterested zeal of Mgr. Smith, who was his vicar-general until 1827, when the holy see nominated him his coadjutor. Thanks to the persevering efforts and numerous sacrifices of his humble coadjutor, Mgr. MacDonnell was enabled to increase the number of the clergy of his diocese. The pious bishop had the satisfaction of seeing before his death fifty-two missionaries exercising with zeal and courage the functions of the holy ministry, and spreading the benefits of religion amongst the Catholic inhabitants, who were marvellously multiplied. The eighteen islands which compose the beautiful and enormous diocese of Trinidad, have each a governor or lieutenant-governor. Since the death of Mgr. MacDonnell, which occurred in 1844, Mgr. Smith has by his prudence and zeal, ever animated by the most ardent charity, surmounted many difficulties; and is at present on the point of establishing eighteen new missions, having at his disposal eighteen priests well worthy

of their sublime vocation. We will here add that Mgr. Smith provides for all the wants of a considerable number of young men, who apply themselves with success to the acquisition of ecclesiastical knowledge and the practice of the sacerdotal virtues in the seminaries of Saint Sulpice of Orleans, in the Missionary college of All Hallows, Drumcondra, and in that of Carlow. The Sisters of St. Joseph have a very beautiful convent at Trinidad; these good nuns render important services to the city; they have numerous pensioners, and their schools are attended with eagerness and advantage. The city also possesses a superb college, which is on a footing with the best colleges of Europe. This establishment is in a state of prosperity, perfectly realizing the hopes of those interested in it. The virtues of the worthy bishop whom Divine Providence has placed at the head of the immense diocese of Trinidad, the good conduct and zeal of the missionaries, the faith and charity reigning amongst the Catholics, the happy disposition of the Protestant inhabitants who in many instances have abandoned their temples to frequent Catholic churches, all give hopes that our holy religion will make the most rapid progress in this remote land.—*Tablet*.

CONVERSIONS.—The son of Dr. Hurter, who is a student of the polytechnic institute of Vienna, has lately been admitted into the church, to the great joy of his illustrious father, who is likewise a recent convert to the faith.

A lady of Mecklenburg, of high rank, has renounced the errors of Protestantism, and been recently admitted to the reception of the holy sacrament in the mother church of all churches, St. John of Lateran, at the altar where Saints Peter and Paul celebrated the holy mysteries. The conversion of this lady was first commenced at Treves, where she had witnessed, and was edified by the tender piety of the million of devout pilgrims who repaired thither during the exposition of the holy robe. She was a witness of the many instantaneous miraculous cures with which was rewarded the confiding faith of the infirm; moved by divine faith, this pious lady repaired to Rome, instead of going to Paris, as was her intention, and there the august ceremonies of holy week, the many charitable establishments for the relief of the distressed, contributed not a little to confirm her in the favorable impressions received at Treves; she finally renounced her former errors, and is now a happy member of the church of Christ.

On the 3d of July, M. Durand, of the canton of Vaud, made, in the church of St. Valerian, at Seon, a public and solemn profession of the Catholic faith. M. Durand is a member of the historical society, of Swiss Romand.

Major Zeerland, of Berne, famous for his researches and historical knowledge, and for some

time a resident of the canton of Argovia, has given publicity to the renunciation, which he made some time ago, of the error of Zwinglio-Calvinism. Thus, says the *Ami*, does the study of history, by developing more and more the impostures of Protestantism, daily bring to the church of God the upright and sincere of heart.

On the 25th of last May, writes the *Ami de Religion*, the cure of Plan cher-les Mines (Haute Soane), has had the consolation of receiving the abjuration of a Protestant family. The ceremony was solemn, and most touching.

Thus does God daily add to the church those whom he wishes to be saved.—*Cath. Herald*.

A CONVERTED EMIR.—At a time when the Druses of Syria are waging a deadly warfare against the professors of Christianity, it is consoling to note the conversion of Mecaoud Rozlan, a prince of the family who are directing the hostile movements in that country. This young man recently left Syria with the greatest difficulty, and at the imminent risk of his life, to visit Rome for the purpose of embracing the true religion.

THE PRESENT POPE.—"The present pope, Gregory XVI," says the *Journal des Debats*, "is the two hundred and fifty-eighth successor of St. Peter. He will complete his eightieth year on the 18th of next month. He was raised to the pontifical see on February 2, 1831. The college of cardinals is composed of fifty-five members, two named by Pius VII, seven by Leo XII, and forty-six by Gregory XVI. Six cardinals are named *in pectore*, and there are, besides, nine vacant places. The dean of the sacred college is Cardinal Pedini, eighty-seven years of age; Schwartzzenburgh is the youngest of the cardinals, he is scarcely yet thirty-six years of age. Sixty-two cardinals have died since the accession of Gregory XVI. The population of Rome, without counting the Jews, is one hundred and seventy-five thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine."

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Ordination.*—On Sunday, August 31st, the Most Rev. Archbishop conferred the sacred tonsure on Messrs. Edward Caton, Henry C. Hoban, and John Jos. Dougherty, students of St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore. On the 6th of July preceding, Rev. William D. Parsons, deacon, was promoted to the holy order of priesthood. On the first of the same month, two reverend gentlemen were ordained priests at Georgetown by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fenwick. They are attached to the Society of Jesus at that place.

Religious Profession.—On the 28th of August Miss Fanny Jenkins, of Baltimore, received the white veil at the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop, in the Convent of the Visitation, Baltimore. Her name in religion is Sister Mary Augustine.

DIOCESS OF NEW YORK.—Confirmation.—On Sunday, 3d of August, the Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey administered the sacrament of confirmation at Wassertown to more than seventy persons, fifty of whom received, on that occasion, their first communion. On the 5th of the same month he confirmed a large number at Watson, chiefly German and French. In the vicinity of this place there is a large and fast increasing Catholic population.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

DIOCESS OF NEW ORLEANS.—Ordination.—On Sunday, 24th of August, Bishop Blanc conferred subdeaconship on Rev. F. D'Hoope, scholastic of the Society of Jesus. On the following Wednesday the same gentleman was promoted to deaconship, in the church of St. Augustine, and on Friday, 29th ultimo, was ordained priest in St. Mary's church.

Confirmation.—July 13th, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Blanc administered confirmation at the convent of the Sacred Heart, Grand Coteau, to fourteen young ladies of the academy, and in the parish church, on the same day, to eighty-four others, thirty-nine of whom were pupils of the college. On the 20th of the month seventy-one persons were confirmed at Opelousas; on the 27th, one hundred and two at Vermillionville; on the 30th, twenty-eight at Abbeville; the following day, seventy persons at Pont-Braud; on the 3d August, sixty-five at St. Martinville; on the 7th, sixty-seven at New Iberia; on the 10th, twenty-three in the parish of St. Mary's. During this pastoral visit the bishop authorized the erection of four new churches.—*Prop. Catholique*.

DIOCESS OF LOUISVILLE.—At the earnest request of the bishop and clergy of Kentucky, as well as at the urgent solicitation of the trustees and professors of St. Joseph's college, the Rev. Edward McMahon, pastor of Lexington, has consented to become, for a time, president of that institution.

All letters and papers for him are to be directed to Bardstown after the 15th of September.—*C. Adv.*

DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—New Church.—The new church erected in Towanda, Bradford county, was blessed and dedicated to divine worship under the invocation of SS. Peter and Paul, on Friday, the 5th September. Confirmation was administered to above forty persons. The bishop preached on the occasion from Matt. xvi, 18. The church is a neat frame building, fifty-six by thirty-six feet, and is to be attended once a month by the Rev. J. V. O'Reilly, who resides in the neighborhood of Friendsville, Susquehanna county.—*C. Herald*.

DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—Confirmation.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick conferred the sacrament of confirmation on one hundred and fifty persons on Sunday last, at SS. Peter and Paul's church, south Boston. The ceremony was impressive. The girls were arrayed in white, with veils thrown over their

heads. The boys were also well attired and orderly. The great majority partook of the holy communion on the occasion.—*Boston Pilot*.

DIOCESS OF MILWAUKIE.—The following very interesting details were sent to us by a friend in the West, who informs us that they came from an official source. We thank our correspondent for his excellent communication, and hope that he will continue to favor us with similar accounts, which tend so much to the general edification of the Catholic community.

"*Wisconsin, Sinsinawa, August 17th.*

"Messrs. Editors,—A desire of diffusing useful information has led me to pen a few lines for your learned periodical, that your readers may perceive how flourishing is the state of Catholicity in this remote and extensive territory.

"The Rt. Rev. Dr. Henni recently visited the western portion of his diocese, and on the 31st of July, accompanied by the Rev. J. Causse, he reached the church of Shullsburg, where the V. Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli was awaiting his arrival. The bishop solemnly dedicated the church to the worship of God, under the invocation of St. Matthew, and he also preached on the occasion. This building was erected in 1841 by its present worthy pastor, Mr. Mazzuchelli, in an open prairie inhabited only by a few miners. It is a neat frame building finished with taste, and surrounded by four acres of ground well enclosed, and occupying a truly eligible situation. Since the building of the church the town of Shullsburg has sprung up alongside of it, and it now presents a respectable appearance in the midst of a mining region. The building is already too small for the increasing congregation, which has been regularly attended by its pastor since his return from Europe, although about twenty miles from his place of residence.

On the following Sunday the Right Rev. Bishop, assisted by five priests, performed the solemn benediction of the church of St. Dominick, erected on Sinsinawa Mound by the untired exertions of the Very Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli. This building is Gothic, beautifully finished, and ornamented inside with stucco work. On that day not only the parishioners, but a great concourse of people from all parts, and particularly from Galena, Illinois, and Dubuque, flocked to the Mound in order to assist at the ceremonies. Most of them not being able to find room in the church, covered the beautiful green that surrounds it.

After the blessing of the church, high mass was sung by the worthy prelate and an appropriate sermon which engaged the attention of the audience, was delivered by the Rev. M. Healy of Dubuque. The solemnity of the day was closed with vespers and the benediction of the blessed sacrament.

It may not be amiss to say a few words respect-

ing the natural aspect of this place. The description given of it in a late number of the *Truth Teller* may be considered accurate.

"Situate at the junction of the roads leading from Dubuque, Iowa, and Galena, Illinois, to Potosi, Cassville, and Prairie du Chien, and to Mineral Point, Madison, (the seat of government,) Milwaukee, Green Bay, &c., in the territory of Wisconsin; and, for greater geographical accuracy, the precise locality will be found at the angle of latitude 42 degrees, 31 minutes, N., and longitude 13 degrees, 30 min. W. from W., one mile north from the northern boundary of Illinois, five miles east from Dubuque, and ten miles north-west from Galena stands Sinsinnawa Mound, whose summit, according to my recollection of Professor Locke's altitude, is five hundred and fifty feet above the level of the surrounding country; and there, too, stands the new Convent of St. Dominick!! The summit of the mound is crowned by the primitive oak, beneath whose foliage stands the sepulchre of the dusky lords to whom the Creator originally granted the fee-simple of the soil, and whose language has given it a name from the *stream*, or 'Limpid Waters,' which flows rapidly at its base, and wends its way tranquilly into the 'Father of Waters.' Descend from the summit to the rear of the convent, about one hundred and fifty perpendicular feet, and thus a circular road of a mile and a half, forms a belt around the mound, affording a delightful promenade, and a charming view of the most varied and picturesque scenery that ever eye beheld. To the south and east is woodland, cope, and prairie—bearing an air of repose, and eminently calculated to captivate the heart, with here and there a white house and cultivated farm, the convent farm being the most attractive. Here you are soon bewildered in admiration of the gay variety, or the vision is intercepted by the horizon, at a distance of some thirty miles or more. In following the circular road eastward, you meet with little interruption to a like scenery in the direction of Madison, but to the north-west, towards Mineral Point, you are met by the Platte and Blue Mountains, bold and bare,—the residence of Chief Justice Dunn, and Colonel Gratiot, with many others that intervene. In the north and north-west are the high and well wooded lands of the Mississippi and its tributaries, in the direction of Potosi, Cassville, and Prairie du Chien, and the town of Gutenberg in Iowa, where the German Emigration Societies of Pittsburgh and Cincinnati will have two hundred heads of Catholic families before the end of the year 1846. The distant highlands of Iowa, and the bold bluffs which guard the mighty Mississippi, are the most prominent objects from the west of the mound, for a distance of sixty miles or more along the course of that river, but in full and distinct view, is St. Joseph's Prairie, where stands the new novitiate and seminary of the 'Sisters of the Blessed Virgin,' who formerly resided in the house in Philadelphia, which, in May, 1844, was destroyed by a reckless mob.

"The convent of St. Dominick occupies an unrivalled position for health; for, besides the well settled belief of physicians that pulmonary consumption never originated in the mining district, fevers of a congestive character, or other chronic diseases are rarely if ever met with, and its situation is above the fogs or other influences of miasma from the Mississippi. The house at present occupied by the Brothers is a stately but rustic struc-

ture. The chapel is small but exceedingly neat. A thrifty bearing orchard, and a well stocked vineyard of choice cultivated grapes, are on the premises. The garden is well stocked with vegetables and fruits. Flocks of pheasants, prairie hens, and wild pigeons continually buzzing in your ear, and large broods of young ducks and geese are paddling in the brook. Well did a friend of mine exclaim on last Sunday—"What is there in nature worth living for that is not here?" The title to the lands is good, as General J., having resided there since 1828, purchased them of the government in 1834, and has since obtained his patent. It is well situated between growing and prosperous cities and towns, and in the centre of a district whose minerals of lead, iron, copper, and zinc, are inexhaustible. Its timber is abundant, and its agricultural lands are of a superior quality. There is an excellent quarry open on the premises, and Professor Owen, U. S. geologist, says that the rock is of the same quality as that of which the new parliament house of England is being built."

On the feast of St. Dominick, August 4th, Mr. Mazzuchelli celebrated high mass at the Mound, and, as provincial of the order of St. Dominick in Wisconsin, admitted as novices Rev. Francis Mazzuchelli, and Mr. Joseph Peolking, the latter as a lay-brother. It was a novel and consoling spectacle to behold at Sinsinnawa, on this occasion, a bishop and eight priests collected from three different dioceses. Such a gratification was never enjoyed before in Wisconsin territory. We sincerely pray that the Almighty may finish the work he has begun, and prosper the zealous efforts of the Rev. gentleman who gave rise to this institution, for the honor of religion and the salvation of souls.

Yours with respect,

M. F. F. P.

Ordination, &c.—On the 29th of June, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Henni conferred the holy order of priesthood on Mr. Francis Mazzuchelli, who is the first priest ordained in this new and extensive diocese. During the months of May and June, the same prelate confirmed one hundred and twenty-one persons, among whom were several converts.

We learn the following additional particulars from the *Catholic Telegraph*. On the 30th July the Rt. Rev. Dr. Henni administered confirmation to several persons at Potosi, Grant county. On the 15th of August, the bishop dedicated to the worship of God the new and beautiful church at Southport, under the invocation of St. Mark the Evangelist. Rev. Mr. McKernan preached on the occasion. The correspondent of the *Telegraph* adds:

"Three years ago I visited Southport, for the first time, and upon inquiring how many Catholics were residing in that place, I learned that their number did not exceed thirty souls. For more than a year afterwards the congregation attended mass once a month in a small, but neat frame building, the use of which was given for that purpose by Mr. Bernard McLaughlin, a generous-hearted and pious son of the 'Emerald Isle,' who was the first Catholic settler in the place.

"Two years ago there was no Catholic church nor resident clergyman in Racine county, nor were there a sufficient number of Catholic families in any one part of that county, except Southport, to form even a small congregation, Racine, the county seat, containing but six Catholics. At that period there were but two priests to attend to the spiritual wants of all the Catholics, of Washington, Milwaukee, Racine, Walworth, Rock, Dane, Dodge, Jefferson, Portage, and Green counties, a district now containing about nineteen thousand Catholics. How great and how rapid the increase! Racine county alone now contains five churches, including one at Racine village, and the great increase of the population of the county, which is now over thirty-one thousand souls, demands the erection of some three or four more. The total Catholic population of Wisconsin territory, is more than twenty-seven thousand, about eighteen thousand of whom have emigrated hither within the last three years—the Irish portion estimated at sixteen thousand, and the Germans number about eight thousand. In conclusion of this hastily written epistle, I would add that no portion of the United States offers so many inducements to emigrants as Wisconsin. The remarkable salubrity of its climate, the fertility of soil in its beautiful groves and verdant prairies, the purity of its waters, the unequalled sublimity of its landscape scenery, and the inexhaustible resources of its mineral wealth, combine to render this territory the most valuable division of this great republic, while the wonderful increase of the Catholic population, the pious zeal of their clergy, the gratifying liberality of our separated fellow brethren, in a word, every circumstance promises the triumph of our holy religion, and the complete success of the apostolic labors of the Right Rev. Bishop Henni, in his new but truly flourishing diocese."

CELIBACY OF YOUNG MINISTERS.—The Baltimore conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, at its annual session a few weeks ago, received twelve preachers into the travelling connection. There was a strict examination of their experience, doctrines, &c., and they were required to give pledges not to marry until they become elders. We believe they are ordained as such after a trial of four years, during which they are put on a regular course of study in connection with their labors, and examined in the same annually. We think very well of celibacy in young ministers, until they get an education that will qualify them for the great work. They can pursue a course of study better without wives than with.—*Exeter News Letter*.

We wonder whether any one of the above mentioned twelve preachers will, during those four years, denounce the celibacy of Catholic priests. Or rather is it not probable, considering the subjects on which stated sermons are preached, that every one of them will do so repeatedly. And yet the Baltimore conference has, in practice, sanctioned the principle. The duties of the ministry, at least in the Catholic church, are far more arduous, and require a far greater sacrifice of self, than a simple state of preparation. A man may study, although he has a wife and children; but few hav-

ing them would dare to face a contagious disease, and risk not his own life alone, but theirs likewise.

U. S. C. Miscellany.

HIGH CHURCH EPISCOPALIANS.—The following stanzas, which we have clipped from the *New York Churchman* (Episcopal) of Sept. 13th, will exhibit the gradual approach to sounder views of many of our dissenting brethren. We can not make out the Latin in the last line, but all the rest is intelligible enough, and as orthodox as we could desire it.

LITANY FOR THE DEPARTED.

"It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."—2 *Maccabees* xii, 46.

I.

For the spirits who have fled
From the earth that once they trod;
For the loved and faithful dead,
We beseech the living God!
O receive and love them!
By the grave where thou wert lying,
By the anguish of thy dying,
Spread thy wings above them,
Grant thy pardon unto them,
Dona eis requiem!

II.

Long they suffered here below,
Outward fightings, inward fears;*
Ate the cheerless bread of wo,
Drank the bitter wine of tears:—
Now receive and love them!
By thy holy saints' departures,
By the witness of thy martyrs,
Spread thy wings above them.
On the souls in gloom who sat
Lux æterna luceat!

III.

LORD, remember that they wept,
When thy children would divide;
LORD, remember that they slept
On the bosom of thy bride;
And receive and love them.
By the tears thou couldst not smother;
By the love of thy dear Mother,
Spread thy wings above them.
To their souls, in bliss with thee,
Dona pacem, Domine!

IV.

Grant our prayers, and bid them pray,
O thou flower of Jesse's stem;†
Lend a gracious ear, when they
Plead for us as we for them.

*Deus Angelorum,
Dona eis requiem,
Et beatitudinem
Cordibus eorum.*

*Jesu, Qui salutem das,
Mica lumen animas!*

ACOLYTUS.

* 2 *Corinthians* vii, 5.

† *Ezekiel* xi, 1.

LADY CRITICS.—The following communication, from a highly respectable source, we cheerfully admit into our columns, concurring fully in the views of the writer, though we do not impute to our editors any improper motives or feelings, in the publication referred to.

Messrs. Editors.—We have lately been favored in the daily papers of the city with Notes of a Voyage across the Atlantic, and of a visit to Paris, written by a *Lady of Baltimore, formerly of Virginia*. The nature of the topics, together, perhaps, with the somewhat animated style of description, much more the sex of the writer, seems to have attached a certain degree of interest to those communications, and I am far from wishing to detract in the least from their pretended or real merit. But they contain a few passages of a sectarian tendency, or rather plainly tinctured with bigotry, which are offensive, and I am induced to complain, through the medium of your paper, of the want of judgment or reflection in those editors of the secular press who thus serve up to their subscribers the stale critiques of petty writers on Catholic doctrines and practices. We consider the editors in this case more censurable than the *fair* writer, who thought, no doubt, she was doing wonders in penning this account of her travels. It may perhaps be deemed *unfair* to pass our strictures on these pencillings by the way, or at least it may appear strange that we should be concerned about the simple fact of a lady's having used the privilege of her sex. Stern justice, however, requires some notice of a few passages in the notes, and we think that the fairness of our remarks will prevent our incurring the indignation even of the fair writer herself.

The first passage alluded to is the following :

"I have seen no Sabbath since I left home. Here there is none. I went last Sunday to Notre Dame and five other celebrated churches, to Mass and to Vespers, and heard nothing but music. Saw no appearance of Sunday in the streets. Shopping, building, and every thing going on the same as on any other day. What a way to live!"

Is it not a misfortune for the *pious* lady, as soon as she left home, to have met with so many things at variance with her notions concerning the Sabbath? It is true that there is a Sabbath only among the Jews, and among the Puritans, who apply literally the passages of the Mosaic law, regarding the observance of the Sabbath, to the Lord's day or Sunday. But those who do this should eat cold victuals on Sunday, kindle no fire on that day, and not stir from their homes for fear of travelling. Had she seen this in Paris, she would have been profoundly edified. But Christians, before the rise of Protestantism, had never understood Sunday to be a Jewish Sabbath, and they should be allowed the privilege of maintaining their opinion, until it be proved that the law of Moses is obligatory

upon Christians. In this event also our Puritan friends will have first to give the example of dispensing with the use of bacon, and of letting their lands lie fallow every seventh year.

The French police do not think proper to interfere with the external observance of Sunday, although the precepts of the church prohibit shopping and building, and the French clergy have often remonstrated against these practices. This is the sum total of the disorder complained of by the lady. The French police in this respect prefer to follow a *liberal* course, and not to "compel" those who from one cause or another are unwilling to submit to the regulations of the church. Had the lady possessed more *liberal* views, as might have been expected from the fact of her hailing from a country which boasts of being the most *liberal* in the world, she would have been less astonished, and would perhaps, on the contrary, have been surprised that, in the classic land of civil and religious liberty, the Jew, the Seventh day Baptist, the Mahometan, the Indian and the infidel are prevented from working on Sunday, and the Catholic compelled to abstain from innocent and reasonable amusements which are lawful on Sundays, and forbidden only by a Pharisaical and Puritanical spirit. Boys are sometimes arrested here for fishing on Sunday; but how much more numerous would such arrests become if, as is the case in Paris, the police officers did not connive at many transactions which, amongst us, are considered equally opposed to the right observance of the Sunday?

The good lady must have been laboring under an absence of mind, when she tells us that there was no "Sabbath" in Paris, and in the same breath informs us that she went to *Mass* and *Vespers* at Notre Dame and five different churches. That there are facilities in Paris for attending divine service on Sunday, is a fact which is too well known to require proof. That the churches, which are not mere houses but extensive buildings, are well attended, is likewise a notorious fact; as notorious as its counterpart, that there are many in Paris who have no care for religion and seldom set their foot in a church. The most singular and ludicrous statement of the fair writer is, that she went to Notre Dame and five other celebrated churches on the same Sunday, assisting at *Mass* and *Vespers*, and heard nothing but music. This is indeed very remarkable, nay, it is impossible; for these services to which she alludes, take place about the same time in the different churches, and it follows therefore that she could have done little more than go in and out, and even then she must have driven post haste through the streets of Paris, the celebrated churches being at a considerable distance from each other. We can imagine how in this way she heard *music*, but no *sermon*, because she would not

or could not assist at the entire service in any one of the churches. Whoever is acquainted with Paris, knows that sermons are not a scarce article there. It is true that the service in Catholic churches does not consist exclusively of preaching; the people go to church for the purpose of praying as well as of hearing a discourse. A Frenchman would perhaps find as much fault with the observance of Sunday here, as our fair critic did with its observance in Paris. If he happened to board in a family where the cook is unemployed on Sunday; where no music or conversation or amusement is allowed; where the children are rebuked for indulging in innocent mirth and playfulness; where every body wears a solemn and demure face, he would most assuredly exclaim, and perhaps with more reason than our lady traveller, "What a way to live!"

The concluding remark of the following passage requires some notice:

"I visited the Cemetery of *Pere la Chaise* and gathered some shrubbery from the grave of Marshal Ney to take home with me. Here are interred a great many of the great men of France; and their tombs are for the most part very striking and novel. Over the tombstones are erected small chapels of white marble or granite. In the chapel is an altar, decorated, as is customary in Catholic churches, with flowers, &c. In it is also a chair or two. The door has an iron grating, through which you can see the various dressings of their altars, which are very tastefully and prettily adorned. A crucifix is in front, and in this way and place the friends of the deceased come and offer up prayers for their departed souls. If it was not for the idolatry and superstition of this practice, I could be pleased with every thing else."

This conclusion is really curious; it is put forth in the solemn and doctrinal tone of the *femmes savantes* of Moliere. The lady witnessed at *Pere la Chaise* evidences of piety and devotion: but it turns out to be nothing but idolatry and superstition! What a pity!

We suppose that the *idolatry* refers to the use of the crucifix, and the *superstition* to the prayers for the dead. The latter would indeed be superstition, if there were no legitimate grounds for such a practice. But how does the good lady know that there are no such grounds? Could she assert that she has made a serious study of this question? has she ever heard or learned, in regard to this question, any thing more than the vague and unfounded charges of certain ministers? From the tenor of her remarks we presume she has not. The Catholic then who rests his belief in the legitimacy of such prayers, on passages of Scripture, and chiefly on the constant, uninterrupted, and general practice of all Christian churches, down to the days of Luther, only sighs at the blindness of those who produce such charges, or laughs at the silly presumption of those who attach to their own individ-

ual views more weight than to the testimony of all mankind. The charge of idolatry is still more grievous. Idolatry was the crime of the ancient pagans, consisting in rendering to creatures the honor which is due to God; and the good lady does not hesitate to involve in this guilt the 200 millions of Catholics scattered over the globe: for there is not a spot where Catholics live, and where a crucifix can not be found. The number of Protestants is scarcely the third part of what we have stated, and they are besides of very recent origin: it would then appear that the whole result of Christ's coming upon earth has been to change one species of idolatry into another; the idolatry of Jupiter and Mars into that of crucifixes and pictures. If there is any idolatry in the use of crucifixes, how is it that so many men eminent for their learning, in every department of science, (many such the lady could easily have met with in Paris,) how is it that they have never discovered this idolatry? How do all Catholics agree that it is supremely ridiculous and impious to render to a creature the honor which is due to God, and notwithstanding this open avowal, still persevere in the use of images and crucifixes? Such a glaring crime of idolatry ought certainly to have horrified Marshal Ney and Napoleon, for whom the lady seems to possess a great respect, and yet these men were Catholics; and, though not always very practical ones, at their death they made their confession to a priest, bowed to the crucifix, and heartily cherished all the rites of the Catholic church. We fear that the good lady condemns this practice as idolatrous, merely because she has been so taught by certain doctors in Israel. She has perhaps heard from them that Catholics bow down to the crucifix, intending to pay divine honor to the wood or brass of which the crucifix is made. If such are the impressions of the fair writer, we will inform her that she is most egregiously mistaken. If she really imputes this practice to the Catholic, she will find the parallel of her tale in the well known story of a servant who, having eaten some of the figs which he was carrying to a friend of his master, with a note stating their number, was quite surprised in perceiving that the note had informed on him, and to prevent the recurrence of the same thing again, he in future concealed the note of his master, and gratified his taste with impunity. To illustrate the subject by another example, they who charge Catholics with idolatry, on account of their respect for the crucifix, resemble the Indian who, noticing the regard which civilized people manifest for books, would imagine that it proceeds from a devout attachment to the paper or parchment of which these books are made. The man who imputes idolatry to a Catholic because of his veneration for sacred images, is about as shrewd a reasoner as the

servant or the Indian. But did not the good lady herself fall into idolatry? Truth is powerful and must out in some form or other! The theory of Protestants, on the subject of images and signs, is so inconsistent and unnatural, that it leads them into inconsistency, even when they seem to be most on their guard against inconsistency. Our critic gathered some shrubbery from the grave of Marshal Ney to take home with her. Has she no fear of this shrubbery's being an emblem of idolatry? Is it not an honor paid to that shrubbery, in the first instance to gather it with care, and then to preserve it with respect? The lady then, according to her own theory, pays to creatures an honor due to God alone. If she answer that her intention in this act was merely to pay a tribute of respect to Ney, as a great general, we ask how it can be forbidden to pay a religious respect to Christ, particularly by so appropriate and natural an emblem as the crucifix?

We hope that our fair critic, on her return to Baltimore, should these remarks come under her eye, will not be offended at the liberty we have taken of protesting against a few passages in her note-book. We sincerely trust that her travel will prove to her a source of much enjoyment and instruction, and we merely suggest, in conclusion, that, in the event of her touching again upon theological matters, she consult the *Amicable Discussion, Milner's End of Controversy*, or some work of the kind, which may be easily procured in the book-stores of this city. A GENTLEMAN OF BALTIMORE,
formerly of Paris.

CRITIQUE OF THE CATHOLIC HERALD.—The subjoined communication, just received from the author of the article on Geology, which appeared in the Magazine some time since, and was criticised in the *Herald*, will show that the writer has full confidence in the positions he has taken, and is prepared to defend them in a tone and spirit worthy the dignity of his subject.

"Messrs. Editors,—In the Catholic Herald of Aug. 28th there appeared a critical notice of the article on Geology in the July number of this Magazine, to which notice I wish at present to make but a brief reply. For the reason that some two months since having requested several of my friends connected with the press, some of them eminent geologists, others equally eminent theologians, to overturn my conclusions if they could, I am now waiting patiently a reasonable time to give them an opportunity for so doing. This request was made not in the spirit of bravado, but with a simple wish to attain to truth, and with a perfect willingness to abandon all that I have proved or attempted to prove the moment I could be shown in error. But, to convict me of error, my friend of the *Herald* must urge something more substantial than his mere

opinion. I have proposed certain views, and attempted to defend them by facts and arguments. Now if my logic is mere plausible sophistry, this can easily be shown. If what I offer as fact is not true, it can be shown to be untrue, but if the logic is good and the facts are true, better admit them at once than attempt to deny them and be compelled to admit them at last. To aid my critic in what he has undertaken, and to save him in part from the result of the ordeal to which in due time I intend to subject both his logic and his facts, I beg leave to call his attention to one or two assertions in his article which require some support. He tells me "the account of Moses does not only not contradict the deductions of the geologist when fairly represented, (as they most certainly are not in the article before us)," &c. &c. &c., thus distinctly charging me with unfair dealing, and I have a right to demand some shadow of evidence in proof. To make such a charge without evidence, or, having this, to decline giving it would be unequivocally unfair. I still maintain that the deductions of geology are most fairly represented in the article in question, and call for proof of unfairness. Again he says, "we are confident if the geologist's cause were better represented, the arguments of the theologian would have been thrown in the shade, and his boasted rule of St. Augustine turned against himself." But by some strange oversight he forgot to furnish what would thus have silenced the theologian. Now, my friend of the *Herald* either knows some better arguments that the geologist could have used, or he does not. If he knows such better arguments, by all means let us have them; if he does not know any such, let him honestly say so, and then, if he chooses, he is perfectly at liberty to guess that somebody knows them, though I apprehend he comes not from a region where people are infallible in guessing. It will doubtless be thought temerity in me thus to brave the avenging rod, yet, judging from the specimen I have already had, I am inclined to think I shall not be completely annihilated should it descend a second time. A.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received the following articles, for which we are much indebted.

The Astronomical Clock of Strasburg, a full and interesting description of the most wonderful piece of mechanism in the world.

The Cure of the Ruler's Son, and *Sunday Visit to a Burial-ground*, two poetical contributions.

The Holy Chapel, (a legend,) translated from the French, an article of considerable beauty.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 15th of September, Rev. PETER STANISLAUS SCHREIBER, pastor of St. Vincent's church, Baltimore, in the 43d year of his age.

The Archdiocese of Baltimore had scarcely re-

covered from the painful circumstance of the loss sustained by the death of Rev. Mr. Gildea, when the departure of another from the ranks of her clergy presents an occasion of prolonged and aggravated sorrowing. But within the limits of our city, and particularly within the parish of St. Vincent's, which has seen her two pastors snatched away in the brief space of seven months, there is a concentration of grief which spreads a deep and general gloom around us, and our hearts, in their overflowing, contemplate with equal emotion the solemn dispensations of the past, and the uncertain, mysterious developments of the future. A comfort, however, is not denied us under these circumstances. We recall the language of the inspired writer, and knowing that "the Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away," we bless the goodness that has watched over us, and with a full confidence look up to Him whose resources are infinite, whose ways are always adorable, and who even "in his anger is not unmindful of mercy."

Mr. Schreiber was born in Baltimore on the 29th of May, 1803, of a respectable family. Having lost his father at an early age, the care of his education devolved upon his mother, who, having had the happiness of embracing the true faith, was solicitous to provide the same blessing for those whom Providence had placed under her charge. With this view he was taught at an early age the duties of Christian piety, and was subsequently placed at the college of Mt. St. Mary's near Emmitsburg. In this excellent institution he was alike distinguished by his diligent application and his attention to the duties of religion. Upon the termination of his collegiate career, desiring to consecrate himself more particularly to the service of God, he entered the theological seminary in the same institution, and afterwards received there the sacred tonsure, by which he was admitted among the levites of the sanctuary. In the year 1825, he removed to St. Mary's Seminary at Baltimore, where, after the completion of his theological course, he was promoted to the priesthood, on the 26th of August, 1827. Immediately after his ordination, Mr. Schreiber was appointed the assistant of the Very Rev. Mr. Matthews, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Washington city, and by the zealous discharge of his duties in this place he won for himself the respect and esteem of all, and particularly of the venerable clergyman with whom he lived. With the same assiduity did he apply himself to the care of the Catholic congregations at Richmond, Va., and at St. Peter's church in Washington city, where he was successively located by the M. Rev. Archbishop Whitfield. The same prelate, upon the occurrence of a vacancy at the Cathedral, appointed the Rev. Mr. Schreiber to the office of as-

sistant pastor of that church. From this period, in the spring of 1835, to that of his death, Baltimore was the continual field of his labors, and it is needless to enlarge upon the zeal, the piety, and the ability which always marked his career, first at the Metropolitan church and subsequently at St. Vincent of Paul's. These characteristics of the faithful and efficient pastor are well known to have been exhibited in the clerical life of the Rev. Mr. Schreiber, although the natural debility of his constitution rendered exertion on his part more than ordinarily arduous. But a few months since, having succeeded the Rev. Mr. Gildea in the charge of St. Vincent's, new energies seemed to be elicited from him by the additional burthen which he had assumed, and perhaps the active and increased solicitude which he now manifested for his flock tended in some degree to shorten the period of his usefulness. When he found himself sinking under the weight of disease, he bore the crisis with sentiments worthy of the good servant who had done his Master's work, and in breathing his last, it was his consolation and his treasure to know that he left behind him the universal regrets of a numerous and devoted flock, and to anticipate with confidence the bright reward of him who has been a vigilant and faithful steward in the Lord's household. If his memory will be dear to many, the generous charity which he displayed in the disposition of his property, amounting to some thousands of dollars, will entitle him justly to a rank among the best friends of our benevolent and religious institutions, and ever secure him a prominent place in their grateful and charitable remembrance. W.

Died recently, at St. Mary's, Illinois, by drowning, Mr. ISIDORE FALLER, a native of France, and a student of the seminary of Vincennes, aged 16 years.—*Cath. Advocate*.

On the 29th of August, at the Convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C., Virginia, daughter of Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott, U. S. army, in the 24th year of her age. The deceased had embraced the true faith in Rome, a few years before, and on her arrival in this country, notwithstanding her evidently declining health, generously retired from the world, and consecrated herself to God in religion, to learn more effectually, in this holy retirement, how to die the death of the saints.

On the 30th August, at the Ursuline Convent, near New Orleans, Sister Cecilia (Vanpradelles), aged 51 years. She had been a useful and edifying member of the community fourteen years.

On the 10th of September, at New Orleans, Rev. GILES F. MARTIN, former pastor of St. Martinville, aged 54 years. Learning, piety, and zeal had concurred to render this gentleman a most efficient laborer in the ministry.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Challenge of Bartolotta, by Massimo d'Azeglio.
Translated and edited by C. Edwards Lester.
New York: Paine and Burgess. 12 mo. pp. 274.

The accomplished author of this translation from the Italian seems to be no less distinguished for his literary merits, than for the able services which he has rendered to his country as American consul at Genoa. We should judge him also to be a man of just and liberal views and expansive feelings, which are the more remarkable, as a visit to Italy now a days is frequently the means of confirming in the minds of those who have imbibed early prejudices against the Catholic church, all the erroneous impressions which form the a, b, c of Protestant education. Mr. Lester, if we are not deceived, has proved himself free from this superficiality, which has led so many of our countrymen to commit themselves before the public. If he does not eulogize the religion of Italy, neither does he ignorantly assail it: and if he has exercised his pen in rendering the Italian writers more available, he has selected works which are for the most part interesting and useful. His translations of Machiavelli's *Florentine Histories* and the *Autobiography of Alfieri*, deserve well of our country; the work before us, however, does not possess the same character. We object to its appearance in an English dress, for several reasons. In the first place, it is a novel, the pages of which contain many scenes of a character altogether too unnatural and extravagant to be presented even for the purposes of mental relaxation. This much we would assert of it among Italians themselves, whose enthusiastic temperament would discover in it much less of romance than the more phlegmatic nature of Americans. Then, too, we do not believe that such a production as the *Challenge of Bartolotta* can be appreciated in a country like this, where the people are so much accustomed to deduce false conclusions on the most serious matters from the fanciful representations of the novelist, and particularly on subjects connected with the practices of the Catholic church. What is mentioned in this book, and what is known and understood by the Italians, as an exception to the general morals of the clergy and laity, would easily, though falsely, be construed into a faithful delineation of what is commonly witnessed in Catholic countries. For these reasons we look upon the work before us, as not only a useless but dangerous accession to our literature; calculated to produce very erroneous impressions in relation to things of a grave character; impressions which it should be the effort of talent and learning to eradicate from the public mind, instead of giving them a stronger hold upon the opinions of the prejudiced and misinformed.

Life of St. Vincent of Paul, founder of the Congregation of the Mission and of the Sisters of Charity. By M. Collet, Priest of the Mission. Translated from the French by a Catholic clergyman. Balt. Metropolitan Press. 12mo. pp. 347.

This volume is neatly executed, and well deserves all the typographical excellence that can be

bestowed upon it. It is one of those books which may be said to contain the quintessence of all that is admirable in the practical influence of our faith, and to place it before the reader in a form equally interesting and instructive. There are works on Christian morality, which embrace more particularly the theory of the subject, and they are no doubt necessary to a certain extent, for the accurate development and elucidation of the principles of conduct; but the use of such treatises will always become more intelligible and more beneficial, if they are made to alternate with the biographies of those who have been distinguished for their sanctity. We then see the principle illustrated in action; we behold individuals, who were similarly circumstanced with ourselves, rising to the most elevated scale of virtue. In reading of their heroic deeds, and following them through the various circumstances of life, we behold, as it were, a sacred drama enacted before us, and the impressions which are produced in this way are much deeper and more lasting than are received from a simple didactic exposition. Few biographies of the saints could be found to possess a greater interest than that of St. Vincent of Paul; none could be more practically useful. His life was so unequivocally and so copiously fruitful in every species of good work, that it has been eulogized even by Protestant pens. The volume which has just appeared should for this reason be introduced into every Catholic family. For sale by J. Murphy.

A Catholic Story: or Four months' residence in the house of a convert from Protestantism. By Mary C. Edgar. Philadelphia: Published by M. Fithian. 18mo. pp. 108.

With the exception of some slight inaccuracies of language, this little volume appears to us highly commendable. As the talented authoress observes in her preface, it is not intended as a controversial work; it is simply explanatory in regard to those points of doctrine of which our dissenting brethren are most ignorant. We recommend this volume as a source of much entertainment and instruction. It is printed in Mr. Fithian's usual style of excellence. For sale by J. Murphy.

Letters to the Rt. Rev. John Hughes, D. D. Catholic bishop of N. York, upon the present system of public education; with suggestions for a plan more effectual and less expensive; recommending itself to the approbation of Christians of all denominations. By Fenelon. Philadelphia: M. Fithian. 12mo. pp. 31.

The title of this pamphlet is sufficient to indicate the object which the author has proposed to himself. He points out the inconveniences of the present system of public education, which, almost entirely discarding religious and moral instruction, is necessarily defective, and incompetent to form good men and useful citizens. The necessity of combining moral with secular education is clearly and forcibly established, and it is shown that the mere introduction of the Bible into the common schools is far from accomplishing this object. The

writer then proceeds to show the practicability of uniting these two kinds of instruction, by the institution of parochial schools, one of which should be connected with every congregation. In this way every denomination would be satisfied by the inculcation of that particular doctrine which it holds, and at the same time the expense of public education would be reduced, while several advantages would accrue to the children under instruction, and a better tone imparted to the political discussions which have been made to bear on this question. The suggestions of the author are undoubtedly deserving of consideration, though they seem to us to be substantially the same with those which were put forth on former occasions in New York, when the school question was more prominently agitated. We have had occasion before to bear testimony to the vigorous and elegant style of the writer, and his diligent efforts to benefit his countrymen are eminently praiseworthy. May his success correspond to his merits.

The Orphan's Casket. Louisville, Ky.

Under this very appropriate title is to be published this month at Louisville, Ky., a daily paper, which will contain a charming variety of literary matter, consisting entirely of original tales, essays, poems, &c., the contributions of gifted minds. This periodical will appear every day during the Fair which is to be held in that city for the benefit of the Female Orphan Asylum, and will be mailed to subscribers at twenty-five cents per number, or the whole series consisting of six numbers may be obtained for one dollar. The well known ability of the fair writer who is to edit the paper is a warrant of the high merit which it will possess, independently of the noble object to which it is devoted. Whoever wishes to enjoy a delightful roam through the flowery groves of the muses, has only to send for the Orphan's Casket. Address "Editor of the Orphan's Casket," Louisville, Kentucky.

The History of Ireland, by the Abbé M'Geoghegan.

New York: D. & J. Sadlier. Baltimore: J. Murphy.

We have received from the publishers Nos. 6, 7, and 8 of this interesting work, which complete the History. These numbers are peculiarly attractive; in every page we recognise the traces of a sincere patriot, and true specimens of Irish spirit. We are not of that school which would prefer that a nation's story should be written in the tame dry narrative of a stranger to its sufferings and glories. We like much better a writer, like the Abbé M'Geoghegan, whose heart is with his country, for weal or for wo,

and who, while he devotes his genius to her history, does not hesitate to repel with manly arguments, the aspersions and slanders of a Hume, a Cox, and other revilers of the fair fame of his beloved country. Such an historian can not fail to fascinate, because, sympathizing with his country, he warms with his subject and infuses into his reader a portion of his own ardent spirit. He sets forth the wrongs of his brethren with touching simplicity and exhibits to us their deeds of prowess, with true pride and pleasure. Nos. 6, 7 and 8 introduce us to the times of Henry VIII, Elizabeth, the Jameses, the Charleses, Cromwell, and the Prince of Orange, and present us a vivid picture of the gallant resistance made by the Irish nobles to the oppressions and insults of the Anglo-Saxon tyrants through these several epochs. As we follow the author we can not but feel a lively interest in those prodigies of valor achieved by the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, the Fitzgeralds, the Maguires, the O'Morras, the Barries, and other chieftains in their struggles with their oppressors. No where have we seen a more glowing description than that which the Abbé gives of the defence of the Castle of Dunboy, by his distinguished namesake Richard M'Geoghegan. As we read of the daring and chivalry of the Irish chiefs, we can not but regret that their efforts should have been marred, as they were, by such a variety of untoward circumstances. At one time the disputes among the leaders, at another the want of provisions, at another the exhaustion of their ammunition, and in the last struggle the vacillating course of James II, which made one of his officers say to him, "Sire, if you had a hundred kingdoms, you would lose them all." These unhappy occurrences alone have kept Ireland under a yoke the most galling that one Christian nation ever imposed upon another. Yet even to this day, that spirit which the Abbé so warmly describes is still untamed. Though subdued, Ireland is not yet conquered, her gallant leaders still give vent to their menaces and indignation, in tones that keep their rulers any thing but easy. The spirit of Erin still struggles with her oppressors, and will continue to do so, till she achieves for herself equal justice with the rest of the empire, or sunders entirely those galling chains that still chafe and exasperate her. The work of the Abbé concludes with the treaty of Limerick, a notice of the officers of the celebrated Irish brigade, of their disposition among the different states of Europe, and an allusion to the battles in which the several regiments won distinction and favor. We commend the work to all readers, but especially should Irishmen buy it and treasure it.

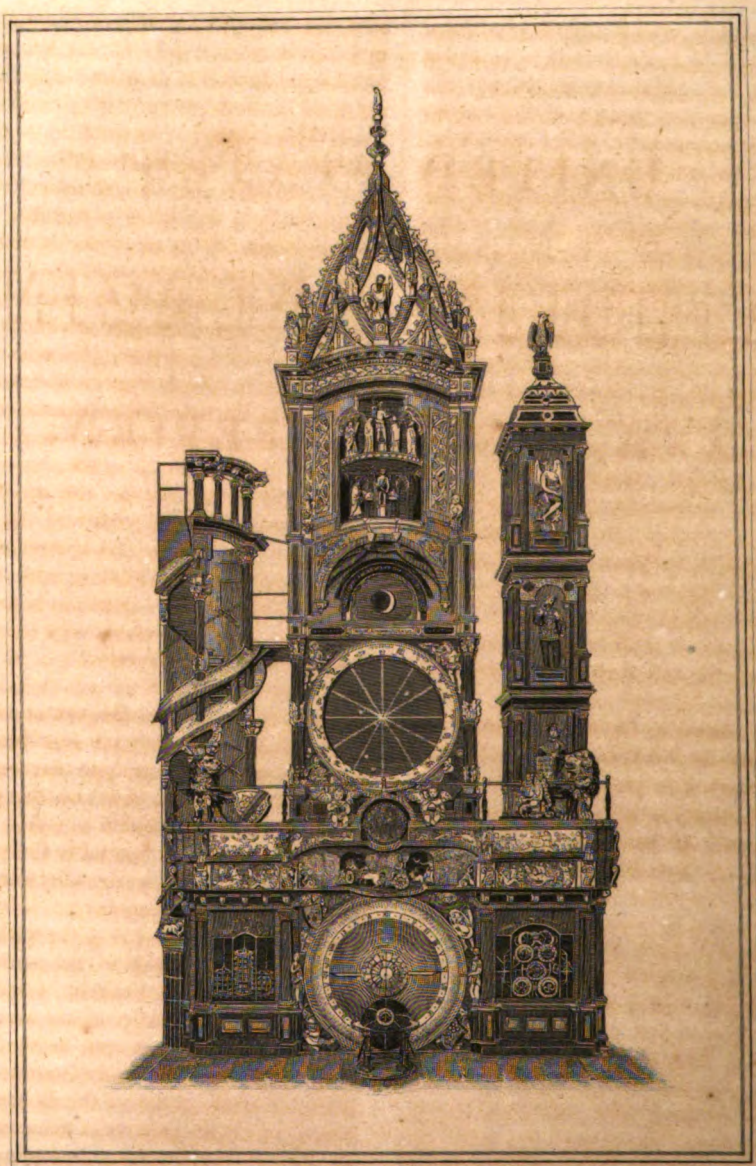


Illustration.

*Astronomical Clock of the Cathedral of Strasbourg
Constructed by T. B. Schwilgue, 1838 & 42.*

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THE ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK OF STRASBURG.

Description abrégée de l'horloge astronomique de la cathédrale de Strasbourg. Par Ch. Schwielgué. Strasbourg, 1843. 12mo. pp. 70.

A brief description of the astronomical clock of the cathedral of Strasbourg. By Charles Schwielgué. Strasbourg, 1843. 12mo. pp. 70.



HAVE lately heard and read much of improvements in machinery and in the useful arts; of the wonderful progress of steam navigation, of rail roads and electric telegraphs, of Yankee clocks and other ingenious Yankee notions; but we must be permitted to think that modern art has as yet produced nothing to compare with the famous astronomical clock of Strasbourg. It is truly the prodigy of modern machinery, and one of the greatest wonders of the world. And we think that we can not do any thing more acceptable to our readers than simply to lay before them a summary description of this astonishing specimen of art. In doing so we shall avail ourselves freely of the pamphlet mentioned above, written by a son of the illustrious inventor and constructor of the clock.

Strasburg has been for centuries famous for its clocks. During the last five hundred years its cathedral has been decorated with three famous clocks, of which the present is by far the most wonderful.

The first was commenced in the year 1352, and completed two years afterwards under Bishop John de Lichtenberg. It was placed in the southern transept of the cathedral, directly opposite the site of the present clock. The case was made entirely of wood. The hands of the clock indicated the movements of the sun and moon, as well as the hours and their subdivisions. Near the summit there was placed a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, before which, at the hour of noon on each day, three other small statues representing the three *Magi* or wise men made an inclination of the head, while a cock perched on the top crowed, at the same time flapping his wings and opening his mouth. There was also attached to this clock a chime of bells, which was set in motion by the machinery itself. This oldest clock of Strasbourg, which was certainly a prodigy for the time at which it was constructed, was styled the *clock of the three Magi*. It seems to have continued running for nearly two hundred years.

The second clock, called after the man who completed it, that of Dasypodius, was begun in 1547, but, owing to the troubled state of Europe at that time and the death of its original projectors, Michael Heer, Nicholas Bruckner, and Christian Heerlin, it did not begin to run till the 24th day of June, 1574.

Dasypodius was a disciple of Heerlin, and he associated with him in the work some of the most ingenious machinists and expert mathematicians of Europe. Two brothers, Isaac and Josias Habrecht, from Schaffhouse in Switzerland, superintended the mechanism, while another distinguished Swiss from the same city was charged with the execution of the paintings and sculptures which were to decorate the monument.

This clock was repaired for the first time in 1669 by Michael Isaac Habrecht, the grandson of the associate of Dasypodius; it was repaired a second time in 1732 by James Straubhaar, and it ceased to run in 1789, two hundred and fifteen years after its completion. The cock, perched on its summit, the only portion it had borrowed from the old clock of the *magi*, continued to crow regularly at noon until 1640; but having been then struck by lightning, it thought proper from this date to crow only on Sundays and holidays; and it finally ceased to crow altogether in 1789, at the breaking out of the French revolution. It had crowed faithfully for *four hundred and thirty-five years!*

Our space will not permit us to enter into a detailed description of this clock, which may be viewed as a fair representation of the progress made by astronomical science in the middle of the sixteenth century. As we design giving a detailed account of the present clock, which contains all the excellencies of its two predecessors without their defects, and which superadds to their machinery many things both new and wonderful, our readers will pardon us for dismissing the clock of Dasypodius with the simple remark that its *astrolabe* or *planetarium* was constructed after the system of Ptolemy, that of Copernicus not having as yet obtained general acceptance among the learned.

The *present* clock was commenced on the 24th of June, 1838; it commenced running on the 2d of October, 1842, on occasion of the tenth scientific congress of France held at Strasburg, and it was solemnly inaugurated on the 31st day of December following. Its

machinery is entirely new, and the only things it retains of the old clock of Dasypodius are the case, some paintings, and a few small statues. It is entirely the invention of *M. Schiuelgué*, and it is the noblest monument to his memory he could have left to posterity. The wonders of this clock almost stagger belief; but yet we are quite sure there is no exaggeration in the "abridged description," which we must still farther *abridge* for the benefit of our readers. We shall briefly describe each portion of the clock, beginning at the base and proceeding to the summit; and, for the sake of method and clearness, we will number the different parts of our description. As will be seen by a mere glance at the accompanying engraving, the clock consists of three distinct compartments or towers united at the base.

1. The base of the clock is surrounded by an iron grate of a delicate and tasteful texture, so constructed as to enable the spectator to see the internal machinery; and, a little farther out, by a wooden balustrade of a proper height to serve as a support to visitors. The intermediate space is reserved for persons who wish to enter into a more minute examination of the internal machinery.

2. The first thing you notice at the base of the clock is a *celestial sphere*, with a dial or clock-face and hands to indicate the *sidereal* time. The sphere is constructed of copper, and rests upon four beautiful metallic columns. It is adjusted to the meridian of Strasburg. All the fixed stars of the firmament down to the sixth magnitude inclusive, numbering more than five thousand, are thereon represented in their true and relative positions in the heavens; they are grouped together in one hundred and ten constellations easily distinguishable from each other. The stars are painted on a blue ground representing the blue vault of the heavens, and they are marked by Greek and Latin letters of the alphabet. The celestial sphere makes its revolution from east to west in a sidereal day, which is three minutes and fifty-six seconds less than a mean solar day.

In its gradual movements around its axis, the sphere carries along with it the various circles with which it is surrounded, namely, the equator, the ecliptic, and the colures; while the two circles of the meridian and the horizon remain stationary. By its motion it indicates

the precise moment of the rising and setting of all the fixed stars visible to the naked eye at Strasburg, and it, at the same time, points out the precise position in the heavens of each of them at any given hour.

But what is most remarkable about this sphere is the very nice machinery by which, in the revolutions of the equator and ecliptic, proper allowance is made for the *precession* of the equinoxes, a movement so very slow and almost imperceptible, that twenty-five thousand eight hundred and four years would be required for a single revolution around the sphere! In no former instance, perhaps, has the mechanical art aimed at such exactness.

3. Immediately behind the celestial sphere is found the compartment consecrated to the *calendar*, one of the most interesting and remarkable in the clock. A metallic band in the form of a ring, only nine inches in breadth to nearly twenty-nine feet in circumference,* bears, marked on a gilt ground, all the indications of a *perpetual calendar*: the months, the dates, the dominical letters, the names of saints, and all the fixed festivals of the church. This ring, which is movable, advances one division each day, the movement taking place exactly at the previous midnight.

A figure representing Apollo stands at the right of the calendar, and, with an arrow which it holds in the hand, points to the day of the year and to the name of the saint whose festival occurs on that day. The figure on the other side, a mere pendant to the one just named, represents Diana the goddess of night.

The calendar makes its annual revolution in three hundred and sixty-five or in three hundred and sixty-six days, according as the year is common or bissextile; and, what is much more astonishing still, it reproduces the irregularity of the *secular bissextiles*; that is, it retrenches of itself three days in every four hundred years! Thus the date indicated by the calendar will always correspond with the *new* or *Gregorian style* introduced by Pope Gregory XIII. At midnight between the 31st of December and the 1st of January, the calendar bears the inscription, *beginning of the common*

year; but if the year about to begin be leap year, the word *common* is dropped by the machinery, which, at the same time, intercalates a day between the 28th of February and the 1st of March!

These combinations are for an indefinite time, and will continue to be reproduced so long as the material of the clock will endure.

But the calendar is so constructed as to indicate, not only the fixed festivals, but also the *movable* feasts: such as Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, Trinity, Corpus Christi, &c. All these movable feasts *place themselves* in their proper place on the calendar each year at midnight before the first of January, and once they have taken their places, they retain them till the beginning of the next year! Besides these movable feasts which depend on Easter, a particular machinery serves also to indicate the beginning of Advent, the *quatre temps*, and the feast of St. Arbogastus, the patron of Strasburg, which is very irregular, and falls always on a Sunday within the last fortnight of July!

Four statues, perfectly characteristic, executed by the chisel of Tobias Stimmer, occupy the four corners of this compartment: they represent Persia, Assyria, Greece and Rome, the four monarchies of ancient history supposed to have been referred to by Daniel in his prophecy.

4. The space within the annular calendar is entirely devoted to the indication of the *apparent time*, that is, of the time measured by the *apparent* movements of the sun and moon as we see them in the heavens. Every tyro in astronomy knows that the motion of the sun is not regular, or that the intervals between its successive passages of the meridian are not the same throughout the year. From this well known irregularity it results that a well regulated clock will not always correspond with the *apparent* time indicated by the sun. The difference may sometimes amount to about sixteen minutes.

The portion of the clock of which we are now speaking indicates the precise *apparent* time both of the sun and of the moon; and a mere glance at it and at the *mean* or clock time will show you the precise *equation of time*, or the difference between the *mean* and the *apparent* time. The dial plate which denotes this *apparent* time points out,

*In giving the dimensions of the clock and of its various parts we have endeavored to reduce the French to English measures, with at least an approximation to accuracy.

1. The moment of the rising and setting of the sun.

2. The *apparent* time at any period of the day or night.

3. The *apparent* diurnal motion of the moon around the earth, with its *apparent* right ascension, and its passage of the meridian.

4. The phases of the moon.

5. Finally, the eclipses of the sun and moon.

The hours of the rising and setting of the sun are indicated by a movable horizon, which divides into two parts the circle of the sun's diurnal revolution, and which is so regulated by the machinery as to point out on any day of the year the precise length of the day and of the night. Thus at the equinoxes, or on the 21st of March and the 20th of September, the division is equal, and at the tropical seasons the inequality is greatest. The whole is, of course, constructed for the meridian of Strasburg. Due allowance is also made for the refraction of light, which may cause an irregularity in the *apparent* time amounting to nearly three minutes.

Two hands of the same color as the dial-plate upon which they are projected are terminated, one of them by a gilt disc surrounded by a halo of rays to represent the sun, and the other by a little globe of a silvery color to represent the moon. The size of these two representations is proportionate to that of the sun and moon as seen by the eye, or to the *mean apparent* size of those two heavenly bodies; and this circumstance renders them highly proper for the representation of eclipses both of the sun and of the moon.

For this effect, the centre of the dial is occupied by a figure representing with exactness the hemisphere of the earth, of which Strasburg occupies the meridian or vertical point, which hemisphere is placed so as to suit exactly the meridian of that city. Now every one knows that an eclipse of the sun is occasioned by the intervention of the moon between the earth and the sun, and by the shadow of the moon thus cast upon the earth or a portion of it; and that, on the contrary, an eclipse of the moon takes place in consequence of the earth interposing between the sun and the moon, and casting its shadow on the latter. All these phenomena are most beautifully represented by the portion of the clock we are describing.

The machinery, in fact, exhibits a miniature representation of all the phenomena connected with eclipses; and it enables us easily to trace all the causes of those phenomena. The abstruse calculations of astronomers have thus been successfully applied to mechanics, or rather they have been embodied and rendered palpable by the mechanical art. And what is most astonishing, is, that in this as in other things, the clock is constructed for an indefinite period of time.

5. It would lead us into too many dry scientific details, and would swell this paper to an unwarrantable length, to unfold fully the basis, with the various complicated parts, of this truly wonderful mechanism. And we must make the same remark in reference to the next portion of the clock, occupying the two spaces adjoining the calendar, and devoted to all the intricacies of the *ecclesiastical computation* of Easter, and the other movable feasts of the church. This computation gave rise to many animated controversies in the olden time, and it has puzzled many a wise mathematical head. The irregularities of the lunar motion which forms the basis of this computation are many and exceedingly intricate. But they did not for a moment deter the intrepid mechanical pioneer, *Schwiegelgüt*, who, without any hesitation, seized upon and unravelled, by his beautiful clock machinery, all that intricate and cumbrous complication of cycles, golden numbers, dominical letters, Roman indictions, Julian periods, and epacts. There they are, all the singular elements of that curious computation, made visible to the eye, and plain to the lowest capacity!

6. For the reason just indicated we must dismiss, with one or two words, that interesting portion of the clock placed on the other side of the calendar, to the right of the spectator, and devoted to the *solar and lunar equations*; that is, to the exact computation of those irregularities of solar and lunar motion which we alluded to above. The mechanism here points out all the elements of these irregularities, namely: the equation of the centre, the evection, the variation, the annual equation, the reduction, and finally, the equation relative to the modes of the moon. Those of our readers who understand astronomy will easily comprehend the meaning of these several technicalities, and will be able to appreciate

the exceeding delicacy of the calculations they involve. To those who have not dipped much in astronomy we would barely say that we have not time just now to go into the necessary details, and that we had better pass on at once to something they will find more interesting.

7. The portion immediately above the calendar is devoted to *the days of the week*.

On an azure ground, made to represent the heavenly vault, successively appear, surrounded by clouds, the seven pagan divinities after whom the ancient planets were named. These allegorical figures come forth, each on its own day of the week, in chariots of a light, graceful, and classical form, bearing inscribed on the wheel the name of the divinity, and drawn by different animals allegorical of the attributes ascribed to each one by the ancient poets. These cars move on a delicate aerial rail road of a circular form.

On Sunday Apollo, or Phœbus, the god of day, appears on a radiant car, drawn by the horses of the sun.

On Monday the chaste Diana, the emblem of the moon, makes her appearance on a car drawn by a stag with timid step.

She is followed on Tuesday by Mars, the terrible god of war, whose car, drawn by a fiery charger, is ready to fly to the combat.

On Wednesday is seen Mercury, the fleet messenger of the gods, bearing the wand and the purse.

On Thursday appears Jupiter, the dread sovereign of the gods, and the thunderer of Olympus, with his emblematic thunderbolt in hand.

On Friday appears Venus, the goddess of beauty, accompanied by her son Cupid, in a light and coquettish car, drawn by tender doves.

Finally, on Saturday appears Saturn, armed with a scythe, and on the point of devouring a child, a suitable emblem of time, which devours all things in its resistless and relentless course.

On the two sides of the compartment dedicated to the days of the week, are very appropriately placed, as correctives, several pious paintings, by Tobias Stimmer, representing the grand scenes of the creation, of the resurrection, of the last judgment, and of the final triumph of faith and virtue. Placed in the same compartment are two beautiful allegori-

cal pictures, representing virtue and vice, under two female figures strongly contrasting with each other. These paintings qualify the pagan emblems which they surround.

8. We are not yet half done with the wonders of this most wonderful clock. Ascending the case of the clock, we next come to the *gallery of lions*, so called from the circumstance that its extremities are guarded by two massive lions, sculptured in wood, one holding in his claws the escutcheon, and the other the coat of arms of the city of Strasburg. These lions, taken from the old clock, seem never to have had any motion whatever.

The middle of this gallery is occupied by a small dial-plate, with hands indicating the *mean time*; that is, the time composed of hours, all of equal length, and the exact arithmetical mean between those of the longest and those of the shortest days of the year.

These hands are moved *directly* by the central movement of the clock, while those indicating the *sidereal* and the *apparent* time above spoken of, are moved by intermediate and special machinery, so constructed and arranged as to communicate to them the necessary irregularities of motion.

9. On this gallery of lions you see, seated on each side of the dial-plate just mentioned, *two genii*. The one on the left of the spectator holds a sceptre in one hand, and in the other a little hammer, with which he strikes the *first stroke* of each quarter of the hour. He does this with admirable gravity and dignity, as a signal to the regular strikers, of whom more anon.

The *genius* seated on the other side holds in his two hands an hour-glass, filled with red sand, which he turns, with great ease and dexterity, every hour just after the fourth quarter has struck.

10. Immediately above the gallery of lions is seen the *planetarium*, constructed according to the system of Copernicus. This exhibits all the apparent motions of the *planets* composing our system. The ground of the circular space occupied by it is azure, to represent the sky seen at a great distance. The centre is occupied by the sun, with his gilt disc, from which twelve rays proceed, indicating on the circumference of the dial the twelve signs of the *zodiac*. Seven small spheres, gilt, but differently shaded with clouds, placed at the

proper relative distances from the sun, made of the proper relative sizes, and moving with the proper velocities, represent the seven planets visible to the naked eye,* in their respective motions around the sun. The *planetarium* thus exhibits an exact miniature of the real *planetarium*, as displayed in the heavens, with all its movements and phenomena regulated by clock machinery! And that nothing might be wanting to its completeness, the motions of the moon are also included; both its motion around the earth, and its motion around the sun along with the earth!

At the four angles of the *planetarium* are painted, under the expressive emblems of the four ages of human life, the *four seasons of the year*.

Immediately above the *planetarium* is seen, placed in the starry heavens, a large globe destined to represent, in a conspicuous manner, the *phases of the moon*. This globe turns on its axis in a lunar month, and, the axis having the proper inclination, its *enlightened* side increases or diminishes in its apparent size to the eye, so as to represent very accurately the lunar phases.

At the same elevation are found two emblematic paintings, the one representing the Christian church under the form of a beautiful female, with the inscription, *Ecclesia Christi exulans*;† the other representing the antichrist under the form of a hideous dragon with seven heads, with the inscription, *Serpens antiquus antichristus*.‡

12. Next comes the portion of the clock most striking to the eyes of the superficial observer, consisting of various little emblematic *statues*, which are *automata*, having each its own appropriate office and motion. These little *automata* make their appearance in two distinct compartments, or *ogee*§ arcades, placed the one over the other.

In the lower compartment appear successively four small statues, representing the *four ages* of the human family, childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. They appear, every quarter of an hour, as follows:

At the first quarter of each hour, immedi-

ately after the *genius* below has given the usual signal, the *child* makes his appearance, bearing a small javelin, with which he strikes the bell once. He is succeeded the next quarter by the *youth*, who, dressed as a hunter, strikes the half hour with his arrow. Next comes the *man*, clad in a coat of mail, and armed with a sword with which he strikes the three quarters. Finally comes the *old man*, wrapped up in warm clothing, and bending over his crutch, which he, however, has strength enough to raise in order to strike the four quarters.

Each of these little figures, on leaving its place, makes two steps forward in order to reach the bell suspended in the middle of the arcade; it then pauses only long enough to discharge its office, when it retraces its steps to make room for its successor!

The hour is sounded by a hideous skeleton representing *death*. This figure is stationary in the centre of the compartment, and is placed firmly on a strong footstool or pedestal. At each hour, immediately on the disappearance of the *old man*, this horrid spectre raises up its bony right hand, and strikes the hour slowly and heavily on the bell. It is armed with the appropriate scythe, and it pursues its work, day and night, with fearful regularity, while, by a singular freak in the machinery, the *four ages* suspend their operations during the night, to indicate the repose which is indispensable to all ages and classes of the human family! This suspension, which, like all the other wonderful evolutions of this most wonderful clock, is operated certainly and without any noise, presents one of the most singular features in the mechanism.

13. The upper compartment, much more richly decorated, is occupied by a *figure of Jesus Christ* seated upon a throne in the middle, holding in one hand the glorious banner of the redemption, and extending the other in the act of imparting his benediction.

Each day, immediately after *death* has done striking the hour of twelve, twelve figures, representing the *twelve apostles*, each bearing the badge of his martyrdom or some other distinctive emblem, form themselves into a procession, and present themselves at the feet of their divine Master, there making an appropriate salutation. On the departure of the last

* Herschel is not so visible, and is not represented in this *planetarium*.

† The church of Christ in exile.

‡ The old serpent antichrist.

§ *Ogee*, in architecture, an arcade with alternate convex and concave arches.

apostle, Christ gives his benediction in the form of a cross!

14. During the procession of the *apostles*, the *cock*, perched on the summit of the tower to the left of the spectator, entones his chant of victory, after having first flapped his wings, shaken his head and tail, and expanded his throat, like any other cock of them all! This *cock* is made after nature; it is as large as those which figured in the two previous clocks, and it crows *three times* each day at noon, in memory of the chant which recalled Peter to repentance!

15. The dome, which crowns the case of the clock, is as remarkable for the elegance of its form as for the richness of its ornaments. In the centre of it is placed a statue of *Isaiah the prophet*, executed by the famous sculptor of Strasburg, M. Grass. Around it are grouped the statues of the four evangelists, accompanied by the four mysterious emblematical animals of Ezechiel the prophet. A little above are seen four seraphim, who, on different musical instruments, celebrate the praises of God.

16. The tower on the left, surmounted by the *cock*, is decorated with a number of paintings which belonged to the old clock. The one highest up represents *Urania*, the muse which presides over astronomy; the second represents the huge *colossus* of Daniel the prophet, allegorical of the four monarchies; and the third is the portrait of *Nicholas Copernicus*, the Catholic priest to whom astronomy is so much indebted.

17. The total height of the central or principal tower of the clock is about sixty-four English feet, while that of the other two is somewhat less. The dial, which looks out on the cathedral square, is of the enormous circumference of about fifty-one feet English. The hands of this dial are moved by the clock within the cathedral; they are of a beautiful

Gothic structure, and they indicate the hours with their subdivisions, and also the days of the week, in such a manner as to be clearly visible to persons in any part of the square.

18. The clock is wound up once in eight days. It has but **ONE PRINCIPAL MOVEMENT**, which is governed by a *regulator* that beats the seconds, which regulator, in its turn, is regulated by a *pendulum*, and by an *escapement* garnished with precious stones. This great central movement, notwithstanding the very small force which propels it, imparts *direct* motion to *eight* different departments of the clock, to wit:—1. To the hands belonging to the dial denoting the mean time. 2. To those of the great Gothic dial. 3. To the *planetarium*. 4. To the globe representing the phases of the moon. 5. To the seven figures representing the days of the week. 6. To the dial of the apparent time. 7. To the solar and lunar equations; and 8. To the celestial sphere for the indication of the sidereal time!

19. The other secondary movements, five in number, derive their motion from that of the centre, in a regular series, and according to a most simple and harmonious arrangement. Every thing in the whole complicated machinery thus moves smoothly and harmoniously. No piece of wood, or of any other frail material, was used in the structure of the clock, but, on the contrary, those metals were selected which were the hardest and the most durable.

20. Such are the principal wonders of the great clock of Strasburg, which we think our readers will agree with us in pronouncing the greatest triumph of modern mechanical art. To the Catholic it must be a matter of honest pride, that this astonishing piece of mechanism is Catholic in its conception, Catholic in its emblems, Catholic in its characteristic features, and Catholic in its execution. It has immortalized the name of SCHWIELGUE.

A SUNDAY VISIT TO A BURIAL GROUND.

BY ROBERT R. J. PRICE.

Closed are the gates. The scorching summer sun
Pours its full flood of enervating heat
Where shadow comes not, and no genial breeze
Wakes the o'erburdened stillness of the air,
Yet, still unmoved, they wait—a pious few—
As sheep impatient for the shepherd guide
To lead to pastures, indistinctly seen,
Of pleasant verdure, and refreshing brooks.
Though strangers all, each with the other holds
The sympathetic chain that binds alike
The prince and peasant, husbandman and lord,
But woman most! The self-same chord that rang
A knell through Mary's heart at Jesus' tomb,
Vibrates responsive in its echoes here!

The creaking hinge and fallen bar disclose
An Eldorado to the longing sight:
This monumental city of the dead!
Let memory note her records of the scene.

Here veiled affliction, 'neath a widow's form,
Bends o'er the new made grave, and, weeping, prays;
An orphan girl, in mean attire—poor child!—
Kneels, grovelling, on the dusty clay that lies
Above her buried love, nor heeds the wear
Her scanty garments feel; and she, too, prays!
Fathers for children, husbands for their wives,
Friends for their friends—one common prayer from all!
While on the tortuous anguish of these hearts
Hope's many colored rays prismatic throw
Their ever-changing hues, symbolic joy,
When pent-up sorrow finds relief in tears!

How blest the children of the one true church,
To whom alone—that inward solace, peace
Unspeakable—'tis given to know that death
Divides not earthly love; but, pierced by faith,
The future, opened to our view, displays
The suffering spirits helped by prayers of men—
Their fellow men—while sojourners on earth!
Oh! balm of comfort to our drooping souls!
Oh! blissful thought that soothes the aching heart,
Dries up our tears, and bids us meekly own,
With resignation mute, *Thy will be done!*

Here, too, is shown death's universal power;
Hibernia's exile children laid beside
Hispania's olive sons; Columbia, too,
With Gallia, Scotia, and Britannia's boast—
Her stalwart yeomen—all rich tribute pay,

And, side by side, their pride brought low, behold !
 From the great book of human life torn out,
 Whole pages disappear; here partial blots
 Are seen; here records incomplete! E'en now,
 Beneath our very feet, five yawning graves,
 As subtle quicksands, eager to engulf
 The living with the dead, their prey demand.
 Another's fate to-day!—to-morrow, ours!

On every side the Christian emblem, reared,
 Dispers all doubts, forbids the mourner weep,
 Gladdens the sight, and reassures our fears.
 These are thy triumphs, sacred cross! 'Tis thine
 To make death tremble in his own domains,
 Pluck from his ghastly brow the victor's wreath,
 And, o'er his victim's ashes, whisper, Peace!

But night advances, and the rising moon
 Her golden stream of light effulgent sheds,
 Inducing heavenly thoughts; while fiery Mars
 (An emblem fit of purgatorial flame,)
 Seems to forebode th' impending day of wrath!
 Let us begone!

NEW YORK, August 26, 1845.

PREJUDICES REGARDING MONKS.



THE "Models of English Literature," a class-book compiled in Baltimore, may be seen an eastern tale of much grace and beauty, the composition of Mr. Hawkesworth. "No life pleasing to God that is not useful to man," is the maxim inculcated by the story. In spite of ourselves, we could not repress a momentary reminiscence of Joseph Surface, the sentiment was so conspicuous and concise. The position can not be disputed, since every life pleasing to God *must* be useful to man. But Mr. Hawkesworth's conception of what is useful to man strikes us as being rather limited, and decidedly anti-catholic. We arrive at that conception by the whole tenor of the piece, and by the following sentiment, put in the mouth of the learned Cosrou, "Virtue is not rest, but action." Well, eloquence is action, and, perhaps, vice is action, certainly quite as much so as virtue. However, 'tis not with the definition we quarrel, but with the illustration of

it. From Mr. Hawkesworth's "*action*" the acts of faith, hope and charity are excluded. In short, the pretty little fable is a sly thrust at the monk and hermit. The recluse must quit his solitude, the monk his cell, and mingle in the *active* duties of life. This is the moral, though hidden in the maxim; the worm, though smothered in a rose. The argument, drawn from its ambuscade, stands thus: No life is pleasing to God that is not useful to man; the lives of monks and hermits are not useful to man; therefore, not pleasing to God. We deny the minor. There never was a hermit so entirely withdrawn from his fellow-mortals, as to be without opportunities of serving them; and if he neglected to improve those opportunities, it was not the fault of his life. Grant the efficacy of human intercession for humanity with the Creator, and none will deny the utility of the religious. A thousand faithful hearts, suing mercy for the world, would have more than saved Sodom and Gomorrah. It may have saved us. We can not subscribe the uncomfortable creed which for-

bids a supplication for others than ourselves; it is a selfish creed, a creed at war with the maxim illustrated by Mr. Hawkesworth himself, and opposed to the very essence of Christianity. Our redemption was purchased with the blood of a God; we were ransomed through the merits of another. To strip friendship of its highest and holiest privilege—a prayer—is repugnant to religion and to nature. Concede, then, that the prayer of the righteous man availeth to secure a boon not purely selfish, and the lives of the hermits will appear not quite as useless as Mr. Hawkesworth would insinuate. But, setting this aside. From the lips of the recluse monarchs have learned wisdom; the cell has more than once afforded counsels more potent for good than were ever uttered from the shrine at Delphi. And in the retreat of the religious, the way-worn pilgrim could always obtain, in the name of God, a cup of cold water, and the fruits of the earth. Before civilization had produced the inn, and when Christian charity well supplied its place, the hermit played the host. But this gratuitous hospitality was practised by the monks to a much greater extent.

To comprehend the important part played by monastic institutions in the reconstruction of civilization, we must glance at the history of the middle ages. Any one familiar with the condition of Europe, immediately after the invasion and triumph of the Goths, will at once perceive the immensity of the task assigned to Christianity. The Frank, the Saxon, and the Norman had nothing in common, but barbarism and the sword. Europe was peopled by a race of men who despised, as effeminate, literature and the arts, and who deemed the plough unworthy the hand that could brandish a javelin. In the forests of Germany the dread Hesus and Taranis were propitiated, fear, not love, prompting the sacrifice; nor had the Druidical groves, reeking with human gore, yet been cleared, and petrified into the Gothic temple. The whole continent was a chaos. And when we contemplate power that reduced the ill assorted mass to order, and from the Europe of the fourth, produced the Europe of the fifteenth century, we begin to comprehend the magnificent language of Bosquet: "If God had not created Christianity, he might envy its author." The revolution wrought in matter, recorded in the first

chapter of the first book of Moses, was fully equalled by the mental illumination effected by the church.

Nothing so much contributed to the accomplishment of European civilization, as the fact that there was a religion common to all Europe. The immense importance of this fact will be better conceived after diligent study and reflection. It was the instrument that restored harmony to the world, and the only one capable of doing so. When man became able to discover a brother in his neighbor, the horrors of universal barbarism began to abate. Before the irruption of the northern hive, there was but one power existing sovereign at the same time; but, under the influences of Christianity, the present separate and independent European powers sprung into existence. This phenomenon has excited but little of the attention it deserves. Without some great counteracting element, nation would have warred against nation until, like Greece and Rome, the strongest arrived at universal rule, like Greece and Rome to decay, and thus refinement and barbarism have ruled alternately *ad infinitum*. And we are convinced, even from the pages of Gibbon, Robertson, Hallam, Sismondi, and Guizot, that the church of Christ *was* this great counteracting element, and that Christianity alone could have compelled a monarch to acknowledge an equal, thus *originating* the harmony between the nations of Europe that interest *maintains*.

We have the inclination, but not "opportunity of leisure," to trace the triumph of the church; the conversion of Clovis, the successes of Charlemagne in France, Adrian in Saxony, Ancharius, whose panegyric has been pronounced by Mr. Wheaton, in Denmark and Sweden, and Augustin in England. And yet Europe was necessarily christianized, with scarce the distribution of a single Bible. Indeed, the employment of the sacred volume, as the principal means of conversion, seems to have dated with the vesture of its copy-right in the king of England. Then cargoes were shipped to places where its characters were as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics of Central America. But Christianity must be taught by example as well as by precept. The Christian religion is a practical one, and ought to consist in something more than theory. The apostles were the first missionaries, and their *acts* must

be repeated as well as their *epistles*. This evident truth is strangely overlooked.

An American or European, after consulting the English histories of the middle ages, will have very little reason to be proud of his ancestors. Nor, indeed, ought he to expect much refinement in savages, or much virtue in heathens. But the healthy effects of a pure religion upon our mild progenitors are always greatly underrated. Rather than permit any ameliorating principle to the church, our historians invariably ascribe it to some redeeming trait in barbarism. Thus, the dignified position occupied by woman in modern society, a position corresponding to her deserts, and the softening and most valuable influence she is consequently able to exert, and does exert, over modern civilization, is attributed to the respect paid her by the old Germans. This is one of the wildest vagaries that ever buzzed in a human cerebellum; it never could have effected a lodgment in the cerebrum. Tacitus has something to the point. The pithy old Roman, in describing Teutonic economy, says that the men, when not engaged in hunting, gaining, or fighting—"hebetent"—*loaf* through the whole season, throwing all labor to their wives. From another, and a higher source, we can trace the rise of woman to her proper level. Her elevation began—when the head of the serpent was crushed—when a daughter of earth became the mother of God. A growing respect for her gave to chivalry its most beautiful feature, dignified passion into love, and transformed the rugged soldier into the gentle knight. The vices of chivalry belong to its age, its virtues to religion. The Moslem possessed as high a spirit, and as lofty a valor, as the Christian champion: but *his* failings could not be said "to have lost half their guilt, because purified of all their grossness." If the wife is now the companion, not the slave of her husband—woman not the drudge, but the ornament of society—she owes it not to Teutonic barbarism, but to the universal devotion inspired by *one* from whom she can scarce withhold the appellation, *blessed*. Digression, in a discourse without much pretension to unity, will be excused as part of the plan.

M. Guizot, in his history of civilization, observes that without a church—a visible supreme church—Christianity, as a mere private belief, an individual conviction, could never have sur-

vived the shock that completely changed the face of Europe, and convulsed the continent to its centre. To this we most unhesitatingly subscribe, and add, in the language of the Puritan, had the able minister's tongue never wagged before or since, "it would not owe his mouth a single penny's rent." One of the visible elements of this church were the monasteries. "At the irruption of the northern invaders into the Roman empire," says Mr. Hallam, "they found the clergy already endowed with extensive possessions." Here, then, was something tangible for the Goth to cling to or destroy. But the missionary had crossed the Danube, and penetrated to the shores of the Baltic, teaching the barbarian enough of Christianity to make him respect its institutions. The monastery became the nucleus about which the adventurers collected, who thus furnished the monks with constant opportunities of whispering the doctrines of salvation. The austerities of the holy men won reverence, their charities love, their learning respect. Gradually they gained the ascendancy, that, deprecated as it has been, we can not be persuaded to regret. Mr. Hallam ascribes to them the usual amount of covetousness and deceit, denounces their large domains, but candidly informs us how those domains were secured. "The monasteries," he says, "acquired legitimate riches by the culture of deserted tracts, uncultivated and unappropriated, and by the prudent management of their revenues, which were less exposed to the ordinary means of dissipation than those of the laity." Now, what a splendid part this was taking in the regeneration of Europe. We fancy that the redemption of barren wastes, the making wildernesses to bloom afresh, may come under what Mr. Hawkesworth denominates "usefulness." And what a powerful incentive to the roving barbarian to labor, and to force from the soil beneath him the means of subsistence, must have been the agricultural pursuits of those cowed monks. And still they toiled amid a thousand dangers, the fruits of all their industry at the mercy of avaricious chieftains. "They were obliged," continues Mr. Hallam, "to invest powerful lay protectors with considerable fiefs, as the price of their assistance against depredators, while these advocates became, too often, themselves the spoilers, and opposed the helpless ecclesiastics for whose defence they had been engaged."

If the clergy obtained grants from landed proprietors, in their dying moments, conscience prompted the bequest, which was seldom but the return to the rightful owner of what had been violently wrested from him. Or, to consult Mr. Hallam again, "those very men who, in the hour of sickness and impending death, showered the gifts of expiatory devotion upon the altars of the church, had passed the sunshine of their lives in religious plunder." We do not exempt the clergy from human frailty; they certainly were anxious to extend their possessions, and, in the endeavor, may have resorted to illegitimate and reprehensible means. It should be remembered that the clergy of that period, like the laity, were barbarians. They owed all their refinement and superior learning to their vocation; for, if we impute their vices to Christianity, to some higher power we must attach their virtues.

The constitution of every monastery dedicated one third of all its revenues to the poor. But the charity of these institutions was never impeached: indeed their liberality has been condemned as excessive and misdirected. Mr. Woodesson, in one of his lectures before the Vinerian school, asserts that, before the reign of Henry VIII, England had no need of an alms-house. The reign of Queen Elizabeth presented another spectacle. When the large number of indigent persons dependent upon the bounty of the convents were turned loose upon an unsympathizing community, poverty sunk to a crime; contempt, not pity, was the pauper's allowance. Is it not better that an occasional imposter should be fed than that real want should starve for deception not its own? When a beggar presents himself it will occur to a truly charitable man, "I may happen to alleviate actual miseries," not, "I may be unfortunately the dupe of a rogue." If the monks erred, the failing leaned to virtue's side. Mr. Hume, in his life of Henry VIII, introduces this sentence: "Many decayed gentlemen passed their lives in travelling from convent to convent, and were entirely subsisted at the tables of the friars." And after noticing their bounty to the poor "by this hospitality as much as by their own inactivity did the convents prove nurseries of idleness." But if monkish benevolence encouraged, the red-hot brands of Elizabeth were not well calculated to foster pauperism. Yet has the num-

ber of paupers decreased since the dissolution of the monasteries? It has been gravely asserted that the plenitude of beggars in England at the present time is mainly attributable to the indiscriminate liberality of the convents. Thus it would appear that unlimited indulgence to the parent begets an appetite for starvation in the son.

There is nothing so productive of crime in the poor as the insensibility of the rich to their sufferings. Indiscriminate liberality is far better than indiscriminate severity. The "decayed gentlemen" noticed above, from innocuous "*sponges*," are converted into pickpockets and gamblers. We can not refrain transcribing from the little book of William Thom, the Scotch weaver poet of Inverary, a passage strikingly illustrative of this point. After recording his many fruitless applications for admittance even to a barn, for shelter from the peltings of a highland storm, and when the snow-drift becomes the only pillow for his half-frozen wife and child, the poet continues with singular eloquence: "Society knows not how insecurely it sits. When remorseless avarice has laid transcendent wretchedness in the dust, when despair has loosed honor's last hold upon the heart, and when every unsympathizing onlooker is deemed an enemy, who then can limit the consequences?"

So much in reference to the hospitality of the monks. Let us now advert to their "*inactivity*." The transformation of desolate provinces into what became the model farms of Europe has already been given as a specimen.

To the good taste and disinterested labor of the monks the scholar is indebted and the schoolboy beholden for whatever remains of classic learning. The illuminated manuscript was not accomplished without much more difficulty than is the printed book, and printing is no easy task even when the hope of gain presides at the setting of the type. Had the religious of the dark ages been blessed with the enlightened perceptions of those who, ten centuries later, mistook the propositions of Euclid for necromantic mysticisms, we would possess less of Cicero than we have of Pericles. When the utter abhorrence with which Christianity regarded paganism is considered, the good sense displayed by the fathers of the church in distinguishing the religion of the ancients from their literature can not be suffi-

ciently admired. The bonfire of Omar is what might have been expected. It is now thought a matter of course that the masterpieces of antiquity should have commanded reverence, but in their preservation we witness a liberality unexampled in the annals of the world. Carefully were the classic treasures copied and preserved. But why, it is asked, were they not circulated? Circulated! how and to whom? As soon as a means offered, and others than the clergy were able to appreciate their excellence, they *were* circulated. And then follows the great revival of letters: the monks were most *useless* fellows indeed. Let it be borne in mind that, before the invention of printing, there were few books and consequently few readers, and that by the dispensation of a gracious Providence religion for a time superseded literature. Had every bishop been an Augustin, and every monk a Thomas Aquinas, the middle ages, as far as regards the masses, would not have been a jot more conversant with literature.

Victor Cousin styles the middle ages "a preparation for, not the development of a higher order of things." And when we review the writings and copyings of these "inactive" friars, such a mass of ingenuity, learning and industry arrays itself that it is absurd to accuse their authors of ignorance or idleness. "The logic of the schoolmen," says Mr. Hallam, "so much ridiculed by Hume, is quite equal to any of that acute gentleman himself."

Another fact that is alone sufficient to free the monks from the imputation of *inactivity* is the existence of those stupendous Gothic edifices adorning England and the continent. In carving, masonry, elegance and majesty of design, they bid defiance to the nineteenth century. Trinity church in New York is said to be but a mediæval chapel bloated to a cathedral. And compared with the originals, we may well exclaim with Victor Hugo, "that modern imitations show like painted poundcakes." And who were the designers? Who sketched out the flying buttress and branching column?—the monks. Yet their beauty is the least recommendation of these noble buildings. In their erection the donations of the rich went in liberal wages to the poor; the convents being thus the channels through which superfluous wealth was turned upon poverty; for the ca-

thedrals in beautifying the country fed the people. We will say nothing of their loftier operation.

"Henry VIII," we copy Hume, "at different times suppressed six hundred and forty-five monasteries, demolished ninety colleges, two thousand three hundred and seventy-four chantries and free-chapels, and a hundred and ten hospitals." Neither piety, learning, nor utility could protect so fair a prize from the rapacious avarice of the tyrant. And yet the revenues of all these institutions fell far short of the expectations of the king. All in all they amounted to but one hundred and sixty one thousand pounds, not a twentieth part of the national income. It was not the policy of the convents to accumulate wealth, but to expend it as usefully as possible. Their revenues were unquestionably immense, but were not allowed to moulder in unfruitful coffers. It is a mistake to suppose that the monasteries were destroyed by the people. The king and his minions were almost exclusively instrumental in the work of ruin. It is an undisputed fact that the lands of the convents were let at a very low rent, and that "the farmers, who regarded themselves as a species of proprietors, always took care to renew their leases as soon as they expired." Henry was obliged to quiet the resentment of his subjects by promising them that the royal possession of so much real and personal estate would secure them against taxation. But when the entire lands and revenues of a convent went to a cook as the price of a pudding, such assurances were not expected to avail long, and the sequel proves how religiously they were observed.

The infidel historian we have so often quoted, in an essay upon "the probable fate of the British empire," argues that the king, owing to his rapidly increasing wealth, will prove, before many centuries, too strong for parliament, and that despotism will inevitably ensue. Whether this be altogether correct or not, we not gifted with prophecy can not determine. But this much is certain, that the harmonizing power between the aristocracy and the people has disappeared with the monasteries, and that the most violent extremes have ensued; Catholic England had neither the boundless wealth nor the grinding poverty that characterizes her present political economy.

Thus much have we ventured upon a sut-

ject fraught with interest. If we have gone much beyond our depth, it was pleasant swimming, at least as far as we are concerned. And it will be observed that we have made out our case entirely from opposite testimony, exerting the most equitable privilege of assuming as true all that a witness professedly against us admits in our favor, and taking the liberty to question whatever he advances to our prejudice. There are yet many relics of what we venture to call a more virtuous age than this, towering to heaven with the mingling dust of centuries upon them. To these the Catholic may still turn with pleasure, and, as he surveys these venerable tokens of his ancestry in Christ, reflect that he is one of the glorious line that reared them—a line whose splendor is undimmed and eternal. When Macaulay's New Zealander takes his stand upon a broken arch of London bridge, the ruins of the old cathedrals will be sacred as the Parthenon.

That the gross misrepresentations in Protestant history have produced or kept alive half the prejudice that now exists against Catholicity is unfortunately too certain. But even an attentive perusal of Hallam or Hume will open the eyes of our dissenting brethren. Palpable untruths carefully transplanted into school-books are what is most to be guarded against. The mind when young is imbued with an abhorrence of Catholic principles: a hatred of *Romanism* is stamped upon the wax while soft. Alas! that it should ever harden to the bigotry which stops not at the torch and fagot. As long as public schoolmasters revile and public school-books belie us, this unfortunate hostility must continue. If there be aught deserving contempt, it is to warp the infant understanding with gilded sophistries, that matured reason, unbiassed by early prejudice, and unperturbed by this cradle schooling, would reject. Bigotry must be early sown or it will not take root. And could the Protestant arrive at manhood with unjaundiced eye, he would, instead of reviling, admire or at least let alone the church that stood firm, "like the pyramid, braving the deluge," when all else went down before the resistless Goth, the scythe of time, the reptile tooth of French in-

fidelity, or the earthquake march of the Corsican.

At this period, when there is a religion for each particular state, and unanimity seems as irrecoverable as the lost Pleiad, sectarian harmony is most peculiarly desirable. If any suppose that the Methodist improperly shouts himself into a religious frenzy, and tears devotion to tatters, let them not endeavor to shout him out of his peculiarities. It is idle to ask the Baptist in Hudibrastic language why "he dives like wild fowl for salvation," or, "fishes to catch regeneration;" to tell the Presbyterian that his new light is

"A dark lantern of the spirit,
Which none see by but those who bear it,
A light that falls down from on high
For spiritual knaves to cozen by;
An ignis fatuus that bewitches
And leads us into pools and ditches," &c.

Such sneers only breed heart-burnings: are easily given and as easily retorted.

"Facilis culvis rigidi censura cachinni."

A horse laugh is the logic of a ninny.

This mutual crimination paves the way to persecution, which at this epoch is a most unaccountable though unfortunately no rare phenomenon. Experience ought to have sufficiently demonstrated that religion resembles the flower which thrives best when trampled on. Persecute any faith however chimerical, and you assimilate it to true Christianity.

We could wish to see Mr. Hawkesworth's fable, however pure its diction, and though vastly more innocent than many other insertions, expunged from every school book, and that the closest attention should be devoted to the compilation of every book for infant hands.

In conclusion we hope it will appear that, if the religious, while accomplishing the conversion of a continent, were able to effect all the temporal good we have pointed out above, and especially if the efficacy of prayer is conceded, a life of solitude, the cell and the cloister, while freer from temptation, may be as conducive to man's temporal and eternal welfare as any other vocation.

M.

THE BATTLE OF AUGHRIM, (1691.)*

(From *Dolman's Magazine*.)



CAME to Aughrim three days before the fair, and being desirous of seeing the scene of the famous battle that was fought there, and of hearing the account the people who live on the spot give of it, we sent for an old man who was accustomed to make a description of it to strangers. He led us first to the spot where the high road from Athlone enters this little town, for it is little superior to a country village. He turned his back to the town and had the road straight before him in a line; as it lay through a bog that is near half a mile broad, close to the town, but of vast length, for it runs out of sight both to the right and left.

"You see that bog," said he; "this straight road was sometime or other made already across it: the Irish by this road entered the town. As they marched from Athlone they saw it was difficult for the English army, who followed them in order to bring them to an engagement, to get over the bog and come at them by any other passage than the road; and you see the road is very narrow and straight. About half a mile behind this bog there they resolved to make a stand: they threw up a battery here at the road,—you observe the remains of it very visible still,—which they planted with cannon.

"No more than two, or at most three horsemen can come abreast along the road, and as it is nearly a level and almost a straight line about half a mile, they had so far to mount up point blank opposite the mouths of the cannon. The horse had no other way by which they could possibly come to action, and it is plain if they had attempted to force this passage, not one could ever reach the battery if it were defended. Behind, the Irish horse were drawn up under the command of Luttrell, who also,

* Written by Mr. James Usher, author of "*Clio of the muses*," according to the relation of an old man who had been an eye-witness to the engagement. Original in possession of J. E. O'Reilly, M. B., Anagh, county Cavan.

unfortunately for the Irish, commanded the battery. In this situation the Irish were confident of being attacked only by the English foot; the English foot had the bog to cross under their fire before they could come up to them.

"This was the prospect of things on the side of the Irish. Now let us go to the place of action from the old battery and see the position we were in."

We followed him across the town up to the brow of a hill that lay in length parallel to the way from the town and rose up gradually from the bog to a considerable height. We turned our faces as before to the bog, with a large regular descent between, where he stood.

"Again you see," said he, "the bog is narrow. About the middle there runs through the whole length of the bog a small brook or inlet, sufficient to turn a mill. Beyond the bog, but near it, you see a parcel of small hills like sugar loaves; sheltered by these hills, the English pitched their tents or camps the night before the battle. After the Irish had taken the restoration and laid out their disposition, both armies were in the afternoon in view of each other, expecting next morning to decide the cause of religion, liberty, and property. The Irish fought for common rights of humanity under the banners of loyalty, and the English for security under the pretence of religion. I must not forget to tell you the reason the English had to hasten the attack, was because Lieutenant-General Sarsfield, an enterprising and successful officer, was on his way with a considerable body of men to join the Irish army. They wanted therefore to come to a decisive action before this reinforcement came up. Let us now go down to that part where the centre of the Irish army stood during the action, nearly where General St. Ruth was killed by a cannon shot."

We followed him to about half way down the descent, when he stopped. We then had the town of Aughrim and the battery I mentioned beyond at the head of the road at some

little distance on our left, and the bog beyond which the English camp lay.

"In front you see," said he, "better than I can, three green roads, like stripes of meadow ground, stretched down on the English side through the bog to the inlet; these roads were made in the night time by the English for their foot to pass through the bog. In the morning the English foot came to the attack in three columns in those three roads; under the shelter of a dreadful fire made from several batteries they had erected as near the bog as they could bring their cannon."

We in this part of his discourse interrupted him to stop his narration till we should go down to the bog, to try could we pass the rivulet and get to the three green roads which we saw plainly opposite to us, for we wanted to view the ground where the English army stood. But after passing through the bog till we came near the river, we found the bank so swampy and so like a morass, that we chose to go back rather than to attempt to cross it, so that it was really difficult to pass. When we went back, our old historian went on with his discourse.

"The Irish army, who were drawn up on the side of this hill, to oppose the passage of the English," he said, "were much more exposed to the fire of the English by their situation, than the English, who stood on level ground, were to theirs; but then the English had the bog to cross, in which they had the whole fire of the Irish to bear. They made three very bold and obstinate attempts, and each time some of them pushed on so far as to cross the rivulet, but they were driven back with a considerable loss and in great confusion each retreat, particularly the third time. M'Guire's regiment of infantry pursued them over the river, and went so far as to dismount one battery of cannon; which being performed they retreated in good order with little loss.

"The English showed no great strength for pursuing them or making another attack; it is true they kept up a continual fire, but it was distant and irresolute. Things were in this situation, when two incidents happened that proved fatal to the Irish army. St. Ruth, riding about giving orders, elated with victory and in hopes of mighty future matters, was killed by a cannon ball on the spot; and the English cavalry had in part passed, and were

passing, over by the road I mentioned, unmolested by Luttrell, who never fired a shot at them, but retreated in good order at the head of the horse, whom he did not suffer to strike a stroke. The English cavalry, as soon as they passed the road, fell in with the rear part of the Irish foot, who were intent on defending the passage of the bog, and in the utmost security of the road,—M'Guire's regiment, with himself at their head, who had so wonderfully signalized themselves that day, and three times repulsed the enemy that stood next them. When this regiment first saw the horse advancing towards them, deceived by the livery and the prospect of victory after great danger, they thought they were their own cavalry come to share the honor. They took off their hats and hurra'd; but the next moment they were attacked and cut to pieces. Amazed and unprepared, however, in surprise and despair they behaved like brave men. Such as could do so, fired their pieces, and clubbed their muskets, for bayonets were not in use. After, they asked for quarter, but were refused, agreeably to the usual ferocity of the English, who were stung by the joy this regiment expressed at the defeat of the English foot. They had no place to fly to, so they fell, after killing a few of the English horse on the ground they had that day defended so well. Not a single man escaped. They lay nearly as close as they stood; their heads, shoulders, and breasts, were covered with blood and wounds. Three or four other regiments which were near them were also to a very few men cut to pieces.

"In the meantime, the English foot passed the bog and the river on the bodies of their countrymen with little molestation, and the remainder of the Irish foot withdrew in a precipitate manner, that could not be called either a flight or a retreat. But as they continued to be pressed by the English horse and foot, who had now joined, the retreat had more the appearance of a flight and slaughter. For I should have told you the Irish horse under Luttrell had long before marched by a different route, at a considerable distance from the right of the foot; so that the Irish foot, being exposed to the whole English army, horse and foot, had nothing but death before their eyes, without hopes of quarter. Yet they attempted still to keep in a body, but it was no

possible to do so long ; they were on the point of being totally broken, when an accident happened that saved them, and put an end to the carnage."

When we were in this part of the narration, we had got back to the summit of the hill following the course of the rout, so that our back was to the bog mentioned and the scene of the preceding action.

"You see," said he, "at a small distance before us, a little circular bog that is white with reeds, in which are several holes without water. Here the Irish foot, coming on with precipitation, divided to the left and right of the bog and joined at the other side. The English army followed them in like manner, firing on them as they fled, and harassed them continually. An Irish drummer, in the confusion of the retreat, threw himself into one of the above-mentioned bog holes and lay concealed among the reeds ; this was two hours before the night fell. In this situation, solicitous for the fate of his countrymen, and struck with the imminent danger to which they were exposed, he bethought himself of a stratagem equally new and extraordinary, to stop the pursuit of the enemy. He beat a retreat as loud

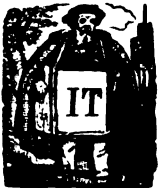
as he could ! The regiments of the English foot who were next to the bog, thinking this was done by the order of the general, (taking it for granted that Lieutenant-General Sarsfield with his reinforcement was arrived and ready to attack them in disorder,) returned instantly, closed and marched towards this hill, while the whole body of foot imitated them ; and the English horse, seeing the foot retiré, sounded a retreat likewise and came back in the same consternation. For the Irish foot were not totally broken. Their horse were entire, and in good order, and at no great distance, and if Sarsfield had really appeared with a fresh body of about four thousand men, while the English were dispersed and in confusion, there was a great deal still to be feared.* At the head quarters, they were instantly possessed with the same ideas. Every body imagined the rest had good reason for retreat, and inquired on which side the enemy appeared. But before they got intelligence or could draw their troops together in order, night came on ; the Irish escaped, and a fresh pursuit became impracticable."

* It thus appears that Sarsfield was *not* in the battle.
Ed. of Dolman's Mag.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(From the Catholic Weekly Instructor.)

"Corpora sanctorum in pace sepulta sunt : et vivent nomina eorum in eternum."



WAS a calm, sweet evening in the "merrie monthe" of May, such as is ever wont to warm the heart, and create in the soul of an Englishman that mingled sensation of pride and love of country not to be felt at such an hour by the inhabitants of sunnier climes than his. A slight tinge of green was spread over the budding hedge-rows, and already the bright primrose and pale anemone shone like jewels in the deep emerald of the mossy banks. Sprightly birds, chirping their merry notes, hopped from spray to spray, and

occasionally there might be heard the long, deep lowing of the cattle, or the barking of the watch-dog, from some distant grange, which shot its gables, with their quaintly carved barge-boards, high amidst the surrounding elms. Far off might be seen a tall spire, with its gilded vane, glittering in the rays of the setting sun, or the more humble turret of the village church, with its blessed bell, which but a few short months ago had summoned, at its call, the lord and the tenant to kneel together at the holy mass ; but now, alas ! assembled those who, having thrown aside the old religion, eagerly listened to all that would be there said, whe-

ther in disproof or in ridicule, of "this ancient sacrifice." Yes, the time of which we now write was that sad period when this unfortunate land had left the fair faith of her forefathers, insuring to its fervent adherents earthly consolation and eternal joys, to adopt the cold comfortless, wavering, and forbidden creed of a "church apart."

It was on the evening we have just described, and when England was still thirsting for the blood of the steadfast members of her ancient church, that a couple of travellers, mounted on serviceable but travel-worn steeds, rode down an unfrequented lane, which, winding along the side of a hill, through green meadows and still greener fields of growing corn, commanded an extensive prospect of the valley beneath. They wore large Spanish riding cloaks and slouched hats, and their beards and hair were trimmed to meet the fashion of the day. They were both of them, to all appearances, men of middle age, robust and healthy, and although devoid of every superfluity of dress, the grace and mildness of their bearing towards each other bespoke them men, if not of high family, at least of liberal education. For some time they rode on in silence, continually looking on either side of the road and before them, as if they feared some ambuscade, and frequently raising themselves in their stirrups to obtain a fuller view of the adjacent country. At length one, who might have been the younger of the two, broke silence and exclaimed, "God of mercy, shield that such a fair land as this should be held by the spoilers of holy church! and yet," he added, "it is so. Oh Jesus, aid us, that we may undo this foul deed." "Marry and Amen!" rejoined his companion; "here in good sooth is wide scope to sow the blessed seed. May God prosper our undertaking! with his aid we will fight the good fight even unto death." "Good, my dear brother; right willingly with God's high grace will we strive, and I doubt not but that if we conduct ourselves as soldiers of Jesus he will grant us the most costly and heavenly reward of the martyr's crown, at the completion of this campaign upon which we are incontinently about to enter." "God grant us success and strength, and courage to boot," returned the other. "It is a hard warfare to endure, but God is our shield! It was but this very

morning he delivered us from the bloody hands of those unhappy pursuivants; and who knows but that we may need the same deliverance this very eve, or else his grace to withstand the rack and chains on the morrow. But list ye, brother, we be nigh to the village, and it behooves us to hold our peace on these subjects. Mary, Mother, be our speed!" "Amen," rejoined his companion, in low but fervent tone, and thus the conversation ceased. Our readers will by this have learned that the travellers were Catholics, and moreover in orders, if not priests. They were in truth both of them priests, and had lately returned to England after banishment, to aid by their word and example the suffering members of the true church, in spite of the cruel laws by which all such were driven from her shores. They had now entered the little village of ———, and rode to the ancient hotel which stood in its centre, with the straggling hawthorn growing before its arched doorway. Here they alighted, and having seen their tired horses safely disposed of in the stables, entered and seated themselves before the spacious fire-place in which blazed and crackled a huge fagot. A few of the village ancients were there, who bade them welcome, and made place for them, whilst the host prepared for them a most abundant meal. They had scarcely begun to partake of it when mine host began to expatiate on the comfort of his beds, but more especially on the excellence of his wines. The offer of the former was courteously refused, as they expressed their determination of passing the few hours they intended giving to repose before the fire, but a stoop of wine was ordered, and desiring their host and others who were present to partake, the party closed round, and conversation soon began to flow. After various other topics, the present state of England and the religious persecution became the subject of conversation. The easy behaviour of the newcomers soon caused all reserve to be thrown aside, and although they said little on a subject so deeply interesting to them, still their companions, warmed with the good wine, spoke their feelings openly and without restraint. They all agreed that the doctrine of the papists was damnable and heretical, but condemned the severity of the government, especially in regard to the clergy, whom they esteemed to be

honest and harmless men. And these, in fact, were the opinions of the bulk of Englishmen at that period. "Truly," said Giles Goodman, for in that goodly name did the landlord of the 'Flaming Sword' rejoice, "truly methinks that these papist priests are sorely misused. Were I seated where our much loved queen does now sit, I would not hang and quarter them by dozens, but I would banish them, and forbid them ever to set foot again on English ground; for mine own part I hold them as not deserving of such hard ways." "So think I, neighbor Giles," responded one of the circle, even the church clerk, Humphrey Bell; "and had I all those blood-thirsty hounds here who scour the country, breaking into honest men's houses and insolently searching them for hidden recusants, I would hang them up even as they are wont to hang up the papists." At this moment the tramp of horses was heard outside. They paused before the hotel. The company within listened for a moment with suspense. At length a heavy blow fell upon the oaken gate. "They be impatient by reason of the late hour of the night," muttered the host, as he went to receive them. The company of villagers rose, wished a good night, and followed the host to the door. "Ye may take your rest, masters," said the host to the travellers; "I have another apartment for these new guests whoever they may be." The two priests, being now left alone, accordingly recommended themselves to God, lay down upon the oaken settles which stood around the fire, and begged he would bless their short repose. And their repose was to be short indeed—for scarcely had they laid themselves down when they were alarmed by the loudness of the voices they heard without, the bustling of men and horses which seemed to be going on in the yard, and which seemed so unlike the manner of tired and peaceful travellers. They crossed themselves, rose from the position in which they were, and eagerly listened, if possible, to catch something indicative of the character of the newcomers. The noise began to subside, and they were again laying themselves down to rest when the door of their chamber was suddenly but cautiously opened, and the host, all breathless and in haste, addressed them: "Masters, masters, tell me, in God's holy name, an ye be priests;

if so, fly, the constables be here, and if ye be taken we are all ruined. I have saddled your horses myself, and they be now standing ready for ye without. Mount and ride, for your dear lives, whilst the hunters are even now searching the lofts." The holy men heard the startling intelligence without displaying any alarm. They cast their cloaks about them, and throwing down upon the table a few silver coins, heartily thanked their host, and praying God to bless him, left the house. Their horses were in the yard to meet them. "Are you mounted, Bernard?" whispered the younger. "Yes," replied the other. "Lady, help them," and their horses sprang forward. As they went clattering through the echoing archway, they were suddenly startled by a broad gleam of light, as if proceeding from a lantern across the road directly opposite to the gateway. Before they had time to rein in their frightened steeds they were challenged, by the loud voice of a man on foot, "Who be ye there? stand in the queen's name." "We be peaceful travellers, and charge ye, in the queen's name, whosoever ye be, to let us pass on." And, so saying, the priests struck the long rowels of their spurs into their horses' flanks, and galloped along the road opposite to that by which they had entered the village on the preceding evening. They had scarcely gone a hundred yards before they heard loud shouts proceeding from the hotel which they had just left, and which they rightly conjectured to proceed from their baffled pursuers. Knowing that they would be instantly followed, they dashed onwards until they came to a spot where the road branched off into two others. Here they paused for an instant, and listened eagerly for any sound which might indicate pursuit. The night hitherto had been dark, but the moon now passed from behind a black curtain of clouds, and spread a calm silvery light upon the scene. The remnants of a mutilated cross stood at the extreme fork of the roads, and at its base, muffled in their cloaks, and mounted on their faithful steeds, motionless, and in anxious silence, sat the hunted, persecuted servants of God. Oh! how many a bright angel stood around them at that moment, and that, too, with respect and reverence for those priests of the Most High whom men insulted, and persecuted even to the death. For some time not a sound broke upon the silence of the night.

"It is even as you said, brother Bernard," said the younger, "we have again experienced the merciful aid of God. Whither shall we now wend? I do much fear to go again to Sir Walter Belmont; he hath suffered much already on our account, and I were unwilling to bring him into farther trouble. Let us rather make to Sir Marmaduke Ramsey. He will readily receive us; the river — may not now be farther than five miles from this, and his house is then only one mile distant." "Henry, God's benison be on ye. Ever have you shown yourself a wise and witty adviser; let us incontinently turn down this road which leadeth to the river, I know it well." "Hark!" cried Henry, the younger priest, "be not that the tramp of horses?" A moment of the most anxious silence ensued, which was broken by the rapid galloping of horses which now began to be distinctly heard in the distance. "Of a surety, Henry," cried Father Bernard, "they be coming; let's on under God's blessing and Mary's aid;" and the next moment they were spurring towards the ford of the river. The pursuers had now in their turn reached the old cross where the two roads branched off, and which the holy priests had not left more than ten minutes before. As they were at a loss which of the roads to take, they paused for a few moments; and as they were four of them, a pursuivant, and three zealous Protestants, it was determined that they should separate, and the two of them should take one road and two the other. It happened that the pursuivant was one of the two who chose the road by which the priests had gone towards the river. The other road led to the town of — although the horses on which the priests rode had been somewhat refreshed by the short repose they had had in the stables of mine host, yet their long journey on the previous day had so fatigued them, that they soon began to show evident signs of exhaustion. For some time their riders kept them at a steady pace by dint of riding-rod and spur, but these soon proved unavailing, and they at length permitted them to drop into a slow trot. After a quarter of an hour of this kind of riding they came within sight of the river, which they perceived to be rather swollen by the late rains of April. "Mary, refuge forefend," prayed Father Bernard, "that the waters be not out so that our horses may not cross, for, and my

ears deceive me not, our pursuers gain upon us." With this they again urged on their jaded steeds, and in a few minutes gained the edge of the ford. The river rolled its swift flood past them, eddying amongst the roots of the trees which overhung the waters on either bank. The moon was partly obscured, and the fugitives paused upon its brink and looked silently on each other. But there was now no time to be lost. They could plainly distinguish the shouts and threats of their pursuers, and recommending themselves to God, they began to cross the stream. For some yards the water was shallow, and the current was not very rapid, but when they had got about one third of the way over, the stream grew stronger, and the waters rose to the horses' girths. At this critical moment the pursuivant with his companion arrived on the bank, and without pausing for an instant urged their steeds into the stream with a loud yell of triumph. "Haste ye, Bernard," cried Father Henry, who was a few yards in advance of his companion. "Haste ye in God's name or ye be taken!" But the tired horse of Father Bernard was gradually yielding to the force of the current, and indeed so closely was he now followed that the pursuivant made an attempt to seize the skirt of his cloak as it floated out on the stream. The holy man saw the attempt, and drew it around him as closely as he was able. "Fire!" shouted the enraged pursuivant to his companion, who had purposely loitered behind him in the shallow part of the river, "Fire, or he will escape me." The next moment Father Bernard's horse with a loud and piercing scream plunged madly in the stream, wounded mortally by a bullet discharged from the harquebus of the assistant pursuer. Its master, entangled in the cumbersome stirrups, was carried along the stream with it. The pursuivant was also thrown from his saddle, so fearfully had his own horse plunged by reason of what it saw and heard. He could not swim, and, as he rose, looked despairingly about for his victim. With some difficulty Father Bernard disengaged his feet from the stirrups, and was endeavoring to cast off his cloak and swim to land, when he felt it clutched by the drowning grasp of the pursuivant, who had been carried down to him by the current. Upon this he made an effort to burst the cord that fast-

ened the cloak round his neck, and had just succeeded when his foe grasped his arm, drew his poignard, struck him in the left side, and with a yell of demoniacal triumph sunk with his victim, a murderer beneath the cold dark waters. A tinge of blood that discolored the waters gave sad evidence that the blow had taken effect. During this deadly struggle which had occupied only a few moments, Father Henry had gained the opposite bank, and the other pursuer, seeing the imminent danger of his companion, had remained on the same side from which he had fired at the horse of Father Bernard. Both of them now forgot the relation in which they stood towards each other, so intent were they in watching the struggle which now appeared to be ended. But as they still gazed vacantly upon the spot where the murderer and his victim had sunk, the moon shone calmly out, and discovered, lower down the stream, the holy Father Bernard feebly struggling with the waters. By a simultaneous impulse they rode along either bank to the spot opposite; but with what different feelings! The holy Father Bernard looked towards the bank where his companion stood, but he saw it was vain to attempt to reach it. His life's blood was fast mingling with the current. He raised his eyes to heaven, and ere he sank below the surface, a prayer for his persecutors reached the spectators. As was the prayer of Stephen the martyr, so also was this of Father Bernard powerful before the throne of the Most High. For at the same instant that it fell on the ears of him who "was consenting to his death," it reached his heart. "He may yet be saved," cried his pursuer, and so saying tore off his cloak, hurled his harquebus into the stream, and leaping from his horse, plunged into the river, and reached Father Bernard in time to grasp

the collar of his doublet as he was sinking for the last time. Henry had beheld the scence, and with a heart overflowing with joy and thanksgiving for so wondrous a miracle of grace, cast himself also into the river, and by their united efforts bore the expiring martyr to the bank. The next instant the converted sinner was prostrate, bathed in tears before the dying man, who was supported in a sitting posture on the ground by Father Henry. The pardon he craved was granted, and with a fervent blessing, and the sweet names of Jesu and Mary upon his lips, the martyr gave his pure soul into the hands of the "Queen of martyrs," and the "white-robed army," to be conducted in triumph to the foot of the throne of the Lamb.

A sweet and mysterious atmosphere seemed to encompass the happy actors of the scene. A pale beam from the moon fell through the leaves of the oak, beneath which the priest and the convert had laid the dead body, and lit up, as with a light from heaven, the mildly smiling features of the martyr. The river ran murmuring by, and some little birds, disturbed in their resting-places by the noise of the fray, chirped gaily overhead, as if they offered themselves to be the guardian angels of that holy spot. A shallow and temporary grave was soon formed beneath the oak, and, folded in Father Henry's cloak, Father Bernard was laid in it. With many a hymn of thanksgiving, and many a petition for his intercession, the sorrowing, yet gladsome companions, proceeded to the house of the neighborhood before spoken of, related the occurrences of that memorable night, and in a few weeks the remains of the martyred servant of Christ reposed beneath a costly monument in the private chapel of Sir Marmaduke Ramsey.

Laus Deo.

G.



THE STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Continued from p. 646.

CHAPTER XX.

"Ahi! null' altro che pianto al mondo dura."—*Petrarca*.

Last Requests.—The Catholic Priest as he is.—Conclusion.



DURING an interval of a few days the invalid remained composed and tranquil, and almost entirely free from those violent paroxysms which lately had so racked his frame. Nothing could surpass the tender devotion of his parents, the unslumbering care of his mother, or the sad and watchful attention of the colonel, who, in a thousand nameless ways, and by unnumbered acts of thoughtful kindness, testified his repentant regrets. Lonely and sad were his vigils in the silent night hours, by the side of his dying child, when remorse, like a burning coal, consumed the quiet of his heart, and memory, with bitterness on her tongue, whispered over and over again, the startling truth that he alone had, by his blind and violent prejudices, been the means of shattering the urn which contained his most costly treasure. How unlike the divine model which he professed to follow, how little in accordance with the spirit of that religion which he deemed perfect, had been his conduct; he had dared to step in and judge between the inspirations of an immortal soul and God; he had not only inflicted on the body all the evils which it was in his power to command, but, in his arrogance, would have wrested that soul's faith away, and torn it from its sanctuary at the foot of the cross, and, by worldly promises, bribed from it the sacred substance of religion, to which it trustingly clung, and shrouded it once again in shadows and nothingness; but the effort had been worse than useless, and now there was nothing left

for the broken-hearted old man, but funereal sadness and repentant tears. Nothing could have shown more distinctly the revulsion which had taken place in his feelings, than the circumstance of his frequently reading aloud from books of Catholic devotion. This, even now, was no small sacrifice, as the sometimes variable expressions of his countenance would indicate. At certain passages he would involuntarily pause, while a scornful smile curled his lip, and again a shade of profound contempt flitted across, and disturbed his brow, and, at such moments, a casual observer might have discovered from the quivering of his lips that his sentiments almost found utterance; yet, by an effort, he suppressed them, and a single glance at his dying son, a recollection of his heroic and patient suffering for the sake of this religion, whose sacred lessons and precepts *he* despised, (not because they were not, in themselves, good and pure in their meanings, but the fact of their emanating from the Catholic church was, in itself, quite enough to make them less than nothing in his eyes,) would recall him instantly to himself; but these symptoms, as he continued to read, became less frequent, and Mrs. Clavering was much astonished, on several occasions, to find him poring over pages which contained solid and indisputable arguments in favor of the Catholic faith. The colonel, like Mr. Beverly, would not, or could not realize that Clavering's illness would terminate fatally, and trusted implicitly to the hope of being able to return with him, in a week or two, to Blenheim Forest, and frequently talked of the tranquil moments they would again know there, and, while he conversed on the subject, really enjoyed the anticipation of a happy renewal of the days of "auld lang syne."

"Ah! my dear boy," he one day said, "your old haunts need you sadly. When you return to them they will again look natural. When we get home" —

"Dear father,"—interrupted Clavering,— "when we get home, do you say?"

"Yes; when we once more get to Blenheim Forest, there will be a thousand things to interest and amuse your mind. There is a splendid stud of horses in the stables, but they, particularly the hunters, have been so idle and pampered, for a year past, that they are scarcely manageable, but you were always at home in the saddle; so, when you get stronger, I shall depend upon you to tame them down a little. There is fine shooting, too, Louis, and, as for the fishing, I don't think old Isaac Walton himself could have complained of it. D'ye remember, boy, how I caught you once, after you had gone out for a day's sport? your fishing tackle towed off by a huge catfish, and you dreaming over the pages of some Greek or Latin nonsense, while your hand remained most perseveringly extended grasping, instead of your rod, the empty air. Aha! Blenheim Forest is still there, thank God, and some rare times you and I will see yet, my boy."

"Dear father," said the young man with a quivering lip, "deceive not yourself. I shall never again see Blenheim Forest. The shadow of the valley of death already casts its chill about me; but, beloved and indulgent father, there is a request—a single one—which now, that the opportunity presents itself, I would fain make."

"You astonish! you pain me, Louis! Return home no more? I will not believe it; it is too monstrous a thing to think of even," replied the colonel in an agitated and hurried tone. "But this request! name it, name it at once; and if the gratification of it is within human reach, it shall be granted!"

"I observed once," said Clavering, after a pause, "in the family vault, at the 'Forest,' that the coffins of my ancestors were massive with silver, on which was inscribed, in most elaborate style, the armorial quarterings of the family, and glowing testimonials of their worth. If, sir, you are not opposed to it, will you allow my last narrow house to be different from theirs?"

"As how?" inquired the colonel sternly.

"This request," whispered Clavering to

himself, "may, after all, have more of human pride than humility in it, though God forbid. On my coffin-lid, father, instead of proud armorial bearings and eloquent eulogies, have only my name and age inscribed underneath a simple cross, and this sentence: 'By this sign we conquer!' On the plate where usually the virtues of the deceased are graven, direct these words to be placed: 'Like the flowers of the field we wither and become incorporate with dust, but the soul ascends to God to be judged according to its works;' and on the smaller plate, at the feet, the prayer of the church for her departed children, *Requiescat in pace.*"

Tears started in the colonel's eyes, as Clavering ceased speaking, and would have fallen, but pressing his hand for a moment over them, he, by a great effort, controlled his emotion, and stooping over, he kissed his forehead, and replied: "My son, my dear boy! these are but the gloomy anticipations attendant on extreme debility, yet they pain me deeply, because I know they must be vastly injurious to your health. Cheer up! cheer up! you shall yet see the old trees of Blenheim Forest putting on their green leaves again in the coming spring. You will be better then, I'm sure, and, arm in arm, we will walk forth as we did in days of yore, and plan, and improve, and trust each other for ever, Louis!" There was a touching cadence in the old man's voice, and an imploring and subdued expression in the glance of his proud eagle eyes, as he pronounced these words, and he listened for Clavering's answer as intently as if the sentences he might utter would contain in them some secret power of life and death, which could either give him back to his love, or consign him to the darkness of the lonely supulchre, until the angel of the resurrection should open its sealed door.

"My father," he said, regarding him for a moment with a look of profound affection, "even should your fond wishes, relative to an improvement in my health, be realized, will you remember, as a last request, the favor I have just asked, when life is over with me?"

"Louis, this is a strange and unexpected request, and, while I dread giving you pain, I must say that I am entirely unprepared to decide on so singular a subject. You must make due allowance, my child, for the claims of family pride. You are my only son—nay, my only child—one of whom I have always felt

proud. Such was my unshaken confidence in your high-toned views of honor, that even when we were so cruelly separated, and, on our way heavenward, walked in such different paths, I always felt a secret consciousness, in the midst of my anxiety and disappointment in your behalf, that whatever position you might occupy, or in whatever condition in life you might be placed, it would still be honorable to your name and character; and now, my son, in the sad event of your death, which God forbid should occur for many years, think you not it would wound me most exceedingly to see you, the last, though not least worthy of a long and distinguished line and ancient name, laid as humbly down among your ancestors as if you had, in some way or by some means, brought a stigma on their untarnished fame?"

"Forgive me, sir," said Clavering, "I would not do aught that could for an instant give you pain. I only shrunk from honors which I deserve not, and which I feared might be conferred on my unworthy and soul-forsaken dust. The wish to have graven on my coffin lid the sign of that redemption, through which alone I hope for eternal life, and a few pious sentences, was perhaps too selfish. I thought that when occasionally the eyes of the living might fall on them, they would be reminded of my departed soul, and piously remember the same. But, as you please, dear father; as you please."

"Resignation and submission, oh my God!" whispered the colonel, clasping his hands, "teach me these, or I shall madly rebel against thee!" After a short pause of intense mental agony, when every warring emotion of pride would fain have caused him to refuse the pious request of his dying child, natural affection, and a latent spark of humility, which his patient example had kindled into something like life, triumphed, and, in a low, broken voice, he at last said, "*It shall be done.*"

Mrs. Clavering just at this moment came in to say to her son that she was going out for a half hour, and to inquire if there was any thing she could do for his comfort before she left. "I may be detained longer, my dear, than I expect; so just think a moment, there may be something left undone which you will need before my return."

"Your kind attentions, my mother, have

left me no wish ungratified. I need scarcely ask whither you are going, or for what pious purpose. Pray for me, mother!"

"Shall I walk with you, my dear," inquired the colonel, "it is growing late. Mrs. Botelar will remain with Louis until I return?"

"Thank you, dear colonel, no; I am only going to the cathedral, which, you know, is but a short distance. I shall soon return."

"Then," whispered the colonel, as he walked with her to the door, "then, Josephine, in that holy place, forgive and pray for me."

"*Forgive!* best of friends, let that be an unknown word between us hereafter. The use of it implies that you have, some how, wronged me. I have now nothing to forgive. We have both suffered: you more, much more than I. *I will pray for you.*"

"What new wonder," thought Mrs. Clavering, "is this?" Can it be that Almighty God, who has his own time and way for the fulfilment of all things, is now, as of old, about opening the eyes of the blind? Did I understand him to say, '*Pray for me in that holy place?*' Yes, I could not be mistaken, and he may yet, after all, renounce his errors." With this new and unlooked for hope to cheer her, she entered the cathedral for the purpose of continuing a general confession. The last day-beams were stealing gently in, and a soft twilight hue hung over every object through whose transparent dimness the sacramental lamp, in lone and silvery brightness, shone like the evening star, long shadows fell along the deserted aisles, and by the uncertain light the Virgin and Child seemed like veiled spirits on the eve of ascending to the upper world. Solemn, and profoundly silent was the scene; every lingering worshipper had departed, and only the angels of the church, hung on their invisible pinions, to keep watch in the holy place which mortals had forsaken; she started at the sound and echo of her own footsteps, and felt most impressively the meaning of the word *alone*. *Alone!* how sad the word; and as she knelt in humble adoration before the most holy sacrament, solemn thoughts of the last hours of life stole, with softened and subdued shadows, through the windows of her soul; when *alone*, unaided by mortal arm, the spirit tremblingly approaches the crumbling sands which the chilly waters of death steal one by one, away, and hearing the irrevocable

mandate of its Judge, prepare to launch forth in the sullen tide, where soon the body, like an empty shell, is swept along on the current to forgetfulness and decay ; sad, yet not dark, were these reflections, for God, in his love and mercy, had sent the ministering angels of penitence and contrition to cheer her amid her tribulation, and these brought with them hopes of eternal rest. In all humility she prayed for those necessary dispositions and graces which can alone insure forgiveness, and consigned herself, with every emotion of her soul, and those two beloved hearts who had requested her prayers, to the most holy will of God.

She now arose to enter the confessional, when an individual leaving it attracted for an instant her attention, and, as with slow and reverential step and eyes cast down meekly to the earth, he passed her in the aisle, she looked again, thinking she recognised something familiar in his aspect, and could it be that under this penitential guise she recognised *Mr. Beverly* ? It was even so. He had that evening entered the cathedral with a depressed and repentant heart, which pulsated with half formed wishes for an opportunity to converse confidentially with some one capable of giving spiritual consolation. Firmly convinced of the necessity of complying with the requisitions of religion, disturbed alike by indefinite purposes and irresolute intentions, he at once determined, with a kind of *abandon* which was characteristic of him, to yield himself on this occasion to circumstances. To those who do not analyze the events of life, and look on every incident that occurs only as an effect produced by natural causes, or are so fettered down to the dull clods of earth that they can not understand the meaning of faith, *Mr. Beverly's* visit would have been looked on as well-timed and quite apropos ; for he had scarcely entered the silent temple when the aged and saintly man, who was in the habit of spending several hours daily there, glided across the sanctuary, and, after making an act of adoration to the Majesty who dwelt in the tabernacle, he arose, and, passing out, knelt near his confessional, patiently waiting for any penitent soul who might need his spiritual services. God has given his angels charge over us, and, in the still, quiet hour of dreams, in the haunts of men, on the hills or in the lonely dells of the forest, they linger beside us, and we, without thinking of it,

converse with them in happy thoughts, while they, guarding their trust from the charm and influence of the serpent *sins*, in that mysterious language which alone spirit can utter to spirit, whisper holy words which lead to holier impulses, until the soul is led repenting back to God.

Here, through winter's cold and summer's fervid heat, came the holy man for the same pious purpose ; and if some poor soul but half repentant was haply induced to embrace the opportunity offered, and begin the first humble acts of a new life by entering the tribunal of penance, he felt more than rewarded for all the pains and inconvenience attendant on this duty. Many had entered that sacred place, world-weary and bruised in spirit, without a purpose except to find a place to weep unseen, and bow their heads in anguish where the cold eyes of the unfeeling could not turn their leaden gaze on their sorrows, who, seeing this indefatigable priest of God kneeling like an angel guide between themselves and heaven, have been induced to approach the sacred tribunal, and, while pouring forth the sins that mingled with their grief-worn story, received from him the human sympathy they so much needed, and the wise reproof, tempered with consolatory advice, while their spirits, softened and subdued by divine influences, listened with humble hope and undisturbed faith to the words of consolation which the sentence of absolution conveyed to them. Those have gone forth calm and resigned, and laid down their heads at night in peace, feeling assured that, for duties humbly and with a proper spirit complied with, the blessing of God would rest on them. *Mr. Beverly* was not a man who, when he had placed his hand on the plough, to turn back, so without hesitation he walked forth, and, kneeling by the side of Father Harley, began the usual formula of confession, and, with much unhesitating simplicity of manner, commenced a rehearsal of all the sins of his past life. In this task he was considerably aided by Father Harley, who reminded and encouraged him, by many judicious questions and sacred lessons, of things which might otherwise have been forgotten.

Now he felt a tranquil satisfaction which even the innocence of childhood had never yielded ; there was nothing earthly in it, for it was humble, there was nothing human in it, for it was pure. His soul was touched, the

rock was at last unsealed, and forth flowed tears of repentance, and Mr. Beverly felt for the first time the tranquillizing effects of the divinely instituted sacraments of the faith whose dogmas he had so frequently defended. The Babel world and its wild opinions had almost cheated this immortal spirit of its heritage, but it was at last true to itself, and returned to its shelter in the only true and safe fold, to go hence no more.

As Clavering continued tranquil and apparently better, Mr. Beverly yielded to the entreaties of Father Francis, and accompanied him the next evening to a Mrs. Brentwood's for the purpose of paying his respects to a distinguished prelate, the Rt. Rev. Bishop North, who was a relative of this lady's, and was now spending several days at her house. Although Mrs. Brentwood was entitled by the high respectability of her family, and the more important consideration of immense wealth, to occupy the most brilliant and conspicuous station in society, she preferred a modest and retiring elegance, and the privilege of selecting her own friends, and gathering around her a select coterie, where unassuming worth and unostentatious talent mingled with the liberal minded and wise and good from the high sphere in which fortune had placed her, and formed a nucleus of rational and intellectual enjoyment, which she did wisely in not exchanging for the enduring and petty miseries attendant on the claims of the five hundred friends which those who have the means and power that wealth and station bestow are sure to be blessed with. In comparison with others more pretending, she was unknown in the world of fashion, but where the cry of the distressed burthened the ear with sadness, and the tears of the unfortunate flowed in silent bitterness, or where the want-stricken suffered for bread, or the shivering poor for raiment, Mrs. Brentwood's voice was a well known and welcome sound, and a glance at her noble and benevolent face conveyed certain promise to the needy that comfort was near. Among these the means which many others spent in fashionable follies, was discreetly expended, and, while attentively learning lessons which the unselfish spirit of her religion taught her, she made "friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," and laid up for herself treasures where moth can not corrode, neither thieves break through and steal. Such

was the character of Mrs. Brentwood, and, as Father Francis and Mr. Beverly entered her elegantly furnished drawing room, the walls of which were covered with unmistakable paintings of the old schools, and filled with rare works of taste and art, while soft shaded lamps threw a pleasant light over the rich hangings and immense mirrors, they discovered three **PERSONAGES** seated around a mosaic table in unreserved and social conversation, and Mrs. Brentwood, who was standing at the upper end of the room surrounded by several ladies of distinguished appearance, immediately stepped forward and received them, and expressed, in her own peculiarly quiet manner, and in sincere language, her pleasure at seeing them. Mr. Beverly was duly presented to the distinguished guests present, and to show how decidedly he had determined to conform in all things to Catholic practices, when Father Francis knelt to receive the blessing of Bishop North, he immediately followed his example. The little circle, now enlarged, drew up again around the table, and an interesting conversation ensued, marked by all that polished wit, and those learned though not tedious discussions which always characterize the intercourse of gentlemen and scholars. Mr. Beverly was particularly pleased with the manners and sentiments of an English gentleman of distinguished birth and talents, who, travelling as an observer as well as tourist, dispensed with his title and rank, being too much and too long accustomed to the adventitious circumstances attendant on them at home to need the suffrages of republican opinion abroad. A gentleman in feelings as well as position, refined and liberal in his nature, it is not remarkable that all that was good and pure in the government and condition of the country should have claimed his commendation, while, although he could not possibly overlook certain abuses and much want of refinement among a people whose more substantial demands as a young republic necessarily excluded it, found more agreeable topics for the pages of his journal than the unconscious swine, or the great variety of extraordinary phenomena attendant on the use of tobacco. Mr. Beverly had heretofore seen Father Francis only as the ministering spirit of the sick room, or the indefatigable friend and instructor of the poor, and teacher of pious and simple lessons to the ignorant, and was now a

much surprised as delighted to see him distinguished among the learned as a man of letters. If Mr. Beverly had looked on him with admiration and reverence while discharging the duties of his sacred office, he now thought he had never before seen him in his proper element, for without that *little* ambition to shine which more frequently than otherwise defeats its own object, he was the centre of conversation, and his opinions were not only listened to with pleasure but respect. Among those kindred spirits the hours were gliding too rapidly past. Mrs. Brentwood and one or two ladies now joined the circle, not, as they said, to interrupt but to listen, "and there is only one question, bishop, that we will annoy you with," remarked one of the ladies, "and as it involves a very serious dispute between Mrs. Brentwood and myself, I am very sure your charity if nothing else will induce you to answer it."

"It may not be in my power," replied Bishop North, smiling, "but name it, madam."

"We wish you, bishop, to set us right about the last words of Metastasio."

Bishop North, whose head reminded Clavering of some exquisitely carved old cameo, smiled and replied :

"Really, ladies, I shall have to transfer the honor you intend me to Father Francis. Had you proposed for elucidation some question in mathematics, I could have answered you perhaps, but really the 'Nine' have not favored me with either the talent or taste for poetry which he possesses, therefore I must beg that you will excuse me."

"Such honors," answered Father Francis, pleasantly, "have for several years past been so like 'angel visits, few and far between,' that my old companions, the poets, have remained undisturbed on their shelf and almost forgotten; but the subject now in question I fortunately remember, and have always considered it an exquisite gem of poetry and devotion. Shall I repeat the words, ladies, in the musical language of Metastasio's native land?"

"If you please, Father Francis," said Mrs. Brentwood; "these gems lose much of their exquisite polish by translation."

"And then," observed a lady, "for the benefit of those who do not understand the original, Father Francis will please give a translation."

"Metastasio," said Father Francis, "received the holy sacrament a short time before his last moments, and after a minute's profound silence, exclaimed, with an enthusiasm which brought the blood back to his sunken cheeks and the light once more to his dim eyes,

"T'offro il tuo proprio figlio
Che già d'amore in pugno
Rachiuso in picciol segno
Si volle a noi donar.
A lui rivolgi il ciglio
Guardo chi t'offro e poi
Lasci Signor se vuoi
Lascia di perdonar."

"*I offer to thee, O Lord! thy own Son who has already given the pledge of love enclosed in this thin emblem, turn on him thine eyes! Ah! behold whom I offer to thee, and then desist, O Lord! if thou canst desist from mercy.*"

"Beautiful!" said Mrs. Brentwood, with tears in her eyes; "holy and sublime!"

It is one of the penalties of human enjoyment to be disagreeably interrupted, and a servant now entered and told Father Francis that a man was waiting for him below who wished him to visit a person that was dying. He immediately arose, and expressing his regrets to the lady of the house for so abruptly terminating his visit, made his adieu.

"You know, bishop," said he, "too much about the necessities of a duty like this to require an apology for leaving your society thus abruptly, so begging your blessing, I must hurry off." Mr. Beverly also excused himself, and returned to Mrs. Botelar's to spend the night by the bedside of his dying friend.

Father Francis left the well lighted and luxurious rooms, the society of congenial minds and the interchange of intellectual thought, to venture forth in the night, which had clouded over and grown stormy, he knew not whither, for the man who came to guide him was sulen, and to his query replied :

"We had better be quick; the woman will be dead before we get there, and the child too."

"What is the matter with the persons of whom you speak, friend?" inquired Father Francis, mildly, "and whom do you mean by woman and child?"

"I mean my wife and child, and the matter is that they are dying of *starvation*; will that satisfy your curiosity?"

"Poor man," thought he, "you without

doubt know the bitter meaning of want." "Friend," said he, aloud, "we are near my house. Stop an instant with me; there is a cloak and one or two things which it is necessary for me to take with me."

"We shall be too late," said the man, surlily.

"Just one moment," said Father Francis as he entered the house by means of a small secret key which he always carried, that he might not disturb his old housekeeper when he came in late at night from sick visits, "I will return immediately."

He entered his room, and, throwing a dark serge cloak around his shoulders, and consigning a flask of wine and a small loaf of bread to a capacious pocket in its side, again hurried out to join his sullen guide, and at a rapid pace they now breasted the storm of wind and rain which beat in their faces. Far down in the city, in a dark and intricate court which led into a secluded alley almost choked with mud and litter, he conducted him. The few frame houses in it were blackened with age, and would have fallen except for the props which supported their tottering beams. A sickly light streamed at intervals across the dreary scene, making its horrors more apparent, and from one or two open doors sounds of drunken revelry came forth disturbing the night, while from some den of a garret cries of distress and shrill curses burdened the air with discordant noise. No friendly watchman of the night, crying the hour beneath a well trimmed corporation lamp, was there to awe the brawlers into silence; and with voluble and unchecked fierceness the shameless tongues of women now joined the chaos of blasphemous sounds with words that caused the cheek of virtue to blanch with dismay. For an instant, and an instant only, Father Francis shrank from his painful task, and thought with regret of the scenes of peace and refinement he had just now left, and had he followed the natural impulses of his own pure nature, he would that moment have left this ungenial and polluted atmosphere, and returned to the sanctuary of his home, but the "still, small voice of duty," and that spirit of utter renunciation of self which belongs so exclusively to the Catholic priesthood, and which counts all things as nothing for the sake of Christ, urged him on; so whispering a prayer for aid, and feeling that the protection of God

was still around him, his step became once more firm, and, conscious of acting as the example of the meek and lowly Jesus had taught him, he hastened along to offer consolation to the unfortunate creature who was perishing soul and body for the want of some one to minister to her necessities, and no matter how vile the circumstances that surrounded her, or however stained her past life had been, her spirit, lingering on the brink of death and uncheered by the view beyond, had sent forth its cry to him, and the case being thus extreme, he felt the greater necessity for responding promptly to it. They now stopped before a ruinous looking hut, and the man pushing open what was only an apology for a door, they entered. The flickering light of a farthing candle lent a dimmer and more appalling aspect to the dilapidated room. From the low ceiling the plaster had in many places fallen away, and the rain, trickling through the roof, fell in more than one busy stream on the clay floor, while in a corner, lying on a few armfuls of straw, was extended the form of a dead child. *Poverty* and *death*, the bane and antidote of life, those two extremes of existence which are nearest heaven, had accomplished their mission, and the innocent one, emaciated to the last degree by hunger and cold, had laid her poor little head on the breast of her kind mother earth, and *died*. How calm was the settled beauty of her pallid brow through which the silent veins showed their delicate tracery! how solemn and eternal seemed the peace which rested on her still white lips! Her thin, attenuated hands had fallen gently by her side, and her feet, young though world-weary, crossed each other in everlasting repose, while over the dead one's shoulders, which were covered only by a few squalid rags, long dishevelled curls of bright hair fell like a beautiful mockery of death. The man took the candle, and, stooping over the child, laid his hand on her breast and exclaimed:

"Thank God! if there is a God, that you are out of your misery, poor little Nelly!" and then, throwing himself on a rude bench, buried his face in his hands and uttered not another word.

"The peace of our Lord be with you, my child," said Father Francis to the poor woman, who lay on her miserable bed like a fragile flower dropping beneath the winter's blast.

She started as the blessed words fell on her ears, and opening her eyes, raised them, instinct with newly awakened hopes, to his face; but she was too much exhausted to speak, and they closed heavily again, and so softly heaved up the almost spent breath from life's worn cells that Father Francis exclaimed: "Alas! poor child, am I too late?" The man heard these words; they penetrated through the morbid lethargy which despair was settling around him, and, approaching the bed with a wild haggard countenance, looked down into the pale face of his wife, and, bending over her, whispered:

"Lilly, Lilly—sir, she breathes! O for a drop of wine to restore life! but ha! ha! ha! wine for the poor, indeed! I will go out and ask the clouds to rain down gold, I believe." He was leaving the bedside when Father Francis asked him for a cup.

"A what?" inquired he, looking bewildered.

"A cup, my friend," he replied, mildly; "I have wine for your wife."

Oh!" said the man, "I often have this kind of dreams, and in them every one is offering wine and bread, but if I dream I have also to awake, and then comes—starvation."

Father Francis looked at the unfortunate man with deep commiseration, but, finding it a hopeless case to expect any assistance from him, glanced round, and, seeing a broken tumbler on a shelf, took it down, and, pouring a small quantity of wine in it, raised it to the poor woman's lips; but, finding that in her present position she could not swallow, he placed her in a more elevated and reclining posture, which change appeared to afford her great relief, and she drank with difficulty a few drops. The stimulating and refreshing fluid soon imparted a degree of warmth to her chilled and debilitated system, and, while Father Francis kindled a cheerful blaze on the hearth with a fagot or two which he found there, a genial glow slowly and gradually diffused itself through the damp, comfortless room, and she began to experience a consciousness of returning strength, which enabled her without much effort to speak in a connected manner. Her first inquiry was for her child, and, when she learned that it was dead, few but bitter were the tears she shed, and, to some kind remark of Father Francis, she replied:

"Ah! sir, I know it is right, and it would be selfish in me to grieve much, for poor little Nelly is now where want can never trouble her."

"True, my poor child," he answered; "she rests on the bosom of God, and what more, what higher honor could you have asked for her?"

"None, sir," answered the poor woman, wiping away her tears as they fell; "I would only like her body to rest beside the others in our village church yard, but that is far away, and she must be laid in charity ground among strangers now."

"Let not these thoughts disturb you," said Father Francis; "I will attend to having your child decently interred."

He now gave the man a few mouthfuls of wine and a portion of bread, which he greedily devoured, and, while he was listening to poor Lilly's whispered confession, her husband sat looking with stupid astonishment as if an angel had descended to his poor abode, and finally, as the idea that human sympathy had come Samaritan-like to apply the oil of consolation to their wounds, slowly impressed itself on his mind, the iron bonds which had seemed to confine the natural sensations of his heart and mind gradually unloosed their tension, and, with a grateful and subdued spirit, he wept freely.

"Speak, sir," said Lilly after her confession was finished, "speak if you please to poor Joseph. He has never been guilty of any crime, sir, although we have many, many times wanted bread which we were too proud to beg. He was once a pious, good man."

"Joseph, my friend," said Father Francis, seating himself on the rude bench by his side, and passing his arm around his shoulders, "you have known trouble; well, think no more of the past; endure patiently the present, and trust to Almighty God for the future, and all will be well."

"I doubt it much, sir, though I thank you humbly for your kindness. It has been many a day since I heard a kind word."

"And why, my friend?"

"I was unfortunate, sir," said the man bitterly.

"Alas!" thought Father Francis, "what a bitter and sarcastic truth on the charity of the world. But Joseph," he said, "if the world frowned on you, you should then have applied

yourself more faithfully to the duties of religion."

"Perhaps so, sir. I once thought there was such a thing."

"Once thought! What mean you, Joseph?"

"I mean, sir, that when I began to go down hill people in the world, and of no religion, were the only ones that seemed to feel for me. The others, instead of helping me with a lift, gave me push after push, until I got to the bottom, and I began to think that religion was, after all, nothing more than a pretty humbug."

"My poor child," said Father Francis, "because a few individuals acted contrary to the spirit of their religion, and with a want of generous pity and pious duty, turned a deaf ear to your necessities, you should not have forsaken those holy practices which, in your misfortunes, could alone have sustained you. Religion was given us to make us humble in prosperity, and resigned in adversity, and to show on whom we ought to depend when the world withdraws its support. Let me beseech you, Joseph, to return to your duties, and God, whom you first forsook, will again receive and bless you."

"Ah, sir," said he, pointing to his dead child and weeping, "that sight almost turns my heart to stone."

"And why?" inquired Father Francis; "she is now an angel filled with the joys and plenitude of heaven. He who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' our blessed Redeemer, Joseph, has secured for your child an eternity of peace. She is freed for ever from pain, hunger, cold and disease. Think not of her body, which is but dust, but think of her as she is, an angel with God."

"It may be so, sir, I can not tell. I know she is dead, and that the cruelty of the world, which, out of its abundance, could not give me bread, has been the cause of it. Oh," said he, clenching his hands, and drawing back his white lips in a perfect paroxysm of grief and indignation, "I did not beg from them; I did not want them to support me in idleness; all that I asked for was work, that I might earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, and this was refused."

"You judge the world too harshly, my friend," said Father Francis mildly, "but, come with me, your wife is now strong enough to be left for a short time alone, and

when we get into some public thoroughfare I will direct an undertaker to return with you and dispose of your child's body decently until to-morrow, when I will meet you at the church, and accompany it with you to the place of burial, which I will provide. And there are one or two other things which must be attended to to-night. Both yourself and wife need food, and thank God, in a city like this, money, at least, will procure it at any hour."

"And now, my poor child," he said to the woman, "God bless you. Failure in business, subsequent ill health, poverty and bereavements, you have borne meekly and without rancor, and he will reward your patience. To-morrow evening I will see you again, by which time arrangements will be made to conduct you from this horrible neighborhood."

Faithfully he kept his promises, and poor Joseph, who had been a bad manager, but had learned from that hard master, *experience*, some salutary lessons, obtained employment, and was compelled at last to acknowledge that he had judged the world quite as harshly as it had judged him. His wife regained her health, and a steady succession of employment placed them once more in plain though comfortable circumstances.

. The morning star hanging like an angel, far up in the shadowy depths of the sky, was returning slowly to the new born day its borrowed light, it would soon disappear, its glory would ere long be absorbed by a greater glory, it would not set, but melt away on the shining horizon, light would return to light, like a spirit redeemed and purified, returning to its native heaven. Dr. Lurbeck, who had been with Clavering during the night, now left him.

"Is there no hope, doctor?" inquired Mrs. Botelar.

"None, madam, none. A few hours will terminate his existence."

Mr. Beverly had gone to apprise Father Francis that the last dread agony, which was to sever the golden threads of life, was rapidly drawing near him. It was whispered through the quiet house that he was dying, and the sleepers arose, with tears hanging on each heavy eyelid, to go in and assist once more at the solemn death sacraments. There was no perceptible change in Clavering's countenance. His pulse throbbed wearily, the finger of death

had touched the warm current, and its glowing, rose hue was fading from it for ever; the lilies of the grave already gathered, in pure beauty, about life's fountain, and, like the mists of evening, chilled its ebbing tide. Father Francis, bearing the HOLY SACRAMENT, entered the room accompanied by Mr. Beverly, and when he approached to administer, in holy communion, the "body and blood of the Lord" to him, and for a moment elevated the spotless host, saying, "Behold him, behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world," Clavering, who had been for an hour speechless and helpless, gazed with eyes already lit up with beams from the spiritual world on it, and raising his hands, exclaimed in a clear, sweet tone, "I thank thee, O Lord of love, for thy boundless and undeserved mercies. I was wandering afar from thee, and thou didst recall me; I was lost, and thou didst find me; and now thou hast come to bless me with thy adorable presence, until thou shalt admit me to the light of thy unveiled countenance." . . .

He was then anointed with the oil of extreme unction, and while every other voice present was subdued and faltering, his was clear and steady, as he responded to the soul-touching prayers and litanies of the church for his departing spirit. . . . Through the day he lingered. He uttered but few words, and frequently slumbered, but towards evening the restlessness peculiar to persons who die of this disease became apparent, and, at his request, he was removed from his bed to the large chair where he usually reclined. Mrs. Botelar spent much time alone in the oratory. Mrs. Talmadge was there gliding gently, and moving softly about him, and whispering in tearful accents words of good cheer. The mental energies of Col. Clavering were nearly prostrated, when the truth forced itself on his mind that his son must die, and he sat for hours rigid and pale, like one under the influence of catalepsy. His mother stood alone by his side, woman-like, suffering and enduring, and the poor Irishman, Barney, who had been faithful in his attendance at the door of the sick room every day, happy if he could but catch a glimpse of his benefactor's face, now entered, treading as softly as a child, and approaching him, knelt at his feet, and kissed his hand, and said imploringly, "Bless me, sir!"

He reached forth his hand gropingly, like one in the dark, and laid it tremblingly on his head, praying that the blessing of Almighty God might rest for ever with him. No sound was heard throughout the house, except the almost noiseless closing and unclosing of doors, and occasionally the hollow sound of the muffled knocker, as persons called to inquire after the invalid.

"Beverly," said Clavering, "you have blessed my last hours, friend, in your compliance with the demands of your conscience and religion. You have at last partaken of that banquet in which our beloved Lord gives us himself. When next you receive this heavenly food, you must remember my departed soul. We have loved each other in life, henceforth, after death, our intercourse will be spiritual, but not less profitable."

Again the shadows of the long, last sleep fell around him, and a deep slumber stole over him. Night wore on, and with the dark hours came sullen storms which howled and held high revelry in the upper air, and scattered gloom and dismay through the deserted streets of the city. "Mother!" said Clavering, awaking.

"My child!"

"I have dreamed, mother!"

"Of what, my darling? smiles are on your countenance; of what have you dreamed, my child?"

"In my dream I was wandering through the depths of a gloomy and intricate forest, and impelled by supernatural influences, followed the footsteps of an unknown guide. Night closed over us at last, and on every side I heard the hissing of serpents, and unholy words from evil phantoms who thronged around us, and I clung affrighted to the arm of my guide. 'Fear not,' he at last said, 'the danger is past. Behold, here we rest, and pointed to a door in a rock, which, when he touched it, flew back, revealing within a spacious building with arches, pillars and aisles, hewn out of the solid granite. With a feeling of gratitude and security, I naturally turned to glance at the gloomy road which we had traversed, and lo! a light as intense as the sun, but not larger than the evening star, gleamed afar off, throwing a long vista of radiance through those dreary shades. 'Behold,' said my guide, 'what dost thou see?' I

looked again intently, and now in the distance discerned an altar, which the sharp contrast between light and darkness had prevented my seeing until now, that my eyes, more accustomed to it, and less dim, beheld not only the altar, but, resting on it, in a halo of glory, the holy sacrament. 'Ah!' said I, rejoicing, 'that beam which throws its angel hue through yon frightful gloom is the immaculate victim of our redemption clothed in the white veil of the sacred host!' 'And I,' said my guide, 'am thy guardian angel;' and he instantly shone like the sun, and unfolding his golden wings, which dazzled my earthly eyes, said, 'yon spotless Lamb,' and he signed himself with the sign of faith, and bowed his glorious head to the earth, 'hitherto concealed from you, except by faith, throughout our gloomy way, smiles thus from the altar of propitiation on earth to give you a foretaste of the ravishment of his presence, and the ineffable light of his enduring smile, when you shall have passed within this silent mansion, and through yon long dim aisles, to the open portals which admit you where the glory of the Lord will for ever shine around you.' Mother! my eyes still glimmer with the reflection of that ecstatic sight, my heart feels strangely moved; lay your hand on it, it throbs like a prisoned thing, beating its wings against the bars of its cage, impatient to be free."

"Beloved child," said Mrs. Clavering, trying in vain to restrain her tears, "ere long thy angel guardian will surely conduct thee to the silent mansions, but thou wilt soar beyond these to repose for ever in the mercies of thy Lord."

"Tears, mother? Rather rejoice, and, while my eyes slowly close in death, chaunt with exultant voice the *Te Deum* for the body which will rest, and the soul which puts off its vestments of mortality to win eternal life."

"My soul rejoices with thine, my child, but nature, while she regards thy desolate home and our lonely age, has nothing left but sadness and tears."

He would have spoken, but the twilight shadows of the grave gathered around his vision, and as its chilling influence breathed on him, the flame of life quivered fitfully. He reclined motionless on the pillows which supported him. His hands, clasping a crucifix, reposed on his breast. His eyes, beautiful in death, were filled with an expression of triumphant

faith. Mrs. Clavering knelt beside him. Even the agony of a mother's heart was awed into silence as it contemplated the gradual passing of an immortal soul from the bonds of flesh into the presence of its God. Mrs. Botelar and Alice approached and knelt near him. Col. Clavering, who had been watching the countenance of every one, perceiving this movement, judged truly that the closing scene of life was at hand, and with faltering steps approached, and, standing for a moment, gazed on him in insupportable agony, and, lifting his hands and eyes heavenward with deprecating glance, uttered groans which smote on the ears of those who heard them with a meaning of heart-rending import.

There is one of whom we have not yet spoken who had come at the first intimation of his extreme danger to look once more on those features which in the bright days of yore had been so beloved. A simple white robe confined around the waist by a ribbon of the same spotless hue formed her dress, while over her pale forehead the waving masses of her dark auburn hair were braided Madonna like. Her face was as colorless and pallid as his she watched. There was no cross on her bosom, no rosary depended from those thin white fingers which wandered like a minute watch to press the brow of the dying man, and while others knelt to sanctify by humility and prayer the close of life, she alone stood. This was Isadora.

Without the storm raged wildly, the stars were no more seen in their tranquil glory, torrents of rain and sleet dashed with furious might against the quivering casement; all was dark, gloomy and terrific without, but within the strife of this elemental war was unheard by the dying. Life's conflict, its storms, its tears, its agonies were well nigh past; ah! yes, and though the outer world was dark and night's jewels veiled their glistening brows behind the shadows of the storm, around his way a star of ineffable glory was shining, the "winter was passing away and flowers were beginning to appear in the land."

"Mother," he whispered, "mother."

"My child, my beloved one, how is it with you!"

"At the foot of the cross, at the foot of the cross, mother," he whispered; "but tell me how is this; the heavens glow around me; I

know not now where I am. Are you near me, mother?"

His mind wandered; the mists of death confused for an instant the essence of life with that of eternity; they were merely gliding past each other, one to the dust, the other to the unapproachable splendors of immortality.

"Father," he said, in a clearer and firmer tone, "I forsake thee only for the love and service of our Father in heaven, nought else, my father. Ah! mother, he spurns me and turns away; he forgives me not; go to him."

"Lord God!" exclaimed Col. Clavering, "I deserve it all. Louis—Louis—but, alas! he knows me not."

The dying young man closed his eyes and seemed to sleep; a change was passing over him; a slight tinge mantled his cheeks, and his breath became quick and difficult; the mist had passed away from his spirit, and he now raised his eyes, beaming with sweet and resigned patience, towards heaven.

"Father," he said, "raise me in your arms." Dying men, it is said, have their fancies; his was to lean his head on the bosom of that parent, that they who had been separated and endured such silent agonies in life might bless each other in sweet hope and forgiving love at the portals of the tomb.

While he lay reposing his head like an innocent child on the breast of his father, whose embracing arms closed fondly around him, Father Francis entered the room, and, kneeling by his side, encouraged and cheered him with heavenly promises as he walked beneath the shadow of death. Silent he lay, easy and more tranquil, while fainter and fainter throbbed the pulses of life; the soul was gradually absorbing the last remaining drop of that principle which imparted vitality to its tenement of clay.

"Can it be? can it be?" he whispered, raising his now sightless eyes upwards; "am I yet on earth? are those sounds that steal around me so softly the echoes of heaven, and those beams of light shining, floating, gathering around me, what mean they?" The spirit thus basking in those celestial visions imparted a hue of unearthly beauty to his death-cold features. His lips move; we hear not the words—but listen; again he whispers almost inarticulately, and we can distinguish the holy names of **JESUS**, **MARY**, and **JOSEPH**; and while, with a last effort of expiring nature, he

clasped his crucifix closer to his breast, his gentle soul passed away without a pang into the presence of its God.

It was night, and the waters of the old Rappahannock were once more bright with reflected light. It was a strange sight, those boats floating lazily on the tide, with long blazing torches at their bows, and filled with men who scarcely spoke one to another, and wore on their faces looks of such sad expectation. Along the shore more than a hundred negroes sat or stood in groups, and, by the red light of their rosin wood torches, many a bronzed cheek might be seen wet with tears. Not a word was uttered, but with strained eyes they looked out on the dark waters beyond, and with strained ears listened for the first sound of dashing oars. No sound was heard except the waves which softly splashed against the pebbly shore, and the distant howl of the chained house-dogs whose instincts informed them that no common event had caused them to be thus deserted. The far off sounds of a tolling bell now came swelling along the waters, and ere long the continuous dash of paddles announced the near approach of a steamboat. On she came, swinging slowly round the point of wood lands which had concealed her lights from those in the boats and on shore, and, while the boats were rapidly rowed beyond the channel, she hove too. On her deck beneath a rich velvet pall reposed the body of the heir of Blenheim Forest. It had returned to claim its hereditary title to a resting place in the family vault of the Claverings.

"Ease away there; ease off the ropes; steady all hands, steady," exclaimed a deep-toned manly voice as the coffin was slowly lowered and settled on the thwarts of the boat which had been prepared for its reception, with a hollow and lumbering sound. Between the oar-locks in each side three upright torches were blazing, and by their light the white cross on the velvet pall gleamed out in bold and pure relief. Col. Clavering and Father Francis sat in the stern. Mrs. Clavering, Mr. Beverly and Isadora followed in another boat, and slowly and solemnly the funeral train moved with the measured stroke of oars to the shore. When the family servants recognised the shrouded coffin of their beloved master and friend, their emotion could be restrained no

longer, and, while many of them in their eagerness to approach it dashed wildly out into the waters, they all uttered lamentations whose mournfulness can more easily be imagined than described. Sad was their farewell, more sad and heart-touching the welcome on his return. The doors which had closed on him in life now opened wide to receive him dead. Through the favorite haunt in which we first saw him his body was borne by eight gentlemen, and in that drawing-room which, when the young heir was last in it, rung with music, mirth, and gladness, they laid him down silently amidst their tears.

Col. Clavering, Father Francis, and Mr. Beverly watched through the night beside him, and day had scarcely dawned when Mrs. Clavering, exhausted in body and bruised in spirit, came there also to weep. The coffin lid was turned back. His face, unchanged, was beautiful in death. She pressed her lips on his icy brow and leaned her cheeks on his, and, clinging to the coffin, called on him in frantic accents. Those who had loved him in life and had come to gaze on him for the last time ere he was concealed for ever from them, were unmanned by this touching scene, nor strove to hide the tears which streamed over their cheeks or repress the sobs that caused each manly chest to heave with sincere emotion. He was buried according to the solemn ritual of the faith in which he died.

Several years after these events, a sudden and violent storm was wildly rushing through one of the difficult mountain passes in Italy, and a carriage containing three travellers was placed in a situation of extreme peril; for the horses, frightened and unmanageable, had become entangled in the traces, and, in seeking instinctively to extricate themselves, had by their violent exertions dragged the carriage over a fallen tree and broken the springs. The horses continued to plunge and start so wildly that the postillions could scarcely control them, and it was only after repeated and dangerous efforts that the travellers were enabled to leave their perilous situation and take shelter beneath the overhanging rocks where they were still exposed to the violent peltings of the tempest. Night was coming on, the storm increased in violence, and their situation was becoming every moment more appalling, when

the sound of an Ave Maria bell tolling at no great distance assured them that they were within reach of aid from some friendly convent, and, preceded by their guide, they followed the sound and soon perceived the lights gleaming from its windows which directed them immediately to its gates. It was the monastery of —, and they were instantly admitted within the portals, and received by the superior with the utmost kindness and hospitality, who conducted them with words of sincere welcome into the parlor, which was soon made comfortable for the wet and weary travellers. Fruits, wheaten cakes and wine were placed before them, to which truly southern fare they did ample justice. The superior left them to accompany the religious to the chapel to perform the usual evening office, but before retiring came in to see that every thing was arranged for the comfort of his guests, and say good night.

"I perceive," said he to the travellers, "that you are English."

"No, father superior, we are Americans!"

"Americans! how fortunate! There is an American gentleman who completed his theological studies, and was ordained a year ago in Rome, who will be received into our order to-morrow morning, and, if you please, I will send a lay brother to conduct you to the chapel to witness the reception." They expressed their pleasure and thanked him for their considerate kindness.

On the following morning the melodious tones of an organ, subdued and sweet, as they stole from the distant chapel through the corridors and passages of that ancient house, aroused the travellers from the deep sleep into which previous exhaustion and fatigue had thrown them. Making a hasty toilette, they accompanied the lay brother, who had been patiently waiting for them, to the chapel. From their devout manner, it was no difficult task to comprehend, at once, the creed they professed. The postulant, who was seated in front of the altar in the sanctuary, started, as his eyes fell on the features of the gentleman of the party, who was equally astonished when he recognised in him a familiar face. These were *Col. Clavering* and *Mr. Beverly*!

Mrs. Clavering and Isadora knew him at a glance, and it was with much effort that they controlled their emotion. The last time they had seen him he was weeping over the re-

mains of one who was dear to both. A warm flush passed over Mr. Beverly's countenance when he recognised them, but it soon faded, and left his face pale and subdued as before, nor did he again raise his eyes during the ceremony. . . . They requested to see him before they left the monastery, and awaited with some anxiety for his appearance, *but he came not*, and the superior handed Mrs. Clavering a small package, which, on being opened, was found to contain an exquisitely painted miniature of her deceased son, and a brief note containing these words: "I return to you, as its proper owner, the last and most cherished memento of that world from which I am for ever separated. It reminded me too constantly, and with too many regrets, of its beloved original. In the celebration of the holy mysteries the soul of my departed friend is daily remembered by me, also those whom he loved on earth. Thus only do I wish to be reminded of the past. Pray for Brother Ignatius."

Col. Clavering did not long survive his return from Italy, and now sleeps beside his child. Mrs. Clavering and Isadora, in the fervent practice of the duties of religion and

charity, like Mr. Beverly, try to forget the past. Mrs. Botelar died, full of years and honors, a few weeks after seeing the gentle Alice united to the eldest son of Mrs. Brentwood, who is now a distinguished member of the Maryland bar. Mrs. Talmadge may still be seen perseveringly seeking out the needy and distressed, through rain and sunshine, heat and cold; she still, regardless of self, administers in person to their wants. The tranquillity of Father Francis' life has been interrupted by many cares; its uniform and quiet routine was disturbed by a communication from Rome, which placed, unsolicited, a MITRE on his head. Father Harley, the measure of whose days was filled up with humility and good works, sleeps the sleep of death.

In a business part of the city a sign may be seen over the door of a neat and well-filled grocery establishment, on which is painted, in modest characters, the name of B. O'Callan, and from the evidences of industry and thrifty management about it, we infer that our old friend Barney is not only in prosperous circumstances, but a living illustration of the fact that piety, integrity, and virtue meet their reward sometimes even on earth.

THE END.

OUR COLONIAL BLUE LAWS.

ARTICLE II.

HERETICS, QUAKERS, AND WITCHES.

I. *The BLUE LAWS OF NEW-HAVEN COLONY, usually called Blue Laws of Connecticut; QUAKER LAWS OF PLYMOUTH AND MASSACHUSETTS; BLUE LAWS OF NEW YORK, MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, AND SOUTH CAROLINA. FIRST RECORD OF CONNECTICUT; interesting extracts from Connecticut records; cases of Salem witchcraft; charges and banishment of Rev. Roger Williams, &c.; and other interesting and instructive antiquities. Compiled by an Antiquarian. Hartford: Printed by Case, Tiffany & Co. 1838. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 336.*

II. *THE CODE OF 1656; being a compilation of the earliest laws and orders of the General Court of Connecticut: also, the Constitution, or civil compact, entered into and adopted by*

the towns of Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield in 1638-9. To which are added some extracts from the laws and judicial proceedings of the New-Haven Colony, commonly called Blue Laws. Hartford: Judd, Loomis & Co. 1836. 1 vol. 16mo., pp. 119.



OR two things were the good pilgrim fathers especially remarkable: their hatred of heresy, and their mortal aversion to witches. Wo to the bold man who, during the good old days of Puritanism in New England, dared to think for himself in matters of religion, if, while enjoying this privilege, he unfortunately differed in opinion from the ma

jority then wielding power! Wo to him if he chanced not to be orthodox, that is, not so rigidly Calvinistic as his brethren! He was sure to become the victim of a most relentless persecution; and, if he escaped with sound ears, or an unbored tongue, or even with his life, he might deem himself a very lucky man. And as to the luckless wizard who, at that *enlightened* period, dared wave his mystic wand of incantation; or the haggard old witch, who, toothless and lustreless, and mounted on her broom-stick, ventured to perform her stated aerial evolutions, "to sweep the cobwebs from the sky;" they were placed entirely without the pale of society; they were outlawed, and no more mercy was shown them than to the very imps of Satan, who, it was devoutly believed, bodily inhabited their persons!

The pilgrim fathers were certainly excellent heresy-hunters. They could detect the lurking infection in a twinkling. They could discover beams in the eyes of their neighbors, in which others, less keen-sighted, could scarcely have discovered motes. And as for witchcraft, they could scent it from afar, probably in consequence of the strong odor of brimstone which it usually gave out; and they could tell, to a nicety, its exact symptoms and *diagnosis*, with as much facility and certainty as the physician can tell the disease of his patient by feeling his pulse and examining his tongue. But, unlike the skilful physician, and like the empiric, they had but one remedy for the cure of the malady; a remedy, however, at once very simple and very efficacious, the halter. This medicine was never known to fail in effectually subduing the most obstinate case of witchcraft.

It would, indeed, appear that the Puritans who peopled New England should have learned some mercy and toleration in the severe school of suffering in which they had been trained up in *Protestant* England. It would seem that, having felt the smart of the rod of persecution on their own shoulders, they should have been very slow in applying it to the shoulders of others. Having emigrated to a new world for the enjoyment of the inestimable blessings of religious liberty; having braved, for this high and noble motive, the unknown perils of a boundless ocean, and the untried hardships and dangers of a frightful wilderness in a new world; they were surely not going to re-assert the very intolerant prin-

ciple to which they had been indebted for all their trials and sufferings. They were surely not going to set up again, in a virgin hemisphere yet unstained with the blood of the martyr, that very Moloch which had consumed their fathers, and had threatened themselves with a fiery death. If they were really sincere and steadfast in their principles, they would certainly have done for ever with all kinds of persecution, no matter what the pretext for it, and would have given to the breeze the glorious banner of universal toleration and religious liberty.

But, alas for the weakness and inconsistency of poor human nature! these our reasonable anticipations are all doomed to utter disappointment, and we find the Puritans, who, in England and in Holland were the loudest champions of unchecked liberty of conscience, become themselves, *immediately* after their arrival in America, the most stern and relentless persecutors! We find them setting up on our continent that very principle of church and state in which all their wrongs had originated, and lording it over the consciences of their fellow-men with as high a hand as ever the haughty church of England had lorded it over themselves! Were they sincere, were they honest in all this? Or were they merely weak and inconsistent? Were they hypocrites, or were they mere blind fanatics? We venture not to decide. But of one thing we are quite certain—they were not the immaculate *saints* they are usually represented to have been.

The inimitable Washington Irving thus humorously hits off their canting inconsistency and hypocrisy in the matter of persecution.

"Having served a regular apprenticeship in the school of persecution, it behooved them to show that they had become proficient in the art. They accordingly employed their leisure hours in banishing, scourging, or hanging divers heretical papists, Quakers, and Anabaptists, for daring to abuse the *liberty of conscience*, which they now clearly proved to imply nothing more than that every man should think as he pleased in matters of religion, *provided* he thought *right*, for otherwise it would be giving a latitude to damnable heresies. Now as they (the majority) were perfectly convinced that *they alone* thought *right*, it consequently followed that whoever thought differently from them thought *wrong*.

and whoever thought wrong, and obstinately persisted in not being convinced and converted, was a flagrant violator of the inestimable liberty of conscience, and a corrupt and infectious member of the body politic, and deserved to be lopped off and cast into the fire.”*

In the matter of the blue laws proper, we must award the palm of excellence to Connecticut or Massachusetts; but in the matter of scourging, branding, banishing, or hanging heretics and witches, we must certainly assign the precedency to Massachusetts. Whether it was that there were more heretics and witches in the latter colony, or that the hardy pioneers of the former had become more civilized, and their hearts softer by their greater proximity to the Indians, certain it is that the adventurous “moss troopers,” who inhabited the plantations on the Connecticut river, are not recorded to have actually hung any witches or heretics, though they had laws against both, and though they more than once put both in bodily terror. On the contrary, the unadulterated and unmitigated Puritans of Massachusetts were not satisfied with mere laws on paper, or with mere empty threats; they went boldly to work to rid the country, given by the Lord “as an inheritance to his *saints*,” of all the *pests* which tainted its moral and religious atmosphere by their poisonous breath. No one could be either a heretic or a witch in Massachusetts, and live. The colony was too *holy* by far for any such wretches, and they must either die the death, or seek from the *savage* of the unexplored wilderness that *mercy* which they sought in vain from their *Christian* brethren! So blind and unfeeling is bigotry!

It was thus that the famous Roger Williams was driven forth, to say nothing of the treatment of Richard Waterman, of Ann Hutchinson, and of a number of other “pestilent heretics” of Massachusetts. And what were the offences which drew down upon Roger Williams the terrible chastisement of being driven out into the wilderness in the dead of winter,†

to find shelter from the savages, or to perish of hunger and cold? The following are the weighty charges preferred against him in the general court, held July 8th, 1635.

That he held these “*dangerous opinions* : 1. That the magistrate ought not to punish the breach of the first table, otherwise than in such cases as did disturb the civil peace. 2. That he ought not to tender an oath to an unregenerate man. 3. That a man ought not to pray with such, though wife, children, &c. 4. That a man ought not to give thanks after sacrament, nor after meals.”*

The first article was evidently the main ground of difficulty. The Puritans asserted, and Roger Williams denied, that the civil magistrate had any right to punish mere religious delinquencies, or “breaches of the first table” of the commandments, embracing the duties we owe to God, unless such delinquencies should disturb “the civil peace.” The Puritans asserted, and Roger Williams protested against the principle of a union of church and state. The Puritans asserted the right in the state to enforce religious conformity; Roger Williams protested against that right. The Puritans triumphed, and so did Roger Williams; *they* drove him out, and *he*, when driven out, became the founder of a new colony which he moulded according to his own principles.

We subjoin the sentence of banishment pronounced against him, as a curious piece of antiquity.

“Whereas Mr. Roger Williams, one of the elders of the church of Salem, hath broached and divulged divers *new and dangerous opinions against the authority of magistrates*, as also written letters of defamation both of magistrates and churches here, and that before any conviction, and yet maintaineth the same without retraction; it is therefore ordered that the said Mr. Williams shall depart out of this jurisdiction within six weeks now next ensuing, which, if he neglects to perform, it shall be lawful for the governor and two of the magistrates to send him to some place out of this jurisdiction, not to return any more without license from the court.”†

This and many similar sentences of banishment against heretics, found on the old Massachusetts records, exhibit the stern and relentless spirit of the Puritans, a spirit worthy of all

* History of New York. Irving's works, in two volumes, 8vo. Philadelphia, 1840. Vol. i, p. 76.

† Sentence of banishment was passed on him in October, 1635; and the court *mercifully* allowed him to remain in the colony till the following spring, on condition of his not disseminating his doctrines; yet it became necessary for Williams to fly in the following January, as he learned that his accusers were about sending him to England for trial and punishment.

* Record of the court. Blue Laws of Massachusetts p. 65.

† Massachusetts records. Oct. 1635. Blue Laws &c., p. 67.

reprobation, and reproved in the following fine passage of the Protestant divine, Jortin, whom our author quotes, and of whose sentiments we heartily approve.

"To banish, imprison, starve, hang, and burn men for their religion, is not the Gospel of Christ, but the gospel of the devil. Where persecution begins Christianity ends, and if the name of it remains, the spirit is gone. Christ never used any thing like force or violence, except once, and that was to drive men out of the temple, and not to drive them in."*

But the Quakers—the poor, harmless, and inoffensive Quakers—were those who smarted most under the lash of puritanical intolerance.

"The Quakers were whipped, branded, had their ears cut off, their tongues bored with hot irons, and were banished, upon the pain of death in case of their return, and actually executed upon the gallows."†

Yet they asked for no special privilege; they sought merely the boon of religious toleration. They could not find this boon in England, and, like the Puritans themselves, they had emigrated to the new world with the fondly cherished hope that, here at least, they might enjoy freedom of conscience. But sadly were they mistaken. The Puritans had no bowels of mercy for those who, like themselves, had fled from persecution in the old world. Towards Quakers, especially, they entertained feelings of the most deadly hatred, as the laws common to all the New England colonies clearly prove. Among the blue laws of Connecticut we find the following:

"18. No Quaker or dissenter from the established worship of this dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates or any officers.

"19. No food or lodging shall be afforded to a Quaker, Adainite, or other heretic."‡

But, as we have already intimated, the laws of the Plymouth colony against Quakers were the most rigid of all, and the only ones, in fact, which were strictly executed. The following are among the orders of the court assembled at Plymouth at different times in the years 1657, 1658, 1659, &c. They were copied by our author from the Plymouth records themselves.

"It is ordered by the court, that in case any shall bring in any Quaker, Rantor, or other notorious heretiques, either by lande or water, into any parte of this government, shall forth-

with, upon order from any one magistrate, returne them to the place from whence they came, or clear the government of them on the penaltie of paying the fine of twenty shillings for every weeke that they shall stay in the government after warninge."*

In the same year it was further

"Enacted by the court and the authoretie thereof, that noe Quaker or person commonly soe called, bee entertained by any person or persons within this government, under the penalty of five pounds for every such default, or be whipt, and in case any one shall entertaine any such person ignorantly, if hee shal testify on his oath that hee knew not them to bee such, hee shal be freed of the aforesaid penalty, provided hee upon his first decerning them to bee such, doe discover them to the constable or his deputy."†

October 6th, 1657, an order was passed banishing Humphrey Norton, a Quaker, from the colony, and on the 14th October following this additional law was enacted against Quakers. For atrocious cruelty it is surpassed by few documents of the kind on record in any country, Christian or pagan.

"As an addition to the late order in reference to the coming or bringing in of the *cursed sect* of the Quakers into this jurisdiction, it is ordered that whosoever shall from henceforth bring, or cause to be brought, directly or indirectly, any known Quaker or Quakers, or other blasphemous heretiques into this jurisdiction, every such person shall forfeit the sum of one hundred pounds to the country, and shall by warrant from any magistrate, be committed to prison, there to remain till the penalty be satisfied and paid, and if any person or persons within this jurisdiction shall henceforth entertaine and conceal any such Quaker or Quakers, or other blasphemous heretiques (knowing them so to be), every such person shall forfeit to the country *forty shillings for every hour's* entertainment and concealment of any Quaker or Quakers as aforesaid, and shall be committed to prison as aforesaid, until the forfeitures be fully satisfied and paid; and it is further ordered, that if any Quaker or Quakers shall presume, after they have once suffered what the law requireth, to come into this jurisdiction, every such male Quaker shall, for the first offence, *have one of his ears cut off*, and be kept at work in the house of correction till he can be sent away at his own charge; and for the second offence, *shall have the other ear cut off*, &c., and kept at the house of correction as aforesaid. And every woman Quaker that hath suffered the law here, that shall presume to come into this jurisdiction, *shall be severely whipt*, and kept at the house of correction at work, till she be sent away *at her*

* Blue Laws, &c., p. 68, note. † Ibid. Preface, p. vi. ‡ Ibid. p. 122.

* Ibid. p. 13.

† Ibid. p. 14.

own charge, and so also for her coming again she shall be alike used as aforesaid. And for every Quaker, he or she, that shall a third time herein again offend, **THEY SHALL HAVE THEIR TONGUES BORED THROUGH WITH A HOT IRON**, and be kept at the house of correction, close at work, till they be sent away *at their own charge*.”*

Alas for the gallantry and the tender mercies of the pilgrim fathers! If these laws, and many more of a similar nature too numerous and lengthy for quotation, be any index of their character, then shall we thank God as long as we live that we have not a drop of Puritan blood in our veins! We could not even feel easy or comfortable, were we descended from those *holy* men, with long visages and sanctimonious looks, but with cold and iron hearts steeled against humanity, who could pray as long prayers at the corners of the streets as the ancient Pharisees, or the more modern Praise-God-Bare-Bones of Cromwell's fanatical army, but who were as merciless as fanatical, and as hypocritical as any other Pharisees of them all, whether ancient or modern. Much would we prefer to be ranked with the publicans and sinners than with such *saints*!

By laws subsequently enacted, all persons under suspicion of holding the “diabolical doctrines” of the “cursed sect” of Quakers, were forbidden, under severe penalties, from meeting together for worship;† Quakers, Rantors, and all such corrupt persons could not be admitted freemen, nor be allowed to vote;‡ their books were to be seized by the public officers, and presented to the court;§ and even their horses were to be seized and confiscated to the government.¶ This last law is so curious that we must copy it entire.

“Whereas we find that, of late time, the Quakers have bin furnished with horses, and thereby they have not only more speedy passage from place to place to the poisoning of the inhabitants with their *cursed* tenetts, but alsoe thereby have escaped the hands of the officers, that might otherwise have apprehended them. It is therefore enacted by the court and the authoritie thereof, that if any person or persons whatsoever in this government, doth, or shall furnish any of them with horse or horse-kind, the same to bee forfeited and seized on for the use of this government; or any horses that they shall bring into the government, or shall be brought in for them, and they make use of, shall bee forfeited as aforesaid; and that it shall

be lawfull for any inhabitant to make seizure of any such horse and to deliver him to the constable or treasurer for the use of the county.”

We will conclude our rapid summary of the laws against Quakers with the following extract from the Plymouth record of 1660.

“It is enacted by the court and the authoritie thereof, that if any person or persons commonly called Quakers, or any other such like *vagabonds* shall come into any towne of this government, the marshall or constable shall apprehend him or them, and upon examination, soe appearing, hee shall *whip them, or cause them to be whipt with rods*,”* &c.

Talk of the Spanish inquisition after this! And yet these laws were not a mere dead letter, as the early history of Massachusetts abundantly proves. It appears, from the public records themselves, that the following persons were banished, after having suffered imprisonment, and probably the other terrible penalties of the law:—Humphrey Norton, Samuel Shattock, Laurence Southwick, his wife, Nicholas Phelps, Joshua Buffam, and Josiah Southwick; that William Robinson, Marmaduke Stephenson, and Mary Dyer were sentenced to death, and the two first executed; and that the treasurer was empowered to sell into slavery “to any of the English nation at Virginia and Barbadoes, Daniel and Provided Southwick, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick,” because they had been either unwilling or unable to pay the fines imposed on them for recusancy.†

The Quakers loudly protested against this high-handed injustice and glaring cruelty; but their protest was either allowed to pass unheeded, or it was met with additional insult. Thus “Humphrey Norton, who was a Quaker, and who had smarted under the rod of persecution of the governor of the Plymouth patent,” addressed a letter, “with care and speed,” to the chief of his persecutors, upon whom, after having charged him with uttering *eight* palpable lies, he thus denounced the divine vengeance:

“The cry of vengeance will pursue thee day and night for other men's goods, hard speeches, unrighteous actions which thou hast done and spoken against us and others, without and contrary to the righteous law; . . . the days of thy wailing will be like unto that of a woman that murders the fruit of her wombe; the anguish and paine that will enter upon thy reignes will be like gnawing wormes

* Ibid. pp. 14, 15.
§ Ibid. p. 20.

† P. 16.
¶ P. 33.

‡ Ibid.

* P. 34.

† P. 17, seqq.

lodging betwixt thy hart and liver; when these things come upon thee, and thy back bowed downe with paine, in that day and houre thou shalt know to thy grief that prophetts of the Lord God wee are, and the God of vengeance is our God.”*

What reply was made to this and similar protests? The general court of Massachusetts published an elaborate “declaration,” which is found spread out on the records, and in which the course pursued against the Quakers is defended by a long train of arguments copiously interlarded with texts of Scripture! The court openly defended the doctrine of persecution on the authority of Scripture! This strongly reminds us of John Calvin’s famous, or rather infamous book in favor of punishing heretics, written by him expressly to vindicate his agency in the burning of Servetus! Verily the disciples were worthy of their master; but neither the one nor the other had any right even to pronounce the soul-thrilling word—**LIBERTY**.

But we are tired of unfolding these cruelties, and we willingly pass from the sad history of the formal and demure New England Quakers to that of the fantastic and mischief-loving New England witches! We know not upon what principle of philosophy or theology to account for the fact that witches were at that time so abundant in New England; but the fact itself we deem undeniable, at least if we are to give any credit to the testimony of the Rev. Cotton Mather, and of scores of other grave and cotemporary witnesses. Speaking of the great number of cases of witchcraft which had occurred during his time, the Rev. Cotton Mather says:

“For every one of which we have such a sufficient evidence, that no reasonable man in this whole country ever did question them; and it will be unreasonable to do it in any other.”†

Another grave old chronicler, John Josse-lyn, gent., gives the following testimony on the same subject:

“There are none that beg in this country, but there be witches too many—*bottle-bellied* witches and others—that produce many strange apparitions, if you will believe report, of a shallop at sea manned with women, and of a ship and great red horse standing by the main-mast, the ship being in a small cove to the eastward vanished of a sudden,”‡ &c.

* Pp. 23-4.

† History of New England, b. vi, ch. 7. Quoted by Irving, Works, i, 119.

‡ Quoted by Irving. Ibid.

Whoever will reject these authorities must be very hard to convince indeed; and had a person so skeptical chanced to live in New England at the time of the famous trials for witchcraft, he would have been in great danger of being hung as a witch himself—that’s all. We can scarcely even *guess* why it was that the witches took so remarkable a fancy to the early Yankees. Whether it was that there was some secret congeniality of feeling between the two, or that the evil one envied, and sought to mar, by his diabolical incantations, the *extraordinary sanctity* of the pilgrim fathers, we know not, but leave it to the shrewdness of our readers to divine. Perhaps the following passages from “the wonders of the invisible world,” written by the Rev. Cotton Mather, exhibiting the reputed origin, the characteristic symptoms, and the fearful ravages of the New England witchcraft, may aid us greatly in coming to a right conclusion on a subject so important.

“It is to be confessed and bewailed,” says this grave old Puritan minister, “that many inhabitants of New England, and young people especially, had been led away with little sorceries, wherein they did secretly those things that were not right against the Lord their God; they would often cure hurts with spells, and practise detestable conjurations with sieves, and keys, and peas, and nails, and horse shoes, to learn the things for which they had a forbidden and impious curiosity. Wretched books had stolen into the land, wherein fools were instructed how to become able fortune-tellers.

“Although these diabolical divinations are more ordinarily committed *perhaps* all over the world, than they are in the country of New England, yet that being a country devoted unto the worship and service of the Lord Jesus Christ above the rest of the world, (!) he signalized his vengeance (in) these wickednesses with such extraordinary dispensations as have not often (been) seen in other places.

“The devils which had been so played withall, and it may be by some few criminals more explicitly engaged and employed, now broke in upon the country after as astonishing a manner as was ever heard of. Some scores of people, first about Salem, the centre and first born of all the towns in the colony, and afterwards in other places, were arrested with many preternatural vexations upon their bodies, and a variety of cruel torments which were evidently from the demons of the invisible world. The people that were infected and infested with such demons, in a few days’ time arrived unto such a refining operation upon their eyes that they could see their tor-

mentors; they saw a devil of a little stature, and of a tawny color, attended still with spectres that appeared in more human circumstances.

"The tormentors tendered to the afflicted a book, requiring them to sign it, or to touch it at least in token of their consenting to be listed in the service of the devil; which they refusing to do, the spectres under the command of that black man, as they called him, would apply themselves to torture them with prodigious molestations.

"The afflicted wretches were horribly distorted and convulsed; they were pinched black and blue; pins would be run every where in their flesh; they would be scalded till they had blisters raised on them; and *a thousand other things*, before *hundreds of witnesses*, were done unto them, evidently preternatural; for if it were preternatural to keep a rigid fast for nine, yea, for fifteen days together; or if it were preternatural to have one's hands tied close together with a rope to be plainly seen, and then by unseen hands presently pulled up a great way from the earth, before a crowd of people; such preternatural things were endured by them.

"But of all the preternatural things which these people suffered, there were none more unaccountable than those wherein the prestigious demons would ever now and then cover the most corporeal things in the world with a fascinating mist of invisibility. As now, a person was cruelly assaulted by a spectre, that she said came at her with a spindle, though no body else in the room could see either the spectre or the spindle; at last, in her agonies, giving a snatch at the spectre, she pulled the spindle away; and it was no sooner got into her hand, but the other folks then present beheld that it was indeed a real, proper, iron spindle; which, when they locked up very safe, it was, nevertheless, by the demons taken away to do farther mischief.

"Again, a person was haunted by a most abusive spectre, which came to her, she said, with a sheet about her, though seen to none but herself. After she had undergone a deal of tease from the annoyance of the spectre, she gave a violent snatch at the sheet that was upon it; whereupon she tore a corner, which in her hand immediately was beheld by all that were present, a palpable corner of a sheet: and her father, which was of her, caught, that he might see what his daughter had so strangely seized; but the spectre had like to have wrung his hand off, by endeavoring to wrest it from him; however, he still held it; and several times this odd accident was renewed in the family. *There wanted not the oaths of good credible people to these particulars.*

"Also is it known, that these wicked spectres did proceed so far as to steal several quantities of money from divers people, part of which individual money dropt sometimes out

of the air, before sufficient spectators, into the hands of the afflicted, while the spectres were urging them to subscribe their covenant with death. Moreover, poisons to the standers-by, wholly invisible, were sometimes forced upon the afflicted; which, when they have with much reluctancy swallowed, they have sworn presently, so that the common medecines for poisons have been found necessary to relieve them; yea, sometimes the spectres in the struggles have so dropt the poisons, that the standers-by have smelt them and viewed them, and beheld the pillows of the miserable stained with them. Yet more, the miserable have complained bitterly of burning rags run into their forcibly distended mouths; though no body could see any such clothes, or indeed any fires in the chambers, yet presently the scalds were seen plainly by every body on the mouths of the complainers, and not only the smell, but the smoke of the burning sensibly filled the chambers.

"Once more, the miserable exclaimed of branding irons, heating at the fire on the hearth to mark them; now the standers-by could see no irons, yet they could see *distinctly the prints of them in the ashes, and smell them too*, as they were carried by the not-seen furies unto the poor creatures for whom they were intended; and those poor creatures were thereupon so stigmatized with them, that they will bear the marks of them to their dying day. *Not are these the tenth part of the prodigies that fell out among the inhabitants of New England.*

"Flashy people," adds the old Puritan divine, "may burlesque these things, but when *hundreds of the most sober people*, in a country where they have as much mother-wit certainly as the rest of mankind, *know them to be true*, nothing but the absurd and froward spirit of Saducism can question them. I have not yet mentioned one thing that will not be justified, if it be required, by the oaths of more considerate persons than can ridicule these odd phenomena."

Verily, if all these things be true, we must admit that the demons were particularly *intimate* with the early Puritans of New England; rather more intimate, in fact, than was at all comfortable for the latter. Shrewd and calculating as were the early Yankees, the imps who played such fantastic "yankee tricks" among them, were much shrewder. Those devices of the spindle, of the sheet, and of the branding irons, in particular, were truly capital! The invisible spirits knew their trade much better than to try wooden hams or nutmegs, or to attempt the impossible task of overreaching their

* Blue Laws, &c., p. 299, seq.

friends in a bargain! Cunning tricksters were those same witches of New England!

Now, we are *Sadducees* enough to laugh at all those impostures, and also at the *Pharisees* who gave them credit and importance. But alas for the poor witches of New England! They were doomed to have other tormentors besides the spirits of the invisible world! The Puritan fathers leagued with the demons to torture them. What the "devils and the spectres" could not or would not do with their sheets and spindles, and branding irons, that the early Puritans boldly accomplished with the halter! The extermination of the witches was decreed on *earth* as a carrying out of the mischievous plot originally devised in *hell*!

Space fails us to recount all the trials for witchcraft, and all the executions which ensued, chiefly at and about Salem, in the year 1692. They are given in great detail by our author of the Blue Laws, and also by Bancroft in the third volume of his "History of the United States." We will content ourselves with a few extracts from this latter respectable historian.

"At the trial of George Burroughs, a minister, the bewitched persons pretended to be dumb. 'Who hinders those witnesses,' says Stoughton (the deputy governor), 'from testifying?' 'I suppose the devil,'—answered Burroughs. 'How comes the devil,' retorted the chief judge, 'so loath to have any testimony borne against you?' And the question was effective. Besides he had given proofs of great, if not preternatural muscular strength. Cotton Mather calls the evidence 'enough;' the jury gave a verdict of *guilty*."

At the execution of Burroughs, Cotton Mather made one of the most heartless, and almost *fiendish*, speeches we have ever chanced to read: he seemed even to exult over the imminent damnation of the convicted wizzard!† And another preacher, named Noyes, on seeing *eight persons* hung up together as witches, had the heartlessness to exclaim: "THERE HANG EIGHT FIREBRANDS OF HELL!" Alas for the tender mercies of the pilgrim fathers!

Well, the delusion at length subsided; but not until a great number of crazy, "afflicted," or innocent persons, had been sacrificed to the insatiable Moloch of religious fanaticism, or

rather to the senseless idol of a stupid superstition. The Rev. Cotton Mather thus coolly winds up his narrative of the New England witchcraft.

"Now upon a deliberate review of these things, his excellency (Sir William Phips) first reprieved, and then pardoned many of them that had been condemned; and there fell out *several strange things* that caused the spirit of the country to run as vehemently on the acquitting of all the accused, as it *by mistake* ran at first upon the condemning of them. In fine, the last courts that sate upon this *thorny business*, finding that it was impossible to penetrate into the whole meaning of the things that had happened, and that so many unsearchable cheats were interwoven into the conclusion of a mysterious business, which *perhaps* had not crept thereinto at the beginning of it, they cleared the accused as fast as they tried them; and *within a little while the afflicted were most of them delivered out of their troubles also*; and the land had peace restored unto it, *by the God of peace treading Satan under foot*."^{*}

That is, the good Puritans first hung the witches, and then found out that they were *perhaps* innocent! Shrewd jurists they, and enlightened, merciful Christians! We leave other comments on this "thorny business" to our readers; merely remarking that it ill becomes the children of the Puritans to taunt Catholics with superstition, fanaticism, or cruelty!

We conclude this paper with the following humorous passage from Washington Irving's "History of New York."

"The witches were all burnt, banished, or panic-struck, and in a little while there was not an ugly old woman to be found throughout New England—which is doubtless one reason why all the young women there are so handsome. Those honest folk who had suffered from their incantations gradually recovered, excepting such as had been afflicted with twitches and aches, which, however, assumed the less alarming aspects of rheumatism, sciatics, and lumbagoes—and the good people of New England, abandoning the study of the occult sciences, turned their attention to the more profitable hocus-pocus of trade, and soon became expert in the legerdemain art of turning a penny. Still, however, a tinge of the old leaven is discernible, even unto this day, in

* Vol. iii, p. 84.

† See *ibid.* p. 93.

* Blue Laws, &c. p. 306.

their characters—witches occasionally start up among them in different disguises, as physicians, civilians, and *divines*. The people at large show a keenness, a cleverness, and a profundity of wisdom, that savor strongly of

witchcraft—and it has been remarked, that whenever any stones fall from the moon, the greater part of them is sure to tumble into New England.”*

* Irving's works, vol. i, p. 120.

THE IVORY CRUCIFIX.

THE following verses are founded on an incident happily sketched in the *Freeman's Journal*. The crucifix is now in the possession of Mr. Lester.

WITHIN a garret at Genoa,
Full many a year I ween,
Had lain a block of ivory,
The largest ever seen.

Though wooing centuries had whiled
Its purity away,
Gaunt time had made a slender meal,
So well it braved decay.

If we may trust tradition's tongue,
Some mastadon, before
The wave kissed Ararat's tall peak,
The splendid trophy wore.

Certes no elephant e'er held
Aloft so rich a prize,
Not India's proudest jungle boasts
A tusk of half the size.

A monk obtained, and to his cell
The relic rare conveyed,
And bending o'er the uncouth block,
This monk, communing, said :

“Be mine the happy task by day,
And through the midnight gloom,
To toil, and still toil on, until
This shapeless mass assume

“The form of HIM who, on the cross,
For us poured forth his blood ;
Thus man shall ever venerate
This relic of the flood.

“Though now a witness to the wrath
Of the dread God above,
Changed by my chisel, it shall be
The emblem of his love.”

That night, when on his pallet stretched,
As slumbers o'er him stole,
A glorious vision brightly broke
Upon his ravished soul.

He sees his loved Redeemer stand
On Calv'ry's sacred height,
The crucifixion is renewed
Before his awe-struck sight.

He sees his Saviour's bruised cheek
With pitying tears impearled,
He hears his dying accents bless
A persecuting world.

That dying look of conquering love
Transports each aching sense,
Superior to agony
Its deep benevolence.

The matin bell has pealed ; the monk
Starts from his brief repose ;
But still before his waking eye
The vivid dream arose.

His morning orisons are paid,
His hand the chisel wields ;
Slowly, before the eager steel,
The stubborn ivory yields.

The aged block is crusted o'er
With a coating, hard and gray,
But soon the hasty chisel doffs
This mantle of decay.

And now, from every blemish freed,
Upon his kindling eye,
In all its pristine beauty dawns
The milk-white ivory.

The sun arose, the sun went down,
Arose and set again,
But still the monk his chisel plies :
O must he toil in vain ?

Not his the highly cultured touch
That bade the marble glow,
And with a hundred statues linked
The name of Angelo.

Perchance some tiny image he
Had fashioned oft before,
But art had ne'er to him unveiled
Her closely hoarded lore.

A faithful hand, an eye possessed
Of genius' inborn beam,
Or inspiration's loftier light
Must body forth his dream.

The moon has filled her varying orb,
The moon is on the wane ;
A crescent, now she sails the sky,
And now is full again.

But, bending o'er that ivory block,
The monk is laboring there,
And half his time to work is given,
And half is spent in prayer.

Four years elapsed before the monk
Threw his worn chisel by ;
His task performed, before him lies
The speaking ivory.

His dream, at last, is bodied forth,
And to the world is given

A sight that well may wean the soul
From earth awhile to heaven.

The dying look of conquering love
That thrilled each aching sense,
To us, unquenched by pain, reveals
Its deep benevolence.

Behold that violated cheek
With pitying tears impearled,
Those parted lips would seem to bless
A persecuting world.

And who will chide a mortal eye
For fondly lingering there !
Memento of eternal love,
I will not check the prayer,

That springing to my trembling lips,
Its flight would upward take,
For hope and rapture at the sight
Of that dear image wake.

Has not the Gospel's sacred light
A true reflection here ?
Does not the sacrifice of love
As vividly appear ?

And inspiration's glowing page
Translated here, as well
As any human alphabet,
Its glorious truths can tell.

Ye who would fain my gaze prevent,
Conceal the Gospel too :
The mystery recorded there
Is here but told anew. M.

A MISSIONARY OF THE NORTH-WEST,

A LETTER TO THE EDITORS OF THIS MAGAZINE.



ENTLEMEN,—It may not be uninteresting to yourselves and to your readers to have a short account of the labors of a most zealous missionary among the benighted children of the forest, who inhabit the shores of Lake Superior, and of a most excellent man, the Rev. Mr. Baraga. Being here, after an arduous tour of exploration over the mineral region of this wonderfully constructed country (I mean in a geological respect), where

the waters of a lake, having a surface of thirty-two thousand square miles, are contained within immense dykes of trap rocks intersected with metalliferous veins of unprecedented richness, and taking notes of the condition of the *Indians*, some two thousand of whom are at present assembled at this post to receive their annuity, I could not omit making some inquiry about the efforts, and the success, of those engaged in bringing this unfortunate people into the pale of our Christian civilization. I have obtained some interesting

information from the gentlemen attached to the American board of missionaries, but more especially from the Rev. Mr. Baraga, whose individual, and almost unassisted efforts, in the midst of the most stringent privations, and with a self-denial that my worldliness can not comprehend, have achieved such happy results. It is, therefore, of the labors of this good man that I wish more particularly to write.

The Rev. Mr. Baraga is a native of Bavaria; he came over to America fifteen years ago, and, after remaining but a short time in the eastern cities, selected for his field of Christian operations the storm-beaten shores of Lake Superior. I will describe to you what I saw of his doings, and how I came to see them.

I arrived at the Sault de St. Marie on the first day of last July, and having had the good fortune, immediately on my arrival, to make the acquaintance of Mr. Ord, and of his amiable family, a number of whom I had previously known, Mrs. Ord being a first cousin of one whose memory I know is deservedly dear to a large circle of the Catholic congregation of Baltimore—the late Mrs. Luke Tiernan—I found myself at once prepared to undertake my voyage up the lake, under the most favorable circumstances. Mr. J. S. Ord is the Indian agent resident at the Sault, and was on the eve of visiting the Indian settlement at the Ance, which he was to reach by coasting the southern shores of the lake, for a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, in a Mackinaw boat. He was kind enough to offer me a passage in his boat, which was gladly accepted, and on the afternoon of the 3d we got under way.

It is not my intention to give you a narrative of our voyage, rendered exceedingly interesting by its novelty, and the grandeur of the scenery displayed on the lake shores. If you should desire it, I may do so some other time. I wish to talk of my venerated friend, Mr. Baraga. We reached the Ance on the evening of the seventh day, this being considered a medium passage between five and twelve days. On our arrival, as our boat bore the American flag, we were saluted by a volley of musketry from the Indians; and a similar salute was given to us on the next afternoon, upon reaching the settlement on the opposite shore. It is this settlement which owes its present condition to the Rev. Mr. Baraga. It is called the parish

of St. Jesus, and numbers about one hundred and fifty resident Indians, who are all Catholics, and perhaps fifty more who worship here, though living at the Sault, where there is a Protestant mission under charge of a very amiable gentleman, Mr. Pitzell, and a government agency. There is in Mr. Baraga's settlement a fine chapel, which, I may say, he has built with his own hands. It is on a commanding situation, a short distance in the rear of a row of lodges, built of logs, floored, and divided into convenient apartments to accommodate a family decently. There are twenty-one of these lodges at present finished and occupied; some few others are in progress of construction, or nearly finished. They are laid out in a straight row; each lodge standing insulated, about one hundred yards from the bay shore, to which there is a gentle slope, upon which the Indians can haul up their canoes and leave them in perfect safety. The situation is also favorable to many domestic occupations of the women that can not be so conveniently carried on within doors, such as washing and drying their clothes, drying the fish, &c. There is also a school-house, a store, and other buildings scattered over the grounds, so as to make in all twenty-seven buildings. The site of this settlement was selected by the reverend gentleman whose name I have now frequently mentioned, not only for the beauty of its position that commands an extensive water view, and for its healthfulness, but because the lands adjoining it, and extending northerly for ten to fifteen miles, have an excellent soil, affording natural meadows that supply an abundance of grass, fine groves of sugar maple, elms, and evergreens, and, when cleared, yields plentifully in potatoes and corn, as well as most of the useful vegetables. In the wild state strawberry vines, raspberries, currants, whortleberries, and gooseberry bushes literally mat the hill-sides. There are also springs of deliciously cool water at the temperature of forty-eight degrees, which become a luxury in the summer season, when the waters of the lake along the shore are not agreeably potable. As the reverend missionary was absent when we visited the parish, I had no means of getting the most authentic information of his progress in christianizing his flock, but I had abundant evidence in the "talk," at which I was present, with the Indian agent and his interpreter, of

the great veneration and esteem in which he is held by his parishioners; for while they seemed disposed to complain, with or without reason, that they did not receive that assistance from the government officers who reside on the other side, namely, the carpenter, farmer, and blacksmith, which they had been promised; they, at the same time, ascribed their apparent improvement to the counsel and exertions of their pastor. Owing also to his absence, I had not an opportunity of attending divine service, or of witnessing any religious ceremony, to form an idea of their devotional bearing when in the chapel, which is tastefully arranged; but in the progress of my voyage up the lake, after leaving the Ance,* I had occasion to observe, in the midst, it is true, of some levity, a general observance of the forms required by our church, such as crossing oneself before meals, kneeling to pray, &c.; and once, when travelling on a Sunday, I noticed a young Indian of very decent appearance, and who could read, devoutly engaged, on his knees, in the forward part of the boat, reading over the service of the mass. In the afternoon the whole boat crew joined him, singing, in the Chippewa language, canticles to the air of some of our French canticles, with which I was sufficiently familiar to enable me to join in with them, to their evident satisfaction. On inquiring of *Urgens*, for so he called himself, whether he had not been taught them by Mr. Baraga, he seemed pleased to hear the name, and replied in the affirmative.

I did not become acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Baraga until I reached Lapointe. On my arrival there, I called upon him, and introduced myself. I found an humble priest, I should judge something above forty years of age, a little broken by hardships and exposures, under a rigorous climate, to great privations; but cheerful, communicative, and stored with all that kind of information which I wanted, and which he freely gave me. Mr. Baraga is a great linguist; besides a knowledge of all the languages that are taught in Catholic seminaries of Europe, he speaks, with great correctness, the English and French, and is a perfect master of the Ojibawa dialect. He preaches to his

congregations in that language, into which he has translated the Life of Christ (*Jesus obimadisiwin oma aking*), and a book of hymns and canticles from the Latin and French. I am indebted to him for a copy of his Life of Christ (*Jesus oma*).

On the 15th of August, the day of the festival of the assumption of the Virgin Mary, I attended divine service in the chapel of Lapointe. On entering the chapel, I was pleased with the simple neatness of the place, and struck with the much more than tolerable altarpiece, representing St. Joseph at work as a carpenter, the Blessed Virgin sitting in a graceful posture intent upon her sewing, whilst the infant Christ, with a really angelic countenance, seems as if occupied alternately at looking upon the work going on before him and then up to heaven—a sort of double expression, which I fancied the painter had succeeded in imparting to the Christ, though I can not describe how he did it. The perspective, too, of the back-ground of the picture is in much better keeping than is usually seen in altarpieces destined for chapels built in the wilderness. The figures are pretty well drawn. The fault of the painting is in the profusion of colors; for, though not unpleasantly intermixed, they are too glaring, and too many.

The mass was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Baraga with great unction, and responded to by the congregation, composed principally of half-breeds, with much apparent devotion. The mass was served by two youths, and its principal response sung, in Latin, by three male half-breeds. During the mass, two canticles of the Blessed Virgin were introduced, which were sung in French, by the same voices. Mr. Baraga's sermon was couched in plain, intelligible language,—in French,—and explained the Catholic doctrine of the assumption, as distinguished from the ascension. The reason why the story of Martha and Mary is introduced in the Gospel of the day was also explained, in a manner that made it, even to most ordinary apprehensions, a striking and appropriate exordium to the mysteries of the incarnation. It was a good sermon, which affected me by its touching simplicity. At the afternoon service, some of the Psalms were sung in Latin, and an address was delivered by Mr. Baraga in the Ojibawa language.

* The Ance, properly so called, is the name given to an anciently established trading post of the American fur company, and is the bottom of Keeweena bay, which lies between *Pointe Abbaye*, as it is now written, and Keeweena Point. The length of Keeweena bay, estimated from Keeweena point, is sixty miles.

The chapel at Lapointe is also one of Mr. Baraga's *buildings*. It is, to say the least of it, *conspicuous*; for, whether one approaches or recedes from the post, its two belfries are the most prominent objects. Seen from the "Dé-tour," amidst the beautiful group of islands, known collectively as the "Douze Apostres," so called, because their first Christian observers—the Jesuits—supposed them not to exceed that number; whereas it is now ascertained that there are twenty-three, of which nineteen have been named—they always present a grateful beacon to the "voyageur." For this and other considerations, Lapointe deserves a special mention.

Lapointe is the south-west extremity of Madeline island, the largest of the group previously designated as the "Twelve Apostles." It is the location of the agency for the American Fur Company in charge of Dr. Borup, under whose hospitable roof I had the good fortune to find most comfortable quarters during my sojourn on the island. It is also at Lapointe that the annuity is paid to the Chippewa Indians who inhabit the southern shore of Lake Superior and those east of the Mississippi. On such occasions they assemble here to the number of from two to four thousand men, women, and children, and afford to the voyager an excellent opportunity of studying some of their habits and customs, whilst they exhibit in themselves the crude materials upon which the missionary has to operate in his labor of civilization. At first sight, the case would be deemed hopeless; yet with perseverance something has been achieved, and principally by the Catholic missionaries. The half-breeds are nearly all Catholics. These half-breeds, some of whom reside at Lapointe, compose Mr. Baraga's congregation, together with a few Canadians, all in the employ of the agency. Dr. Borup, his family and connections, worship in the Protestant meeting-house, which is served by the gentlemen belonging to the "American Board of Missionaries," who reside at what is termed the "mission house." The settled civilized population of Lapointe may be about two hundred; whilst the Indian agent informs me that the Lapointe band of Indians numbers seven hundred souls. Few of these have lodges in the village, but are scattered on the opposite mainland, at the entrance of the rivers that empty into the lake.

Their occupation consists in hunting and fishing; some have potatoe patches, few plant corn, and this is the occupation of the women, who have also the charge of making the maple sugar and gathering the wild rice. The great quantity and variety of wild berries which they dry, also furnishes them a resource for their winter supplies. Generally speaking, however, they are found to be improvident, and, when visited by an inclement season, are reduced to the greatest extremities. The American Fur Company have trading posts at several points on the lake where supplies are furnished through the winter in exchange for furs.

The geographical position of Lapointe is in latitude forty-six degrees, forty-four min. north—longitude, ninety-one degrees west. Its harbor faces the south-west, and is about four miles from the southern coast of Lake Superior. It is very capacious, and effectually protected from all winds but the south-west, and this is seldom tempestuous. The anchorage is said to be every where good, admitting vessels of all drafts. It can be entered by two passes—the south pass, which is along the bar that closes the bay of Chagwamagon, and the north pass, which, on its approach, presents a beautiful cluster of islands around and between which the navigation is perfectly unobstructed. The position of Lapointe then, with its magnificent bay bathing the shores of the highlands on the southern coast of the lake that are covered with a dense forest of evergreen, and its other more practical accessories, seem to bespeak it a future mart of some commercial interest, in the midst of a region where new resources are yearly developed. At present its dependence is altogether on the fur trade, the fisheries of the company having been for the present abandoned.

All the residents of Lapointe, and some who were formerly denizens for varying number of years and for various causes, agree in representing this lake country as remarkably healthful, and the climate delightful, notwithstanding the length of the winter and the low degree to which the mercury of the thermometer sometimes descends. On a meteorological register for four months of the year 1843, which I have copied, I find the coldest day recorded there to be the 18th of February, when the thermometer sank down to twenty-seven de-

grees below zero. February is invariably the coldest month, and Dr. Borup informs me that, in this month of the year 1838, the thermometer went down to forty-five degrees. Yet the Dr. assures me, and others here confirm it, that he has known many cases, one in his own family, of approaching consumption entirely cured by a sojourn of one year at Lapointe. Not doubting the fact, I sought to find out the reason of it by discussing some meteorological journals and registers kept by Dr. Borup, and which he obligingly put at my disposal. I found the most striking peculiarity in the thermal condition of this climate to be the little variation that takes place between sun-rise and sun-down. This I take, at random, one week in December, 1839.

	M.	N.	E.
8th Sunday,	30deg.	35deg.	31deg.
Monday,	26	29	24
Tuesday,	28	30	24
Wednesday,	28	31	29
Thursday,	27	31	28
Friday,	17	19	18
Saturday,	26	29	25

This freedom from sudden transitions of temperature, is doubtless the cause why all the inhabitants of this place agree in saying that they suffer no bodily inconvenience during the longest winters; it also accounts for the favorable impressions made upon diseased lungs.

But to return to Mr. Baraga; I have been a witness to the zeal with which this good man carries out his mission of charity and good works, and I hope there is no indiscretion in my telling upon him. During the sojourn of the Indians here for the "payment," their whole camp may be said to have been a large hospital; there being scarcely a wigwam under which there were not some afflicted in one way or another. The prevailing complaints were diarrhœa and cough, and, towards the close of the campaign, scarlet fever and mumps. The attentions of Mr. Baraga to the afflicted were incessant. I watched him, in his rounds, that were regular, and oftener repeated, perhaps,

than would be those of an attendant physician in one of our hospitals, just as successful, and doubtless more consolatory. I hope I may be excused for saying that I had a chance of contributing my mite in this service; for, having been consulted in some few cases when I had the means with me of affording relief, I soon acquired among the Indians the title of *Mushkiki-inini*, or medicine man, by which I won from them some kind feelings that have been of use to me. Mr. Baraga's services were not, like mine, confined to their relief by medicines. He administered to their spiritual diseases with more effect than I had imagined possible, and obtained results that I would not have ventured to anticipate. I saw him kneeling at the foot of a coffin, whilst a whole family of Indians united in prayer with him. What if there were a few stupidly gazing on irreverently, mixing the smoke of their pipes with that of the censer, or some careless young men playing at cards and dolling out their monotonous *yal-ah-ah-ah*, or, more disgustingly still, some old sinners carousing over a pan of dog-soup, the good priest was performing his duties as he understood them to be, with a humility and fervor that won the affections of every civilized spectator. As yet, however, all expostulations have failed to drive away from among the Indians their resource in sickness to the *Bwin-ah-teck*, which is drummed in the ears of the dying savage to the great annoyance of those around. And all that I could say did not shake their confidence in the worthless contents of their *Gushkibitagan*, or medicine bag.

I hope you will offer up some prayers for the increased success of the Rev. Mr. Baraga's missionary labors, for the preservation of his health and the prolongation of his valuable life.

I remain, gentlemen, with sentiments of regard and esteem,

Your obedient servant,

J. T. DUCATEL.

Lapointe, Lake Superior, Aug. 18, 1845.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

O SAY not the grave quenches charity's flame ;
'Tis undying as He who is love ;
Unmindful of death, the torch burneth the same,
From the heavens its holiest influence came,
And it follows the spirit above.

The friends we here cherished love still in that land,
Though we see them no more, save in dreams ;
Though far above earth's gloomy shadows they stand,
Their benevolent aid we may always command,
Till clad in their heavenly beams.

The prayer of the heart-stricken mourner below
May follow his friend to the sky ;
It may plead with the Lord till he bids his light flow
Upon the regions of banishment, sorrow and wo,
Where the soul in atonement doth lie.

That soul, though forgiven, still weareth the stains,
When it leaves this sad valley of tears,
Of the strife of the world, where it wandered afar,
Too often turned backward, or thrown 'mid the war
Of passion, of hopes and of fears.

None but those in white garments can dwell with the Lord,
None but those can enjoy his sight ;
'Tis the office of love then to aid by its prayer
The suffering spirit, till, glorious and fair,
It dwells 'mid the angels of light.

Thus charity liveth for ever unchanged,
A ladder let down from above,
Where affection's fond pleadings, like angels, may be.
Mine ascending to them, theirs descending to me,
An unbroken communion of love.

V.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

ITALY.—The learned Barnabite, Father Ungarella, teacher of Hebrew to Rosellini, and his pupil in hieroglyphic science, died at Rome on the 22d of August, after a long illness of apoplexy. His loss is, on many accounts, to be deplored, but especially on account of the projected, and already far advanced edition of the *Museo Gregoriano Egizio*, which will now be delayed probably for some time.

ENGLAND.—Winchester.—Hospital of St. Cross.—*Ancient and Modern Charity.*—(From the *Hampshire Independent*.)—St. Cross hospital was founded in 1182, by Henry de Blois, bishop of Winchester. The founder's institution requires that thirteen poor men, so decayed and passed their strength that they can not maintain themselves, shall abide in the hospital, who shall receive daily an allowance of good wheat bread, good beer, three messes each for dinner, and one for supper. Besides these, one hundred other poor shall be received daily at dinner-time, and receive each a loaf of coarse bread, one mess, and a proper allowance of beer. The founder ordered other charities to be distributed to the poor in general, as the revenues of the hospital could bear, the whole of which was to be applied to such uses. We find by an investigation, which took place in William of Wykeham's time, that in addition to the thirteen brethren, and one hundred poor fed daily, three hundred poor were received and fed at the hospital on certain days in the year, being August 19th, the anniversary of the founder's death, and six holidays. We find that after the death of Wykeham, Cardinal Beaufort, his successor, made a great addition to the revenues of the hospital, for the purpose of maintaining thirty-five more brethren and three sisters. He created the present building, with the exception of the east angle and the church; but, although his endowment partially, if not wholly, remains, its distribution is abandoned, the present arrangement being that of the original founder, much modified. The thirteen brethren are now maintained, and have an allowance daily of a loaf of bread, three quarts of beer, and a "mess" of meat for dinner, besides which a money payment of two shillings per week is made them instead of milk and other trifles, and on certain days they have extra allowances in accordance with the rules of the endowment. Instead of feed-

ing one hundred men daily, giving to each a loaf of bread, three quarts of small beer, and a sufficient quantity of pottage, the modern dispensers of this charity give away daily about one gallon of beer and two small loaves, to any claimant, as long as it lasts—a slice of bread and a horn of beer to each. In lieu of the feeding three hundred poor at stated intervals, gifts, called "doles," are distributed, on which occasion a small loaf, or a half-penny, is given to all claimants generally, to the amount of five hundred. In addition to this, a chaplain and steward are salaried at stipends, we believe, of fifty pounds a year, certainly not too much. For the sake of clearness, then, we will place the injunctions of the founder and the ancient dispensations of the revenues in juxtaposition with that of modern times, that the public may judge how far mismanagements exist.

Ancient disbursement.

Each of the thirteen brethren had daily one loaf of good wheat bread of three lbs. four ounces weight, one gallon and a half of good small beer, a sufficient quantity of pottage, three messes at dinner—viz., one called "mortrell," made of milk and "hartlebread," one of flesh or fish, and one "pittance," as the day should require, and one mess for supper. On six days in the year extra allowances of bread, ale, and meat were given them. One hundred poor were fed daily; each had a loaf of coarser bread of five marks (about twenty-two ounces weight), three quarts of small beer, and a sufficient quantity of pottage. On six holidays in the year three hundred men received each a loaf of a better kind of bread, and

Modern disbursement.

Each of the thirteen brethren receive on five days only in each week one loaf of wheat bread, of twenty-two ounces weight, three quarts of good small beer daily, and meat, averaging to each man about one pound daily, when cooked. They receive, as in ancient times, extra allowance of meat, &c., on six holidays in the year, and have now a weekly allowance of two shillings in money. Instead of feeding one hundred poor daily, as ordered by the founder, two loaves of wheat bread, weighing twenty-two ounces each, are distributed daily at the porter's lodge, to the first comers, in proportions of a slice of bread and a horn of beer to each person. On six holidays in each year, instead of

a double mess. Besides this, there were maintained in the hospital a steward, his clerk, two servants, two teams of six horses, and three carters.

feeding three hundred persons with "a loaf each, and a double mess of the same sort as the ordinary allowance to the brethren," the modern managers distribute five hundred penny loaves to those who choose to scramble for them, the "dole," as it is called, presenting a scene of riot and confusion painful to witness.

To those who read these statements, and compare the vast difference between the ancient and modern management of this very remarkable charity, it will be at once apparent how niggardly is the present alms-giving as compared with the past. The first question would be, have the present controllers the same means, and has the property of the hospital not been swept away by the political storms which, since the foundation and endowment of it, have swept over the land? Upon this head we can answer that, so far from such being the case, the hospital possesses not only the whole of the endowment of de Blois, but a greater part, if not all, of that of Beaufort, the distribution of the latter having been long since abandoned. It will also be seen, that although thirteen brethren are kept, their allowance is very inferior to that of ancient time, while the daily feeding of one hundred men is represented by the daily distribution of two small loaves and a gallon of beer; and the decent feeding, six times in the year, of the three hundred persons, is represented by a scramble by a mob for five hundred penny loaves. While this mockery of the liberal hospitality of the past is practised, the property is not only much larger in extent than it was in the time of Wykeham, whose investigation of hospital affairs established the management we have quoted—the property is, we repeat, not only much larger, but enormously increased in value.

Conversions to the Roman Catholic church.—The Rev. Charles Bridges, late of Oriel college, Oxford, has been received into the Roman Catholic church. Roscombe Pole, Esq., churchwarden of Bridgewater, with his lady, three sisters, and the members of his establishment, has also seceded from the established church and entered the Roman communion. One of the ladies is, we understand, Mrs. Anstice, widow of the late Professor Anstice, of King's college, London. Other secessions from the establishment are expected to take place in a short time. Mr. Pole has announced the secession of himself and family to the Rev. Mr. Nihill, vicar of Bridgewater.

Mr. Ward and the Protestant Operatives.—The following is the address forwarded to Mr. Ward by the committee of the Dublin Protestant Operative Association :

"Dublin Protestant Association and Reformation Society, 5 College street, Sept. 6.

"Sir,—I beg to enclose you an address to you which was adopted at a very large and highly respectable meeting of our body, which meeting was held in the Rotundo, in this city, last Thursday.

"I am desired to assure you that nothing can be further from the wish of every member of the association than to inflict the least wound upon your feelings. Whatever strength of expression may be employed in the address, it is made use of not to offend, but to convey the deep sense of abhorrence to popish doctrine, as being destructive to the best interests of man, which is experienced by the members of the association.

"I shall only add that it is the earnest wish of our body that you should be so kind as seriously to consider our appeal.

"I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

"W. COMPTON ESQY, Secretary.

"P.S. The sub-committee who prepared the address concluded that, having ceased to be a minister of the church of England, and being obviously disqualified for orders in the church of Rome, you must needs be at present a layman; and with that understanding they placed the superscription which you will find at the head of the address. However, as I can not but think that, addressed under your former title, a letter will be less likely to miss you, I take the liberty of sending you this accordingly, and trust you will excuse me for so doing.

"To the Rev. W. G. WARD."

To this Mr. Ward replied as follows :

"St. Mary's College, Oscott, near Birmingham, September 9th.

"Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of an address to myself from the Dublin Protestant Association and Reformation Society, and most fully believe your assurance that 'nothing could be further from the wish of every member of the association than to inflict the least wound on my feelings.'

"You can not, indeed, make use of stronger expressions with the view of conveying a deep sense of abhorrence to popish doctrine than I have felt it my duty, in more than one publication, to adopt with the view of expressing the abhorrence with which I regard the characteristic doctrines of Protestantism; and especially what is commonly called 'evangelicalism,' by which I mean those doctrines on 'justification' which were put forward by Luther and Calvin. Of course, I think that the pernicious effect of that miserable heresy may be indefinitely modified in the case of individuals by their religious

instinct; and I give you credit for acknowledging the same in regard to the doctrines which you call 'popish.'

"I will give your appeal, I assure you, every consideration; but as it contains no argument with which I was not already familiar, in one shape or other, there is the less probability that it will have any power in affecting my convictions; indeed I may say, with the utmost confidence, that there is no moral possibility of its having any such effect.

"I thank you for your kind opinion that my letter indicates something like integrity of purpose; in reference, however, to the obscurity which you find in its expressions, and the unsoundness of its reasonings, while I am far from maintaining that your criticism may not be just in the former particular, I would yet say that those only could be fair judges even of that who have read that work of mine to which my letter throughout refers.

"I suppose that, as the address alludes to the Scripture argument in the Catholic controversy, I should say something on the other side in that particular. But I can not do better than refer you to Mr. Newman's work on justification on one branch of the subject, and on another to several of his sermons on subjects of the day. I have not the volume at hand, but would particularly refer to the series which contains the sermon called 'The Christian church a continuation of the Jewish,' and especially to the sermon called 'The Apostolical Christian.' In all these works you will find Scripture the one source of argument and standard of appeal, though you will not, of course, suppose either Mr. Newman or myself to grant that, by private examination of Scripture, an individual will ordinarily obtain the blessing of the Holy Spirit to guide him into truth.

"You assure me 'that it is the earnest wish of your body that I should be so kind as seriously to consider your appeal.' It is equally my own earnest wish that members of your body would be so kind to themselves as seriously to consider the works to which I have referred, and others of a similar nature; though it is not, of course, chiefly by means of argument that the truth can be expected to spread, however signal the superiority which, in argument alone, Catholicism must ever have over every degree of Protestantism short of absolute and extreme infidelity.

"With regard to my designation, I believe there is no fear of a letter missing me, whichever you adopt. Of course, your mode of addressing me must a good deal depend on the opinions you entertain as to the validity of the ordinations in the English church.

"I remain, sir, your faithful servant,

"W. G. WARD."

London Tablet.]

The Jesuits.—The *Constitutionnel* in its remarks on the "History of the Jesuits," lately published at Leipsic, says: "The province of England contained one hundred and forty Jesuits in 1841, and one hundred and sixty-four in 1844. The Jesuits have thirty-three establishments, houses, colleges, residences, or simple houses. They show themselves more openly than in other countries, and the colleges and houses are generally called by the name of some saint. Thus they have the colleges of St. Ignatius, St. Michael, St. Stanislaus, St. John the Evangelist, St. Thomas of Canterbury, &c. Their principal establishment is the college of Stonyhurst, in Lancashire. It contains twenty priests, twenty-six novices, and fourteen brothers. The province of England has twenty missionaries at Calcutta. The English government protects them as much as the Protestant missionaries, and even assists them at the present moment to establish a new college specially devoted to China. The vice-province of Ireland contained sixty-three Jesuits in 1841, and seventy-three in 1844. They possess in Ireland the colleges of Clongowes, Tullabeg, and Dublin. In Dublin they have recently founded a second college."—*Ib.*

Puseyism.—According to a Manchester paper, there is to be a great Protestant clerical gathering in London—a sort of "council," composed of persons from different countries—to deliberate on the progress of Puseyism. Two hundred clerics will, it is said, be present, and the proceedings will occupy three days.—*Ib.*

IRELAND.—*Drumcondra missionary college.*—Many of our readers have not heard of, and many are only partially acquainted with, an institution which deserves to be known by all and supported by all, both with prayers and alms. The institution we speak of is of more than national, it is of imperial concern. We allude to Drumcondra missionary college—a college recently established for the supply of priests to all parts of the world out of Ireland, but particularly with a view to Great Britain, the colonies, and other countries where the English language is spoken.

The Drumcondra missionary received the sanction of the propaganda and the apostolic benediction of his holiness on the 28th February, 1842. Its direction and management devolve on a community of clergymen formed on the model of St. Sulpice in Paris. With the encouragement and recommendation of Dr. Murray, the president of the college, the Rev. John Hand projected, planned, and executed this good work. To fit himself for the task, he resided for some time in St. Sulpice, in Paris; visited several of the institutions for the education of missionary priests in France; for the same purpose he resided for some time in Rome, and after two years spent in diligent prepara-

tion he obtained the final approval of the holy see.

Already nine priests have associated themselves with the exemplary founder, and compose the staff of professors, directors, &c., and their number will be shortly increased. We have good reason to believe that Mr. Hand's associates are clergymen of education, character, and zeal, such as preeminently fit them for the task. Indeed, their zeal is proved by their consenting to hold their present position. The means of the college—except what can be begged—are literally nothing. The directors and professors receive no salary; none of them has any separate income whatever; and whatever is collected, and whatever small sums may be offered for masses, are thrown into the common fund and form part of the necessary income of the college.

The Rev. Mr. Hand has begged and continues to beg, from door to door, for the support of this noble undertaking. Out of the proceeds of this honorable mendicancy he has contrived to pay the rent of an admirable house and grounds, which he holds by a seventy-five years' lease from the Dublin corporation; to make expensive repairs; and to build a very large addition for a refectory and for dormitories. Altogether, he has collected about six thousand pounds, including the sums paid by the bishops who have students educating in the house. Of this sum part, of course, has come from various quarters, but by far the greater part has come from the Dublin archdiocese, upon which is thus very unfairly thrown the burden of an establishment in which, as a common benefit to religion, all Ireland should be interested and take a part, and to which, even from selfish motives and from a sense of justice, all the rest of the empire should contribute.

Hitherto there have been from fifty-five to sixty students educated at this college; and from the following enumeration the reader will see how deeply we are all interested in this infant but most meritorious establishment. *Seven* students are being educated for Drs. Scott and Murdoch for the western division of Scotland; *one* for Drs. Carruthers and Gillis of eastern Scotland; *one* for Dr. Brown of Wales; *eleven* for Dr. Fenelly of Madras; *two* for Dr. Borghi of Agra; *three* for Dr. Polding, archbishop of Sidney; *one* for Dr. Griffith of the Cape; *five* for Dr. Smith of Trinidad; *one* for Dr. Fernandez of Jamaica; *two* for Dr. Hynes of Demerara; *four* for Dr. de Hailandiere, Vincennes; *two* for Dr. Walsh of Nova Scotia; others for American bishops, and Dr. Collier of the Mauritius, Dr. Pompalier of New Zealand, and other foreign and colonial bishops have also applied to have students received from them into the college.

For each student ten pounds annually is paid, and no more! Whoever will contribute ten pounds a year will, so long as he continues the payment, es-

tablish a free place for an additional student. Ten persons clubbing together and paying each a pound a year for three or four years, will be able to educate a priest for the service of God no less than for their fellow men.

At present the college is without a convenient chapel. It is, of course, desired to build one in which all the ceremonies of the church may be performed with becoming solemnity and with the greatest exactness. We earnestly hope the directors will meet with such encouragement from the Catholic public as may enable them to accomplish this desirable object, and place the college on a footing of far more extended efficiency. We believe we need only explain its purposes and necessities to secure for it the warm and practical co-operation of many of our readers.

We forgot to say that the trustees of the college are the archbishop of Dublin and his vicars-general, and that the directors every year make a report of their progress to the assembly of the bishops. It will be seen that it thus enjoys the countenance and patronage not merely of one diocese, but of all the dioceses in Ireland. It is a noble undertaking, every way creditable to the disinterested zeal of those who are engaged in it, and to the liberality of those by whom it has been supported. Surely it can not fail to receive adequate encouragement. We conclude by appending the following extracts from the printed prospectus recently issued.

"The object of the institution is to educate priests for the foreign missions: this project, encouraged and recommended by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, received the sanction of the sacred congregation of the propaganda, and the apostolic benediction of his holiness on the 28th of February, 1842.

"A community of clergymen, formed on the model of the Society of St. Sulpice, Paris, devote themselves gratuitously to the direction of the college: Rev. John Hand, president; Rev. David Moriarty, vice-president; Rev. Barth. Woodlock, D.D., professor of dogmatic theology and Italian; Rev. James O'Ryan, professor of moral theology and French; Rev. Thomas Bennet, B. D., professor of sacred Scripture and ecclesiastical history; Rev. David Moriarty, professor of physics and belles-lettres; Rev. James Clarke, professor of logic, metaphysics and ethics; Rev. James O'Brien, professor of rhetoric; Rev. Patrick Kavanagh, bursar.

"The faithful, who, by their charitable contributions, have assisted in establishing and supporting an institution so much wanted and so well calculated to effect such extensive and lasting good, may rejoice indeed. Zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls will induce other pious Catholics to imitate their good example, in contributing, according to their means, towards this great work of

charity. 'The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few.'

"Any person contributing ten pounds annually, will, by so doing, establish a free place for an additional student. Eight such free places are already established in the college. Donations in books, vestments, paintings, &c., thankfully received.

"The adorable sacrifice of the mass is offered up every morning for all the subscribers and benefactors, living and dead, and for their intentions: they will, moreover, participate in all the apostolic labors, conversions, masses, prayers, and other good works, which may be the fruits of this institution throughout the world to the end of time.

"N. B.—To obtain admission into the college, candidates should be of good constitutions, not under seventeen years of age, fully resolved to go on the foreign missions, sufficiently advanced to enter the logic, or at least the rhetoric class, willing to pay ten pounds annually (yearly or half-yearly in advance), furnished with letters from their bishops, parish priests, and the superiors of any college in which they may have previously studied, recommending them as fit and promising subjects for the foreign missions. In making application, by letter, they should be candid and distinct in stating all these particulars, as also their age, the authors they have read, and in which they are prepared to be examined, in Latin, Greek, English, &c., the names and addresses of their bishops, parish priests, and the seminary or college they have studied in, &c."

SCOTLAND.—*The Holy Coat at Treves*.—*To the editor of the Stirling Observer*.—Sir: In one of the leading articles in the Observer, of the 28th inst., you have made laudable efforts to enlighten your readers with regard to the present "religious movements in Germany." I observe, however, with regret, that while you are instructing others, you have unfortunately fallen into some mistakes yourself; to these, with all due respect, I beg to call your attention. While you highly approve of the movements in question, and flatter yourself that they will be followed by the happiest results, you condemn, in the strongest language, the "incidents" by which you think they are produced, viz., "the extravagant and overstrained obtrusion of the most revolting and irrational practices of the Romish church, most offensively exhibited and held up to public gaze." This, you will admit, is strong language; pray, allow me to examine whether there be any thing, in the facts on which you comment, by which it can be justified. What are those facts? History informs the archbishop of Treves, as indeed it will inform all who may choose to consult it, that in the fourth century Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, procured in the holy land and brought to Treves, and deposited there, the identical coat or vesture worn by our Saviour during his

passion. From the days of Helena to our own, the clergy and people of Treves have kept possession of the venerable garment. They concealed it in troublesome times, and in times when they had nothing to fear they were wont to suffer it to be seen and inspected by the curious and the devout. For the last thirty-eight years it had not been seen by the community at large, and it was only in compliance with public feeling, and in imitation of his predecessors, that during last autumn the illustrious Arnoldi, archbishop of Treves, invited the faithful to come and enjoy a sight which their pious ancestors, during the lapse of so many centuries, had so often enjoyed with singular satisfaction. The prelate's invitation, we are told by his enemies, was accepted by nearly a million and a half of the German people. This is fact the first. You say, "Like the indulgences, a visit or pilgrimage to Treves procured the pardon of sin." This, of course, means that Arnoldi offered the pardon of their sins to such as would go in pilgrimage to the holy coat. Now, sir, allow me to assure you that you misrepresent Arnoldi. The archbishop of Treves is admitted by all parties to be a good Catholic, and the Catholic doctrine is, that sin is remitted to man solely through the merit of Christ, on man's repenting of his crimes, and on his resolving by God's grace to sin no more. An indulgence is not a remission of sin; it is a mitigation of the punishment due to sin, the guilt of which has already been forgiven. Nor do Catholics believe that any visit, any pilgrimage to any place or church, are able of themselves to procure for us the remission of our transgressions, although they may, and do help to stir up in us that sorrow for sin, and that love of Almighty God, to which the Saviour himself has promised the remission of much guilt. This is genuine Catholic doctrine, and that it is so, you may satisfy yourself by consulting any of our doctrinal books. Let this, then, be fact the second. Ronge, you inform us, "suffered a species of passive persecution, having been driven from his parish of Grottkau by the ecclesiastical authorities, because he had exposed the conduct of the pope, who would not sanction the choice of the chapter of Breslau of a moderate and liberal prelate." This persecution, which you term a passive one, consisted in Ronge's being suspended from his clerical functions, for having, not indeed "exposed the pope," but slandered the holy see, and his own immediate superiors, and for refusing to retract the ill he had falsely spoken of them. Ronge was dealt with as he deserved; and as he would have been dealt with here, by the free kirk, if he happened to be one of its ministers. And this I set down as fact the third. Now, the more I consider these facts, the longer I meditate upon them, your remarks on the holy coat, on Arnoldi, and, indeed, on Catholi-

cism in general, appear to me more eminently unjust. Please observe: The exposition of the Saviour's robe you call "a grotesque and glaring absurdity." There is that in illustrious personages and in those individuals whom we much love, which gives, long after they have ceased to exist, a value to all that was theirs. We treasure up with uncommon care the relics of our departed friends, their miniature, picture, a lock of their hair, the smallest trifle, perhaps, which belonged to them. Every family repository contains such treasures as these, and what these repositories are to private families, our museums are to the nation at large. In Edinburgh may be seen the stool which Jenny Geddes threw at the head of a preacher from whose doctrines she dissented. At Greenwich hospital the coat in which Nelson expired is religiously preserved. I saw at Abbotsford the entire dress worn by Sir Walter Scott just before his death. All these are shown to the public; the public are invited to see them; and, to enjoy the pleasure of seeing them, few grudge to travel a little out of their path, and pay a small gratuity. Now the world calls not this grotesque and absurd. The truth is, the very sight of such things as these excites in us the noblest and most pleasing feelings. We can not see and touch, and press to our lips or bosom, the relics of the great—of our patriots and literary men—without becoming more patriotic, and more ardent lovers of learning. Admiring, loving, almost adoring the illustrious dead, we divest ourselves of our own littleness, and gradually become what they were; we adopt their opinions, imbibe their spirit, and all that was greatest and noblest in them revives in us. Who does not know the power of the association of ideas? We see, in the tragic poet, that the very sight of Caesar's mantle, torn by his assassin's dagger, and covered with the hero's blood, stirred up the Romans to anger and to revenge; and is it too much to expect that the inspection of that vesture in which a God-man clothed himself, in which he sweated, and suffered, and died for us, will speak to our hearts? Far from me, at least, that cold and unchristian philosophy, which will allow the patriot to bend over the patriot's tomb, but will not suffer a repenting sinner to visit his Saviour's sepulchre. These are probably Arnoldi's sentiments, and for entertaining them you are pleased to call him "an impious and foolish bishop, who disgusted mankind by the grossness of his unveiled idolatry." An' please you, sir, Arnoldi is no idolater. Arnoldi did not adore the holy coat himself, nor did he exhort others to adore it. The Saviour's garment he venerates on his account who wore it; him, and him alone, does the archbishop adore; to give to any other divine honors would, indeed, be idolatry. This Arnoldi must have known from his infancy. From a book pub-

lished on this very subject, and by the Rongists themselves, it appears that, by exposing to the eyes of the faithful, what to you is a subject of so much scandal, the archbishop of Treves intended to stir up sorrow for sin, and feelings of devotion in the hearts of sinners; he wished to bring them back to their God, and to save their souls. Call you this being impious and foolish? A million and a half of believers crowded around him, filling, again and again, for weeks together, his city and his cathedral church. Is this a proof that he disgusted mankind? These hosts of pilgrims you stigmatize as ignorant and bigoted men, forgetting, as you do, that they came from every country, and belonged to every rank and condition. Might you not have modestly thought that some out of the great number might be, at least, as learned and as enlightened as yourself? As is customary at the present day, you must have a fling at the Jesuits. It does not, indeed, appear very clearly of what crime you accuse them. If you accuse them of great zeal and great success, in extending the pale of Catholicism, I dare say they will plead guilty; but if you urge, as you would seem to do, that they have shed, or caused to be shed, innocent blood, I am sure you will never be able to substantiate your charge. I will admit, however, that of late too much blood has been shed. Some few years ago the infidel party in Spain massacred a whole community of Jesuits. It is scarcely a month since the same party basely assassinated, at the midnight hour, Mr. Leu, the staunchest friend of the Jesuits in Switzerland, and in April last the Catholic people of Lucerne, in self-defence against an invading host of rebel infidels, shed torrents of blood on the battlefield. But who can blame the Jesuits for the effusion of all this blood? What connection have they with the religious troubles of Germany? As yet, there is not a single Jesuit in Lucerne, nor, I believe, in all that part of Germany devastated by Rongist commotions. Can these commotions then be laid to their charge? As well might you make them accountable for the strife which of late so cruelly lacerated the bosom of "our Scottish Sion." No doubt you look forward with great pleasure to the time when, as you imagine, Ronge will upset Catholicism in Germany; I will venture to say that time will never come. Our countryman, Laing, a shrewd observer, hates Catholicism as much as you do, but he thinks, with me, that Ronge is not destined to drive it across the Rhine. Indeed, he has made but very trifling progress in the Catholic portions of Germany. His congregations are mostly composed of Protestants of various kinds, who, under the name of "Friends of light," are determined to reform and improve the already often reformed and improved Lutheran reformation. Their proceedings have begun to awaken the jealous fears

of the various German governments, and no wonder. For, says a recent number of the *Times*, Ronge and his followers "seem bent, not on preaching religious doctrines only, but on attacking the fundamental institutions of the country." From an account of Ronge, published by his friends in this country, it is evident that they partake in these fears. "In all his productions," says this little work, p. 119, "there is much to desiderate; nay, we may go further, and declare that there is much in them which seems to savor of modern German liberalism," that is, revolution and infidelity. But, sir, this is the man who, according to you, is to work out the moral regeneration of enslaved and benighted Catholics! Him and his followers you would introduce to the favorable notice of your readers. These are the godly reformers whom you would almost entreat to carry into our country those flames of religious discord, which already they have scattered far and wide through their own. You say, with shame perhaps, that "every where, except in our own country, people are on the alert," guarding, of course, against advancing popery. Now, the fact is, in no country on the face of the earth is more said and done against Catholicism than in Scotland. In no country is Catholicism less known or more cordially hated at the same time; Scotland is a prey to religious contentings, and the course of strife seems to be daily gaining ground. Methinks were you to endeavor to allay this strife, and to remove the causes of it; were you to strive to reconcile all parties, that is, Protestants to one another, and Catholics to Protestants, your great talents would be employed to some advantage, and you would better display your wisdom, liberality and moderation, than by lecturing archbishops and popes; than by laying to their charge, and to the charge of Catholics in general, crimes which they never committed, and teaching them lessons which they ought never to learn. I am, sir, with great regard, your obedient servant, PAUL M'LACHLAN.

Catholic chapel, Falkirk, Sept. 1, 1845.

POLAND.—At the town of Bar, in the province of Podolia, the Canon Lomnicki was curate until the other day, when, having attempted to repair his church in a very slight degree, to prevent its falling on the heads of the worshippers, the Russian government seized and transferred him to Kamienic, where he is prevented even from saying mass.

The Abbe Ozarowski has been condemned to death on the simple uninvestigated accusation of "writing to Rome." This ecclesiastic was for ten years head of the seminary at Luck, and the emperor, "willing to show him *due respect*," has changed his sentence of death to hard labor for life in the pestiferous mines of Naiczysuk, which appears to amount to an increase of the original sentence. The church loses an excellent ecclesiastic, one of the

most zealous defenders of the faith, and Poland one of her best pastors: but Christianity gains another martyr.—*Id.*

SWEDEN.—The following, if true, is a new specimen of Protestant liberality:—The *Augsburg Gazette* contains a letter from Stockholm, stating that the king had rejected the appeal of the painter Nelson, against the judgment of the supreme court, sentencing him to banishment for having changed from the Protestant to the Catholic religion.—*Id.*

COCHIN CHINA.—*A Catholic bishop condemned to death.*—*Attempted rescue.*—The United States frigate Constitution, Captain Percival, on her passage from Borneo to Canton, put into Turon bay, Cochin China, to refit and repaint the ship. The authorities prohibited intercourse with the people. Mandarins came on board, and a letter was secretly delivered, purporting to be from a Frenchman of the name of Le Fevre, who signed himself bishop of Isauriopolis, and apostolic vicar of Cochin China, stating that he had been seized by the government, put in irons and condemned to death. The mandarins had returned to the shore, before the contents of this letter were ascertained, when Captain Percival determined to demand the bishop, in person, and proceeded on shore with an armed force. As he could get no answers, nor sight of the highest or chief mandarin, he seized three of the mandarins, and took possession, with three of the ship's boats, of three of their war junks. The gun boats fled at the approach of our boats, and the soldiers were much frightened and fled when our men charged them. The junks and mandarins were subsequently released. The Boston Atlas, from which we obtain these particulars, does not say whether the bishop was released.

[We hope to learn further particulars.—Ed.]

AUSTRALIA.—*New Zealand.*—At the April meeting of the St. Patrick's society for the propagation of the faith in Sidney, the archbishop said he had received a letter from his dear brother, Pompallier, the holy bishop of New Zealand. The letter was dated on the 18th of March, in which he stated he was surrounded by ruins, but the natives had *ta-boooed* or made sacred the property belonging to him, so that his house, his church, and the other buildings belonging to him remain uninjured, and himself and his clergy were safe. They had, therefore, reason to be thankful to their good God that in the midst of such disastrous events he had watched over and guarded from danger the mission at New Zealand. The holy prelate said in his letter that the natives said to him: "Do not be afraid, bishop; we know that you came here to do us good, you have done us good, and we know that you do not meddle with the politics, continue to do good amongst us and you shall be safe." He further stated that he believed none, or at the most very few of these na-

tives who had embraced the Catholic faith had been engaged in the late outrages against the lives and the property of the Europeans.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.—*The bishops.*—On the 8th of October the Protestant bishop of Tasmania (Nixon) addressed the Catholic bishop of Hobart Town (Dr. Wilson), in which, after alluding to an address presented to the bishop by the people of Hobart Town, he says: "May I take the liberty of asking you whether I am correctly informed that you have assumed the title of 'bishop of Hobart Town?' and if this be the case, may I beg to know under what authority you lay claim to the possession of a see established within the limits of her majesty's dominions by a power independent of herself, and with what legal right you take up a title derived from the metropolis of that diocese which her majesty, in the exercise of her royal privileges, has been pleased, by her letters patent, to commit to my immediate guardianship?" The following is the reply of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Wilson: "Hobart Town, October 14, 1844.—My Lord,—Courtesy dictates that I should thus address you, and I do so most willingly. In reference to your letter of the 8th instant, I have to state that, as I do not recognise in you any right whatever, either civil or ecclesiastical, to put to me the questions you have, I at once decline giving you any reply. Your rude and perfectly unprovoked attack upon me and the ancient church of which I am unworthily a bishop (if your words were correctly reported in the *Hobart Town Courier*, 25th July), and the violence of your language in the lectures given in St. David's church, have determined me never to enter upon a subject with you that could by possibility give rise to a controversy. We are placed here by the government, if I understand our duty rightly, for a purpose very different from that of religious strife and contention, at all times unprofitable, but with you and me in this land of woe, positively disgraceful, and in my humble judgment fraught with danger. Thousands of our respective flocks are festering in misery, and crying from their prison-house for spiritual aid and consolation. Contend with whom you will, my lord, you shall not contend with me. Your gratuitous insults and provocations of myself and flock would have been passed over in silence, had you not addressed me now. My lord, you evidently mistake your position in this colony; do not allow indiscretion to usurp the place of becoming zeal. You are placed as the head of the Protestant church in this island—be satisfied with your elevation—adhere to your own duties, if you would be respected—interfere not with others. Believe me, we have both of us an awful task to fulfil, and an awful responsibility to sustain. We may be, by heaven's blessing, of much service to the *imprisoned*, to the colonists in general, and to our most gracious queen, provided

we discharge our sacred duties faithfully, with meekness, charity, and Christian energy; but if our time and strength were spent in wrangling and strife, we should only be as 'men beating the air,' aye, even as 'the raging waves of the sea foaming out their own shame.'—St. Jude. My lord, enforce the doctrines of your own church with the energy you please; your zeal would be commendable, and your motives duly appreciated by all prudent and good men; but pause before you indulge in violent invective against any class of Christians, lest you should err in your judgment and draw upon yourself the pity or the censure of your own friends. Every man who has truly the welfare of this most important colony at heart, will strive his utmost to cherish a spirit of peace, concord, and friendly feeling in all classes of society. If that be neglected, a very few years may fatally prove that every indiscreet and violent partisan has been an enemy to this land, and a bad subject of his sovereign. I have the honor to be, my lord, your humble and faithful servant.

† ROBERT WILLIAM HOBARTONEN.

Sisters of Charity.—The Right Rev. the bishop of Hobart Town has issued an appeal to the Catholics of Van Diemen's land, in behalf of the Sisters of Charity, whose introduction into that colony is contemplated by his lordship. The following is an extract from the Right Rev. Bishop's address: "Beloved in our Lord, with joy we announce that with your co-operation we have an opportunity of establishing in this colony a house of 'Sisters of Charity.' This institution, by the divine aid, is calculated to produce benefits most solid, and blessings most fruitful, not only to the bond, but also to the free—to the orphan, the widow, the sick and afflicted, as also to shed around it the sweet odor of unaffected piety and pure benevolence. 'This is clean religion and undefiled before God and the Father: to visit the fathers and widows in their tribulation, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world.'—St. James i, 27. We feel confident that this intelligence will be received by you with heartfelt satisfaction. The plan we propose for the commencement of the institution is this:—1. That a neat and respectable cottage, in a suitable locality, capable of affording accommodation for five or six 'Sisters of Charity,' should be engaged by the year, until Divine Providence is pleased to afford means to erect a house properly arranged for a religious community. 2. That with the subscriptions now sought, the house should be furnished, and the passage of the 'religious' defrayed from Paramatta to Hobart Town. 3. That should a surplus remain after the above expenses have been defrayed, it should be appropriated to the current account of the house. 4. That an effort shall be made yearly to obtain alms for the support of the institution."

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BARTIMORE.—*Confirmation.*—The Most Rev. Archbishop administered the sacrament of confirmation in St. Matthew's church, Washington, D. C., to one hundred and twenty persons, on Sunday the 5th of October.

Incident in a stage-coach.—*From a correspondent.*—On entering the stage-coach to cross the mountains, I took the middle seat, and found myself located by the side of a Presbyterian-preacher-like person. Never having seen him before, and, feeling in a meditative mood, I was inclined to be silent. What he took me to be I do not know; but before we had proceeded far on our journey, and whilst we were ascending at a slow gait one of the steep Allegany ridges found in the west of Maryland, he opened a conversation by inquiring of me where I resided, and who was the Presbyterian parson there. I satisfied him on these points; and, after some further remarks, I found that his home was in western Pennsylvania, and that he was just returning from a visit to the Eastern Shore of Maryland. I purposely avoided letting him know that I was a Catholic, so that he might express his sentiments uninfluenced by that knowledge. Without much preface he observed that the Episcopalians of Maryland were carrying on some pretty high-handed measures. I asked in what respect. He replied in the revival and introduction into their service of antiquated customs and obsolete ceremonies, such as erecting crosses, &c., in their churches. Far from condemning, I told him, I really commended their course; for I thought that by prudently and consistently carrying out the principle of restoring the observances of Christian antiquity, it would ultimately lead to some happy result. To this he could not assent, because he questioned whether the adoption of old usages was any improvement in the church. I replied that, by ascending nearer to the fountain-head, the more confidently they might expect to find the stream pure. Moreover, the so-called reformers have in fact stripped Christianity too bare, leaving scarcely the skeleton remaining, and the sooner we replace what they have taken away, the sooner will we become genuine Christians. Then, added he, we might as well become Roman Catholics at once. To this I saw not the slightest objection. If then the Catholic church be right, continued he, why does she not enter into, and carry on the great measures of the day, such as revivals at home, and the conversion of heathens abroad? As to revivals, said I, they are not needed in the sense you intimate. A Catholic is guided by faith and principle, not by impulse or passion. There is a revival continually going on in the bosom of the church by the silent but powerful operation of the grace of God, sustained and nurtured by the sacred institutions Christ has established. And in regard to the conversion

of heathens, there is, I believe, no deficiency even on that point. The church of Rome, exclaimed he, is deficient on that score. She has not labored successfully in the conversion of the heathen. This, I said, is a question which admits of examination. Historical evidence can decide it—facts will speak for themselves. Now what are the facts in the case? Has the Catholic church done no more than Protestantism in the conversion of nations? Lest it might be esteemed unfair to array all that the Catholic church has done during the eighteen hundred years that have elapsed since her establishment, in opposition to what Protestantism has effected during the three centuries of its existence, let us pass by all that was achieved before the rebellion of Luther, and see what has been done since. To make the case stronger, and to show you how vastly more successful the Catholic church has been within that period than the Protestant sects, I will not even name the myriads of Indians that were converted in Canada, California, Mexico, Paraguay and all South America; nor the multitudes converted in the South Sea islands, and many other portions of the earth; but I will set against you, and confine myself to the success of one single Catholic missionary, St. Francis Xavier, who converted millions. He in the East Indies, and in the short space of ten years, converted more nations, and brought more people to the knowledge of Christ, than all the swarms of preachers, and cargoes of Bibles, and heaps of dollars that have been sent out by the combined efforts of all the sects that have arisen since the birth of Protestantism, now more than three hundred years. And easily could that be done, since Protestants, in their partial and very limited success, have not Christianized a single nation, or even a respectable island. What think you now? That was a wonderful man, said he; I never heard of him—no doubt the spirit of God was with him. It was with him, I replied, and he was indeed wonderful: he calmed the stormy ocean—he raised the dead to life, and the raging plague was stopped by the introduction of his corpse into the city.

Taking another position, he now remarked, that perhaps, after all your success, it would have been as well for the infidel never to have been made a Catholic, as the change was likely to make him a worse rather than a better man, whilst the contrary is the case in our conversions. My reply was that this point too would admit of a settlement by facts and evidence. Look at the converts to Catholicity. From the most credible sources we learn that, in America, in China, in the islands—every place—their faith, their innocence, their good works, their piety, are noticed and commended. On the other hand, what is the condition of Protestant converts from paganism? Contrast their lives and morals with those of the Catholics, and see where is the

superiority. True Protestantism has converted so few that it is impossible to test the questions practically. But you claim, as an evidence of success, to have converted a large portion of the small Sandwich Islands. Let the result there speak the decision. Your missionaries, anxious to have large supplies of money remitted to them, have generally heretofore represented the new Protestants there in a very hopeful condition. More recently, however, more correct information has reached our shores. I allude not to Catholic but to your own Protestant authority—of persons who have visited the country, spent some time there, saw the relative standing of the heathen and Protestant portion of the inhabitants, learned the condition of the converts before they became Protestants and since, and they declare emphatically that the converted are worse than the pagans, and that the converts themselves have become more indolent, lewd, dishonest, and lying than they were before their conversion; in other words, that the Sandwich Islanders as Protestants are worse than they were as heathens. Can you repel these facts? For a moment my friend sat in silence; he then arose, stepped behind, and took a back-seat with the ladies. O.

Maryland Catholic Society.—At a meeting of the Maryland Catholic society, held September the 22d, 1845, the following appropriations were made:

To St. Vincent's Male Orphan Asylum, Baltimore.....	\$50 00
To St. Mary's Female Orphan Asylum, Baltimore.....	50 00
To Rev. Mr. O'Neil of Harford.....	15 00

\$115 00

DIOCESS OF NEW ORLEANS.—Sisters of Charity.—Tributes of the New Orleans Press.—Reader! did you ever visit our Charity Hospital? No. Well then, of course, you have not seen the Sisters of Charity flitting about, in silence, from one sick ward to another, on their errands of mercy, like ministering angels! The Paris correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, in a letter giving a description of some of the hospitals in Paris, incidentally speaks of the Sisters of Charity, who there, as here, have those institutions under their care. All that the correspondent says of them applies with equal justice to the character and services of the Sisters of Charity here; and to give those who have not visited the hospital some idea of the noble self-devotion, the careful attention, and the overflowing kindness of these excellent women, we give the writer's remarks. He says: "Both these institutions are under the care of those most excellent women, the Sisters of Charity. I have already spoken of them, but it was then from a slight knowledge of their character. A more thorough acquaintance with them and their duties has given

me new reason to pronounce most decidedly in their favor. Their incessant vigilance and tenderness for the sick and suffering, their utter disregard of themselves and their own comfort, is worthy of exalted praise. They have left all that the world regards behind them, they have discarded the forms of dress, and devoted their fortunes, talents, their all, to the care of these unfortunates. The world is always loud in the praise of a daughter who, disregarding self, watches devotedly at the bedside of a sick mother. But these sisters have no ties of blood which draw them to the dying pillow of these poor creatures. Their characters are beyond praise, their lives above reproach. The contrast of their black robes with the snowy whiteness of their uncouth caps is not more striking than the opposition of their lives to those around them. With their beads and cross hanging from one side of their waist, and their bunch of keys on the other, they go from bed to bed, on their silent errand of mercy, moistening the parched lips of one, whispering words of peace to another, always calm and composed, ever ready, ever present; with a gentleness that awes the quarrelsome, and persuades the peevish and fretful, asking, looking for nothing from man, and seeking only a crown of immortality in a world beyond the grave."—*N. Orleans Tropic.*

New Orleans Correspondence.—It is usual to see, in the correspondence of the northern papers from this city, the most extravagant abuse of our citizens and institutions; written, too, with almost utter disregard of truth. This is so generally the case, that any thing different which we find stands out in bold relief, as it were, and gives us a favorable impression of the writer. Such a correspondence we notice in the Raleigh Register, over the signature of "Cosmopolite." This intelligent writer, who is a Protestant, in noticing many peculiarities of New Orleans, pays a compliment, as fine as it is merited, to that self-devoted and benevolent order, the Sisters of Charity. So just is this meed of praise that we can not but publish a part of it. The writer also alludes, in favorable terms, to our various and delightful watering places. But to the extract: "I said in my last that by far the largest portion of the inhabitants of the city are Catholics, and those who are really and sincerely pious, and there are many who are so, are emphatically the good Samaritans of the place. If you would see a pure, disinterested, Christian-like exhibition of the heavenly virtue, charity, you have here an opportunity of witnessing it in its most soft and angelic light. Over the couch of a sick and emaciated stranger bends the figure of a female, whose watchful care and assiduous attentions betoken a deep interest in the welfare of the suffering invalid. By day and by night, by the faint night taper's glow, as well as mid-day's summer sun, still she lingers around the

sick couch, guarding, with sleepless eye, every change of the hapless sufferer, and cooling and moistening his parched and fevered lip. She complains not—not a murmur is heard—and yet the unhappy victim of disease is a perfect stranger to her; she never saw him before, and even should he recover, in all probability she will never see him again. Who, then, is this kind, benevolent female, and what prompts her to this act of self-denial, servitude and danger, thus to encounter and inhale the putrid atmosphere of disease and death? She is a Catholic—a Sister of Charity—whose heart, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and love for the whole human family, thus braves the humid breath of pestilence and contagion, soothing and consoling the afflicted, and smoothing the pillow, and imparting the consolations of the Gospel to the dying. Nor is this an isolated case, they are of almost every day occurrence.”—*N. O. Picayune.*

DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—Roxbury New Church.—The corner stone of this church was laid on the 4th ult. The day was delightful, and the assemblage was large. It was not our good fortune to be there, but we learn that every thing passed off to the satisfaction of all. The sermon, by the eloquent Dr. Manahan of New York, was worthy of the high repute which that reverend gentleman has won as a pulpit orator. Had we known he was to preach on the occasion, we should have made arrangements to report his sermon at length. The location of the church is a delightful one, and, when completed, will be an ornament to the beautiful town of Roxbury. It is to be hoped that every Catholic in Roxbury and this city will second the praiseworthy exertions of the Rev. Mr. O’Beirne in his laudable efforts to erect a temple worthy of our faith, where the adorable mysteries of our religion will be offered up, pure and undefiled, to the God of nations.

The church is to be dedicated under the patronage of St. Joseph.—*Boston Pilot.*

DIOCESS OF NEW YORK.—Confirmation at Poughkeepsie.—*Extract from a letter in N. Y. Freeman’s Journal, dated Sept. 24, 1845.*—Mr. Editor: Last Sunday was a day which can not be soon forgotten by the Catholics of Poughkeepsie. Our revered bishop, on his first visit to us, administered the sacrament of confirmation to one hundred and twenty-two persons; some of them converts to our holy faith. The bishop addressed the candidates for confirmation on the sacrament, and the nature and many salutary effects of the sacred rite which they were about to receive; and were we allowed to draw conclusions from the external appearance and edifying deportment of those to be confirmed, we should say that they were deeply impressed with the solemnity and importance of their position. Though at an early hour, eight o’clock, and the

morning being very unfavorable, the church, which accommodates about twelve hundred persons, was crowded to excess with the most respectable of every religious persuasion.

Dedication of the new church of St. Columba, in 25th street.—Although the weather on Sunday last was exceedingly wet and stormy, still the new church had not only its pews, but even the aisles filled, when the ceremony of dedication commenced. At half-past ten, the hour appointed, the procession advanced from the sacristy down the middle aisle to the principal door, in the following order:—The cross-bearer, supported on either side by acolytes, carrying lighted tapers; the master of ceremonies; the officiating prelate (Dr. McCloskey), supported on the right by the Rev. Mr. Burke, pastor of the church, and on the left by the Rev. Mr. Smith, of St. James’ church. Having arrived at the door, the clergy commenced to chant the psalm “Miserere,” whilst the bishop pronounced the solemn blessing. After the conclusion of the psalm, the dedicatory prayer was offered, and then the procession advanced within the sanctuary singing the litanies. These concluded, the altar was solemnly devoted to its holy purpose, under the invocation of St. Columba, the patron of the church. The clergy and bishop then retired to the sacristy in the order of procession. In a few moments the solemn high mass was commenced; Rev. Mr. Burke officiating as priest, Rev. Messrs. Smith and Stokes as deacon and sub-deacon. After the Gospel, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes ascended the altar and read his text from the 1st chapter of the prophet Malachy, 10th and 11th verses: “I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of hosts, and I will not receive a gift of your hand. For, from the rising of the sun, even to the going down, great is my name among the gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation, for my name is great among the gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts.”

After having shown that this prophecy clearly foretold the future institution of a real perpetual sacrifice to be continually offered in the church, at all places, from the rising to the setting of the sun, he took upon himself to prove the sublime dignity of the Christian temple arising out of the exalted nature of the sacrifice daily performed within its precincts. The bishop, *en passant*, alluded to the ceremony of the day by which the church in which they stood—a temple, said he, that seemed to have sprung up as if by magic under the care of its pastor—was solemnly dedicated to the honor of the Supreme Being, where the immaculate body of Christ was to be offered daily to his heavenly Father. The prelate then proceeded, in a strain of eloquent and convincing argument, to prove the necessity of continually repeated sacrifice in the

Christian church, from the fact that sacrifice alone was the most perfect and complete recognition of the divine supremacy, and that if the new dispensation did not possess this mode of recognition, it would be inferior to the old Mosaic institutions. Whilst in the principles of Catholics there was a perpetually continued sacrifice, there was still no variation, no plurality of sacrifices, as in the Mosaic law; much less was there any substantial difference between the sacrifice of this day and the sacrifice of Calvary. For at all times the victim (Christ) being the same, and the priest (Christ) the same, the sacrifice must be the same. The victim the same Christ, now impassable, is always the victim, none other in the doctrine of the church, and although there may be many ministering priests, there is still but the one high-priest, Christ, who "remains a priest for ever, according to the order of Melchisedec." The bishop concluded a discourse which was listened to with the most profound attention, by exhorting his hearers to approach the house of God with that humility and reverence that became a place so holy and so sublime, and that, although the place be ever so humble, it derived its dignity from that of Him who dwelt there, the Son of God, who there takes up his abode in the sacrament of love.

After the high mass was concluded, the bishop pronounced his blessing on the assembled people, with which the ceremony concluded.

Altogether the scene was delightful, and all parties concerned deserve praise for their efforts to do every thing in the best manner. The choir was effective throughout.—The treble, Miss Major, together with Mr. Hurley as tenor, and Signor Martini as bass, each showed much musical talent, and sustained their parts well. The decorations of the altar were neat, and exceedingly well arranged, and we beg to tender our congratulations to the newly formed congregation and their pastor on the success of their united efforts.—*Freeman's Jour.*

DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—*Frankford Church.* On last Sunday, at Frankford, the Rt. Rev. Celestin De la Hailandiere, bishop of Vincennes, accompanied by Bishop Kenrick, and assisted by the Rev. D. Forrestal, the Rev. B. Rolando, C. M., and a number of the students of the seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, solemnly blessed and laid the corner-stone of a church to be dedicated to Almighty God under the invocation of Saint Joachim.—*Cath. Herald.*

DIOCESS OF LOUISVILLE.—*St. Joseph's College, Kentucky.*—Our readers will be gratified to learn that this institution, under the presidency of Rev. E. McMahon, begins the present year with very flattering prospects. Upwards of seventy boarders and a large number of externs have already entered upon their studies.—*Cath. Adv.*

New Church.—The corner-stone of a Catholic church was laid in Manton, Washington county, on the 2d instant, by the Rev. N. D. Young. An appropriate discourse was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. H. Deluynes of St. Mary's college. It is hoped that the building will be under roof by Christmas, and fit for service early next year.—*Id.*

DIOCESS OF CHICAGO.—The new cathedral of Chicago was solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God, under the invocation of the Immaculate Mother of Christ, on Sunday last.—*Cath. Herald.*

The University of St. Mary of the Lake, of Chicago, now in progress of building, is expected to be completely finished about Christmas.—*Ibid.*

DIOCESS OF VINCENNES.—*The mystery of iniquity manifested.*—We invite the particular attention of our readers to a communication from Vincennes, from the pen of Mr. Thomas, one of the counsel for the Rev. Mr. Weinzaephlin, in the prosecution set on foot against this worthy priest by one Schmoll and his wife. From the first, in common with many liberal persons of all denominations, we were convinced that Mr. W. was the victim of a most foul and malignant conspiracy; we also hoped that Providence would some day show this to the world, but we did not expect so soon to see the mystery of iniquity unveiled, and innocence justified, if not vindicated. It is said that "murder will out;" and that "a guilty conscience can not keep its guilt concealed;" we find that the knowledge of his own infamous achievement was too much for this fitting lord of a worthless spouse, and he has gone abroad to boast of "the deep damnation" of his heartless, malignant conspiracy against the spotless reputation of a pious servant of God.

He told the tale of his successful crime to those who, happily, had the virtue to shudder at the recital, and the honest courage to expose to the view of a deceived public the whole scheme of fraud, perjury and subornation.

The persons to whom Schmoll made his acknowledgments are all Protestants. This fact places their testimony above suspicion, where in favor of the character of a Catholic priest. We regret that Mr. Thomas could not, in his communication, give more of the depositions, but we suppose that, from deference to public delicacy, he was forced to refrain from this. He has given enough, however, to convince the most prejudiced that Rev. Mr. Weinzaephlin was the innocent victim of a most diabolical conspiracy. And those who gave their sympathy and aid to the reverend gentleman throughout his difficulties and sufferings, will be rejoiced at this complete and most satisfactory manifestation of his innocence.

We know not who are the wretched individuals to whom reference is made in the depositions, as the

suborned pack of perjured witnesses, who deposed in conformity with Schmoll's nefarious scheme, but we hope that the whole net-work of villainy will be unravelled, and that the chief actors as well as subordinates in this plot will be dealt with as outraged justice requires.

Not less criminal or contemptible than one of "the trained band" of false witnesses, is the physician who furnished the book to Schmoll and his wife, that they might study the nature of syncope and the art of swooning. His name should be known to the world, that no honest or honorable person might be in peril from association with him.

The wicked can only prosper for a time. Sooner or later, their iniquity is visited with meet punishment. What has become of Schmoll and his wife? They scandalized the people of Evansville, by the rumored history of their life, by their dissensions, their litigation, and their separation. Neither of them, we understand, is there at present. Neither of them enjoys the respect of the community which they so greatly agitated by their machinations and falsehoods. On the other hand, Rev. Mr. Weinzæphlin is better known and esteemed than he was, or than he could have been previously to the period of Schmoll's prosecution. To him, therefore, the event was but a temporary trial, and now that it is past, while he looks to God for consolation and reward, he must feel much gratified at the very general sympathy and respect which he has received in various ways, and especially from the members of his own church.

VINCENNES, September 10th, 1845.

Complete vindication of the innocence of Rev. Roman Weinzæphlin, the Roman Catholic priest.—Exposure of the conspiracy and perjury which effected his conviction.

We hasten to gratify the Catholic community, and the honestly deluded portion of the public, by announcing the truly joyful intelligence, that Schmoll, the arch prosecutor of Mr. Weinzæphlin, has in an unguarded moment acknowledged the utter falsity of the charge, and disclosed the practices by which he was enabled to succeed in his nefarious plot.

A few weeks ago a letter was received by Rev. Mr. Deydier, the Catholic clergyman at Evansville, from several German Protestants residing at or near Augusta, St. Charles county, Missouri,—Henry Schweitzer, Charles Spankern, Charles Nadler and Conrad Mallinckrodt, stating, among other incidental circumstances, that Schmoll had last year spent several months among them, and during his visit had made the disclosures above alluded to, thrown off his guard, as we infer, by the fact of his being at so great a distance from the scene of his villainy, and among Protestant friends, who, he imagined, would be delighted with his achievement. They

stated in their letter, "we communicate the same to you, and are ready to certify to it according to law, at any time when desired, so that you may make use of it according to circumstances."

The letter bore every mark of authenticity and truth, particularly in an accurate reference to individuals, places and occurrences, not apt to be known by strangers at a distance from Evansville. Their offer to verify their statement was at once accepted by the sympathizing friends of Mr. Weinzæphlin; and the result is, that the duly authenticated affidavits of the four individuals, and of two others, Eliza and Henry Schweitzer, also Protestants of the same place, have been voluntarily given, sufficient in form and substance, as is conceived, to serve as the basis, for those representing the state of Indiana, to institute proceedings to vindicate the insulted dignity of her laws, and they are hereby tendered for that purpose.

These documents are necessarily voluminous, but at the same time that they shall always remain at the disposal of the public authorities, we will, in the cause of innocence, present a few extracts to show their conclusiveness as against Schmoll, to establish the following points:

That Mrs. Schmoll, from the first, denied Mr. W's criminality, and that Schmoll himself believed him innocent: that the whole tale in regard to her having fainted, was previously fabricated under the advice of a physician of Evansville, and with the aid of a medical book which he furnished for that purpose: that by means alternately of threats and endearments, Schmoll prevailed upon his wife to place her conscience at the disposal of the conspirators, to study the book and swear according to their instructions, and that therein they enjoyed the benefit of the consultation of lawyers, although we are constrained to be skeptical of so extravagant an enormity in so elevated a profession, we would believe at least that it can allude only to the one who is stated in Schweitzer's affidavit to have accompanied her to Cincinnati, and who, appalled at the havoc there stated in the same affidavit to have been made of her reputation, and fearing the punishment which threatened him, never returned to Evansville, but abandoned his cause and his family, and fled to the confines of civilization: that for the purpose of bolstering up the assailable character of his wife, he had procured witnesses over whom he had gained an ascendancy by being privy to certain of their crimes, and who were therefore forced to place themselves at his disposal; that he was supported in this scheme by adversaries of the Catholic religion ready to stigmatize it by means even the most satanic.

In making this compilation, we have confined ourselves to the above points as the only ones involved in the prosecution; and we have carefully

excluded all language, and every collateral subject that could be offensive to the public sense of delicacy, however much they would exhibit our fiend-like enemy in the worst shades of indelicacy, and of unfounded suspicion of voluntary intercourse, towards a victim of the most unspotted reputation, although such insinuations abound in his disgusting disclosures.

We appreciate this providential interposition in behalf of suffering innocence, as an occasion of the most profound gratulation to the whole body of the unprejudiced community, to the Catholic church every where, to the poor victim himself, and last, though not least, to his venerated bishop, who left him in the penitentiary, on a visit from which he is just returning, and who is known to the writer of this, after having drained his treasure, to have borrowed funds for his defence, to have authorized the pledge of his private fortune for his security, and to have shed tears of bitterness for his fate.

The letter above alluded to, and the depositions, are deposited at the office of the counsel of M. Weinzeaphlin, for the inspection of all who feel an honest desire to investigate the truth of the affair.

R. M. THOMAS, *for the friends of the Rev. Roman Weinzeaphlin, and one of his counsel.*

THE RAILWAY SYSTEM AND ITS PROGRESS.—We have often called attention to the astonishing progress of the railway system. Few even of the most observing among us realize its rapid growth. Mr. Thomas Gray is the reputed projector of the use of railroads for travel and transportation, except for coal and mining purposes, in England; and he only dates the commencement of his efforts in relation to the system in 1820, or only *twenty-five years* ago! and now there are seventy-seven railways completed and in progress, with an authorized capital of over £85,000,000; and one hundred and thirty-nine applications before parliament, during the past session, involving a capital of £96,245,650, of which 2,860 miles, with a capital of £58,452,900, were authorized. In addition to these, there were one hundred and ninety-six other projected railways, not yet before parliament, involving a capital of £160,309,000, and the amount deposited in advance upon this is £9,913,312, from which it would appear that the projectors are in earnest. Should *all* these proposed roads be constructed, in accordance with the plans of the projectors, there will have been £368,000,000, or \$1,840,000,000 invested in railways and railway property in Great Britain alone! It may, however, with entire certainty be said that *all* of them will not be constructed, yet it is equally certain, or at least very probable, that many others, not now agitated, will be projected and constructed within the next ten years; and we have not a doubt that a larger amount of capital than is here given will be in-

vested in railroads in *Great Britain* prior to the year 1860, or within fifteen years, nor that £50,000,000, or \$200,000,000, of *British* capital will be invested in railroads *out* of the kingdom. *This*, however, is matter of opinion; it may, nevertheless, become true with much less effort than has been required to accomplish what has already been done.

If Great Britain can accomplish so much in her small territory, where the land is owned by a *few*, what may *we* not accomplish in this country, where every man almost is interested in the soil, and is to be benefited by its increased value, arising from the extension of such improvements? We have already in this country near 4,000 miles of rail-way in successful operation, the *net earnings* of which is now over *six per cent.* per annum, in gross, which will increase to *nine or ten per cent.* in less than ten years; this dividend is, however, of less value, far less, in this country, than the increase in the value of real estate and property generally, from the development of the natural resources of the country.—*American Rail Road Journal.*

THE FINE ARTS.—It gives us pleasure to state that, at the great sale of Joseph Bonaparte's (Count Survilliers) cabinet of paintings, at Bordentown, a few days since, some of the choicest were purchased by a gentleman of Washington.

Four of these paintings are by the celebrated French artist, *Joseph Vernet*, who was marine and landscape painter to the court of France, in the time of Louis XV; two of which are considered his best productions. They came into the possession of the Bonaparte family when Napoleon was absolute in France, and were brought to this country by his brother Joseph (the ex-king of Spain) when he left Europe for his chateau at Bordentown, New Jersey.

We are gratified to be able to state that our citizens will have an opportunity of viewing them in this city. We subjoin a brief description of the four paintings alluded to.

One of them represents a *Storm Clearing Off*—a ship on the rocks, the inhabitants of the coast rescuing passengers, and carrying them up the cliffs; size, ten feet long by five feet high; painted in 1782. The next is by the same master, (*Vernet*), and was painted at Rome in 1746.

This last picture is one of the choicest specimens of this great master. It is a view near Tivoli, in Italy, with an immense number of figures; it has been engraved, as has also the one named above; size, ten feet long by four feet three inches high. Both are four feet larger than any of Vernet's paintings now in the Louvre.

There are also four smaller pieces by him, three feet five inches long by two feet five inches high. Both of them are marine views.

This eminent master was a native of Avignon,

in France, and was born in 1712. He went to Italy to study, and there remained until 1752, when he returned to France, and was appointed painter to the royal family.

His works will live as long as any of the celebrated artists of that century. In a light and airy management of his landscapes, in a deep and tender diminution of his perspective, in the clear, transparent hue of the sky, the liquid appearance of the water, and the buoyant air of the vessels which he depicted, he had no superior.

One of his celebrated pictures, *the Storm*, (which we now refer to,) is perhaps the most powerful specimen of his pencil. The *Chiaroscuro* is grand and effective. It was Vernet's custom to study nature in all her forms. He procured mariners to go out in the open sea with him, in order to store his mind with grand images, and to delight in the majesty of scenes that would fill a weak heart with terror. He was a complete master of effect, and united the charm of science to a wonderful beauty of execution, and all are struck with admiration at the truth of the perspective in the distance of the vessels.

No painter was ever more honored by royal personages than VERNET. As a proof in what estimation he was held, it may be mentioned that (in his life-time) two of his pictures, now in the Luxembourg Gallery, were purchased for fifty thousand livres. Vernet died in Paris in 1789.—*National Intelligencer*.

THE MORMONS.—The St. Louis Republican contains a correspondence between John J. Hardin, Samuel A. Douglass, W. B. Warren, and J. A. McDougal, on the one part, and Brigham Young, representing the first president and council of the church of Nauvoo, on the other part, which discloses the intention of the Mormons to remove from the state of Illinois in the spring, and the acceptance of their proposition by the Anti-mormons of Hancock and the surrounding counties. This will of course put an end to any further difficulty for the present. The proposition of the Mormons is thus stated by Gen. Hardin and his colleagues, in a letter addressed to the Anti-Mormons.

"The Mormons have pledged themselves, by word and in writing, to remove from the state. Aside from these pledges, there are reasons which incline us to the opinion that such is their intention. You desire to see them removed. We think also that, for the preservation of peace and quiet in this country, they had best remove; and we have so advised them. But it is not consistent with a proper sense of justice or humanity that families of women and children should be driven from their homes by threats or violence, at this season of the year, to breast the storms of winter, unprotected by the covering of a roof.

"Five or six thousand of the Mormons, including the entire church organization, their prominent men, and all their church judicatories, have pledged themselves to remove next spring; and, judging

from appearances, they will do so. The history of their church has shown that wherever the leaders go the members will follow. This is a part of their religious duties. When, therefore, this colony shall have started for a home west of the Rocky Mountains, it will be the best possible evidence that all design removing, and will remove. Many citizens of other counties than Hancock have resolved to accept the proposition of the Mormons to remove in the spring; and most or nearly all of those, with whom we have had an opportunity of conversing, have expressed themselves satisfied with the agreement of the Mormons to remove, as submitted to us, if it is carried out in good faith."—*ib.*

THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.—A writer in this paper, October 18th, has thought proper to animadvert on an expression used in a late number of our *Magazine*, by one of its contributors on the subject of Geology. The expression objected to is this: "I apprehend he (*the Catholic Herald*) comes not from a region where the people are infallible in guessing." To one acquainted with the usages of language in this country, the words above quoted present a very obvious meaning, and would appear to convey nothing more or less than a playful and good-humored allusion to Yankee-land. But the writer in the *Freeman's Journal*, either from ignorance of the peculiar idioms used amongst us, or through an immoderate desire of breaking a lance in controversy, has attached to the words in question an equally unwarrantable and odious sense, intimating that the "*animus* of political nativism may be discovered in the remarks of the geologist." He then adds:

"Of this, perhaps, we have no right to complain; but we do complain of the *United States Catholic Magazine's* being made a vehicle for the expression of such sentiments. They must certainly have escaped the critical eye of the editor, or he would not have permitted them to appear in a paper, whose spirit ought to be at least as large as its title, if not as universal as the faith it inculcates. There can be no affinity between the faith and feelings of a *Catholic*, and the narrow conceptions that would belong to a township, or even a 'region.'"

We heartily subscribe to the doctrine contained in the concluding lines of this paragraph, and we can truly say that we have no reason to reproach ourselves with the slightest deviation from the maxims which it implies. The spirit of the *Magazine* is not limited by the United States, or by any other region; it is the spirit of Catholicity which makes no exception of nations or of individuals, because it is essentially a spirit of charity. Actuated by this spirit, we were not disposed to put any narrow and illegitimate constructions on the words by which the writer on geology undertook to defend his positions: we took them in the sense which they naturally bear, and in the only sense, we think, which can be given to them, without offering violence to thought as well as to language. We see nothing in this at variance with the spirit and feelings of a *Catholic*; on the contrary, it seems to us

perfectly in accordance with that spirit which St. Paul tells us "thinketh no evil." But has the writer in the *Freeman's Journal* followed this rule of criticism? He has misrepresented the sentiments of his neighbor, and then complained of the *Magazine* for publishing these odious sentiments, which exist no where but in his own misguided fancy. Had we discovered, in the remarks of our contributor, any thing of the detestable doctrine referred to by the writer, most assuredly they would have been rejected with scorn from the columns of this journal, and, in pursuing this course, we should only have followed the principles that have uniformly guided us in our editorial duties. But we know, without laying claim to any extraordinary mental penetration or rhetorical knowledge, that the objectionable doctrine hinted at existed neither in the mind nor in the words of the writer in the *Magazine*; and we, therefore, respectfully suggest that the critic of the *Freeman's Journal* has gravely offended against the maxims which he inculcates, and which we also teach, that the Catholic spirit, from its very universality, breathes not contention, "thinketh no evil," judgeth not rashly. It does not lead an individual to conjure up some strange and terrible phantom in his own mind, and then credit it to the intellectual powers of his neighbor. To use the words of the critic himself: "There can be no affinity between the faith and feelings of a Catholic, and the narrow conceptions that would belong to a township or even a region:" much less, we add, between the faith of a Catholic and the narrow conceptions which prompt an individual hastily and erroneously to censure another for what he alone has the merit of originating. We coincide perfectly with the writer in his views of the enlarged spirit which ought to pervade a Catholic periodical; but we are of opinion that the theory and the practice should always go together. The principal fault which the professors of the true faith charge against the anti-catholic controversy of the times, is its character of misrepresentation, by which our tenets and practices are first disfigured or falsified, and then combated with a truly quixotic earnestness. Shall we fall into the same inconsistency among ourselves? Shall we carry on an intestine war against each other, while our adversaries are assailing us without, and are prepared to avail themselves of every circumstance favorable to their sinister purpose? We think that the real friends of Catholicity will agree with us in the opinion that such is not the course which wisdom and charity would dictate. A fair, honest, and courteous discussion of topics, within the sphere of a Catholic periodical, may be productive of good; but the industrious seeking of contentious disputation, or the unjust aspersions of a mind governed more by prejudice or sensitiveness than the rules of

Christian charity, can lead only to results which our holy religion teaches us to dread and to avert. Were there less of unneighborly insinuation and unfounded censure exhibited on those occasions where there is not the slightest ground even for the suspicion of wrong, the cause of truth and religion would not suffer, and the legitimate objects of Catholic periodicals would certainly be better promoted. As to the publication of the remarks to which we object, in the *Freeman's Journal*, we shall simply observe that, although we are satisfied of the pure and honorable motives which induced the editor to insert them, we should consider it a worse than useless controversy to allude any further to the bugbear subject so unnecessarily called up in that paper. We have said enough, we think, fully to vindicate our own course, and if our remarks have a tendency to awaken a better spirit where it is wanted, we shall be happy in having rendered this service to our neighbor. We are conscious of being actuated by no other intentions, and we trust that the observations we have made will be received with the same sincerity that has placed them before the public.

After having written the above, we received from the *Geologist* himself the following lines, in reply to the writer in the *Freeman's Journal*.

Messrs. Editors,—In the *Freeman's Journal* of the 18th inst. there appears a grave complaint against your "vehicle," which you can doubtless answer most satisfactorily. The offending article in the *Magazine* seems to have been understood by the Catholic Herald in the sense that the writer intended, and that paper will doubtless be as astonished as myself to learn that we have both been so egregiously mistaken. The "friend," to whose judgment the editor of the *Journal* so implicitly deferred, is not a mortal to be rashly assailed by those who differ in opinion from him. He has such a sly way of getting at the "animus" of a plain English sentence, that he loses sight entirely of the "corpus," and consequently one can not even understand himself until this sage critic has declared his interpretation. In this predicament I can not be expected to venture farther than to give expression, in all humility, to one opinion. And lest I should be again misunderstood, I will beg pardon in anticipation of that very respectable race of people, the scattered remnant of the Jewish nation, and assuring them most solemnly that I mean not the slightest disrespect to them, will hazard the remark that the "friend" of the *Freeman's Journal* is no Solomon.

A.

THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.—In our remarks on this excellent institute, in a late number of the *Magazine*, we fell into a mistake relative to the daily order of exercises pursued by the Brothers. The following paragraph will rectify

fy the error, which is found in the first column of page 662. We should also have stated that only two Brothers are employed in Baltimore, and that no one can make his simple perpetual vows until he has completed his twenty-fifth year.

"Of the mode of living pursued by the Brothers during the time not devoted to professional duties, it is only necessary to state briefly that their hour of rising is half-past four o'clock each morning throughout the year; after which, one hour and a half is devoted to exercises of devotion, which commence at five o'clock. In the morning the schools are opened at eight, and closed at eleven. Dinner commences at a quarter before twelve; after dinner there is recreation until one. In the afternoon the schools are opened at half-past one, and closed at five, (the schools are closed at half past four during the months of November, December, and January.) After school the time is spent, until about nine, partly in recreation, partly in spiritual exercises, and partly in reading literary and spiritual books. On Thursday, which is always vacant, except when a festival falls on some other day during the week, the Brothers walk out in the country until about five; this is not done in bad weather. There is school on Saturdays, the same as on other days."

BURNAP'S MISCELLANIES.—We would not have adverted to these "Miscellanies" again, but for a notice of them in Brownson's Review, which embraces in its scope a small rebuke for us, as well as a rather rough one for the author. What puzzles us most is, to know how our remarks of Mr. Burnap and his book differ essentially from Mr. Brownson's. That we have spoken of Mr. Burnap in polite language, we confess, yet we can not think that, in doing so, we have offended against either Catholic manners or doctrine. As far as the religious part of these Miscellanies is concerned, we are not conscious that we have rated them a whit higher than does Mr. Brownson himself. The only difference we can see is, that our judgment is expressed in, what appears to us to be, milder language than his. It may be a fault: but we prefer to approach those whom we consider in error with words of peace and kindness, rather than in terms of asperity or contempt, for we have never yet known any heart or understanding to be convinced by harsh or angry altercation. Mr. Brownson's readers might understand him to intimate that we had commended the work of Mr. Burnap. This however is far from being the case. In truth, we really imagined when we praised Mr. Burnap for his resort to Catholic principles, in his condemnation of the doctrines of Miller, that we were doing that for which he would not thank us; as, from the nature of his religious creed, he must be a friend to the greatest latitude in the doctrine of private judgment and interpretation of the Scriptures. Of the author's discourse commemorative of the death of Dr. Greenwood, which comprises one of his miscellaneous articles, we had spoken in the second volume of the Catholic Magazine, and

pointed out some of its errors. The essay on Church and State we condemn as strongly as Mr. Brownson himself; but in a book of *miscellanies*, where the subjects treated are perfectly distinct, it is plain that some of them may be ably handled, and be worthy of praise, while others may be very censurable; and it does not follow, because the good is favorably noticed, that the bad is equally lauded. It may not be out of place to add here that the remarks on Burnap's Miscellanies, in the September number of the Catholic Magazine, were not written by the editor. At the time they were indited and put to press, he was absent from Baltimore, having entrusted the conduct of the Magazine to one not so experienced in its management, though fully adequate to the task assumed by him. We regret that, in speaking favorably of a part of Mr. Burnap's book, we should have led Mr. Brownson or any one else to suppose that we had the slightest reference to the fallacies of the author's religious views. Saving the discourse on Millerism, we were satisfied with excepting in a general way to such matters of a religious nature as we did not approve of, and speaking favorably of the remaining portions of these Miscellanies. This we did with the more readiness, as Mr. Burnap's course has always been characterized by conciliation and a courteous respect for those from whom he differs.

We agree with Mr. Brownson as to the duties of a Catholic printer, but are not willing to give special advice, unless it is asked, and had we been disposed to be officious, we would have been too late in this instance, as the first that we knew of the work was after its publication. Mr. Brownson finds fault with the ink and the pressman; now as he asks us a very pointed question about partiality for our publisher, will he permit us to answer it by asking another? Does not his objection to ink and pressman arise from a kind feeling for Boston, and from the fact that he would like to secure for a certain Unitarian publisher in Boston, the printing of some of our Baltimore works?

TRIBUTE TO THE REV. P. S. SCHREIBER.—At a meeting of the Board of Managers, on behalf of the congregation of St. Vincent's church, Baltimore, held on Monday, September 29th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, it has pleased the Almighty, in the inscrutable designs of his wisdom, to call to the reward of the faithful steward, the Rev. PETER S. SCHREIBER, second pastor of St. Vincent's church; and whereas, the decease of this excellent clergyman has been a visitation of the most afflicting nature, falling upon the church in which he ministered, at a moment when it was most in need of his valuable services; therefore,

Resolved, by the Board of Managers of St. Vincent de Paul's, that while they bow to the decrees

of Divine Providence, they deeply sympathize with the relatives of the deceased, and with the Catholic community in general.

Resolved, that in his demise the church has lost a pious, accomplished, and efficient clergyman.

Resolved, that, as a mark of respect, the members of this Board wear the usual badge of mourning during thirty days.

Resolved, that the foregoing proceedings be signed by the secretary, and be sent to the relatives of the deceased.

Resolved, that these resolutions be published in the United States Catholic Magazine, and entered on the minutes of the board. J. I. GROSS, Sec.

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS adopted by the Teachers of St. Vincent of Paul's S. S. Association

WHEREAS, only a few months have elapsed since we were called to follow the remains of our highly cherished and deeply regretted friend, the Rev. J. B. GILDEA, to the silent repository of the dead; scarcely, indeed, had we ceased our mourning for his loss, before our sorrow was renewed, as we were summoned to kneel at the dying couch of his able coadjutor, and worthy successor, the Rev. PETER STANISLAUS SCHREIBER.

Whereas, in common with others, we feel his loss; as a zealous pastor, ever ready to administer to the wants, and to alleviate the sufferings of the poor and afflicted; as the able advocate of the doctrines and precepts of Catholicity, whose eloquence attracted the attention, and elicited the admiration of all who heard him; in a word, as the orphan's father, protector, and friend; we, in a particular manner, feel his loss as president of this association. But whereas it has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove him from the scene of his usefulness, to call him prematurely from this vale of affliction to reap the reward of his labors in a better world; be it *resolved*

1st. That we are deeply afflicted at the intelligence of his death.

2d. That we condole with his afflicted relatives and friends in the loss they have sustained.

3d. That we wear crape on our left arms for the space of thirty days, as a testimonial of our sorrow for his death, and respect for his memory and virtues.

4th. That this preamble and resolutions be published in the United States Catholic Magazine.

M. BUSH, J. T. SMITH, W. G. V. HULL, B. D. DANELS, J. McHENRY, M. J. KERNEY, chairman,
Balt., Sept. 29, 1845. Committee.

OBITUARY.

DIED on the 27th of September, in the 42d year of his age, in the city of Chicago, the Rev. JOHN FAUGHAN, pastor of Elgin, Du Page county, Illinois. The deceased was a native of the parish of Armaduff county, Leitrim, and of the diocese of Ardagh, Ireland. He was ordained priest on the

3d of December, 1844, and was shortly after appointed pastor of the congregation above named, where, in the arduous discharge of his ministerial duties, he contracted disease. He lingered for some time amongst his flock, and then repaired to the residence of the bishop, where he closed his mortal career. The funeral obsequies were performed in the cathedral, and his remains were followed to the grave by the bishop, the clergy of the city, the seminarians, and a large concourse of the faithful.

Died at the residence of Mrs. Catharine Grignon, Green Bay, on Thursday, the 4th inst., at 4 o'clock in the morning, after a painful illness of eleven days, the Very Rev. PIERRE CHAZELLE, Superior of the Society of Jesuits in the province of Canada, about 50 years of age.

The deceased came among us a stranger, on a short visit, intending to return in the boat in which he came, with a view, as we are informed, to the future establishment of missionaries among the Indians in this vicinity, and through misapprehension in him as to the time of the boat's leaving, was left behind; in a day or two after he was prostrated on a bed of sickness by a most malignant fever, which continued unremittingly to the time of his death, alone as it were, a stranger in a strange land, with no familiar hand to administer to his wants in the hour of sickness and death, here, remote from friends, he came to yield up his spirit to God who gave it, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be his holy name." He has passed from the earth to a purer and brighter sphere, to receive a fitting reward for his unremitting labor during his sojourn here, in disseminating, far and wide, the benign influence of Christianity and civilization. His gentleness and patient resignation during the most intense suffering, excited the sympathy, and endeared the good father to the hearts of all who visited him. It may be a source of consolation to his friends, in their affliction, to know that every attention and care was taken to alleviate his sufferings during his illness, and to soothe his dying pillow, and that every demonstration of respect was exhibited by the citizens at the interment of the remains of the stranger.—Peace be to the ashes of the holy man.—*Wiscon. Rep.*

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.

Circular.—His excellency, the governor of the state, having recommended that "Thursday, the 27th day of Nov. next, be set apart and observed by the people of Maryland as a day of public thanksgiving," I request the clergy and laity of my diocese to comply with a recommendation emanating from so high a source, and originating in principles which every heart should cherish.

Given at Baltimore, October 25, 1845.

† SAMUEL, archbishop of Baltimore.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Wiseman's Lectures on the Principal Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church. Baltimore : John Murphy. 12mo., pp. 480.

Whatever may be the prejudices, or the preconceived opinions of Protestants in regard to the Catholic faith, experience shows that many among them willingly embrace it so soon as they become convinced of its divine institution. All feel the necessity of religion, all feel the necessity of true religion; the question, therefore, arises, which is the true religion? Once convinced that a certain system of religion maintains the same identical faith in all its purity, and in all its bearings with that of the apostolic age, we must, if we have regard for our eternal welfare, adhere to this ark, riding so safely over the billows, bearing so high her front, with letters of living truth engraven upon her brow. The members of the Catholic church, happy in the faith which they profess, are ever anxious to bring to the truth those who sincerely desire to embrace it when known; hence are they as candid and as clear in the explanation of the Catholic doctrine, as they are active in diffusing it abroad, for the benefit of those who feel a desire to become acquainted with its principles. To such would we earnestly recommend the work before us. Among the Catholic portion of the community, Dr. Wiseman is perhaps as well known in this country as in England. His varied and profound talents have been directed solely to the good of religion, and to the dispersion of that cloud of prejudice which hangs around the minds of Protestants in regard to our holy faith. When he has occasion to touch upon points of controversy, we see the arm of the giant raised to descend with a crushing force upon his foes. The course of lectures to which we refer is of this cast: his main object in the first volume is to establish, by positive and undeniable proof, which is the true rule of faith; in the second, he lectures at length upon some points of Catholic faith upon which Protestants have great difficulty, and we are sincerely convinced that no one who really desires to embrace the truth, no one can read and ponder over this learned and able work of Dr. Wiseman, but will admit that the Catholic church is still the Spouse of Christ, that she it is who gathers into her fold her children from every clime and country under heaven, and whether the able author shall have succeeded or not in engaging his readers to practise what he proves to them, at least they must be convinced, if conviction can be effected. The present edition of the lectures has been revised and improved by the author.

The typographical execution of the work merits our praise. Mr. Murphy has earned for himself an extended reputation for the neatness and beauty of the works issuing from his press.

The Student of Blenheim Forest, or the Trials of a Convert. By Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. Baltimore: John Murphy. 32mo., pp. 544.

We are pleased to learn that this ably written and very interesting Catholic tale, which has appeared in the Magazine, is about to be issued in book form from the press of Mr. Murphy. We have already had occasion to speak of the high literary talents and accomplishments of Mrs. Dorsey, which have contributed at times to enhance in no small degree the value and interest of our periodical. We take this occasion publicly to tender our thanks for the excellent articles which we have received from her pen, and we trust that the success which has crowned her first efforts in the cause of Catholic literature, will induce her to exercise her talents in the execution of some other works of a similar character. If the *Student of Blenheim Forest* meet with an extensive patronage, it is nothing more than what the book is entitled to, on account of its real merit. We understand that it will be printed handsomely, forming a volume of about five hundred pages, with a fine engraving as a frontispiece.

Lives of the Saints, by the Rev. Alban Butler, No. V. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press.

This valuable work is issued regularly to meet the wishes of its numerous patrons. The present number contains the lives of the saints for the month of May. For sale by John Murphy.

The Catholic Keepsake. Edited by Professor Walter. Philadelphia: Published by M. Fithian. For sale by John Murphy, Baltimore.

It gives us infinite pleasure to commend to the public in general, and to Catholics in particular, this agreeable little volume, got up for the approaching holiday season. We hail it with especial gratification, as the first undertaking of the kind originated in this country by Catholic enterprise. Catholics have long felt the want of an annual of this description, and they will find themselves at the coming Christmas at no loss for a literary douceur for their friends and children. This work comes to us with the distinguished approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia, a circumstance which will entitle it to far more favor than any thing we could urge in its behalf. The printing of this annual is excellent, the engravings only tolerable; but we must remember that the work is but an experiment, and it depends upon the encouragement which the Catholics of the country will give it, whether in future the enterprise, now commenced, will be improved or suffered to languish. The matter of this volume is excellent, and in general unexceptionable, and we think we will not be going too far to promise the publisher and editor the prospect of a fair reward for their commendable zeal in presenting to the public this new phase in American Catholic literature.

THE
UNITED STATES
CATHOLIC MAGAZINE
AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1846.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?—*St. Matthew xvi, 26.*



OME malicious wight has ventured to call this age the *seculum humbuggianum*; but we greatly prefer to call it the age of enlightenment. This latter epithet, besides being vastly more polite and fashionable, is, at the same time, perhaps more nearly connected with the truth. True, we have empiricism in every thing: in medicine, in science, in politics, and even in religion! The empiric deals not only in quack medicines and in political *legerdemain*, but also in the once hallowed tenets of a holy religion! Our modern mountebanks feast us on Millerism and Mormonism, as well as on Fourierism and mesmerism, to say nothing of a thousand and one other new-fangled notions and *isms*. When the wisest of men said, "there is nothing new under the sun," he could scarcely have directed his prophetic vision to our *enlightened* age! We have certainly hit upon some *new* things, which would have greatly astonished and startled even Solomon himself.

Still our confidence in this being an en-
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lightened age is not at all shaken. The extravagances to which we have just alluded, are but exceptions to the general spirit of our age. Enlightenment is the rule; empiricism the exception. The latter is a superabundant growth on a rich and fertile soil. The noxious weeds with their wild luxuriance may cumber the ground uselessly; but they can not wholly choke the many healthy and goodly plants which flourish thereon. And it may be that by a judicious system of cultivation we may finally succeed in plucking out the evil weeds altogether, and in causing the goodly plants to shoot forth their branches, and to yield their abundant fruits for the healing of the nations, without let or hindrance.

Yes, we are free to avow the belief that ours is an enlightened age. In a certain point of view, the present is far in advance of any preceding age. As far as mere earthly interests and comforts are concerned, we can boast of great improvements over our more simple and unsophisticated ancestors. All the *useful* arts have attained a perfection never dreamed of by them even in their wildest reveries. In

navigation, in commerce, and in ship-building ; in warlike accoutrements and in naval equipments ; in the facilities of intercourse both by sea and by land ; and in all the appliances of domestic comfort ; we are immeasurably ahead of our forefathers in all past ages. We travel a thousand miles now in a shorter time, and with more comfort, than our ancestors did a hundred ; we traverse the ocean with as much facility as they did any arm of the sea, or an inland lake. By the invention of steam navigation and the great improvements recently made therein, we have almost succeeded in annihilating time and space. We have brought the whole world into close and intimate correspondence. The old and new worlds, once separated by an almost impassable gulf, are now brought almost into contact. The most ordinary articles of our daily consumption, such as spice, pepper, and tea, are brought from the very antipodes ; and, in return, we spread out before the antipodes our own products. Thus the very extremities of the globe are made near to each other ; and the children of the earth inhabiting the remotest boundaries thereof are brought together, and associate as brethren of the same great family.

Still we are not satisfied. We are always in a restless fever of agitation and excitement. We forget what is past, and we bend forward to what is future. Past discoveries, great and magnificent as they are, are all counted as nothing ; we anticipate something much more brilliant in the future. The surface of society is like that of the ocean lashed into foamy billows by the winds of heaven. But, unlike the sea, we are never at rest. The great characteristic of the age is *PROGRESS*. We must progress in every thing ; in the arts, in the sciences, in legislation, in philosophy, and even in religion ! We are always looking restlessly *ahead*. Invention, which once dazzled the world with their brilliancy and promise of usefulness, have been long since superseded and forgotten. The cumbrous and imperfect steam-boat machinery of Blasco de Garay and of Biñocas has been superseded by the more simple and manageable apparatus of Fulton ; while this too, in its turn, has given way to the more available methods suggested by recent discoveries.

Little did even Fulton dream of the wonderful extent to which his discovery, or rather improvement, would be rendered available for

the purposes of manufactories, of land travel, of navigation, and of naval warfare. Little did the Italian priest Galvani think, while experimenting on frogs with his metallic plates, that he was laying the foundations of a science which, at no distant period, would be applied to the instantaneous transmission of intelligence between the most remote points, and, perhaps, to the purposes of machinery and navigation. Still less, we are quite sure, did the simple-minded Italian suspect that the notable science (!) of animal magnetism would be built up on this discovery ! Little did the first inventors of the noble art of printing imagine the amazing progress which their simple invention would soon make in the world, and the wonders to be achieved by the steam and the power press. And little did any among the earlier harbingers of science dream of the beautiful discovery of Daguerre, by which the rays of the sun are caught in their rapid progress towards the earth, and are made to subserve the purposes of the pictorial art, without the aid of either the brush, the pencil, or the coloring material of the painter !

All these and many others are the triumphs of modern art and science. And yet, as we have already said, we are not all content with our present improvements. We rush forward in the career of discovery with the speed of one of our own steamboats or locomotives ; and we make almost as much noise, and give out almost as much smoke, in our progress. Puff ! puff ! puff ! is our watch-word, and the token of our progress. This is the age of *puffing*, no less than of progress. With us every thing goes by steam. The steam engine is the characteristic and the most appropriate emblem of our age. We have made amazing progress in every thing ; we know it and *feel* it ; and we wish others also to know it and to feel it. And if others should not know it and feel it, it will surely be for no want of *boasting* on our parts. Our fourth-of-July orators and itinerant lecturers ; our pulpit orators and our rostrum haranguers ; our pamphleteers and our reviewers ; have heralded forth this fact so often and so loudly, that surely the world must be very deaf and stupid indeed not to have found out by this time, that we *are* a great and enlightened people, and that ours is peculiarly the age of enlightenment. Never, since the world began, has the saying of the inspired

apostle been more fully or more strikingly verified;—“*scientia inflat*, knowledge puffeth up.” And at no former period of the world was the accompanying warning of the apostle more appropriate or more needed: “if any man thinketh that he knoweth any thing, he hath not yet known as he ought to know.”* Our knowledge is great, but our self-glorification is greater. Our science is inflated and vain-glorious in the extreme. We have not yet learned the noble modesty of Socrates, who, after having devoted a long life and a vigorous intellect to moral and scientific pursuits, said when near the close of his career: “*hoc unum scio, me scire nihil*; this one thing I do know, that I know nothing.”

Now, we do not at all object to this spirit of progress so characteristic of our age; we applaud it rather, if it be kept within its appropriate limits. We merely rebuke its extravagances and its excesses. These are mainly reducible to two classes: first, an application of the doctrine of progress to religion and to heavenly things; and secondly an almost total forgetfulness of religion and of heavenly things in the all-absorbing interest which the mind is made to take in the things of this earth. We will devote this paper to a brief consideration of these two leading errors of modern society; and if our humble efforts should contribute even ever so little to the awakening of public attention to a subject of vast and paramount importance, and if they should even slightly contribute to the more healthy development of the great principle of progress, we shall not have labored wholly in vain. We will endeavor, then, to show that modern society is grievously wrong in one or both of two ways:

1. In its application of the doctrine of progress to religion and to heavenly things.

2. In its almost total forgetfulness of religion and of heavenly things in the all-absorbing interest which it takes in the comparatively paltry things of this earth.

I. That there is in our age a strong tendency to bring down the noble and sublime truths of religion to the low level of mere earthly knowledge, we think no impartial and philosophic observer of the signs of our times will or can deny. That this tendency is entirely wrong; that it is founded on very imperfect or erroneous notions of religion; and that it debases and

degrades religion, we think equally undeniable. That it is fraught with danger, and that it has already produced the most lamentable results, a mere glance at the leading features of modern society will be sufficient to prove. We can not in any other way explain the extensive prevalence of unbelief among us; nor can we otherwise account for the mischievous theories which have been broached and received with favor, if not with avidity, by large masses of our population. There is surely something grievously wrong *some where*; and we will endeavor briefly to point out the wrong and its remedy.

The wrong lies precisely where we have located it;—in the vain attempt to estimate heavenly things by a mere earthly standard; the remedy consists in a counter movement, embracing a return to sounder principles of reasoning. Religion is something apart from, and immeasurably above, mere human speculation and knowledge; it treats of God, of heavenly things, of eternity. It is the embodiment of divine wisdom; of principles and truths unfolding the nature and attributes of God himself, and his manifestations in time to his creatures. To know and to estimate aright the things of God, we must have God himself for our teacher, or at least some one authorized and commissioned by him to teach us in his name, and with his unerring truth. Any other teacher would be wholly incompetent to the task; because any other might be mistaken and might mislead us fatally. The truths of religion rest not on mere human speculation, or theory, or science; they rest on a *fact*;—that God himself has so declared and so spoken in his revelation to man. The Lord hath spoken; let the earth be silent, and let men listen with reverent awe:—such is the principle upon which alone we can learn religion aright and with certainty. To attempt to learn it in any other way, would betray a woful ignorance of the first elements of religion, and would mislead us in a thousand ways.

To pretend that we can find out what religion is by mere unaided human reason, is about as wise as would be the pretension of the mountebank who would promise to light up the heavens of a dark night with a mere rush-light! Such a pretension forcibly reminds us of the beautiful allegorical incident related by St. Augustine. This greatest man of his

* 1 Corinth. viii, 1, 2.

age tells us that, when he was once walking on the sea shore, he observed a man very busily engaged in dipping up the water of the sea and pouring it into a small basin which he had excavated in the sand of the beach. To the holy doctor's inquiry as to the object which prompted this singular conduct, the simple peasant replied that he meant to dry up the sea by emptying its waters into the little cavity! St. Augustine smiled at his simplicity, but turned the incident to account in his writings against the Manicheans and other unbelievers of his day.

Our modern philosophers are attempting to do precisely what that foolish peasant fancied he could accomplish;—they would fain make the immense and boundless and unfathomable ocean of God's truth pass through the narrow and shallow basin of their own reason! They apply the principles of human science to religion with as much confidence as they apply algebra to geometry. With them religion is to be estimated only by human knowledge. The inflated doctrine of human progress is the starting point; religion is the conclusion reached. Science is every thing; religion is almost nothing: at least, science is the principal thing; religion is but a secondary consideration, an adjunct, a corollary.

Those things in religion are readily admitted, which human science can understand or demonstrate; those are rejected, which human science is pleased to reject. Whatsoever doctrines of revelation appear to them to promote human knowledge and to aid human progress, are received with applause and hailed with delight; whatever wars against human pride, is painful to human sensuality, or is humbling to human reason, is rejected with scorn. Mysteries can not be fathomed or understood; therefore mysteries must be rejected. It matters not that there are thousands of mysteries in this lower world both around and within us; mysteries which all agree in admitting, without being able to understand or explain them; it matters not how strong may be the evidence which establishes the *fact* that God, who can neither deceive nor be deceived, *has revealed* those same mysteries; they will not believe them, because they can not understand them! Thus, certain astronomers could not prove the existence of God *mathematically*; therefore, they sagely concluded the existence of God is

at best but problematical! Thus, also, certain learned *Christian* philosophers can not, for the life of them, understand the nature or utility of the great revealed doctrines of the trinity, the incarnation, the atonement, the real presence, &c.; therefore, all these must go by the board! These wise men might as well blot out the myriads of twinkling stars from the firmament, under the pretence that they can not understand the utility of so many bodies in our system! And they might exclaim with their prototype Judas Iscariot: *ut quid perditio hæc*; why this sad waste of light?

There is something radically wrong in all this line of reasoning. Those who adopt it begin at the wrong end of the argument, and reason backwards. Instead of reasoning from high to low, from heaven to earth, they reason from low to high, from earth to heaven. Instead of raising up the earth to the lofty standard of heaven, they would fain bring down heaven to the low standard of earth. Puffed up with the pride of learning and with the windy spirit of the age, they would, like Lucifer of old, raise themselves up to the very heavens of God, and either seek to place themselves on a level with the Eternal himself, or to bring down the Eternal to their own low position. With Lucifer they say, in the pride of their hearts: "I will ascend into heaven, and I will exalt my throne above the stars of God. . . . I will ascend above the clouds; I will be like the Most High."* Would that they did but remember Lucifer's fall, that they might learn to *beware*! Would that they did but place a lower and more just estimate on themselves, and a higher estimate on God and on heavenly things! Weak, erring, and short-sighted as they are, would that they could but learn a little more modesty in inquiring into things infinitely above themselves, and entirely beyond the range of their imperfect vision! In a word, would that the emphatic language of the great apostle of the gentiles were not fully verified in them: "professing themselves to be wise, they became fools!"†

But alas! such a hope were almost idle in our vain-glorious age! The great ones of the earth never learn any thing. The experience of the past, the striking lights of history with its fearful lessons, the teachings of a sounder philosophy, are all thrown away on them. In

* Isaiah xiv, 13, 14.

† Rom. i, 22.

spite of all that can be alleged, they persist in being "vain in their thoughts:" *evanuerunt in cogitationibus suis*.* Like the builders in the plains of Shinar, they have foolishly sought to erect a tower which shall reach to the heavens themselves; but like them too, their speech has been confounded. The inflated philosophy of the day is a modern Babel;—a sad jumble of contradictory theories and speculations. As in the days of Cicero, there is no absurdity which the soi-disant philosophers of the age have not broached and idolized. Atheists, deists, materialists, pantheists, rationalists, eclectics, transcendentalists, perfectionists, Fourierists, socialists, mesmerists, neurologists, &c. &c. &c.; what a conglomeration of jarring elements, or rather absurdities! And, as if we had not already absurdities enough, new ones are daily starting into existence; and it is a sad thing that nothing new can be broached, no matter how shocking or absurd, which does not gain proselytes! Alas for our enlightened age!

Perhaps the most fashionable absurdities of the day are pantheism, eclecticism, and transcendentalism. These three systems—if systems they may be called—are but a revival, under new and more witching forms, of very old systems of pagan philosophy long since consigned to the tomb of the Capulets. Pantheism is but a new form of the ancient Platonism;—a system peculiarly acceptable to our modern philosophers, because it deified the world, made matter an object of idolatry, worshipped the creature, and forgot the Creator. The modern, like the ancient eclectic in the days of Cicero, prided himself in the assumption that he has succeeded in extracting the quintessence of all that is best in all other systems of philosophy, and in harmonizing together the truths thus extracted; whereas the truth is, that he has only succeeded in showing his own inconsistency and absurdity in the attempt to harmonize contradictions. The transcendentalist steps gallantly forth to the rescue of the pantheist and of the eclectic, when these are pressed by the stringent logic of the Christian philosopher; and he dexterously conceals the true position, or covers the retreat of his allies with a cloud of grandiloquent, but unmeaning verbiage. His motto is that of Horace's poetaster: *ex igne dare fumum*;—to

* *Ibid.* v. 21.

smother the brightly burning fire of truth with a heavy superincumbent mass of smoke! You know not where to have him; for his panoply is smoke. His real position was very appropriately defined by the Scotch highlander, who, when asked the definition of metaphysics, replied: "when a man dinna know what another man says, and the other man dinna know what himself says, that's metaphysics."

It is a sad and sober fact, that the intellectual and philosophic atmosphere of our age has become hazy and foggy to such an extent, that the bright sun of truth is almost wholly concealed from the eyes of the simple-minded beholder. Those who are content to become little children for Christ's sake, really know more of sound philosophy, though they boast less, than the proudest philosophers of their all.

These men tell us, as an apology for their never-ending and ever-changing theories, that this is an age of enlightenment and of progress. Nonsense. Is the heaping of absurdity on absurdity, and the adding of vagary to vagary, any evidence of enlightenment or of progress? They tell us that this is the age of mental liberty and of free inquiry in every thing, from things in the humblest walks of life up to those in the highest regions of philosophy and of religion. Nonsense. Is there, then, no difference between rational liberty, trammelled only by the fetters of sober reason and by the golden bonds of obedience to a divinely constituted and clearly ascertained divine religion, and that licentiousness of intellect which knows and acknowledges no restraint whatever, human or divine? Must we become sons of Belial, and shake off all restraints of every kind, in order to be free? If liberty can be attained only on such conditions and at such cost, then away with liberty; we have had too much of it already. We pant for no higher freedom than that of which Jesus spoke, when he said: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."* We want no higher freedom than this. Dearly as we prize liberty, we value no other than that of which the venerable prince of the apostles speaks, when he warns us to conduct ourselves, "*as free, and not as making liberty a cloak for malice, but as the servants of God.*"†

What benefits or truths have the proudly boasting philosophers, who have the hallowed

* St. John viii, 32.

† 1 Peter ii, 16.

name of liberty for ever on their lips, really bequeathed to the world, after all the noise they have made? We have already seen what bequest they have left us; and until they have something better to offer, we are done with them. We are content to be little children; aye, to "become fools for Christ's sake." Pride precipitated Lucifer from heaven, and pride drove our first parents from the earthly paradise; pride is the main spring of modern philosophy, and the bane of modern society; pride has heaped nothing but maledictions, mental and moral, on our race: we are done with pride, and we embrace with delight the less attractive but more safe way of humility, being most fully persuaded that "God rejects the proud, and gives his grace to the humble."

Disguise the fact as we may, it is still a *fact* that the wrong which we deplore is not confined to those who, in our day, wear the mantle of philosophy; it has extended to the sects, and it has done its deadly work among them. Sectarism has been always cursed and blighted by the same evils which have ruined philosophy; and these evils have sprung from the same polluted fountain of private judgment and individual reason proudly raising itself up against the teachings of authority. The sectarist prates as much about liberty, and the emancipation of the human mind, as does the infidel philosopher. Voltaire and Rousseau did but seize up and re-echo through the world the self-same shout of LIBERTY which Luther and Calvin had sent forth two and a half centuries before in Germany and Switzerland. The infidels did but carry out the leading doctrine of the reformers, and all the world saw and *felt* the awful results of that doctrine when fully carried out.

And not only the French infidels, but the children of the reformers themselves, have carried out that mischievous doctrine to its logical and most fearful consequences. What is it that has blighted German, and Swiss, and European Protestantism generally? What is it that has filled the land of Luther and of Calvin—which erewhile resounded with the battle-cry of freedom from the tyranny of the papacy—with the discordant notes of triumph now raised by the Rationalists, Pantheists, and Transcendentalists? What is it that has there made the press, and the pulpit, and the professor's chair the vehicles of downright infi-

delity? What is it, but this same demoniacal shout of LIBERTY—liberty as excluding, and in deadly opposition to *all* restraint of authority? Private reason first undertook to judge for itself in matters of religion, and it has ended in rejecting religion altogether! Infidelity has triumphed over Protestantism on the very soil and first battle-ground of Protestantism, and it has achieved its triumph too with the very weapons which Protestantism placed in its hands! Is it not true? Is it not lamentably true?

We must be blind to the spirit and manifest tendency of our age, not to perceive that the great struggle in our own republic will, at no distant day, be not so much between Catholicity and Protestantism, as between Catholicity and infidelity. Protestantism in this country will, and must in the very nature of things, run the same career, and pass through the same phases, that it has run and passed through in Europe, and it must ultimately share the same fate. Torn and distracted within, split up into a hundred warring sects already, and yearly witnessing new divisions, and the rise of new sects, it must, sooner or later, fall a prey to its own dissensions, and become a victim of those warring elements of dissolution which are already festering in its very bosom. Jesus hath uttered the prophecy, and the prophecy must be fulfilled: "*Every kingdom divided against itself shall be made desolate, and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand.*"* American must bide the doom of German Protestantism; nothing can prevent this result. The sects may make a prodigious noise; they may put on a sanctimonious air; they may boast their love of the Bible; they may prate about the Sabbath; they may league together against Catholicity; they may make desperate and almost supernatural efforts to infuse a sort of spasmodic and galvanic life into their else lifeless followers; but their doom is sealed, and no human power can avert it.

PROTESTANTISM CAN NOT BEAR THE TOUCH OF LITERATURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT. Paradoxical as this may appear, it is even true. Reason and history both proclaim its truth. The endless vagaries and the countless inconsistencies of Protestantism must vanish before the progress of enlightenment, even as the

* St. Matth. xii, 25.

mists vanish before the rising sun of day. One of the most eloquent writers of the day has said: "Science is an acid which corrodes and consumes every thing but the pure gold of truth;" and never was a truer thing said. Such has been precisely the result of progressive enlightenment in Germany, and such it will be in this country, so certainly as similar causes invariably produce similar effects under similar circumstances.

In fact, a mere glance at the religious aspect of our country is sufficient to convince us that "the mystery of iniquity already worketh" among us. Look at Boston, said to be the most enlightened city of our union. What is it but the paradise of infidels, and of sects bordering on the very verge of infidelity? What is it but the great centre of Universalism, of Unitarianism, of Fourierism, of Parkerism, of Transcendentalism, and, perhaps, of many other *isms* of a similar character? How sadly have the children of the Puritans degenerated from the rigid orthodoxy of their sires, who whilome enacted the blue laws, hung the witches, bored the tongues of the Quakers with red hot iron, and drove forth brother Protestants into the frowning wilderness! Is not Puritanism, in its very stronghold, fast verging to downright infidelity?

Look at New York, our great commercial emporium. But the other day the infidels held there a national convention for the purpose of organizing themselves for a regular crusade against Christianity! The convention conducted its proceedings, unblushingly, in the open light of day; it was held, as if in defiance, during the very week of the great *religious* anniversaries; and even women participated in its deliberations! The public press, too, spread out before the community the speeches and resolutions of this assembly with a nonchalance really ominous. What, but a few years ago, would have sent a thrill of horror from one end of this union to the other, has now caused comparatively but a slight sensation, and passed off almost without a rebuke!

If all these, and many other similar signs of the times, fail to convince us of the strong infidel tendency of our age, the startling fact revealed by the religious statistics of the last American Almanac can not fail to rivet that

conviction on the minds of the most skeptical. It is estimated, from authentic sources of information, that, of all our adult population, over twenty-one years of age, **MORE THAN HALF BELONG TO NO RELIGIOUS DENOMINATION WHATSOEVER!** That is, that more than half of our grown population is composed either of downright unbelievers, or of persons indifferent on the subject of religion, or, at least, of those who have not yet made up their minds as to the sect they mean to embrace! And yet this is the age of boasted enlightenment, and this is the land of open Bibles, of tract and missionary societies, and of religious knowledge!

In view of all these facts, we must believe that there is something grievously and radically wrong in the whole religious complexion and tendency of our age. Effects so startling must have an adequate cause, and it requires no wizard to tell what that cause is. The fatal source of all this mischief is **THE PRINCIPLE OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IN MATTERS OF RELIGION, IN OPPOSITION TO THAT OF AUTHORITY.** The distracting and disorganizing principle of individuality has set itself up against the great conservative principle of authority, based on antiquity and secured from error by divine promise. Hence the prolific brood of jarring sects which overspread our land; hence the unsettling of religious belief; hence indifference and infidelity.

The truth is, the leading Protestant sects employ against the distinctive doctrines of Catholicity the self-same arguments that the infidel employs against Christianity. The doctrine of the real presence is unreasonable and absurd, therefore it must be rejected. The doctrine of confession is too humiliating to man, and gives too much power and influence to the priesthood; therefore it, too, must be discarded. The hierarchy and the papal supremacy fetter individual freedom of opinion, therefore they must be abolished. Catholicity imposes too many painful restraints on human nature; it is antiquated, and no longer adapted to the growing wants and exigencies of our *enlightened* age; therefore Catholicity must be put down. What other species of logic does the infidel employ against Christianity itself? What other weapons are wielded against the Bible with its astonishing miracles and incomprehensible mysteries?

So long as Protestantism will continue to

* 2 Thessalon. ii, 7.

adopt a system of logic flattering human pride, and pandering to human passion, so long will it lend weapons to infidelity to be wielded with murderous effect against Christianity itself. In its present distracted condition, and with its present worldly armor, it must prove utterly powerless in the warfare with unbelief. It occupies a false position; it began wrong, and has continued wrong; it must retrace its steps, and reoccupy the old Catholic vantage ground, ere it can hope to battle successfully in the sacred cause of truth. The experience of full three hundred years has already proved the ruinous tendency of the principle which was its great starting point; till that principle be discarded, infidelity will and must continue to reap an abundant harvest, wherever Protestantism is prevalent. It has ever been so; it will ever be so; in the very nature of things it must be so.

The religious opinions of our age and country oscillate between two extremes, fanaticism and indifferentism. On the one hand we behold an extreme of religious excitement, on the other a total apathy or a lurking sneer. On the one side, we hear an endless cant about the Sabbath and the Bible, about revivals and "getting religion," about tract societies and missionary societies; about money to support the missionaries, and their wives and children; on the other we are chilled by an ominous silence as of the grave. Fanaticism makes the most noise; but indifferentism gains the most proselytes. We are on the eve of beholding the full verification of that awful prophecy of Christ: "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find, think you, faith on the earth?"*

We repeat, then, the declaration of our firm conviction, that the great coming struggle in our age and country will not be between Catholicity and Protestantism, so much as between Catholicity and indifferentism or infidelity. The present desperate effort of Protestantism to 'put down Catholicity in this *free* republic is evidently spasmodic, and can not last long; it is a fierce and animated skirmishing, which is but the forerunner of the great coming struggle between Catholicity and unbelief. But Catholicity has already come out victorious from too many fierce contests with infidelity, in every possible form and shape, to fear the

issue of this great struggle. Her brow is already decorated with too many laurel wreaths of victory to allow her to anticipate or fear defeat in her old age. He that could not err has said: "The gates of hell *SHALL NOT* prevail against her."

II. The second position which we proposed to establish, viz., that modern society forgets religion and heavenly things in the all-absorbing interest which it takes in the paltry things of this earth, need not detain us long. This general worldlymindedness of our age is but too apparent, and it is one other fruitful source of that religious indifference which we have just been deploring. With the men of our age this world is every thing, the world to come is nothing. They think on time and its short-lived and ever changing interests; they forget eternity with its never ending rewards and punishments. Or if they think of eternity at all, it is only at long intervals, and with but little attention. The world, with its bustling scenes and busy pursuits, engrosses every thing.

Avarice is the besetting sin of the age. Ours is, emphatically, the enlightened age of *dollars and cents!* Its motto is, *POST NUMMOS VIRTUS; MONEY FIRST, VIRTUE AFTERWARDS!* Utilitarianism is the order of the day. Every thing is estimated in dollars and cents. Almost every order and profession—our literature, our arts, and our sciences—all worship in the temple of mammon. The temple of God is open during only *one* day in the week, that of mammon is open during *six*. Every thing smacks of gold. The fever of avarice is consuming the very heart's blood of our people. Hence that restless desire to grow suddenly rich; hence that feverish agitation of our population; hence broken constitutions and premature old age. If we have not discovered the philosopher's stone, it has surely not been for want of the seeking. If every thing can not now be turned into gold, it is certainly not for want of unceasing exertions for this purpose.

We have even heard of churches having been built on speculation! And if the traveller from some distant clime should chance suddenly to enter one of our *fashionable* meeting-houses; if he should look at its splendidly cushioned seats, on which people are seen comfortably lollying, and then glance at the naked walls, and the utter barrenness of all religious emblems and associations in the inte-

* St. Luke xviii, 8.

rior of the building, he would almost conclude that he had entered by mistake into some finely furnished lecture-room, where the ordinary topics of the day were to be discussed. And if he were informed that this edifice had been erected and furnished by a joint stock company on shares, and that these shrewd speculators looked confidently to the income from the rent of the seats as a return for their investment, his original impression would certainly not be weakened. But the conclusion would be irresistible, if he were told still farther that, in order to secure a good attendance of the rich and fashionable, the owners of the stock had taken the prudent precaution to engage, at a high salary, some popular and eminent preacher! Those who have watched closely the signs of the times, will admit that this is not a mere fancy sketch, and that it is not even exaggerated.

Alas! alas! for the utilitarianism, or rather materialism of our boasted age of enlightenment! In such a condition of things, can we wonder at the general prevalence of religious indifference, and of unblushing infidelity? As in the days of Horace, our children are taught to calculate, but not to pray. They learn arithmetic, but not religion.

The mischievous maxim, that children must grow up without any distinctive religious impressions, and then, when they have attained the age of discretion, must choose a religion for themselves, is frightfully prevalent amongst us. This maxim is about as wise as would be that of the agriculturist who should resolve to permit his fields, in the spring season, to lie neglected, and to become overgrown with weeds and briars, under the pretext that, when summer would come, it would be time enough to scatter over them the good seed! It amounts to this: human nature is corrupt and downward in its tendency; let it fester in its corruption, and become confirmed in its rottenness, and then it will be time enough to apply the remedy; or, rather, human nature will then react and heal itself!

Another cognate maxim, equally prevalent, is equally mischievous in its tendency. It is the latitudinarian doctrine, that it matters not what religion a man embraces, provided he endeavor to be a moral man and an upright citizen. As if light and darkness, truth and error, were indifferent to God! As if Christ would have died on the cross to seal his holy

religion, and yet is wholly indifferent whether men embrace it or not! As if the divine Author of Christianity had left his religion wholly vague and undefined, to be apprehended by each one according to his own judgment or fancy, or had made it a jumble of confused and jarring sects!

Such, O Protestantism, are some of the bitter fruits thou hast bequeathed to the world! Such are some of the "fantastic tricks" thou hast played off before high heaven! Thou art fairly responsible for the unsettling of religious faith, for the frightful multiplication of sects, and for the extensive prevalence of religious indifference and infidelity in our land! And on the great day of the Lord, when the secrets of hearts shall be revealed by the great Searcher of hearts, thou shalt be held strictly to thy responsibility!

With all these mischievous maxims extensively prevalent, and with the canker of sectarianism preying on its very heart-strings, Protestantism can do little more than secure a mere external conformity and a lifeless formalism, if it can even do that. It may succeed in preserving a fair exterior; it may "make clean the *outside* of the cup and of the dish," but decay is at its bosom, and it is powerless for *internal* purification. It has been weighed in the balance, and has been found wanting. It has strained at the gnat of alleged abuses in the Catholic church, and it has swallowed the camel of sectarianism. It has wasted its energies on trifles, and has "let alone the weightier things of the law, judgment, and mercy, and *faith*."* It must return to "its first faith;" it must seek "the rock from which it was riven;" it must "stand by the way, and look, and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk in it;"† else it can find no rest to its soul, and can effect no healing of the nations by its ministrations!

In conclusion, we repeat the opinion that the great problem of our age will be to decide between Catholicity and infidelity, and that the sooner this issue is clearly understood and fairly met, the better. Nothing but Catholicity can heal the disorders of the age, and give a wholesome impulse and direction to its tendencies. Protestantism has been tried, and it has failed; it has aggravated, instead of healing, the crying evils of the times.

* St. Matth. xxiii, 23, 25.

† Jeremiah vi, 16.

PATRIOTISM AND RELIGION :

AN ALLEGORY.

(From the Orphan's Casket.)



A BEAUTIFUL vernal day, at the hour when the rays of the sun begin to relax their power, and the balmy atmosphere lends the highest charms to a promenade in the country, I was wending my way along the banks of the Ohio river, and amid the richness of the scene which nature displayed to my view, I pondered in admiration over the happiness of those whose lot had been cast at a distance from the turmoils and dangers of a city, recalling forcibly to my mind the words of the poet,

"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona noriat!"

But while I entered fully into the sentiment of the Roman bard, my thoughts absorbed in the physical attractions of rural life and their powerful influence on the cultivation of the moral feelings, I was suddenly aroused from the delightful contemplation, by the cry as of a child, that seemed to issue from the thickly wooded grove near the margin of the stream. I immediately advanced towards the spot whence the wailing appeared to come, and I soon descried a small cottage situated in the bosom of the forest. On approaching it I discovered that it was inhabited by two sisters, one just verging on the years of womanhood, the other much more youthful, and both lamenting, with all the intensity of grief, the loss of an affectionate father, who that morning had been consigned to the grave. A few years before they had lost their mother; but during the life time of the surviving parent they had enjoyed a respectable, though scanty subsistence: now their only support, their only protection, their only friend was gone!

Such was the substance of their tale of woe, every word of which pierced my heart, while fancy already painted in vivid coloring the

hard fate which awaited these bereft ones in their future struggle through the world. The elder sister had reached an age which promised enough of physical strength and moral courage to brave the vicissitudes of life, and to seek a competency for herself in the service of strangers; but what was to become of the little being whom the ties of consanguinity, the tenderness of age, and the early development of many amiable qualities, had riveted so closely to her bosom? Was she to become an inmate of the alms-house, or would He who feedeth the birds of the air, and arrayeth the flowers in all their loveliness, depute some ministering spirits to watch over her, and guide her steps in the pathways of innocence and peace?

In the midst of these inquiries which rapidly flashed across my mind, I saw, approaching towards the humble dwelling, two forms of surpassing beauty. On their drawing near to the spot where we stood, I obtained a distinct view of their persons, which were clad in the richest attire, one of them having her flowing hair encircled with a chaplet of pearls surmounted in front by a gold cross of dazzling brilliancy, the other wearing, pendant from her neck, a small image of an eagle, exquisitely wrought in the same precious material. Their countenances bespoke some degree of solicitude, but so tempered with mild serenity as rather to inspire confidence than to awaken anxiety.

"Be not surprised," said one of them, "at our appearance on this occasion. Aware of the misfortune that has befallen this orphan child, and of the wretchedness that must inevitably imbitter its days, if timely relief is not extended by some kind and helping hand, we have come to answer the inquiry that has arisen in your mind relative to her future condition. My name is PATRIOTISM, and my

office to watch over the welfare of society, to promote the blessings of peace among men, in the various regions which they inhabit. I have distributed them into different nations, and under different forms of government, answering to their respective wants and circumstances, and the happiness of every particular people depends on its attachment to the system of policy which my wisdom has assigned to it. Public order and private peace, prosperity and contentment, are the blessed fruits which spring from this seed. It brings together the individuals of a nation into one great family, the members of which appreciate fully the advantages accruing to themselves separately from a community of interests, and, at the same time, understand the important influence which each one must exert, in order to realize and secure the general prosperity. The community and the individual are, as you perceive, the mutual supporters of each other. They are two columns of an arch; if you take away either, the whole superstructure will crumble into ruins. Their action is reciprocal, like that of clouds and rivers, which, ministering to each other, refresh and fertilize the earth. You may now understand the reason of my visit to this place of mourning. There is a youth, destined to act an important part on the theatre of life; she may become a very useful member of society, or she may be one of those disturbant and antagonistic elements which are ever warring against its peace. She may one day adorn the circles of virtuous industry, or she may tread the paths of indolence, and fall a victim to the wretchedness and vice which invariably attend it. This is the uncertain prospect before her, and the present moment must decide whether her career in this world will be a benefit to herself and her country, or be a curse to the one and the other. Alternatives of a still more serious import await her at the term of her earthly journey; but as these are official objects of solicitude to my guardian companion, I must commit you, for further information, to the wisdom of her words."

Upon this the fair personage, who stood at the side of **PATRIOTISM**, signified her assent to the concluding remark of her protegee, and, with an air of majesty, that blended most beautifully with a benignant smile, she thus addressed me:

"You have probably heard enough to inspire you with a deep interest in the youthful being who is near us. You behold in her the germ of usefulness or of mischief to your country: but there are considerations of a much loftier nature at stake. Her existence will not terminate with the dissolution of her mortal frame; she is to live **FOR EVER**, a bright seraph near the throne of the eternal God, or a victim of suffering in the unquenchable flames of hell. My name is **RELIGION**, and my dominion is the soul of man, in time and unto eternity. Without my approbation, no pursuit that engages his attention can impart any real enjoyment. Without submission to my commands, he will infallibly become the prey of a harrowing conscience on this side of the tomb, and beyond it the victim of a justice which will never be appeased. In short, without my influence, he is out of the sphere in which he was placed by his Creator; and, like a dislocated member of the body, his position must be that of pain, while at the same time he answers not the end of his existence. On the other hand, the faithful observance of my laws regulates and orders his whole being. In his daily avocations, and even amidst the trials and afflictions of life, his peace of soul will remain undisturbed, because he possesses, in the testimony of a pure conscience, a treasure which rejoices the heart, and awakens the most brilliant hopes for the world to come. But man is a free agent, and, of the two alternatives before him, he can embrace that which confers a glorious immortality, or that which consigns to eternal suffering and ignominy. I will observe also that, according to one of my maxims, a youth will grow up and be confirmed in the sentiments and habits to which he has been accustomed from his earliest years, and for this reason the neglect of timely instruction in those matters which regard his spiritual and eternal welfare, may result in the most dreadful consequences."

At these words, which were pronounced with a solemnity and emphasis deeply impressive, I could not refrain from observing that I was fully alive to the importance of what had been said, and felt an increased solicitude for the fate of the interesting youth before me; the remark had scarcely dropped from my lips when **RELIGION** continued:

"I perceive that your sensibilities are

aroused, and that the best affections of your heart keep pace with the enlightened views that wisdom has displayed to you. You wish to know also what means have been devised by my fair companion and myself, to rescue the unprotected orphan from disgrace and wretchedness, in this and a future world, to render him faithful to his God and his country, and to fit him for the glory and happiness for which he was created. Know then that we have under our direction ministers of good to man. We send them forth on various errands of mercy and peace; and among them are angels of charity, who are devoted in a special manner to the care and instruction of the orphan. To fit them for this exalted office we have inspired them with a most compassionate regard for the sufferings of humanity, and adorned them with all those qualities which must insure the virtuous and enlightened training of the youth committed to their charge. Sometimes you will behold them stationing themselves in large and flourishing cities, and from some prominent point inviting to their dwelling of peace the little beings whom the unsparing hand of death has sent fatherless and sorrowing into the world. Here they are busily engaged in their labor of love, seeking no other compensation for their holy toil than the approving smiles of heaven. But as we offer these our handmaids to society, for its own advantage, to save it from fearful evils, and to elevate its members to the highest honor and felicity to which they can aspire, we have enjoined upon it the obligation of sustaining and protecting those nurseries of virtue and industry, which are so essential to its good order and prosperity. The city of Louisville, hard by, is blessed with one of these institutions, whose doors are now open to receive the child of misfortune. Conduct her thither in the name of RELIGION and PATRIOTISM, and she will be welcomed within its hallowed walls. On her entering into this happy enclosure, grief will bid her adieu for ever, and joy will light up the scene around;

for under the fostering care of the pious and charitable matrons who dwell there, her career will be honorable through life unto the blissful abodes of eternity."

At these words the two personages before me shone with a brilliancy that was dazzling to the eye, and upon my consenting to comply with their injunction, the force of which was irresistible, they vanished from my sight. The elder orphan, about twenty years of age, set out with confidence looking for employment; I bade the younger, scarcely five years old, to accompany me, which she readily did, after a persuasive exhortation from her sister. Then turning our steps towards the city, I discovered the residence of the *Sisters of Charity*, and committed my little ward to their maternal vigilance. At the same time I deposited a sum of money in the hands of the lady directress, and then made my way homeward, full of joy and consolation, reviewing with delightful emotion the transactions of the evening, and resolved to present frequent offerings at this shrine of mercy; because my mind was deeply and enduringly impressed with those words which I had once read in the inspired volume, that "religion pure and unspotted with God and the Father, is to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation."* I was also more than commonly struck with the beauty of another scriptural passage, which applies with so much force to the *Sisters*, and the glorious consequences of their magnanimous labors: "Wisdom . . . goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her; and she showeth herself to them cheerfully in the ways, and meeteth them with all providence. For the beginning of her is the most true desire of discipline; and the care of discipline is love, and love is the keeping of her laws, and the keeping of her laws is the firm foundation of incorruption; and incorruption bringeth near to God. Therefore the desire of wisdom bringeth to the everlasting kingdom."†

W.

* St. James i, 27.

† Wisdom vi.

THE POOR ORPHAN BOY.

(From the Orphan's Casket.)

WITH the first settlers of this happy land,
My dauntless father joined, in heart and hand,
Through countless dangers, won a home, and then
Revisited his native soil again ;
In my tenth year, there, on Potomac's side,
Far from his offspring, sickened—languished—died !
His cabin castle, stunned by this fell blow,
Sank stupified, in silent, tearless wo ;
And oh ! 'twas joy, 'twas transport to my soul,
When first I saw my mother's big tears roll !
The wretched orphans to her bosom cling,
And boisterous grief strikes every mournful string.
Arising from this scene of sorrow, then
I first addressed me to the task of men ;
To raise the fire, to gain the distant mill,
And tend the cattle, was performed with skill.
The deep dark forest, and each howling race,
I fearless met—looked danger in the face.
But soon the want of clothing and of food
Rouse up a fiercer, wilder, savage brood
Within my bosom's wilderness, and fill
With cowering fear my late undaunted will.
Wrapped in the relics of my father's clothes,
With streaming eyes, and soul oppressed with woes,
For food my mother's prayers I trembling bore
Unto a rich, inhospitable door.
The watch dog's growl, the wall fed negro's jeer,
Aroused my father's spirit—banished fear.
Unasked to sit, I told the modest prayer,
And this, in answer from the rich man, hear :
“ Work as I work ! the mean alone dare live,
With folded arms, on what the industrious give.”
I saw his daughter's mantling blush, and felt
The indignant feelings of my bosom melt :
His words, her looks, want's warrior armed in steel ;
Then lowly bending, turning on his heel,
Hatless, and shoeless, the “ poor orphan boy,”
Through winter's frost, and summer's heat, with joy,
Resolved to win his mother's, sister's bread,
And their pure prayers, and blessings on his head.
Though eighty winters spread a snowy veil
O'er that same head, this simple, artless tale,
With all its scorn of niggard souls, as then,
Warms my old heart, and guides my trembling pen.
My withered frame expands with conscious pride,
As, all unknown, I see this swelling tide
Of charity, in golden streams, restore
Life, and life's comforts, to the orphan poor.
And as each human wave, though swol'n with joy,
Melts down while reading “ The Poor Orphan Boy,”
He oft repeats th' enraptured Peter's prayer :
“ 'Tis good for us, O Master, to be here.”

THE CHAPEL OF THE FOREST.

BY CANON SCHMID.

CHAPTER I.

The Prayer Book.



ONRAD Ehrlieb was a fine young fellow, glowing with all the health of early youth. By trade he was a brazier; and, to perfect himself in his art, he travelled for a space of three years into different countries; wherever he went, he conducted himself in an upright and becoming manner. One day he was compelled by the excessive heat to travel under the shade of a thick forest; and he walked merrily along, with a well-stuffed bundle slung over his shoulder, and a knotty stick in one hand. Seeking to avoid the heat as much as possible, he left the road and wandered far into the thickest part of the wood, where he soon lost his way. For more than two hours he wandered about, without being able to discover the path again; and at last he was so bewildered that he didn't know which way to turn, to find his road out. The sun was beginning to decline towards the west, and young Conrad now lost all hopes of finding any other asylum, during the night, than the thick trees under which he was walking. Full of uneasiness, and a prey to the thoughts which rose within him, at the sad prospect of passing a night in the forest, he nevertheless kept on his way, when suddenly he saw something bright shining in the distance. He redoubled his speed to discover whatever this could be, and he soon made it out to be the gilt weathercock that crowned the spire of a neat little chapel. The tower rose high into the air amidst the dark fir-trees, and the setting sun lit it up with his last rays. The sight of the little chapel renewed his courage, and he soon met with a pathway leading to the hill on which the oratory stood.

The nearer he approached to the chapel, the more was his heart rejoiced to find in this deserted forest a place where he might rest himself, and where he should not be exposed, during the night, to the fury of the wild beasts.

It was, in fact, a charming spot. The little hillock, covered with a carpet of soft grass, rose up majestically amidst the aged trees: and on its summit the piety of the faithful had raised a beautiful chapel to the God of heaven. Its entrance was on the opposite side to that by which Conrad approached.

"Perhaps," said he, as he mounted the hill, "this little edifice owes its origin to some pious solitary who fled from the contagion of the world to do penance in this quiet retreat! In fact, I remember to have heard formerly of fervent Christians who used to bury themselves in the woods, there to expiate their sins and weep over the wickedness of the earth. Their modest little cells have been discovered, and more than one flourishing city has sprung up near the tomb of a holy hermit.

"Oh! how deeply was religion formerly engraved in men's hearts, how pure were their morals, how great their charity! In the first ages of Christianity, the pagan world was astonished at the sublime spectacle displayed to the world by the disciples of the Gospel, whose virtues shone with such a brilliant light in the midst of the general corruption. The world had grown old in iniquity; the impure divinities, on whose altars they burnt incense, far from guiding men to virtue, afforded to their stupid votaries nothing but a monstrous assemblage of every sort of excess. At last, Christianity appeared: at the sound of its powerful voice, idolatry vanished from the earth like the mists of morning—it vanished, with its lying gods, the creatures of the imaginations of the poets—with its oracles of the devil—with its licentious morality, a lamentable example of the wanderings of the human understanding.

"What a blessing for us, to profess a holy religion, cemented by the blood of a God, and leading men to virtue! I have visited different countries: every where I have met with brothers; every where I have had the consolation of finding my religion, which is the same in every place, because it is the truth, and

therefore can not be changed. The sight of a church, dedicated to the services of the Catholic religion, always awakens a train of thoughts, useful and salutary to the Christian : I will, therefore, visit this asylum of piety. Long ago my father earnestly advised me never to pass any church I might meet on my way, without entering it. 'Churches,' he used to say, 'are built to teach us our duty to God : the tops of their spires rise up towards the sky, like a hand pointing out to us the way to heaven. How,' he would continue, 'could you pass by unnoticed, an opportunity of declaring your gratitude to God, and begging of him to strengthen your weakness with his helping grace. Perhaps you might there meet with some picture, or some master-piece of art, that would make an impression on your mind ! Perhaps you might find, inscribed on the walls, some maxims that would fortify you in good, and teach you to curb your passions !' And this advice of my father was very wise and prudent advice ; I am grateful to him for it."

Meanwhile the young traveller had reached the door of the modest chapel, and entered. Its silent vaults, its low narrow windows, its stained glass, revealing beautiful histories of holy bishops, who had prayed, and strong martyrs who had bled, the pale light of its sanctuary, its grey walls, made a deep impression on him, and awakened within him recollections of happy days, long since past, and of dear friends, now laid within the silent tomb : every thing about him inspired him with feelings of devotion. He put his bundle and his stick in a corner, knelt down in the last bench near the door, and prayed for some time. His heart was moved more and more, and the anxieties that had annoyed him a short time before, were gradually growing calmer.

After having satisfied his devotion, he arose from his knees, and drew near the altar. It was of ancient workmanship, and its simplicity and beauty, called forth his warmest admiration. Looking round, he saw on a desk, placed before the altar, a beautiful little prayer-book. He opened the book, and the first thing that met his eye in it, struck him dumb with amazement. On the first blank page, he found his own name, in his own hand-writing. He examined the book attentively, and felt more and more convinced that this name had been

formerly written by himself. He could not, by any means, account for this discovery, and thought it must be all imagination. He turned over the leaves from one end to the other : the picture at the beginning—it was Jesus blessing the little children : the prayers themselves : many maxims, written on loose leaves, all of which he remembered well ; every thing he met confused him more and more. "This book formerly belonged to me," said he, full of wonder ; "I wrote my name in it while I was still at school ; but how ever could it have found its way into this chapel, in the depths of the forest ? All this puzzles me."

A thousand recollections of his infancy rushed upon his mind. The desire of once more seeing his dear friends burst on his soul, and a flood of unwilling tears filled his eyes. "O God !" said he, kneeling down before the desk, "what good parents thou didst bestow upon me ! What happy days I passed with them ! I recall, with delight, those blessed moments, when my tender mother, occupied with some household labor, would gather her children about her, to speak to us of thy love, and to point out to us the ardent charity thy son had for us, when he gave himself up to death on the cross, in order to save us and open for us the gates of heaven !

"And how often, when our poor father was returning from his daily toil, has he affectionately embraced us, answering all our little questions, and telling us such stories as might inspire us with virtue and piety ! And oh ! what happiness for me and my little sister, when they allowed us to work in the garden, and to plant or to water the flowers !

"But cruel war drove us all from our home, and scattered us into different countries. Alas ! it is many years since sorrow and affliction carried my poor mother to her grave ; and the very hand that formerly gave me the little book which I have just found again, is long since mouldered into dust in the silent tomb. Perhaps my dear father has followed her, and his last moments, too, like hers, may have been imbibed by grief and sorrow : and during all these years past, I have heard nothing of him. And my sister, where is she ? Is she still living ?

"Alone and separated from my own, I live isolated in the world ; thou alone, O God ! remainest to me ! Thou alone knowest where

my sister and my father are. Oh! if either of them be now living, be pleased to unite us once more. God of mercy! have pity on me, and hear the prayer which my father addressed to thee when I saw him for the last time; grant me the blessings he invoked upon me, when he gave me his last benediction, and bade me always put my whole trust in thee."

CHAPTER II.

Conrad and Louisa.

So thought Conrad, and so he prayed. At length he rose: "Although this book once belonged to me, I dare not take it with me, for I can no longer look on it as my property. I think some one must have forgotten it here, and will come to look for it before nightfall: I will wait a little; and who knows but that, by its means, I may learn some news of my family?"

He then took up the book, sat down on one of the benches, and read several pages with feelings of indescribable pleasure. All at once, he saw a girl of very modest appearance enter the chapel: she might have been about sixteen years of age. She drew near the altar, made a profound inclination before it, and knelt down to say her prayers. "O my God!" said she, looking anxiously about her, "it is gone. I would rather have lost any thing else in the world." She then sought again for some moments, prayed for a short time, and then retired sad and pensive.

Conrad, whom she had not perceived, rose, book in hand, and followed. He soon overtook her, and said in a kind tone, "No doubt it was you, my good madam, that left this book on the desk?"

"Yes, sir, it was I;" and her eyes beamed with pleasure at the sight of the treasure she had looked upon as lost. "Yes, it is mine; you will find the name *Conrad Ehrlieb* written on the first page of it."

"It seems you prize the book; might I be allowed to ask you why? My question may perhaps appear to you impertinent, but the fact is, that the name of *Conrad Ehrlieb* is not altogether unknown to me. I have it in my power to give you sure and certain intelligence respecting that young man."

"Oh! if you could, you would render me truly happy. This *Conrad Ehrlieb* is closely connected with me. Many travellers pretend

that they have met him in different countries; but their reports have never been confirmed. Since you say that you are acquainted with *Conrad Ehrlieb*, I will relate to you a few facts about my family and my fortunes: you will then be able to see if it be the same person you mean.

"My father held a post under government, on the Rhine. War, and the conquest of our country by foreign troops, made him leave his native land. His prince, who had just been stripped of his possessions, and who was reduced to a very wretched condition, could do nothing for him. My father's situation became most miserable: and the heavy misfortunes that fell upon him carried my mother hastily to her grave. This loss afflicted him very sensibly, more particularly as, with two children, my brother and myself, he would find great difficulty in going from one part of the country to another, in search of employment. A good-hearted brazier, in a little town where my father rested a day, and who had no children, said he would take care of my brother, teach him his own trade, and bring him up as his son. My father willingly fell in with this proposal; and, a few days after, wished my brother good by, and set out with me. We travelled a long way; but I was so young at the time, that I can not remember the names of any of the countries we passed through.

"My father at last fell sick, and, after some weeks of suffering, died: and no doubt his last moments were imbibed by the reflection that he was leaving behind him two poor orphans, destitute of human help.

"At that time, I was but six years of age, and now it is ten years since I lost the best of fathers. A charitable lady received me into her house. The night before his death, my father desired the good man, in whose house he was lying ill, to inform the brazier of his decease, in order that the sad intelligence might thus reach my brother's ears, and to beg that he would still continue to act as a father to the poor boy, for whom he never ceased pouring out the most touching prayers. With trembling fingers he wrote on a paper the name of the little town and of the brazier, with whom my brother was living. This paper was unfortunately destroyed by a servant who could not read. She tore it up while arranging the room in which my father breathed his last. Since that

moment, I have never learnt any thing certain about my brother; I have shed many tears for him; and, God knows, I have never let a day pass, without thinking of him and praying for him. My mistress exhausted every source of information to no purpose—she could learn nothing of him; in fact, no one could tell us whether he was still alive or not. This little book is the only relic I have of my family, and although I did not get it from him, still there is his name in it, written by himself, and that makes it a dear memorial to me. I found it in the bottom of a chest that used to belong to my father. The book was forgotten, when my father left Conrad with the good brazier; and thus it fell into my hands. And oh! should I ever find my long lost brother, how happy shall I be! But I dare not indulge such a hope again; I must resign myself to God's will, and remain an orphan in the world." And as she said these words, she wiped away a tear, which she fain would have hidden from the traveller. Her grief was enough to break the young man's heart; and more than once it required a great effort to prevent his interrupting her as she spoke.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "what goodness you show me! Is not your name Louisa, my dear child?"

"Yes," answered the girl with astonishment, "my name is Louisa Ehrlieb."

"Then, a thousand times welcome, my beloved sister, I am your brother, Conrad Ehrlieb. It was I that wrote the name in the prayer-book."

At first the girl looked at him with astonishment, not knowing how to explain this happy meeting.

A few moments they stood in silence, when Conrad took his sister by the hand, and led her to the foot of the altar.

CHAPTER III.

Youthful Recollections.

"It is here," said Conrad, "at the foot of this altar, on which the holy Victim of propitiation has been so frequently offered up, that I will relate to you all I remember of our childhood, and more especially of our separation; by this you will see that I am truly your brother, and that I am not imposing on you. Yes, I well remember the last moments we passed together. A family of strangers, who, like ourselves,

were trying to make their escape, met us by the way; and, as you were too young and weak to go quickly, they offered to take you in their carriage. Even at this moment I fancy I can see the smile of pleasure that lighted up your features, as you mounted up into the carriage. My father and I followed after on foot, and rejoined you in the next village; and there, as you very well know, I was apprenticed to the good brazier, who adopted me as his own son. How happy it makes me, dear sister, to see you again! But it is a joy not unmixed with sadness; for it grieves me to the soul to hear of the death of our good father!

"You have grown very much; I am sure I should never have recognised you. You would not believe how afflicting it has been to me, never to hear any news of my father. The brazier was very careful in teaching me his trade: but how often was I doomed to hear those who came to his shop tell him that my father had cheated him, by leaving me on his hands; that he had done very wrong in ever taking me in, because no one had ever asked after me since, nor offered to repay him what he had spent over me. All this was enough to break my heart; and my only resource was to think in silence of my good father. I always entertained the most profound veneration for him: you know well that he was full of piety and wisdom."

"He was indeed good and prudent," answered Louisa. "Never shall I forget the night of his death. I was sleeping soundly in a room adjoining his, when he sent a person to call me. He was by this time exceedingly weak, and could scarcely talk. With a trembling hand he blessed me, and you too, my brother! He died like a saint, and the peace of his soul was clearly pictured on his tranquil and serene countenance. If you could have seen him, I am sure his contented and peaceful air would have delighted you."

"Just as I entered this chapel," said Conrad, "I was thinking about him; and my imagination was busy in conjuring up his venerable appearance. I fancied I saw him just as he looked when I last parted with him. It seemed as if I quitted him but yesterday, so well did I remember every one of his dear features. But still many years have rolled by since our sorrowful parting. It was the morn-

ing after the family of kind strangers had taken you up in their carriage. I went out with him very early that morning; and, as we were passing through the little town, we found the church door open, and both of us entered. It was empty. I sat down on one of the benches, while he went and knelt before the altar. For a long time he remained there motionless, pouring out his supplications to God, and weeping as he prayed. At length he rose, came to me, and said, 'Conrad, I have just been praying to the Lord for you and your sister, the good Louisa; and I have recommended both of you to his merciful care. Doubt not he will be a father to you, and will never desert you.'

"He then exhorted me always to remain firmly attached to my religion—to observe God's holy commandments—to avoid sin, and keep out of bad company, for that is the source of all the evils into which inexperienced youths ever fall. The words which he uttered were pronounced with that tone of deep feeling which makes its way direct to the very heart, and affected me so much that I burst into a flood of tears. He bade me take courage, and always to conduct myself like a true Christian in the house where I was to be placed, and ever to look upon my master as a second father: then he added these remarkable words, which have remained ever since engraved upon my heart: 'Poor boy! I feel that I am not long for this world: but must soon leave it for a better. Yes, I trust that God will receive me into his eternal tabernacles. It may be you see me for the last time; when then you grow old enough to be able to gain a livelihood for yourself, have a care of your sister, and be to her as a father. She will soon have no one but you to look up to in this world: often think of her, even when she comes to be removed far away from you.'

"When he had pronounced these words, he took me by the hand, led me to the foot of the altar, and there, in God's holy presence, made me promise to execute with care and fidelity his last wishes. I promised him every thing; then he made me kneel down, cast up his eyes devoutly towards heaven, and fervently blessed me. For a moment, he knelt beside me; then raised me, fondly embraced me, gave me a small sum of money, and we left the church together, our sorrow depriving us of a full power of giving utterance to our feelings.

"At length the moment of separation arrived. 'May God guide you, my son,' said he, and his voice was broken by sobs; then he fixed upon me his eyes, full of tears: 'Good by, my dear,' he exclaimed, 'often think of your father. When next we meet it will be in heaven, and then we shall never part more.' And he left me, and went to join you, while I returned to the good brazier. That was the last time I ever saw him. Here, in this solitary chapel, the memory of that separation rises in my mind more forcibly than ever, and awakens the fondest recollections of my tender father. When I found this book, I could almost have believed that I saw him standing before my eyes: the fervent prayer he addressed to God in the church of the little town where he left me, seemed to sound like music in my ears; and I felt as if I were again on my knees by his side before the altar; and I prayed of God, weeping as I prayed, to take pity on me, and to bring me at length, after so many years of painful anxiety, some news of my father and you. What a happiness for me to learn that, at the moment of his death, he once more gave me his blessing!"

"Yes, brother," answered Louisa, weeping, "our good father blessed us both; and his benediction is a treasure for us. He is now in heaven, and there prays for his children. Of this we have a clear proof in this happy meeting, so unlooked for by both of us. It was before an altar our father bade you farewell; and it is again before the altar of this holy chapel, that his two children once more meet each other. God has guided our steps this memorable day. You see how heaven has recompensed the fidelity with which you observed our dear father's last injunctions. If, like many other young men, you had passed carelessly by this chapel without entering it, we might perhaps never have met one another. Come, let us thank the God of love for having deigned to interest himself in such a striking manner in the fate of two orphans. Let us not forget to awaken in our hearts sentiments of the liveliest gratitude. Since God has protected us so many years, let us have a care to deserve his graces still more and more."

And they both knelt down on the steps of the altar. Louisa took the book from her brother's hands, and recited aloud a beautiful and touching prayer, which Conrad repeated after her.

CHAPTER IV.

An edifying Death.

"BEFORE leaving this place," said Louisa to her brother, "let us say together, as devoutly as we can, the *Salve Regina*, in honor of the Blessed Virgin. No doubt you know it by heart; and I never let a single day pass without frequently repeating it. I remember I once read that this prayer was composed by the pious bishop of Puy, Adhemar de Monteil, at the time the Christians were defending the Holy Land against the incursions of the Saracens. It is a prayer which I have always taken particular pleasure in reciting; and I feel certain that the merciful mother of Jesus, to whom this altar is dedicated, has listened graciously to it, and has often prayed to her divine Son in my behalf."

Conrad and Louisa, with the most touching piety, recited the *Salve Regina*, and then left the altar. "And now, my dear sister, tell me how came you into this forest? What could ever have induced you to bury yourself in this wood?"

"We are not so deeply buried in the forest as you imagine: the chapel is built at the verge of the forest; but on the very opposite side to the road, which no doubt led you to it. This little oratory is always frequented by a crowd of pious Christians, who flock to it at every hour of the day, there to implore the protection of the august queen of heaven: and I am quite astonished that no one has come since our meeting. One would think that heaven has provided us with these few moments to allow us an opportunity of recognising each other, and talking without interruption. At a mile's distance lies the town of Belle-Fontaine, at the other side of a beautiful hill. The road leading to it is very agreeable and planted with trees: it is my favorite walk. I have for a long time been in the habit of coming hither to pray every Sunday and holiday; and many times during the week, when my occupations permit me. I am generally accompanied by a friend; but to-day something has hindered her. Although I know by heart nearly all the prayers which this book contains, I always carry it with me. On opening it, I have a thousand times thought of you; yesterday it so happened that I forgot it, and to-day it is the means of leading me to find my dear brother. The fear of having lost this dear

object has made me anxious all day; and behold, it has procured for me the greatest happiness."

"So it was with me," said Conrad. "I was wandering in a wild forest—I was alone and desolate, and now my joy is beyond all telling. And so it nearly always happens in this life; God guides us to happiness by the pathway of pain and sorrow. But tell me, dear sister, where are you living?"

"In the town of Belle-Fontaine, in the house of a charitable widow, who adopted me, having no children of her own. Her husband, who died many years ago, was a rich merchant, and left her a princely fortune; of which she makes the noblest use. She is a perfect saint; every one in the parish venerates her as such. I love her as a mother; and she, on her side, cherishes me as her own child. But come, let us go and see her; take up your hat and stick. I will carry your bundle, for you are very tired. The good lady will be quite delighted to see my brother, of whom she has heard me speak so often."

And so they went off together; but Conrad would not hear of his sister's carrying the bundle. On the way, Louisa related to him different circumstances of her life, and often added pious reflections to induce him to invoke our Blessed Lady, whom she called her powerful helper. Amongst other stories, she related the following, which she said she had met with in a little book, called the *Month of Mary*.

"One of the most distinguished preachers of the last century was once called about midnight to administer the last sacraments to a young nobleman who had just been seized with apoplexy. When he arrived he found the house all in confusion, the wife distracted, and the physicians vainly employing all the sources of their art on an invalid with no more than the semblance of life. This was the state of things during the night. When day appeared, the churches being opened, the priest went to offer a votive mass of the holy Virgin for the sick person in the next chapel; and glory for ever be to God and his blessed mother, it was scarcely finished, when a servant came to tell him that his master had now the use of his faculties. The surprise of the good priest was greatly increased when, on revisiting the gentleman, who had been too well known by his scandals and debaucheries, he found him penetrated

with the liveliest sorrow and compunction, imploring pardon of God more by tears than words, and offering his life for the expiation of his sins. In these dispositions, he made his confession, and received the last sacraments. The confessor, edified and amazed at such a change, when all was over, asked the dying person if he had any idea of the cause of such a miracle of the divine mercy in his favor. 'Alas, father!' he replied, 'what other cause could there be but this divine mercy itself, moved by your prayers, and perhaps by those of my deceased mother. The good woman was a model of piety to the court and to the city. I was her only son: after being married but a few years, her husband died, and unfortunately for me, she survived him but a few months. When on her death-bed, she caused me to be brought to her, and spoke nearly in the following words: 'I leave you, my son, an illustrious name and riches in abundance, but I entreat you to prefer to both the sacred character of a Christian. You are exposed to great dangers, my child; to what jeopardy perhaps will not your best possessions expose you? I die, alas! too soon for you; but may the will of God be accomplished. I leave you under the protection of the holy Virgin, and entreat her to show herself your mother. If you, my child, wish to give your affectionate parent some mark of attachment and recollection, promise me the only thing I am going to ask of you—it will cost you little—it is to recite the rosary of the Blessed Virgin every day.' I promised her most readily, (said the sick man,) and never failed to keep my word amidst all my debaucheries; nay, I confess that, for the last ten years, it is the only act of religion I have performed.'

"The confessor now saw clearly that the conversion of this young man was owing to the special protection of Mary. He exhorted him to redouble his confidence in his powerful benefactress. He did not leave him until his death. He received his last sighs, which were poured forth in the same penitential spirit."

From the lively pleasure he took in such an edifying conversation, Louisa discovered that her brother still preserved feelings of religion; and this was to her a new source of joy. And by this time they had passed over the hill, and were entering Belle-Fontaine together. "Do you see that pretty green house down there?"

said Louisa to her brother. "It is there that my adopted mother lives. You may be quite certain that she will receive you well."

CHAPTER V.

Peter the Anchorite.

THE sight of a young man, talking to Louisa in such a familiar manner, astonished the good lady not a little; but the young girl gave her no time to ask who he was, for she threw herself into her arms, and in a joyful tone of voice exclaimed: "O mother! I have such good news for you! I have just found my brother again. I met him in the Chapel of the Forest, and here he is."

"Is it possible, Louisa? What! this young man your brother?"

"Yes, it is he, most surely; for no one in the world besides could have given me the particulars he has done about my dead father; and, besides, my heart told me he was no impostor."

The lady examined the young man, and found that his features bore a most striking resemblance to those of Louisa. She made him sit down, and asked him a multitude of questions.

Meanwhile the neighbors came pouring in, and though the news had already spread, Louisa was too full of her good fortune not to tell it, again and again, to every new comer. Many of them immediately perceived the likeness he bore to Louisa, which the old lady had before observed; while some of the shrewd worthies of the town sagely shook their heads, as if they doubted the truth of what they heard. At last Conrad, to silence every doubt, took out his pocket-book, opened it, and showed them his passport, which contained his age, with a full description of his person, naming the place of his birth, &c. He then displayed a certificate given to him by his master, under whom he had learned the trade of a brazier, and another from the curate of the parish, testifying his holy life and good conduct; and thus he convinced even the most incredulous that he was really the brother of Louisa. Every suspicion instantly vanished, and all present congratulated the young man and his sister on their happy meeting. Louisa joyfully told them how, by means of her prayer-book, which she had forgotten in the *Chapel of the Forest*, Providence had led her to

the happy meeting with her brother; and as she spoke tears of sympathy filled every eye.

When supper was served up, the good lady made Conrad sit on her right hand and Louisa on her left. But very little was eaten; they all seemed more inclined to talk merrily than eat. When the things had been removed the lady addressed the good brother and sister, and said to them:

"I have for a very long time intended to bequeath this house, which my husband left me, to Louisa, provided she continued to be pious and wise, as she always has been, and faithful to the religious principles which I have instilled into her. I trust she will never so far forget her duty as to associate with those worldly girls whose thoughts seem entirely bent on dress and folly, and who, too often, alas! hide under a fair exterior a depraved and corrupted heart. Always bear in mind the excellent lesson once given by St. Peter the hermit, to a young lady about twenty-three years of age. She had heard tell of a wonderful cure performed by this great servant of God, and she went to seek him to beg of him the help of his prayers for the recovery of her sight, for she had, for a long time, lost the use of one of her eyes. In order to obtain more readily the favor she asked, she thought to win the favor of the saint by appearing before him in rich garments; her wrists encircled by golden bracelets, and her head adorned with massive ear-rings, rare feathers, and precious stones. She reached the cell of the venerable Peter, and detailed to him the object of her visit. The holy solitary having noticed the great pains she must have taken in preparing herself to appear in his desert, and thinking that her vanity was a more dangerous disease than that of which she complained, determined, with God's help, to make an effort to cure her of it, and said to her:

"Tell me, my daughter, if some very skilful painter, well versed in his art, were to sketch a beautiful portrait, perfectly correct in every feature, and some one who had never handled a brush should wish to improve the piece, by introducing a fresh line here, and a fresh shade there, by making additions and alterations, do you not think the artist would feel affronted?"

"Certainly," replied she, 'he would have every right to complain.'

"Therefore, my daughter," continued the saint, 'doubt not that the Creator of all things, that admirable artist who created us and every one else, will be justly offended at your appearing to accuse his admirable wisdom of ignorance, by your attempts to reform his handiwork, and make it more perfect. No, no; do not change this portrait, which is made after God's own image and likeness. Seek not to give yourself that which it hath not pleased his perfect wisdom to grant you; do not strive to acquire a false and artificial beauty.'

"The girl cast herself down at the feet of the saint, humbly thanking him for this salutary lesson, and begging of him to cure her blindness. He did so, and she returned home glorifying God; and ever after renounced her vanities, and led a modest and retired life.

"So I say to Louisa, and so I would say to every young person of her age, modesty and virtue are the most becoming ornaments for maidens."

Louisa, who had silently and attentively listened to the words of her benefactress, threw herself into her arms, making fresh protestations that she never would renounce the path she had chosen, and that she would always remain subject to the will of her who had become her mother.

"Then," said the lady, "my dispositions towards you will ever remain unchanged; and now it only remains to come to some arrangement about your brother. Tell me, Conrad, are you bound by any engagement to settle in any other town?"

"No, madam, I am not."

"Would it meet your wishes to settle here, in order that you might always be near your sister?"

"I should like it above all things."

"Very well; I think we shall easily be able to make arrangements for you. At present there is no one of your trade living in the parish; the last brazier died about six months ago. His house is to be sold, and I think we shall be able to purchase it at a very cheap rate, as no one has ever offered to buy it as yet. To-morrow I will speak to the heir, and will endeavor to come to some understanding about it, in order that you may take possession of it as speedily as possible."

And she kept her word. Next day Conrad

accompanied her to look at the house, and found that it suited him exactly. The two parties soon came to an agreement about the matter; and three or four days saw the young brazier fully installed in his new workshop, hammering away, as busy as a nailer, and as merry as a lark.

All this was the cause of many heart-burnings and much grumbling among the good lady's poor relatives. "What," said these greedy folk, "are you buying a fine house, already furnished, for a young fellow you know nothing about? Was it not enough for you to adopt Louisa for your daughter? Why become so mighty generous towards a stranger who can give you no pledge of his honesty or piety? You will see that he will abuse your kindness, and make you no other return for it all but the basest ingratitude. What a folly to be so ready to open your purse strings!"

But the lady, who was blessed with a noble and generous heart, answered them like the householder in the Gospel:

"Am I not at liberty to give what I will, and to whom I will? Is your eye evil because I am good? What is done is done. Conrad shall remain in possession of his house. The murmurs of jealous and greedy relations do not at all disturb or annoy me. Am I not mistress of my possessions, to do with them as I think proper?"

This spirited answer silenced at once and for ever their unreasonable complaints; and Conrad took no notice of the shameful manner in which they treated him as he passed along the streets. By his good conduct, as a Christian and a citizen, he soon showed how wrongfully they had judged him, and very shortly earned for himself the esteem and confidence of the greater part of his fellow-citizens. Before the end of the first year he married the daughter of one of the most respectable tradesmen in the city. By his strict economy and untiring attention to his business, he laid up a comfortable fortune, and soon took his stand among the leading men of the parish. Full of gratitude towards his noble benefactress, he did her every act of kindness that lay in his power, and always acknowledged that he was indebted to her for all his happiness. Very soon after Louisa married too, and continued to be, as she ever had been, the comfort and consolation of her good mistress.

CHAPTER VI.

Conrad's Gratitude.

IN the days of his prosperity Conrad remembered the privations which often fall to the lot of young workmen who travel in order to perfect themselves in their trade. So he always kept in his shop a purse well stocked with silver, and it was there the wandering artisan sought relief, nor sought in vain; for Conrad had an open hand and a good heart. He often invited applicants for relief to dine at his own table, or provided a bed for them in the neighboring hotel. His charity soon became known throughout the country side, and folk began to call the good brazier's house "the providence of poor travellers." But his goodness did not end there; every three months he wrote letters to his old master to let him know how he was getting on with his business. But he did still more. The old brazier's wife was dead, and he found difficulty in maintaining himself; so Conrad told him he would take care of him and provide for him, and he kept his word. For he furnished an elegant room, for the old man's use, in his own house, and a few days afterwards set off in a carriage to bring him to take possession of it.

Words can not tell the good old brazier's joy, when he saw his former apprentice once more. "Why," said he, "what a man you are! and what a gentleman you have grown!" for he saw in a moment, from Conrad's gentle manners and elevated bearing, that he had received a better education than people of his trade usually do. Surprised at so many signs of gratitude, the old man tenderly embraced him, and a torrent of joyful tears burst from his eyes.

Conrad sold every thing which he could not carry away with him, though he would willingly have carried off every stone in the old house; he knew them all well; they were old friends of his; and he tarried a week amid those dear scenes where he had spent so many useful and happy hours. At last he tore himself from the old town, and set off with his master, whom he loved and revered as a father. Every voice which had formerly been raised against Conrad was now silenced. Ever after the good brazier lived in the house of his old apprentice, where he met with every care and attention, for Conrad was delighted to meet with this opportunity of repaying the favors

which the old man had heaped upon him during his infancy.

Louisa, too, in the days of her prosperity, showed the like tenderness towards the good widow who had adopted her. These many attentions and kindnesses quite affected the old folk; for they often said to one another, "God never blessed us with children of our own, but these we have adopted are as great a treasure to us as any one's children can be."

By some means or another, Conrad often found himself, of a summer's evening, in the little chapel where he met Louisa. And many a time, with his little family about him, he would wander into the silent forest, there to awaken fresh recollections of the happy moment when it pleased God to shower down upon him such signal manifestations of his goodness. And then, when he had told his heads before our Blessed Lady's altar, he would leave the chapel, sit him down on the fresh grass, and tell his little children how good God had been to him; that although he was now rich and wealthy, time had been when he was very poor and very needy; but that God had raised him from his poverty. And in these recitals he made it his object evermore to enkindle in their tender hearts the same flame of love for God that always blazed in his own.

One evening, as he was returning from his little pilgrimage to the Chapel of the Forest, he met his sister Louisa; she was going there too with her little children. Conrad turned about and accompanied them, and as they walked along he took an opportunity of saying to her: "As it was here that my fortunes first began to brighten, I have for a long time thought it would be a very fitting thing to testify my gratitude to God in a particular manner, by doing something for this chapel. You see the building is very old, and sadly out of repair; the altar and the different ornaments of the church are likewise in a very sad condition. Now I have an idea of restoring it all to what it should be."

"O yes, brother," answered Louisa joyfully; "I will support half of the expense. As soon as ever I get home I will mention it to my husband, and I feel confident he will make no objection. Arrange every thing as you think best, and then let me know what conclusion you have come to."

CHAPTER VII.

The Chapel of the Forest.

THE day following Conrad sent for a clever mason, and, after obtaining the consent of the parish priest, set him to work to repair the walls. He then painted them afresh, got all the windows cleaned, set up a new altar of rich marble, and gilt over again all the ornaments of the screen. The old picture that hung behind the altar was almost effaced by damp and time; so he put in its place a beautiful painting from the pencil of a distinguished artist. It represented the holy family; our Blessed Lady was seated at the door of her cottage, which was shaded by vines. She held in her arms the Divine Infant, to whom St. Joseph was presenting a small basket full of grapes, and ornamented with a garland of flowers. His parents were casting looks of the tenderest love on the future Saviour of the world; while he, on his part, was stretching out his little hands to thank St. Joseph for the present he was making him. On the ground lay scattered a carpenter's rule, and measure, and other tools. Beneath was written,

"Virtue alone can produce peace and happiness."

On the opposite wall he placed a second picture, representing a young man, weary and worn, holding in his hand a book, and examining it carefully, while a young maiden stands by, quite astonished at the sight of the unknown youth. Below are written the day of the month and the year when the happy brother found his sister, in these words:

"A grateful offering to the Queen of heaven,
The comfortress of the afflicted."

And round about the restored church he planted leafy trees, and raised stone seats, where weary travellers and holy pilgrims might sit and rest themselves, and enjoy the cool shade.

When all was completed, the parish priest went in solemn procession to the church, and there, upon the Blessed Virgin's altar, he offered up the sacrifice of the mass, in presence of a countless crowd of faithful who had assembled from all parts to be present at the holy rite. Every one there was loud in praise of Conrad's good taste, and his munificent liberality. The priest took advantage of their joy to exhort them to place all their confidence in God in time of tribulation, and never give

way to despair, even when every thing seems lost. He made a happy allusion to the means God had employed to bring together two orphans who, according to all earthly appearances, were doomed never to meet again. Every eye filled with tears, as he related this happy meeting; and told the many blessings that accrued from it. He ended his address by a beautiful paraphrase of the 124th Psalm of David:

"They who trust in the Lord are as strong as Mount Zion, which shall never be moved. As Jerusalem is girt about with hills which render the approach to it most difficult: so the Lord God is round about his people, to defend them now and for ever: for the Lord will never leave the race of the just beneath the yoke, and oppressed by the impious and by sinners, lest his holy servants should lose patience, and stretch forth their hands to iniquity, and imitate the ways of sinners. O Lord! do good to those who are good, and whose heart is just: but the Lord will drive away those who turn aside into unrighteous paths, and those who commit iniquity; and Israel shall be in peace."

CHAPTER VIII.

Conclusion.

STILL Conrad's good heart was not satisfied with the restoration of the church; he ever after took an active part in every work of charity that was done in the town, and he took especial care to show himself the father of the poor and orphans. For a long time the good people of Belle-Fontaine had entertained thoughts of building a house of refuge for abandoned orphans. But they were without means for the accomplishment of their wishes. The honest brazier was the first to subscribe a good round sum, and engaged to supply all the kitchen utensils from his own warehouse, so as to occasion less expense to the charitable asylum. And so many others followed his example, by furnishing other things necessary in a household. And when at last the funds

were sufficient for the erection of the house, Conrad was appointed administrator of it, and devoted himself, as far as his occupations would allow, to the instruction of the children placed there. It was his happiness to find himself in the midst of them, to address to them some edifying conversation, to sound their opening inclinations, and to pour into their sorrows the soothing balm of consolation. As he knew by experience the bitter lot of those who, at a tender age, are so unfortunate as to be deprived of their parents; he knew, better than any one else, how to sweeten the sorrows of the young, and inspire them with sentiments of submission and resignation. And thus he repaid with interest the good that had been done to him in his childhood. His presence spread joy among the poor children; his unchanging sweetness of temper won over to him the affection of every heart, and even when he was under the necessity of displaying severity to those who had transgressed the order of the house, he let them feel that, if he treated them severely, it was for their own good; and that it was to spare their tears and griefs in after life, that he then curbed their irregularities. As for the rest, Conrad found in religion fresh stimulants to excite the zeal he already felt to do good to his fellow-man; and, whilst the whole town loaded him with praises and blessed his name, he alone seemed ignorant of his own merit; because he worked for God, and self-love had no part in his good works.

What an admirable being is the man who thus devotes himself to the comfort of humanity! How near he approaches to that divine Model of all virtue of whom the holy Scripture says, "He went about doing good!" Oh! how happy would Christians be if they knew all the joy the warm heart feels, which is born to dry up the tears of the unfortunate!—to be the friend and consoler of those in distress, and thus to drive away sorrow and sadness from the face of the earth!

MR. HEADLEY'S LETTERS FROM ITALY.

Letters from Italy. By J. T. Headley. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 1845.



THIS is the title of a volume not originally designed for publication, if we rightly comprehend the preface. It matters little, however, with what intention a work is begun, if at its completion the author deems it worthy of the extensive circulation afforded by the press. But we should have been much less surprised had Mr. Headley objected to the publication of his letters not at the beginning, but at the end of the series. They are so peculiarly *personal* as to afford little of interest to any beyond the gentleman's immediate friends, and much better adapted to his own family circle than to an unsympathizing community. Mr. Headley informs us, in his preface, that he has labored to give *himself* in his travels. This may do very well for his dear E—, and some others who, warmly interested in his behalf, rejoice at his successful endeavors; but he can not quarrel with the public for wishing that his attention had been devoted to objects of a little more general interest. Not that we in particular feel any great regret because he has made Italy subservient to himself, for he is far better qualified, and vastly more *inclined*, to do justice to the one than to the other; but we presume his ability to handle more entertaining topics conceded. The volume before us is a succession of hasty sketches, sometimes happy, always spirited, yet characterized by a certain sameness of expression, and all deeply tainted with the sin of egotism. It was remarked by Mr. O. A. Brownson, in the course of a lecture delivered last summer in Baltimore, that most modern tourists give the fine ideas awakened in their souls by the pyramids, instead of the pyramids themselves. There are many illustrations of this in every book-store,

but Mr. Headley's volume is decidedly the finest instance we have met with. Nor is he content with making the perceived subordinate to the great percipient, but he avows, in the outset, such to be his deliberate intention. Thus in the preface:

"For ourselves, we like to have a man give himself in his travels; we wish to hear him soliloquizing; and we read his book not to learn that he can be, or is a very serious and profound man, but to know how things struck him, that is, to travel with him."

In other words: "What I see is quite immaterial, provided you know how I was *struck* by the sight. I will not condescend to record facts, and allow my readers to draw their own conclusions; *my* impressions of those facts are all that is desired. The height of a pyramid, the jurisprudence, the political economy and social condition of a people, and all the incidents of travel, are only important, inasmuch as *I* was affected by them. Why offer my experience? any body may have had the same; but my reflections are my own, and must be of amazing interest. No matter how the city of Petra looks, but simply how I felt as I gazed at it. The *me* must 'predominate,' like the bear over the punch-bowl in Waverly. I must give *myself* in my travels. You read to *hear* my soliloquies, to admire *me*, not what I have seen, though the wonders of the world passed in review before me. You renounce the page of Hallam, the verse of Shakspeare and of Milton, that you may invest the dulcet hours in '*travel with me*.'" All of this glorious egotism and *megotism*, and a world more, is condensed by Mr. Headley into one masterly sentence.

The preface of a book, though often quite as little noticed as is an overture before Hamlet or Macbeth, gives us at a glance as keen an insight into the author's character as we can obtain from the whole narrative. An author is apt to unbosom himself there, and appear like a tragedian, in plain citizen's

dress, before the curtain ere it rises, to solicit from the audience favor for his own performance. In the preface we have our man unmasked, in the narrative most frequently disguised and sandalled. But Mr. Headley never forsakes himself from the beginning to the end; we have him all the way through. This self-devotion, with his laughable dogmatism and bigotry, constitute three serious objections to the letters from Italy.

As a writer, we hardly know how to consider Mr. Headley; he is a sketcher, not a writer. Horace has divided the poets into three classes: those who instruct, those who please, and those who both instruct and please.

*Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare poetæ
Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.*

The same division applies both to those who begin their lines with capitals or without them. And were this not the case, our author is entitled to a seat among the "*poetæ*," as well by the decidedly Ossianic character of his "Letters," as by his verses addressed to the villa of the Marquis Di Negro, where the same villa is most uncereemoniously "cradled upon the sea."

*"Sweet villa, from the distant sea,
Long cradled on its stormy breast,
Thy green top kindly greeted me,
The first sweet harbinger of rest," &c.*

To the three classes enumerated by Horace, may be added another and very numerous one, which possesses the aforesaid requisites neither separately nor conjoined; a class, however, in which we do not include Mr. Headley, and hope Mr. Headley will not include us. The author of the "Letters from Italy" seems to be utterly unaware of the existence of the faculty which can blend instruction with delight, and make palatable the most abstruse statement or theory. This faculty, in its greatest perfection, is peculiar to minds cast in a kindred mould with those which have woven with times past, present, and to come, the names of Cicero and Bacon. But every solicitor for the attention of the community should endeavor to attain it to at least a small extent. But Mr. Headley, as he professes, labors solely to amuse, and begs pardon when he records any thing beyond his own impressions, or the current unprofitable gossip of the day; just as though a drop of useful

information would curdle all his sweet fancies. We therefore rank the gentleman with those "*qui delectare volunt*." His little book is interspersed with numerous lively hints of men and manners; his words well, and even felicitously chosen. His vocabulary is choice, though not very extensive. He frequently succeeds like Pope, or his idol, the author of *Childe Harold*, in couching a poetic spark in a single epithet; but, unlike them, he can not kindle it to a flame. His Byronism is carried to such an extent as to make us question his ability to originate. Thus in the meditations upon the rock of Gibraltar:

*"Grand and gloomy it stood, and had stood
while ages had slowly rolled away—itsself alone
unchanged. It took no note of time, for time
had not left its mark upon it."*

What school-boy can fail to associate this with the apostrophe to Ocean? In letter xxviii we have the following:

*"There the dying gladiator had lain as the
life stream ebbed slowly away, while his
thoughts, far from the scene of strife, reckless
who was the victor, were—"*

With his young barbarians, and their Dacian mother of course. Yet only a few pages after, in letter xxx, we have the same verses done into prose again.

*"Over all the face is that dreamy expression,
that shows the heart is far away amid
other scenes. How natural he lies upon his
arm, gradually sinking lower and lower, as
the 'big drops ooze from the fountain of life!'
I thought of Byron as I stood beside it."*

You did, most unquestionably, and thought Byron too. And here is a cold hash of the lines to the *Venus de Medici*, served up to the gladiator.

*"I am vexed at the discussion of antiquaries
about this statue. I care not whether it
be a fancy piece, or a slave, or a Gallic herald,
or a dying gladiator."*

Was there ever such an adept in the glorious art of turning good poetry into bad prose? But, with the exception of the too frequent occurrence of the same word in description, as "*the sun pencilling*," "*the Mediterranean pencilling*," "*this mountain pencilling*," and "*that mountain pencilling*," and of "*would be*," as "*perfect blackness would be*," "*a little urchin would be*," &c., we consider Mr. Headley's style quite equal to Willis' in its present state of faded glory. We give his

description of the soldiers at mass in the church of San Lorenzo, Genoa, as a favorable specimen of his powers.

"The two ranks formed two lines reaching from the door up to the transept. At the word of command they wheeled, as one man, face to face, while the officers walked up slowly between them to the farther end, when they wheeled back, facing the altar. All was decorous and solemn as a New England church of a Sabbath morning, and those soldiers stood, with caps on and muskets to their breasts, under those noble arches, and amid those marble columns, as motionless as the marble itself, while a forest of steel glittered above their heads. Suddenly a little bell tinkled in the distance, and a priest entered. It tinkled again, and he advanced to the altar. The third time it broke the stillness, a low order passed up the ranks, when a thousand muskets came to the marble pavement with a clang that made my heart, for a moment, stop its beating. In a moment it was still again, and the long ranks bowed their heads upon their hands, while a low prayer arose on the stillness. It ceased, and suddenly, from under my very feet, twenty drums broke in, and *beat* a wild and hurried *beat*, so loud and startling that every stroke seemed to hit my brain. Again it was still, and the voice of prayer alone swelled through the temple. The appearance of that motionless army, the great contrast between the solemnity and silence of divine worship, and the noise of ringing steel and sound of martial music, combined to render the whole scene a succession of the most lively, yet conflicting emotions."

Mr. Headley is evidently puzzled whether to deprive the army of the good offices of religion or not. His hesitation surely can not arise from the superior virtue of the military portion of the community. The passage just quoted is defective in the vicinity of *moment* to *moment*, and in the "*beating* a wild and hurried *beat*;" but the following is happy beyond cavil.

"This morning I was awakened by that mysterious solemn chant, heard no where but in Catholic countries; rousing me out of my sleep while my room was yet dark, it had an indescribable effect upon my feelings. I jumped out of bed, and throwing open the shutters, beheld a funeral train winding along through one corner of our garden; their long wax tapers burning dimly in the grey twilight of morning. One of the peasantry had died, and the friends were bearing the corpse, wrapped in white, to a neighboring church. Females robed in white, with long white muslin shawls folded across the top of the head, and falling down over the top of their shoulders, accompanied the bier. The whole procession moved

with a rapid step, while that strangely wild chant rose and fell, in regular cadences, on the air. It finally emerged from the vine-covered walks, and, passing rapidly a bridge that spanned a rivulet at the bottom of the garden, disappeared on the other side. I turned to my bed again, but not to sleep. The ghostly chant, awakening me out of my slumbers, had struck a superstitious cord in my heart, and that funeral train seemed to me like a visit and a warning from the spirit land, and left a sadness on me that I could not shake off."

But we hasten to the consideration of our three objections to the "Letters." Perhaps we are devoting too much time to these superficial productions, but let it be remembered that the book is a cheap one, and written in an alluring, dashing way. Machiavelli's maxim—"fortiter calumniari, aliquid adhiberet"—though a withering sarcasm, contains more or less of truth. Mr. Headley has asserted little in malice, but we must accuse him of the sin of intentional omission. With such publications as this is the public ear, to use a figure of Burke's, fly-blown; and if the insects can be eradicated before they have taken wing, a large amount of pernicious buzzing is prevented.

Mr. Headley's *self-devotion* is particularly conspicuous in the great pains he takes to exhibit, from the finest points of view, his ardent imagination. Mr. L——, late consul to Genoa, must feel himself under peculiar obligations to our author, who uses his matter-of-factness as the "foil" with which his own etherealism,

———"Like a star in the darkest night,
Sticks fiery off indeed."

What the antiquary's *phoca* was to young MacIntyre, Mr. Headley's fancy is to us; we meet it at every turn, until we heartily exclaim, with honest Hector, "*Confound your phoca*." On a visit to the old palace of the Prince Doria, Mr. L—— is thus forced to fulfil Hamlet's modest promise:

"But while my fancy, as is usual on such occasions, was galloping off at tip-top speed, it was suddenly brought to a dead stand-still by L's quietly drawing himself up, and asking his attendant if he did not think the price asked for the old concern was entirely too high? Shade of Don Quixotte! how knights, and high born ladies, and fierce old crusaders scampered away at that question. I sat down and laughed until the old keeper thought I was demented."

This is too much. Had our Icarus sought out the old palace under a purely romantic impulse, we might have pitied his fall; but he was avowedly in quest of lodgings there. Again in the ascent of Vesuvius:

"As I sat on the edge of the crater, awed by the spectacle before me, our guide approached with some eatables and two eggs, that had been cooked in the steam issuing from one of the apertures we had passed. My friend (Mr. L——) sat down *very deliberately* to eat his. I took mine in my hand mechanically, but was too much absorbed in the actions of the sullen monster below me to eat. Suddenly there was an explosion, louder than any that had preceded, hurling a larger, angrier mass into the air. My hand involuntarily closed tightly over the egg, and I was recalled to my senses by my friend's calling out, *very deliberately* at my feet, to know what I was doing. I looked down, and there he sat, quietly picking the shell from his egg, while mine was running a miniature volcano over his back and shoulders. I opened my hand, and there lay the crushed shell, while the contents were fast spreading over my friend's broadcloth. I laughed outright, sacrilegious as it was."

Had he stopped here, all would have been very well. We should have attributed the catastrophe to a very pardonable nervousness excited by the red-hot scoria overhead. But no; that darling imagination did it all; for he continues:

"So much you see for the imagination you have so often scolded me about. While my friend, who took things more coolly, enjoyed not only the eating of his, but the consciousness of having eaten an egg boiled in the steam of Vesuvius."

Yet the loftiest flight of this imagination occurs in the description of a storm in the gulf of Genoa, where he says: "The waves no longer rolled, but ran; *they sprang without weight into the air, and threatened to overleap it.*" Here is a long-strided sublimity greater than any Homer or Longinus ever dreamed of. The rainbow leap of Juno's horses was nothing to it. But the conception of Horace will grate horribly upon an ear attuned to the melody of him who first fitted Italian strings to a Grecian lyre.

"But a truce to Horace. I like him not, and I never did. He always appears to my imagination like a little, thin, weasel-faced man, strutting slipshod along, turning up his nose to mankind, and loving wine and women as much as the latter feared him."

Now we beg leave to say to Mr. Headley's fancies: "*Procul, procul este profani.*" By all that is historical, Horace was corpulent, as Professor Anthon has taken the trouble to tell us. Call Juvenal "weasel-faced," if you will; the wanton massacre of Cluvienus warrants it: Juvenal poignards, and rubs with gall; Flaccus is the surgeon with a salve; there is a mercy in his satire,

Awakening without wounding the touched heart.

This is evidence Mr. Headley will not question. 'Tis a pity he never read to the end of the stanza, the first lines of which, his "truce to Horace" is a paraphrase.

We now select a few instances of what we venture to call his "*dogmatism.*" By dogmatism, we do not mean any proneness to argument, but the arrogance with which he puts forth his opinions; he actually sits in judgment as though he were infallible. Thus in letter xxiv he says:

"In viewing the pageantries and senseless ceremonies in honor of St. Peter, I have wondered what the great apostle would have said had he foreseen it all; so now I felt that our Saviour must have turned in pity and disgust from such a ceremonial."

This ebullition has no argument in it to answer, or statement to disprove. The ceremonies of the Catholic church are senseless, therefore Catholicity is a farce; Catholicity is a farce, therefore its ceremonies are senseless. This is the logic with which a church of nineteen centuries is assailed.

He proceeds: "It was both a pageant and a farce combining all the magnificence that dazzles the crowd, and all the folly that makes the 'angels weep.'" The sentence is antithetical, and the "angels" are the select few, among whom Mr. Headley, by his complaint, of course enrolls himself. This is singular language for one to hold who is constantly endeavoring to appear republican; who asserts that the "*farce of kings*"—a tragedy rather—"must soon be over, and humanity regain her long withheld rights." Our author is, evidently, no politician; how much of a Christian will soon be seen. But we can not refrain from noticing here the facts from which he forms his estimate of Italian character, which furnish, as he promises, its best illustration. Mr. Headley is in a café over a cup of coffee;

enter a man and boy, with flute and violin, and a young woman with guitar, all from the mountains of Piedmont. The warbling of the "pretty Piedmontese" throws him into a "Rousseau-like" dream of existence, which is broken by a request for a "few sous." This occasions the following indignant burst: "Bah! Land of song! Yes, truly; but your inspiration is money." Inspiration usually precedes the inspired production; yet granting a contingency to be as effectual as a fee in possession, 'tis passing strange that in America the dollar has not been able to communicate a kindred inspiration. Is the glittering deity less potent here? Does he not reign at least equally supreme? Let the language of the American Law Reporter attest; if we may credit it, an injury offered to the person of an American citizen is more lightly visited than an insult to the head of the king of Spain stamped upon a Spanish dollar. But Mr. Headley sees a Neapolitan with two dancing dogs, some Swiss peasants, a boy and girl from the Savoy mountains, one singing, the other exhibiting a racoon, and an old woman asking alms. Mr. Headley mistakes altogether the old woman's supplication, which is: "I say, signore; I say, per carita——." Here follows an oath, which we will not repeat. Mr. Headley, unaccountably, considers it a trick played off upon her by our midshipmen. But in France, Spain, and particularly in Italy, the oath is but the synonyme for Englishmen, who, by their habitual swearing, have warranted the appellation. Well, after recording this, Mr. Headley declares that he gives us the best illustration of Italian character. Now if an Italian should arrive at Baltimore, and after wandering for some time about the streets, encounter a poor old creature with a bunch of flowers in one withered hand, and a prayer for charity in the other; a little Dutch girl selling matches; a team of circus horses trotting up Charles street; and after strolling up to Washington monument, and indulging a vein of sentimentality at its base, give his experience as the *best illustration* of American character, we should place him, as a tourist, precisely where we place Mr. Headley; and could the gentleman blame us? One more specimen, and we have done with this point. After rehearsing the blessings of liberty, he indulges in this soliloquy: -

"Oh! when I think of the cursed tyranny man practises on man, the brutal chain power puts on genius, the slavery to which a crowned villain can and does subject the noblest souls that God lets visit the earth, I wish for a moment that *supreme* power were mine, that the wronged might be righted, and the uoble, yet helpless, be placed beyond the reach of oppression and the torture of servility."

Then would the pumpkin swing from the oak tree, the acorn trail along the ground——

We come at last to the consideration of his bigotry. By bigotry we do not mean sectarian differences, but the practice of vehemently censoring doctrines and observances without taking the trouble to understand them. If after careful study and earnest prayer a man can not reconcile himself to a particular creed, or set of creeds, he can not in justice be styled a bigot. But to retail at second hand stale calumnies and stereotyped sneers—falsehoods which, though cut down, with hydra-like fecundity reproduce themselves—denotes a preference of fraud to truth. If a political bugbear is hard to lay, a religious one is doubly difficult. How often will you meet a gentleman of considerable acquirement, one who perhaps passes for a profound historian, deliberately asserting his belief in the gunpowder plot, though its existence is questioned in Peveril of the Peak, and scouted by Macaulay as a stigma on human credulity. The imprisonment and noted exclamation of Gallileo are still the essayist's staple, though completely disproved by his *own* letters; and one of the popes was a woman in spite of historical demonstration to the contrary. In vain has Dr. Lingard acquitted Catholicity, even in the eyes of an Edinburgh reviewer, from the *massacre* of St. Bartholomew's, it can not escape the imputation. English history is rapidly undergoing a change: a reaction has taken place: the partial current is growing clearer. But whilst Lingard, Hallam, and Macaulay are removing the misrepresentation produced by an Anticatholic mania, the mass of readers cling to Hume and Smollett. The historians are a little in advance of an age which can not bear the annihilation of old conceits which have become almost a part of its religion. In Mr. Prescott's exquisite narrative of the Conquest of Mexico, more distinctly marked than in Mr. Bancroft's history, we hail the dawn of American liberality. The Dominican friar, while playing a part equally

beneficial, is, strange to say, made equally interesting with the gentle Doña Marina. Mr. Prescott is just to the Catholic missionaries; but how his assimilation of the Puritans, with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, to the votaries of Mohammed, with the scimitar and the Koran, will be received in the latitude of Plymouth rock, is a little doubtful. But because one great historian has at times soared above the narrow prejudices of the age, we can not expect every sentimental tourist to do the same.

It would be tedious to select particular instances of Mr. Headley's bigotry: the book is full of them, and anticatholic from beginning to end. He had made up his mind that a Catholic country must be miserable, and the Catholic religion unproductive of good, before he touched the shores of Italy. The consequence was that he was constantly on the alert for something to carp at. Whether in the productions of nature or of art, in a landscape or a picture, we look for faults alone, while, blind to beauties, we are sure to find something to condemn. A jaundiced eye will create a blemish where none exists. To use Mr. Headley's data in forming an estimate of Italy, is to judge the canvass of Apelles by the boot: and whilst we allow our author's strictures upon certain hack drivers, we will not permit his censure—"ultra crepidam." The following *soliloquy* will convey Mr. Headley's ideas of Christianity in general. The population of Rome has been spending Easter Sunday before the altar of St. Peter's, and, alas! the Coliseum is forgotten.

"No one has sought its falling corridors. The gladiatorial shows have been exchanged for popish ones, and the Roman eagle that flew over the old city has been smitten down by the cross, and pagan Rome has become Christian Rome. What revolutions time effects! His chariot wheels as they roll along drag down thrones and empires, and leave on their ruins a Christian emperor and a Christian government. They roll on, and *Christianity is stretched in the dust, and its fragments lie scattered over the wreck of its foe.* They will still roll on, and another scene is to be displayed on the ruins of both, and more glorious than either."

As in his descriptions of statuary and waterfalls, Mr. Headley invokes the author of Childe Harold—as among the ruins of Pompeii he calls aloud upon *Pliny* doubtless—for Chateau-

briand among the ruins of Sparta, shouts to *Leonidas*—so here he follows in the footsteps of Gibbon, and sighs for the heathen splendor of the once proud mistress of the world. With writers of this class we have no sympathy. They would blot from the cross I. N. R. I., and engrave on the beak of the bird of Jove S. P. Q. R. And yet will they point to what particular period of Roman greatness or goodness they would revive? Is it the kingdom, the consulate, or the empire? Or should they all recur again in glorious succession? Is the renovation to begin with the rape of the Sabine women and the murder of Remus? Shall the daughter of Servius Tullius again compel her reluctant charioteer to drive on over the dead body of her father? Shall the amphitheatre again flow with human blood, and our youth be instructed to scream out in delight "habet?" Would they recall the days of Nero and of Domitian; the virtues of Cicero with the vices of Anthony and Fulvia? Renew the reigns of Galba and Adrian, and vivify the picture of Juvenal? Shall the infernal rites of Cotytto again be celebrated, and the edict of Aurelian blaze from the public building? Shall the censor swing to Heliogabalus or to Jove? Shall we hearken to the Stoic or to the Epicurean? Shall the morality of Cato be our example, and shall we be equally *liberal* to Hortensius? If the present age is thus dissolute, despite the influences of Christianity, God forbid it should be pagan entirely. But according to Mr. Headley's prophecy *Christianity is to be stretched in the dust.* The Christian church is to be annihilated. And a mortal is daring enough to predict that dissolution, when a superhuman voice pronounced "that the gates of hell should never prevail against her." But what is to succeed Christianity? Is it the age of unfettered reason?—the predominance of the god-like *ME*? or the principles of the world's convention? Must we study with George Combe how to regulate our phrenological development? But are we to govern the bumps or the bumps to govern us? The *me* must be able to direct, or why all the sage advice as to the best mode of direction? Then what is there to control and direct the *me active*, not passive? Is it self-sufficient? Yes, we are to school our bumps, and our bumps are to school us. We rely upon *reason*; but reason is an element of the *me*, we are therefore self-sufficient. But *reason*

melts in the flame of passion, and where then is the guiding rudder? The history of nations and of individuals proves reason an unequal match for passion; religion alone can vanquish the headlong impulses of our errant nature. The cup of hemlock was once the reward of virtue, but should Mr. Headley's profane prophecy be verified, there will be no Socrates to drink it.

After this confession of faith it will readily be believed that Mr. Headley sides with Mr. Mazzini and "young Italy." He is very eloquent upon the wrongs of the young Isola who was incarcerated for a time for executing a most seditious picture. Nor was the picture destroyed; but the artist was permitted to sell it to any body who would take it out of the country. "In Genoa," he says, "are still the elements of a republic." What elements? Mr. Mazzini's? The elements of a faction whose only element is destruction: of a set of sophists who would dissolve society into its original crudeness, and then build up a "pantheon for humanity:" who call Catholicity despotism and Protestantism anarchy: who hatch treason in the dark, leaving to bolder hands the accomplishment of their plots: who bring to the scaffold the brothers Bandiera and their fellow victims merely to furnish themselves, as it would seem, with material for a spirit-stirring address. The young Italy movement is allied in nothing to the American revolution. The government of Austria, which Mr. Mazzini denounces as "cold and immutable and infernal," is represented by better authority to be even paternal in its character. The leaders avow the principles of the French revolution; and does the red cap of the jacobin insure liberty? They may have Robespierre at the guillotine or Napoleon on the throne; but they will never have a Washington. Their principles are such as no Christian can conscientiously embrace. Their treachery, and perfidy, and cowardly policy, so different from our own glorious revolution, are calculated, when properly represented, to excite only contempt. Very seldom can the example of America be even properly imitated: we must take care not to praise a caricature, and be a little more wise than to assimilate a faction aiming at unbridled license to a nation striking for freedom.

In the neighborhood of Rome is an unculti-

vated lowland called the Campagna. Mr. Headley at once ascribes its barrenness to papal misgovernment; but we subjoin two extracts that ought to set him right upon this subject. The first we copy from, "Reminiscences of Rome by a member of the Arcadian academy."

"The desolate appearance of the Campagna is indignantly pointed at by several modern tourists as the result of pontifical tyranny? Did not their prejudice blind them to the truth they might learn from Pliny that, while paganism was still fostered by the imperial rulers of Rome, Latium, with its fifty cities, had almost become a noxious wilderness—from Lucan, that, even in his days, the 'Rus vacuum' might frequently be met with wherein no body would willingly pass the night; and from Tacitus that the Vatican, which in his time was not comprised within the city walls, was branded with infamy on account of *the notoriously bad quality of the air.*"

The second may be found in the London Foreign Quarterly Review for April, 1833.

"Whence and how did the depopulation of the Campagna proceed?

"In the fifth century Rome, by the taking of the Vulturni, and the overthrow of the Tuscan and Umbrian confederacy, forced a passage towards North Italy; whilst, in the south, she conquered Sicily from the Carthaginians. Then the male population of Rome became engaged in distant wars, and the cultivation of the country was abandoned to slaves; the patricians, the successful generals, and the enriched proconsuls, having accumulated property in large masses, turned fields into large parks and pasture grounds. The soil, given up to spontaneous vegetation, developed and increased deleterious emanations: the Pomptine marshes and other lowlands, the towns of which had been ruined by the Romans, became overflowed through the neglect of the drains, and we begin to find the unhealthiness of particular spots mentioned by writers. Cicero complains of the fevers that afflicted the plains of Rome. Livy speaks of the Roman soldiers encamped on the pestilential barren-grounds outside of the town, and Horace says of the month of August 'adducit febres testamenta que resignat.' The civil wars and proscriptions of Marius and Sylla, and of the tri-

* London, 1838, p. 20.

umvirates, must have greatly contributed to this by reducing the population with frightful rapidity. Towns disappeared; the fields of Latium and Etruria were left to slaves and soldiers, whilst the people of Rome were supplied with distributions of corn from the granaries of Africa and Sicily.

"Whatever may be the deficiencies of the papal administration, whatever we may think of the energies of the inhabitants, the extent of the unhealthy *maremme* (marshes) is not confined to the Papal States: the malaria does not stop either northward on the Tuscan frontiers, or southward on those of Naples. The fiend carries his devastations over the territories of half a dozen governments and principalities, from the Riviera of Genoa to the southern coast of Sicily. The government of Tuscany, for more than half a century past, has been confessedly the best in Italy, and especially prone to encourage agriculture, having freed it from the trammels of restrictions. The Tuscan people, too, are industrious and intelligent in their agricultural labors; there is no want of enterprise and capital among the proprietors, and yet the *maremme* of Tuscany is as extensive, as solitary, as unwholesome, as that of Rome."

The following facts connected with the supposed decrease of the population of Rome, we gather from the same article in the *Foreign Quarterly*. Rome was bequeathed to the popes with a population not exceeding thirty-five thousand. The removal of Clement VI to Avignon reduced it to seventeen thousand. The return of Gregory XI, in 1377, was followed by an increase which continued to the time of Leo X, when we find the numbers sixty thousand. The sack of Rome by Bourbon's army in 1527 again reduced the population to thirty-three thousand. Recovering under Sixtus V, the "restorer of the public peace," it preserved a steady increase until the beginning of the last century, when it had risen to one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, having more than quadrupled in one hundred and fifty years. In 1775 it rose to one hundred and sixty-five thousand, the highest point it ever reached in modern times. In 1795, just previous to the French revolutionary invasion, it was nearly as great; when the revolts in the Campagna, the violent removal of Pius VI, the unheard of exactions of the French gene-

erals, the dispersion of the court and clergy, worked a decrease of nearly one fifth in ten years. In 1805 Pius VII filled the pontifical throne, but the second French invasion came in 1808, and another violent removal of the papal court and clergy in 1809. This produced a still farther falling off of twelve thousand in five years. The restoration of Pius and the central government in 1814, soon produced its wonted effect on the population, which rose next year to one hundred and thirty-eight thousand. The census of 1831 gives one hundred and fifty thousand six hundred and sixty-six. Such eloquent statistics need no comment, but we give the reviewer's own conclusion: "The above authentic statements, we conceive, will set at rest the question about the pretended progressive decrease of the Roman population and its causes. The populousness and comparative prosperity of modern Rome, have been ever closely dependent on the residence and independence of its government."

We had intended to notice the charitable institutions of Rome, in the number and efficacy of which she so much excels all other cities. But they will be found accurately enumerated and described in the appendix to Baron Geramb's "*Letters from Italy*," to which truly beautiful and instructive work we would invite the reader's attention. Mr. Headley only once descends to statistics, and that was once too often. He says:

"The morals of the inhabitants of Tivoli may be gathered from the fact that, in the year 1838, out of a population of seventeen thousand, there were brought before the magistrate of the district fifteen hundred cases of fights during the year, one hundred and eighty persons dangerously wounded, and twenty-two killed."

Whether Mr. Headley consulted the records of Tivoli criminal court, does not appear: it is much more probable that here, as usual, he relied upon his cicerone. But how fallacious is it to estimate the morality of a city or of a district by the events of a single year. Suppose we estimate the morality of Philadelphia by the orgies of the summer of '44, or the character of Delaware county by recent events, will any one obtain a fair idea of the ordinary comportment of those two places? In one of the "*Letters*" is the assertion, that the pope administers extreme unction to those he employs

in illuminating the dome of St. Peter's, so perilous is the operation. The sacrament is never administered but in cases of impending death *from sickness*, and Mr. Headley must be mistaken. It is a little singular he should deem so trifling an item worthy of record, yet make no mention of the numerous and excellent eleemosynary institutions of modern Rome.

The "Letters from Italy" have been reviewed in the September number of the Demo-

cratic Review. Mr. Tuckerman is much more liberal than our author, but we do not entirely relish the tone of his article. And we think that he rather overrates our author's powers. In our opinion Mr. Headley would succeed at something between the "Dashes at Life," and "the Charcoal Sketches," but not in portraying the "Heroes of History," for Mr. Headley himself would be the hero of them all.

THE AUTUMN BLAST.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

It comes, the autumn blast,
Rushing in sadness past,
And tears the trembling leaves away
That cling to the dark and withered spray;
What heeded it, that the summer air
Had nestled with whispering music there,
That the black-bird's note, from amidst the shade,
Gushed forth at the hour when sunbeams fade?
What cared that blast that the autumn sky
Had tinged those leaves with a regal die,
That they brightened and glowed, though fading still,
And made strange light on the lonely hill?

Cease, cease, O wind, thy song;
Go battle with the strong!
Spare lowly things—the bud, the flower—
Hie thee to some mountain for thy dower,
Where dark pines quiver beneath the blast,
And the craggy rocks are loosening fast;
Where the black clouds, like a marshalled throng,
March to the notes of thy shrill wild song;
Go wear, like a conqueror, on thy breast
The pitiless eagle's blood-stained nest;
Scatter his royal plumes on the blast,
That all may know where the victor passed.

Thou art, thou art like death,
With thy destroying breath;
The most beloved, and the fairest thing,
Bow silently down beneath thy wing,
Or, hurled on the waves of some dark river,
Are borne from our aching eyes for ever!
The vines, clinging round the household door,
Now shelter that holy place no more;

And the tree, beneath whose kindly shade
The children at sunset gladly played,
Hath yielded its faded leaves to thee ;
They add new mirth to thy stormy glee.

I pray with many a tear,
Hear, wintry blast, O hear !
It answered me with a loud hurra,
And dashed my tears on the earth like spray,
And swept along to the dark wild wave
That covers the seaman's stormy grave,
And shaded the sea with a tempest dun,
And shrieked in scorn at the minute-gun,
And thought it a brave and mirthful sound—
The mariner's cry, when his barque went down—
It rushed along, and the billows high
Leaped madly up to the troubled sky.

It will slumber, that blast !
Like life's tempests, at last,
And the failing soul that hath clung too close
To the household tree, like a withered rose,
And seeked not the thorn that pierced its heart,
Or the tears that pressed its leaves apart,
Will wither beneath the north wind's breath,
And, shiv'ring, float on the waves of death ;
But not like roses and leaves that, tossed
On some wild shore, are for ever lost ;
But, borne along, it will reach that clime
Where harp-strings, touched by the angels, chime ;
Where storms are hushed, and the wave grows bright,
And time wears not on his golden flight ;
Then quail not, mourner, beneath life's blast ;
Thy soul will rest when the tempest's past.

October 30th, 1845.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE MOST REV. JOHN CARROLL,

FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

BY B. U. CAMPBELL.

Continued from page 260.



THE last number of these memoirs* it was stated that the Rev. Mr. Carroll, in his character of spiritual superior, had left Maryland on the 22d of September, 1785, to visit the Catholic congregations in Pennsylvania, New York, and the Jerseys, and to impart to them, for the first time, the sacrament of confirmation.

* In the April number of this Magazine.

In pursuance of the plan adopted by the writer, of attempting a brief history of each congregation, from its commencement to the period of Rev. Mr. Carroll's first visit, he devoted the whole of the last article to a sketch of the Catholic congregations, and their founders, in the state of Pennsylvania ; and it is his intention to attempt here a similar view of the introduction and progress of the Catholic religion in the state of New York, down to the time of Rev. Mr. Carroll's arrival there. Im-

perfect as this performance is, it may be acceptable to such as take an interest in the early history of our country, and especially to Catholics, whose religion and institutions have received so small a share of attention, and so little justice from writers on American history. With the hope* that some one better qualified may undertake a history of the Catholic church in America, he offers these gleanings as contributions to that object, and solicits further information from those who possess it, to supply his deficiencies, and to correct his errors.

In sketching the history of the early missions in Maryland and Pennsylvania, he has been favored with many precious and original documents, by his reverend friends of Georgetown college, and with facilities that made him regret his inability to do justice to them. But for the history of Catholicity in New York, he had not the same resources, as, in fact, no such materials exist. But in the noble library of the same institution he found rare books, important especially for illustrating the history of early Catholic missions among the Indians, which he should have sought in vain in our public libraries.

The early history of the Catholic church in the city and state of New York presents more striking incidents than are to be found in that of any other portion of the United States; and yet, until the indefatigable and impartial Bancroft wrote the xxth chapter of his history, no writer in our language had presented to the world a comprehensive history of American missions—consecrated by labors, and sanctified by the blood of martyrs—worthy of the apostolic age.

As if Almighty God would show, by this means, how impotent and vain are the efforts of the enemies of his holy faith, to impede its progress, it has been reserved for the state of New York—where Catholic missionaries had been put to the most cruel tortures, and had suffered death for the faith—to exhibit the largest Catholic population of any of the states of the republic.

It would startle some of the "natives" of

*This hope has been realized, in part, in Rev. Dr. Spalding's History of the Catholic Missions in Kentucky, &c., and in some very interesting articles which appeared anonymously in the Catholic Cabinet, lately published at St. Louis. It is to be hoped the author of the article on "Early Missions in the West," which appeared in the June number of that work, will continue his interesting notes.

the American Venice to be told that a Catholic priest had been publicly hanged in the streets of the city of New York scarce a century ago; yet such was the fact, the particulars of which will be given in the next number of these memoirs.

Coeval with the attempts of France to colonize Canada, were the efforts of zealous missionaries to carry the faith, and plant the cross of Christ, among the barbarous natives who dwelt upon the borders of the lakes that flow into the St. Lawrence.

The hostility of the powerful confederacy known as the Five Nations* to France, which commenced with the first expedition of Champlain into New York, presented, for a long time, an insuperable obstacle to the pious designs of the Catholic missionaries. Bancroft asserts that the first priest who visited western New York was Father Le Caron, a recollect, or Franciscan friar: it was to clergy of this order that the first missions of Canada were entrusted. But in 1632 Jesuits were assigned to the important work. As early as 1634 they had traversed the wilderness on the north side of the St. Lawrence, a distance of

*The confederacy of the Five Nations, called by the French the Iroquois, consisted of the tribes of the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas. The date of their first confederation is unknown, and their early history is obscured by fabulous tradition. When Champlain arrived in Canada he found them united in a war against the Adirondacks, or Algonquins, and as he settled in the country of the latter, he accompanied them in one of their hostile incursions, and by the assistance of the French a body of the Five Nations was defeated. From this interference of Champlain sprang the hostility of the Five Nations to France. The arrival of the Dutch in New York, about the same period, put the Indians in possession of fire-arms, which enabled them to defeat their Indian foes. The subsequent arrival of the English led to an alliance between them and the Five Nations, which continued long after the overthrow of the French power in Canada. The several tribes had their separate governments, but were united for objects in which the general welfare was concerned. This union gave them power beyond that of any of the native race in America, and preserved them, as a body, for a longer period. They held such authority over other tribes in their neighborhood, as to exact tribute from them down to a late period. They exterminated some tribes who resisted them, and had the policy to adopt into their tribes such of their conquered enemies as they elected, on whom all the privileges which they enjoyed themselves were conferred.

The Mohawk tribe were the head, and the most renowned warriors of the confederacy, and their name struck terror into their foes. They long occupied the lovely valley of the Mohawk river, from Schenectady to Oriskany. The Senecas, who were the most western nation of the confederacy, extended to the country near the Falls of Niagara. In the year 1712 the Tuscaroras of North Carolina were aggregated to the original confederacy, which was afterwards known in history as the Six Nations.

three hundred leagues, and planted the cross among the Hurons. Here, separated from all the associations of civilized life, they offered themselves to God, for the salvation of souls, and made their abode amongst the barbarians of the forest.

"Within thirteen years," says Bancroft, "this remote wilderness was visited by forty-two missionaries, members of the Society of Jesus, besides eighteen others, who, if not initiated, were yet chosen men, ready to shed their blood for their faith. Twice or thrice a year they all assembled at St. Mary's; for the rest of the time they were scattered through the infidel tribes."*

Whilst numerous converts were made among the Hurons, and congregations organized at different stations, extending to the shores of Lake Superior, the New York Indians, the fierce warriors of the Five Nations, or, as they were called by the French, the Iroquois, maintained a haughty superiority over all the other tribes within their reach, and pursued the Hurons with an untiring hostility. So completely did they maintain their mastery, that the great highway of the lakes was closed against the French and their allies, and the intercourse between Quebec and the missionaries in the country of the Hurons, was by the Ottawas river and the wilderness. The St. Lawrence was not safe from the restless Iroquois; and it was within two days' journey from Montreal that they made captives of a party of Hurons with the holy man, F. Jogues, who was destined to be the first Catholic priest in the valley of the Mohawk, at Albany, and in the city of New York.

Father Isaac Jogues, a native of France, and a priest of the Society of Jesus, had been assigned to the missions of Canada, where he arrived in 1636. In the same year he took up his abode among the Hurons, among whom he labored in his sacred ministry until June, 1642, when he was sent to Quebec on business of importance to the Huron missions. After a toilsome journey of thirty-five days, he reached Three Rivers, proceeded to Quebec, and remained there fifteen days. Having finished his business, he set out for Three Rivers, on 1st August, to return to the Huron country. His party consisted of forty persons, among whom were four Frenchmen and a distin-

† Vol. iii, p. 128.

guished Huron chief, named Ahasistari, who had become a pious Christian, and had taken the name of Eustace. On the second day, while pursuing their journey in canoes, they were attacked by a party of Iroquois, overpowered, and most of them captured. Four of the Hurons were killed in the conflict. Father Jogues could have escaped, but unwilling to abandon his companions, among whom were several Huron converts, he determined to remain with them, and share their fate, in hope of assisting them with the sacraments before death, which it was presumed awaited them. After being treated in the most cruel manner, F. Jogues, with a young novice named René Goupil, were compelled to embark with their captors, and, during a voyage of ten days by water, he suffered intensely, not only from his wounds, which were entirely neglected, but also from hunger, extreme heat, and the threats of the Iroquois. But the journey by land was marked by cruelties the description of which harrows the heart. Wounded, and exhausted with fatigue and hunger, the good father and his fellow prisoners were compelled to run the gauntlet at every village they came to.

Having at length reached the resting place of the savages, the banks of the Mohawk river in the state of New York, they were permitted to rest for several days. The chiefs at first proposed to take the French to Three Rivers, and deliver them to their countrymen for a ransom; but they abandoned this intention, and F. Jogues and the pious René Goupil were allotted to some Iroquois families who had lost relations in war. Goupil was detected in making the sign of the cross upon the forehead of an Indian child. The child's father ordered him to be put to death; "for," said he, "the Dutch have told us this sign is foolish, and may cause my child some harm." Father Jogues, having learned the impending danger, had withdrawn the pious Goupil to a grove near the village, and acquainted him with the dangers that surrounded them. Kneeling down together, they joined in fervent prayer, and, reciting the rosary of the Blessed Virgin, they disposed themselves cheerfully to meet death. As they were walking on their return to the village, two savages met them, and, with an axe, struck off the head of the younger Frenchman, whose last word was

the holy name of Jesus. Overwhelmed with grief, F. Jogues threw himself upon the lifeless body of his friend and companion, and only left it by the compulsion of the savages. The death of Goupil was on 29th of September, 1642. In the beginning of the winter of that year, F. Jogues was given to a family to serve them in their hunting expeditions, and he remained with them during two months. His master ordered him to cut wood for the fires, and this labor, which he performed with the greatest humility, left him some time for retirement and prayer. After having furnished as much wood as would serve for the day and night, he withdrew to a retired spot, where, having erected a cross, he spent many hours before it in converse with God, kneeling in the snow during the greater part of the time. With no other shelter than the trees of the forest, he passed forty days in these pious exercises, until the Indians, suspecting him of evil designs against them, broke his cross, called him a sorcerer, and treated him with renewed harshness. Being permitted to return with some old men to their village, he left the hunting party, and, with a heavy load of provisions which they obliged him to carry, he set out, during the snows of December, without shoes to his feet, and with scant clothing, to perform a journey of near a hundred miles. After experiencing fresh cruelty, he was returned to his first employers. During this season, he had the happiness of visiting the Huron captives, who were distributed among three Iroquois villages; and he exhorted them to remain steadfast to their faith; and heard their confessions. His virtues, at length, excited the admiration of the Indian family with which he lived, and procured him kinder treatment. In the spring of 1643, he accompanied them to the fishery, and was required to procure wood for their fires, as before. Being left alone for great part of the day, he found great relief in the stillness of his present place of abode, and, with the branches of some fir-trees, he made a little chapel, in which he erected a cross, and employed himself in prayer for the greater part of the day. His peace was disturbed by new attempts against his life, from which, however, God protected him. Towards the end of April, a chief of another nation arrived among the Mohawks, and offered presents as a ransom for Ondesson, as

the Indians had named Father Jogues. They accepted the presents, but refused to liberate the good father, treating him, however, with more consideration than before. After being severely wounded, and having narrowly escaped death at the hands of a madman, who attacked him suddenly, he was urged, by a kind Indian woman of the family in which he resided, to attempt an escape. But a party of Iroquois were about setting out on a visit to the nations tributary to them, and they took F. Jogues along, to exhibit him as a trophy of their prowess in battle with Europeans. This visit afforded him opportunities for exercising his charitable ministry. He visited the different cabins, administering the sacrament of baptism, and making known the word of God, and found the fruits of his pious labors more than a compensation for his toilsome journey of twenty leagues. On his return, he was sent, with some fishermen, a distance of six or eight leagues to a Dutch settlement—Albany. The Hollanders offended the Indians very much by offering to facilitate the father's escape, and, as they were exorbitant in the amount of ransom they required, it was doubtful whether he would not have to return into bondage. In an attempt to escape by night, he was attacked and bitten very severely by a dog. Having, however, reached the shore of the Hudson very early in the morning, with great difficulty he launched a small boat which the tide had left on the shore, and reached a Dutch ship then lying in the river; here he was secreted by the sailors. The Indians on shore, enraged at the escape of their captive, the price of whose ransom they held very high, threatened to consume the whole settlement, unless he was restored to them. F. Jogues, unwilling to be the cause of injury to his benefactors, insisted upon delivering himself up; but the sailors of the vessel declared he should not, let the consequences be what they might. In this dilemma, it was agreed that the Dutch should pay the Indians one hundred pieces of gold, which was done: but F. Jogues was obliged to remain in concealment, under very inconvenient circumstances, and he suffered so much from wounds received from the dog, that, but for the attention of a skilful surgeon, he would have died.* Information having

* In an account of the Maquas Indians, written in 1644 by John Megapolensis, jr., minister in New

reached Manhattan (New York) of the situation of F. Jogues, the governor kindly invited him to repair thither, and desired to have him brought to his house. A vessel being then ready to depart for the city of New York, he was joyfully received by the captain, who fired a salute in his honor, and who also provided him with some clothing, and he was welcomed with joy by the honest settlers of New Amsterdam. Father Jogues was the first priest who visited the now city of New York, of whom we have any account. He met there a Catholic woman, who was a Portuguese, and a Catholic Irishman, whose confession he heard. This man gave him some information about the Jesuit missionaries in Virginia,* one of whom had lost his life in his efforts to convert some Indians in Virginia. About the first of November, 1643, he embarked at New York in a vessel bound for Holland. After much suffering from want of provisions and the cold weather, they arrived on the coast of England, from whence he took passage in a French collier, bound to the coast of Brittany, where he landed on the morning of Christmas day, and immediately repaired to the church, and, having assisted at the celebration of mass, he approached the sacrament of penance, and received the holy communion, with transports of joy. Proceeding thence to the city of Reunes on the 15th of January, 1644, where the Jesuits had a college, he was welcomed by his brethren with the greatest joy. At Paris, he was presented to the queen, by her request. She kissed his wounded hands, and expressed her compassion at the marks of Indian cruelty which he bore on his person.† The good father was careful to remit to his Dutch liberators at Albany, the hundred pieces of gold which they had paid for his ransom.‡ During his captivity among the Indians, Father Jogues had baptized sixty persons.

Netherlands, is the following notice of F. Jogues. "Last year, our Indians got a great booty from the French, on the river St. Lawrence, and took three Frenchmen, one of whom was a Jesuit: they killed one, but the Jesuit, whose left thumb was cut off, and all the nails and pieces of his fingers were bitten, we released and sent him to France by a yacht which was going to Holland."—*Hazard's State Papers*, vol. i, p. 622.

* At this period the English Jesuits, who had been driven from Maryland during Ingle and Claiborne's insurrection, found refuge in Virginia, where they remained in concealment for several months.

† "Relation de ce qui c'est passe," &c.

‡ Creuxius.

The particular nation by whom he had been captured and held in bondage was the Mohawks, who were called by the French the Agniers, and by the Dutch, Maquas, and were the most warlike of all the tribes. They were "the head of the extended confederacy of the Five Nations,"* and occupied the beautiful country along the valley of the Mohawk,† the lowest of their three castles being very near Schenectady, and Canajoharie being the central one.

The kind of service required of F. Jogues, gave him good opportunities for visiting different portions of their country, and of learning their language, with which, as well as the Huron, he had become so well acquainted as to speak freely to the savages. It would appear from Father Jogues' letter‡ that he found but two Catholics on the island of Manhattan. In 1644, Father Bressani, a native of Rome, another Jesuit priest, reached New York. Bancroft says of him, that he was

"Taken prisoner while on his way to the Hurons; beaten, mangled, mutilated; driven, bare-foot, over rough paths, through briers and thickets, scourged by a whole village; burned, tortured, wounded, and scarred. He was eye-witness to the fate of one of his companions who was boiled and eaten; yet some mysterious awe protected his life, and he too was, at last, humanely rescued by the Dutch."§

He was so crippled as to be accounted of very little use for any purpose of labor, and was given to an old Indian woman, to whose family his presence was disagreeable, on account of his mutilated and disfigured appearance. She took him to Albany and sold him to the Dutch, who treated him kindly. The governor, William Kieft, gave him a letter, recommending him to the favor of all Christian people, and especially to all officers of Holland; it is dated at New Amsterdam, 20th September, 1644.¶ A vessel being found going to Europe, he embarked in her, and arrived in France.

After spending about four months in France, Father Jogues embarked again, on the 16th

* Col. Stone's Life of Brant.

† "Than which the country scarce affords a more beautiful region."—*Ibid.*

‡ In Tanner.

§ Hist. U. S., vol. iii, p. 134.

¶ Creuxius, p. 403.

of May, 1644, for the scenes of his former labor in America. Soon after his arrival he was sent to treat with the Iroquois; and a peace was concluded. Then "was exhibited what never had before been seen in Canada since the arrival of the French; the Iroquois, the Hurons, and the Algonquins, mixed together in the chase, with equal concord, as if they composed the same nation."^{*}

In this state of calm, hopes were entertained of Christianizing the Indians. Father Jogues, having, as envoy, been hospitably received by the Mohawks and Onondagas, recommended the establishment of a permanent mission among the Five Nations. But as he alone knew the Mohawk dialect, and the country and habits of this fierce people, he was designated as the founder of that mission.

The calm which had ensued, upon their treacherous peace, was but the forerunner of scenes of the greatest atrocity. In company with a pious young Frenchman, Father Jogues departed for the country of the Mohawks. "*Ibo et non redibo*,"—"I shall go, but shall never return,"—were his words of farewell.† On his arrival "at the Mohawk castles he was received as a prisoner, and, against the voice of the other nations, was condemned by the grand council of the Mohawks as an enchant-er, who had blighted their harvest."[‡] He met death tranquilly. "His head was hung upon the palisades of the village, his body thrown into the Mohawk river."[§] His companion shared the same fate.

Thus fell the first apostle of New York, in October, 1647. He was, says his biographer, a true prodigy of patience and of love for his neighbor. Born at Orleans in France, he entered the Society of Jesus in the 22d year of his age, with the hope of being sent to barbarous nations, and of suffering much among them. He first solicited ardently to be sent upon the missions of Ethiopia, but, being disappointed in that wish, he asked for the mission of Canada, which he obtained after the third year of his theological course, in the year 1636. Using as the patron of his prayer and mission, Father Charles Spinola, who suffered death at the stake in Japan for his faith—he always carried his effigy in his bosom.¶

After six years' service among the Hurons

he fell, as we have seen, into the hands of the Mohawks. While yet a prisoner at Albany, he commenced a letter to his provincial, preserved in Tanner, which contains a very interesting account of his captivity, and of the country, &c. of the Iroquois. The narrative in "*Relation de ce qui c'est passé en la Mission des Peres de la Compagnie de Jesus*," &c., which has been consulted in this memoir, may be given to the readers of this Magazine in a future number.

Soon after the death of Father Jogues the Iroquois made an irruption into the country of the Hurons, and destroyed the Christian settlements, murdering, with the most shocking barbarities, many of the people and their pastors, and carrying into captivity many of the Hurons, some of whom they adopted into their own tribes. By thus bringing into their own country many Christian Indians, they led to the establishment of an humble church in western New York, long before a priest or Catholic congregation existed on the eastern or southern part of that state.

The destruction of the Huron missions took place in 1648, and it was not until 1654 that a peace was concluded. In that year Father Le Moine visited the Onondagas, in which tribe the chief civil power of the Five Nations resided.* He found many Hurons who had retained their faith, and they were overjoyed to see a priest again. They approached the sacrament of penance, and brought their children to be baptized. Father Le Moine congratulated himself upon recovering, from the hands of the barbarians—who had put to death the holy missionaries, Father J. Brebeuf and Father Charles Garnier—a copy of the New Testament, which had been the constant companion of the former, and a small book of devotions that had belonged to the latter. These little memorials had been rescued from the flames to which their owners had been consigned, and were regarded by Father Le Moine as precious relics. He found among the Onondagas no less than one thousand Christians of the captive Hurons, whose steady faith and fervent piety greatly edified him.

The residence of the Onondagas was the valley of the Oswego. In the next year two

* Heriot's History of Canada, pp. 62-3.

† Bancroft. ‡ lb. § lb. ¶ Tanner. ¶ lb.

* Col. Stone's Life of Red Jacket, and Life of Brant.

missionaries, Chaumonot, an Italian priest, who had long served the Huron missions, and Claude Dablon, were welcomed at Onondaga, where they preached to the whole people, who immediately built them a chapel, "and there, in the heart of New York, the solemn services of the Roman church were chanted as securely as in any part of Christendom."* Farther west, where the beautiful Lake Cayuga stretches from Ithaca to the Seneca river, a Christian chapel was erected; and the pious and intrepid missionary, René Mesnard, imparted the sacred mysteries to the Cayuga nation. The faith was likewise preached to the Oneidas, whose country was that around the lake which bears their name, and the head of the Mohawk river. Chaumonot visited the Seneca nation in 1657. This was the most populous tribe of the confederacy, and occupied the fertile lands between the beautiful lake that bears their name and the Falls of Niagara.†

"The Jesuit priests published their faith from the Mohawk to the Genesee, Onondaga remaining the central station."‡ But although Father Le Moine took up his abode among the Mohawks, that fierce people did not encourage the propagation of the Christian religion in their country. But several converts having been made, nevertheless, these—who were distinguished by the names of the praying Indians, and Caughnawagas§—emigrated to Canada about 1671, and having made a settlement near Montreal, their descendants preserve their Indian character, and live in the practice of the Catholic religion to the present day.

The Onondagas, the Oneidas, and the Cayugas,|| were more favorably disposed to Christianity than either the Senecas or Mohawks. The large number of Christian Hurons who remained in captivity among the Onondagas, must have edified by their good example, and assisted by their prayers, those who held them in bondage. Father Le Moine, who visited Onondaga again in 1662, was much interested with his flock. The "*Relation de ce qui c'est passé*" says:

"One of the greatest consolations of the father was to receive many poor Huron cap-

tives, who came, almost naked, from the neighboring villages to perform their devotions in Onondaga; they left Oiogoen and Onneiout (Oneida) under pretence to go to purchase or sell some goods in the country, having their hearts wholly fixed on those of heaven. This captive church is an image of that which exists in the hidden church in England (*l'Eglise cachée d'Angleterre*), where our fathers, in the disguise of merchants, carry on a precious traffic for eternity. The example of the servants touches the masters, and induces some of them to come for instruction, furnishing the father a very agreeable occupation for both."*

Smith, in his History of New York, says: In 1725 a priest resided among the Onondagas. As late as the year 1694 the Oneidas had a priest living with them. He was Father Milet. Having resided in their nation for many years, and conformed to their mode of life, as much as was consistent with his profession, the Oneidas had become so much attached to him that they not only refused to part with him, at the solicitation of the other nations, but raised him to the rank of a sachem. He had great influence over them, and accompanied them in their councils or treaties with the French and English.

Such is an imperfect outline of the earliest Catholic missions of New York. During the time the Dutch held possession, they do not appear to have opposed the ministry of the Jesuits very strenuously; but after New Netherlands became New York, the English governors were very decided in their opposition to these missionaries.

The competition between France and England, for the fur trade of the north and north-west, led to frequent collisions between their officers; and, what was less creditable to these commercial rivals, induced them to tamper with the savages, and stimulate the different tribes to hostilities, marked with the usual shocking barbarities of savage warfare. The histories of Canada and New York exhibit both acute diplomacy and active and enterprising adventures, which developed characters suited for the noblest achievements. While French enterprise explored the lakes to the north-western limits of Superior and Michi-

* Bancroft. † Colden. ‡ Bancroft.

§ Their settlement was probably near Fonda.

|| Colden's History of Five Nations, p. 47, 2d edit.

* Relation, &c. 1662, p. 68.

gan, and thence discovered and navigated the Mississippi, from the falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico, the different English colonies were strengthening themselves upon the Atlantic. The northern and north-western parts of the state of New York became the battle-ground of the colonies of the two rival powers, and their respective Indian allies. The great facilities for trade which New York possessed, by her proximity to the sea, and by possessing the grand highway of the Hudson river, made her a formidable rival to the whole power of Canada. But as the two colonies were not always at liberty to decide the question of supremacy in commercial monopoly by open warfare, their ingenuity was exerted to secure the dependence of the different nations of Indians upon them. It was owing to this restless rivalry, more than to the ancient antagonism of their respective parent countries, that a feeling of bitter hostility to the French grew up with the early English colonists. It found a suitable field for its exercise in the French and Indian war of the middle of the last century, and was only extinguished by the capture of Quebec by the English, and their possession of Canada.

The contests with the French in Canada were peculiarly unfortunate for, and unfavorable to the few English and Irish Catholics who sought an asylum in America from the heartless tyranny which persecuted them at home. The bigoted and persecuting spirit which seemed natural to the fanatics who controlled some of the colonial governments, was inflamed by the consideration that their only Christian enemy was the Catholic colony of a Catholic prince.

Where bigots seek to persecute, they have no difficulty in finding pretexts, as our own times can prove. Calumny has always been the worst enemy that Catholics have had to contend against. Even the liberal and high-minded of other persuasions, in time, become impressed unfavorably, when sanctimonious slanderers repeat, without ceasing, their innumerable calumnies. Modern British history has been said to be a conspiracy against truth, where the Catholic religion is concerned; and the early history of the English colonies is, unfortunately, no exception to the aphorism. It was this spirit that represented the laudable attempts of the French Jesuit missionaries to

convert the Indian tribes to Christianity as so many schemes of France, to prejudice the English commercial and political interests; and the same spirit finally led to the enactment and enforcement, in New York, of laws against Catholics.

It was, no doubt, owing to the excited anti-catholic feeling of the times, that the early historians of New York furnish but few details of the Jesuit missions among the Indians, and speak so unfavorably of those devoted men who exemplified, in their lives and career, the purest Christian virtues, and the most heroic acts of martyrdom. A modern historian, whose opportunities for information were unsurpassed, has permitted his bigotry to stain the page of history with the following falsehoods.

"The Jesuits preached not to their Indian auditors the doctrines that most deeply wound the pride of human nature, nor a rigid system of morality, which the conduct of the great mass of its nominal votaries practically denies and disgraces. They required of their converts but a superficial change: the adoption of one superstition in place of another."^{*}

The letters of those devoted and self-denying men, written from the fields of their labor, in all the simplicity and freshness of truth, describe the exemplary virtues and tender piety of thousands of converts among the Huron and other tribes, in terms to furnish examples for emulation to Christians born and reared in the midst of religious society in the old world. Many of these writers, after inculcating the purest doctrines of the Gospel, mingled their own, with the blood of their converts, rather than leave them unaided with the graces of the sacraments, when dying amid the flames of their villages. Their last exhortations were to forgive their murderers, and their expiring sighs were breathed in prayers for those who were torturing them to death.[†]

The court of France represented to the English king how unbecoming it was for a Christian people to oppose the missionaries in their endeavors to bring these fierce barbarians to the knowledge of the Christian faith; and

^{*} Grahame's United States, vol. ii, p. 211.

[†] See "Lettres Edifiantes," and "Relation de ce qui c'est passé en la Mission des Peres de la Compagnie de Jesus aux Hurons, pays de la Nouvelle France, es années 1648 et 1649. Paris, m.d.c.l.

King James, with a benevolence that did him honor, but which was not appreciated by his subjects in New York, directed that the Jesuits should be encouraged, rather than opposed, by his governor in that country, who, it appears, did not enter fully into the views of his sovereign. Smith says of him:

"Dongan surpassed all his predecessors, in a due attention to our affairs with the Indians, by whom he was highly esteemed. It must be remembered, to his honor, that though he was ordered by the duke to encourage the French priests who were come to reside among the natives, under pretence of advancing the *popish* cause, but in reality to gain them over to a French interest; yet he forbade the Five Nations to entertain them. The Jesuits, however, had no small success."^{*}

But while he was unwilling that the French missionaries should reside among the New York Indians, he was not unmindful of the duty of furnishing them Christian teachers, as we find by his speech to the Five Nations at Albany, on the 5th of August, 1685, in which he desires them not to receive any French priest among them, and informs them that *he had sent* for English priests, with whom they might be supplied to their content.[†]

No history that has come under the observation of the writer, mentions the existence of a Catholic congregation in the city of New York, before the revolutionary war. Nor that a priest resided there before John Ury in 1740. But in the Roman catalogue of the members of the Society of Jesus, an extract of which was kindly furnished by Rev. G. Fenwick of Worcester, Massachusetts, the names of three priests of the Society of Jesus are recorded as in New York, between 1683 and 1696. F. Thomas Harvey is the first mentioned. He was a native of London, born in 1635, and is stated to have been in New York from 1683 to 1690, was in Maryland in 1693, and again in New York, 1696. He died in Maryland at the age of eighty-four in 1719.[‡] He was joined, in 1685, by F. Henry Harrison. The catalogue says: "1685. In missione ad Nov. Eboracem sunt duo sacerdotes. Vivunt ex puris eleemosinis, et sunt P. F. Harvæus et P. H. Harrisonus." In the two following years, a third father was with them, whose

name was Charles Gage. In 1690, F. Harrison was in Ireland, and in Maryland in 1697. From the date of F. Harvey's abode in New York, it is probable he came in company with Col. Dongan, afterwards earl of Limerick, who was appointed governor in 1682, but did not reach New York until August, 1683. Of this governor, Grahame says he was "a man of probity, moderation, and conciliating manners, and, though a professed Roman Catholic, which perhaps was his chief passport to the duke's favor, yet in the main acceptable, and justly so, to a people who regarded the Catholic faith with suspicion and dislike."^{*}

F. Harvey, who arrived in the city of New York in 1683, and probably came with Gov. Dongan, appears to have been the only priest there until 1685, in which year Father Harrison joined him, and, in 1686, F. Gage arrived. It is probable these two last named were the *English priests* for whom the governor "*had sent*,"[†] to minister to the Five Nations. As the English Jesuits had then, and for fifty years before, a mission in Maryland, it is not improbable that Maryland furnished priests to New York, as it also did to Pennsylvania. But whether these English Jesuits actually labored among the Indians of New York is unknown. As their ignorance of the Indian dialects disqualified them for filling the places of their French brethren immediately, and Colden and Smith make no mention of them, it is most probable that the field of their labors was the city of New York. Perhaps among the papers of the New York Historical Society some traces of them might be found. Col. Dongan was superseded as governor in 1688. Smith describes the temper of the people, previous to his removal, as any thing but favorable to the establishment of Catholic congregations. He says: "A scene of the greatest importance was opening at New York. A general dissatisfaction to the government prevailed among the people. Papists began to settle in the colony under the smiles of the governor. The collector of the revenues, and several principal officers, threw off the mask and openly avowed their attachment to the doctrines of Rome. A *Latin school* was set up, and the teacher strongly suspected for a Jesuit. The

* P. 45.

† Colden, p. 84, 2d edition.

‡ Oliver's Collections.

* Hist. United States, vol. ii, p. 202.

† Colden, p. 84.

people of Long Island, who were disappointed in their expectation of mighty boons, promised by the governor on his arrival, were become his personal enemies, and, in a word, the whole body of the people trembled for the Protestant cause.”*

* Hist. New York, p. 58.

The same writer adds, that, “in the year 1700, a law was passed for *hanging* every popish priest that came, voluntarily, into the province; this law,” continues this historian of New York, “*as it for ever ought*, is in full force to this day.”*

* Ib. p. 97.

NEW CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER, CINCINNATI.



HO that has at all reflected upon the subject has not been forcibly struck by the beauty, the magnificence, and the solemn impressiveness of Catholic architecture! Who has trod the lengthening aisles of the massive Gothic cathedral of the olden time without *feeling* that the majesty of God was hovering around him! Who has visited the stately and beautiful Grecian or Roman-Grecian church without feeling his heart beat within him in unison with the vast extent and harmonious proportions of the structure reared by Catholic art in honor of the living God! That art has a language, silently but eloquently appealing to the heart, no one will deny who is not wholly divested of the better feelings of our nature. That Catholicity is peculiarly adapted to awaken in the bosom, and to realize externally the noblest aspirations of art, is equally undeniable. The voice of history proclaims this truth, that of reason confirms it.

What but the genius of Catholic art covered Europe with the noblest architectural piles, at a period, too, usually sneered at as *dark* and barren of good; with piles which have stood for ages when all else was crumbling around them, and which have continued to excite feelings of ever increasing admiration and delight in the bosoms of successive generations? What but Catholic art built the massive Gothic churches with which France, England, Germany, and northern Italy are still bestrewn? What else erected St. Peter's, St. Paul's, and St. Mary Major's, at Rome? What has

modern art, loudly boasting of its merits, and inflated as it is with pride, produced to compare with those noble structures? Alas! it would seem that the genius of Catholic architecture, disgusted with the wide-spread moral infection of heresy, and infidelity, and mammonism, had almost fled away from the earth.

There is in the very nature of Catholicity something which powerfully tends to inspire and elevate genius, and to prompt it to undertake and accomplish the most magnificent works of art. According to the Catholic view, God is still in his holy temple, he still lives and reigns there in the midst of his beloved people. The body and blood of his adorable Son are there really and truly upon the holy altar, and his house is not only a house of prayer, but also a house of sacrifice. The humblest Christian church is thus infinitely more holy than was Solomon's splendid temple; because the former contains the living and glowing realities, whereas the latter contained nothing but types, figures, and shadows. If Christ be then really and truly in the Christian church; if he be there daily offered up on the altar, a victim of expiation for the sins of his people, and to draw down on their heads a superabundance of heavenly blessings; can it be that any expense should be deemed too great for the decoration of his own cherished abode, and for promoting the splendor of his own chosen altar? Surely not. Our Catholic forefathers thought not, and hence the profusion of wealth by them for the erection and ornament of churches. This is the real secret of the richness and astonishing magnificence of churches erected during the ages of faith.

This view of the subject is greatly strengthened by a glance at the influence on sacred art of the systems opposed to Catholicity. What has Protestantism done for Christian art, even for that branch of it in which it has had some pretensions to excellence—sacred architecture? During the first century of its fitful and feverish existence, its zeal for church building was chiefly displayed in the destruction or dilapidation of some among the most splendid Catholic churches of the olden time; in the upsetting of altars, the breaking of statuary and crosses, the burning of beautiful paintings, and the pillage of the sacred ornaments and vessels; and, when it had grown weary of sacrilege, or been glutted with plunder, it sat down quietly amidst the ruins it had strewn around it, and calmly appropriated to itself the shells of the splendid church edifices which its vandalism had spared! That this picture is not over drawn, we appeal, with confidence, to the history of early Protestantism in Germany, Switzerland, and France, and more particularly in England and Ireland. The most splendid churches in which Protestantism now performs its cold and lifeless worship in Europe, are precisely those which were erected by Catholics in the *dark ages*!

In our own republic, where Catholics are comparatively few and poor, the contrast between their churches and those of their more wealthy and numerous dissenting brethren is striking even to the most casual and superficial observer. While, with very few exceptions, Protestants have erected churches or rather *meeting houses*, remarkable only for the absence of all architectural taste and ornament, mere hulks composed of walls, benches, and a preaching desk; Catholics, on the contrary, with means often very inadequate, have reared church edifices which are the chief architectural ornaments of the country. To what are we to ascribe this notorious fact, but to the causes indicated above? Catholics, animated by the lofty genius of their religion, think that no expense should be spared when it is question of erecting and beautifying God's holy temple: Protestants, on the contrary, seem to think that money expended for this purpose, over and above what is absolutely necessary for the accommodation and *comfort* of the worshippers, is thrown away; and where there is any seeming extravagance, they are almost

tempted to exclaim with the apostate Judas: "*ut quid perditio hæc*: for what purpose is this waste?"

Is it not a lamentable fact, and one that speaks volumes on the spirit of our age, that in our principal cities more money is expended and more architectural skill employed on the temples of mammon than on the temples of the living God? What a contrast between the stately bank with its splendid Grecian portico, its cut-stone walls, and its massive portals, thrown open during *six* days of the week, and the lowly Christian church without any architectural appliances or beauty, and with its door closed against all *intruders* except during *one* day in the seven! Alas! alas! this is truly the enlightened age of dollars and cents! Mammon hath more worshippers than the living God!

These general reflections, with many more of the same kind, arose spontaneously to our minds whilst visiting the new Catholic cathedral of Cincinnati, on occasion of its late solemn dedication to Almighty God under the name and invocation of St. Peter. It is decidedly one of the most stately and beautiful structures in the country; and, as a specimen of the pure Corinthian style of architecture fully carried out in all its noble simplicity, we venture to say that it is not surpassed by any in the union. The enthusiastic advocates for the Gothic style of architecture in church building will scarcely share in our admiration; but we humbly hazard the opinion that even they could not visit the new cathedral of Cincinnati without being deeply impressed, and without coming to a conclusion somewhat different from that of Mr. Pugin, that there are other styles of architecture besides the Gothic well adapted to the purposes of a Christian church.

We will not attempt a full and minute description of St. Peter's cathedral; but we think that a few details will not be uninteresting to those of our readers who have not yet had an opportunity of paying it a visit.

The external appearance of the edifice is sufficiently imposing, and it will be much more so when the tower will have been completed. It occupies a central position on a spacious lot which is already near the centre of the city. The lot is one hundred and ninety-two feet front, and three hundred and eighty-four feet

deep. It embraces half a square, fronts on Plum street, and extends along Eighth street to Western Row. The three sides of it fronting on the three streets just named are surrounded by a brick wall three feet high, surmounted by an iron railing four feet high; and the side next to the alley is guarded by a strong brick wall about ten feet high.

In the rear of the cathedral and fronting on Eighth street is the new residence of the bishop; a spacious edifice, finely finished and richly furnished, four stories high, and containing about thirty rooms. It is connected with the sacristy by a bold arch thrown across to the rear of the cathedral. It is one proof of the liberality of the Cincinnati Catholics, and of the very high esteem and love which they have for their worthy bishop, that this fine structure, with its costly furniture, was, we understood, completed at their own cost, and presented to the bishop.

The external dimensions of the cathedral are two hundred by eighty-two feet, including in its length the tower which projects in front. The average thickness of the walls is four feet; and they are built entirely of cut stone; the basement story and the rear, of the blue limestone found in or near the Ohio river, and the front and two side walls, including the tower and massive cornice, of whitish limestone brought on the canal from Dayton, Ohio, a distance of sixty miles. It is one good quality of this species of stone that it bleaches by exposure to the atmosphere. The contrast between the colors of the basement and of the wall produces a very fine effect. The white limestone of Dayton reminds us somewhat of the beautiful *Travertine* with which the walls of St. Peter's, of St. Mary Major's, and of many other edifices in Rome are built. The roof of the church, as well as that of the episcopal residence, is covered with iron plates having the seams coated with a preparation of coal tar and sand—a composition impervious to water. Thus every thing about the edifice is solid and massive.

The tower is a massive structure forty-five feet square. It is at present completed only to the elevation of the roof. From this point it is to be continued in an octagonal form, entirely of stone, and it is to be terminated in a tapering spire surmounted by a cross, the whole to be two hundred feet high. It is contemplated

to place in the spire, when completed, a full chime of bells.

Entering the cathedral by the large portal through the centre of the tower, or by one of the two smaller side doors, a new world of architectural beauty and magnificence breaks upon your view. You find that the beautiful Corinthian order of architecture is carried out in all its richness of detail, and what charms you most is the circumstance that within, as without the edifice, there is no tinsel, there are no paltry ornaments, nor "jim-cracks," but every thing simple, tasty, well proportioned, and massive. The eye rests upon two rows of stately fluted columns of gray granite, resting upon white pedestals, and terminating in snow-white capitals. The columns are eighteen in number, nine on each side, not counting the two square ones on each side within the sanctuary. They are three and a half feet in diameter, and, including the base and capital, thirty-five feet in height. Nothing could be more beautiful than the capitals with their turned heads, or involutes, and acanthus leaves, interspersed with those of the lotus, and gracefully intertwined with other foliage, scrolls, and tendrils, all terminating in the plain and simple *abacus*. The base of the columns is three feet and a half high, the shaft twenty-seven feet, and the capital, including the *abacus*, four feet and a half.

One might be tempted to think that the colonnades are too near to the side walls for the preservation of due architectural proportions; but the spectator will not find the effect ungrateful to the eye, and he will be moreover assured that there are for this arrangement architectural precedents of undisputed excellence and taste. Besides, this distribution of the internal space makes the centre aisle the great body of the church, and affords the people a full and unobstructed view of the altar and pulpit.

We were pleased to learn that the pews are to be confined to the centre aisle, and that the two side aisles are to be free to the people, particularly the poor. We have always viewed the pew system as a nuisance which should be abated as far as possible. We are charmed with the perfect equalization of all classes on the smooth pavement of a European Catholic church, and we hate all distinctions in the house of God.

The ceiling over the centre aisle is raised

nearly twenty feet higher than that of the two side aisles. Every thing about it is in excellent taste and proportion, and, with the exception that it is covered and ornamented with massive stucco work done in plaster of Paris, whereas that of St. Mary Major's in Rome is richly gilt, it strongly reminds one of the latter. Nor is this the only circumstance in St. Peter's cathedral which reminds you of perhaps the most beautiful Christian church in the world, though the latter is of the Roman Ionic style of architecture.

Upon the columns rests a beautiful and massive entablature, about twelve feet deep, running round the whole interior of the edifice, including the sanctuary. It is ornamented with dentals and other ornaments and mouldings in stucco. On it, immediately over the columns, rest twenty stone pedestals, six feet high, in a recess. These support a handsome architrave, which, like the entablature, sweeps round the whole interior of the church. Upon the architrave are placed twelve large *tie-beams* of timber, which go across the whole centre aisle, and support the ceiling. These beams are ornamented with fret-work in stucco. The ceiling is deeply carved into receding square panels, four deep, there being a double square panel at the termination of each. The whole of this work, as well as the plastering of the church, was executed by Mr. J. F. Taylor, who has earned much reputation by the brilliant success which has attended his effort. His merit is enhanced by the cheap rate at which he performed the task.

In the gallery, which is attached to the tower in front of the cathedral, is placed a splendid organ, one of the largest in the United States. It was built by *Schwab*, of Cincinnati, and it has forty-four stops and twenty-seven hundred pipes, one of which is thirty-three feet long, and weighs four hundred pounds!

Approaching the upper part of the church, you admire the spacious sanctuary, raised five steps above the floor of the church, and bounded on the side next to you by a massive bronzed iron railing or chancel, three feet high, surmounted by a mahogany rail. The door in the centre was modeled by Mr. Jones, of Cincinnati. On it are represented in *alto relievo* two angels guarding the sanctuary, bearing in their hands emblems of the Holy Trinity, Eucharist, &c.

Before entering the sanctuary, you are struck with the two upper windows of the church, which are filled with stained glass, the predominant colors of which are orange and crimson. The panes are decorated with separate emblems of the episcopal insignia, and of various sacred subjects.

But the most beautiful part of the cathedral, as it should be, is the altar of fine Carrara marble, made in Genoa by *Chiappri* expressly for the cathedral, and presented to it by two distinguished converts of Cincinnati, Mr. Reuben R. Springer, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. Its cost was about a thousand dollars. You ascend to it by six steps from the floor of the sanctuary. Nothing could be more beautiful than this altar, which we suppose is superior to any in the country. It is ornamented in the centre by a circular piece, carved in *alto relievo*, containing a gilt bronze cross surrounded by a halo of rays, which are farther decorated without the circle by tastily carved foliage. On the right, you perceive, also in *alto relievo*, a mitre, a crozier, and a double or archiepiscopal cross; on the left, a tiara, a crozier, and a triple cross. On the projecting wings, on each side behind the altar table, are carved pelicans feeding their young with blood streaming from their own bosoms, favorite emblems of the wondrous love of Jesus Christ to us in the holy eucharist. These groups, as well as other portions of the altar, are decorated with carved foliage of different kinds. The tabernacle is likewise of Carrara marble; it is a most tasty and exquisite little Ionic temple, with a door of gilt bronze, bearing sculptured on it the emblem of the guardian angel with wings above and below. The gilt crucifix, the gilt candlesticks, and all the remaining furniture of the altar, are rich and in good taste; and the effect of the whole is to make it the most lovely altar upon which our eyes have ever rested in this country.

The sanctuary is spacious, embracing a square section of the church twenty-seven feet deep, with the exception of two rooms, about fifteen feet square, cut off, one on each side. On the day of the consecration, it accommodated, without being over-crowded, nine bishops and more than seventy other clergymen of different grades. The lateral rooms are to be used as a baptistry and a sacristy; they have each a double gallery for the accommodation of the orphans attached to the St.

Peter's Benevolent Society. We were pleased with the idea of thus bringing the orphans in the immediate vicinity of the sanctuary, and, as it were, under the very shadow of the altar. Nothing could be more appropriate.

Much credit is due to the two principal architects of the building, Messrs. H. Walter and Hudson B. Curtis, for the skill they displayed, and for the fidelity with which they executed their task. They, as well as Mr. Taylor, are Protestant gentlemen; and their having been selected in preference to Catholics, who might perhaps have done the work as well, may serve to show that Catholics are not after all quite so intolerant as certain religious mountebanks would fain persuade the ignorant among the people.

The workmen were all paid off every Saturday evening, and we understand that not a dollar is now due any of those who were engaged in building the church. This is as it should be. The church of God should not be in debt. Rather let the people worship in the

poorest building than in a splendid edifice cumbered, perhaps for a half century to come, with an enormous debt. Such at least is our deliberate opinion. Another circumstance that pleased us was, that the mechanics employed in the building of St. Peter's new cathedral were nearly all of them members of the temperance society, and that not a drop of ardent spirits was drunk on the premises.

The cost of the entire edifice in its present condition does not fall far short of seventy thousand dollars; to which add six thousand dollars for the bishop's residence, and twenty-four thousand dollars for the lot, and the whole amount of money expended on the present property of the cathedral and premises is about *one hundred thousand dollars*.

The cathedral of St. Peter will stand for centuries—it cannot decay with age—an imperishable monument of the zeal, the taste, and the noble spirit of the present devoted bishop of Cincinnati, and of the faith, piety, and liberality of his flock.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

FRANCE.—*Catholic Charity*.—A report of the *Brotherhood of St. Vincent de Paul*, for visiting the poor in their own houses, has been recently published in France, from which it appears that the society accomplishes an immense amount of good. It has received the special approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff, and been favored with several indulgences. Branches of this noble work have been established in England and Ireland, and even in this country. The example of such benevolence among the pious laity can not fail to be admired by all, and for this reason we shall lay before our readers, from the *Tablet*, a summary of the charities performed by this excellent association.

"The first in the list is that of poor foundlings. The name of St. Vincent of Paul almost involuntarily recalls to our recollection *foundlings*; and a society placed under his patronage owed it to this great saint to extend its protection to these poor creatures who were so dear to him.' This species of charity, however, has been one of the last to be included in the cycle of the society's operations.

In the official administration of this branch of charity, it was found that the nurses were often as inhuman as the mothers who had deserted their miserable offspring. The foundlings were left without clothes, without food, and were sometimes even sold like cattle to men who bought them for no honest purpose. In co-operation, therefore, with the authorities of Toulon and Marseilles, the conference of Brignolles has endeavored to put an end to this system in the neighboring districts. By the care of its members the children are visited, from time to time, at fixed and frequent intervals; reports of their condition and treatment are sent to the authorities, and abuses are made known and rectified.

"Next come the orphanages. These are the more interesting for us, because the care of orphans is one of the few additions that have been made in England to the primary charity upon which the brotherhood is founded. The following is what we find on this subject in the report.

"Some are consecrated entirely to this patronage. At Bourg, for instance, the conference has

founded an asylum devoted to the primary education of orphan children, whom it receives at the present moment to the number of twelve, and whom it places in a country house where one of the brothers forms them, by gardening, to the labors of agriculture; some are placed in such of the neighboring farms as present all desirable securities in respect to religion and morals. After their first communion all are sent back to the country, to which this wise and healthy training attaches them for ever, by separating them from the fatal habits of the cities. Thus is prolonged a patronage which secures and confirms the happy and virtuous tendencies which the cares of the conference have sown in their young hearts. Lastly, the orphan, even when grown up to manhood, does not fail to find in the society which received him first brothers and sisters ever attentive to his necessities, and in his former patron a friend ready to guide him in all important steps throughout his life.

"At Nismes is formed, and also by means of the conference of that place, an orphanage house, which is well named *The Providence*. Thirty children find therein an asylum, where their youth is passed among examples and lessons of all kinds that the many brothers lavish on them. Of these the youngest children receive school instruction; others are apprenticed on the best conditions that can be obtained, and under the direct auspices of the conference; lastly, the eldest, still under eighteen years of age, continue, as young workmen, sheltered under the protection of *The Providence*, which may at last withdraw from them its immediate care and superintendence, but never completely abandons them.

"Aided by many pious persons, the conference of Rheims has adopted six young orphans, who, in a common house, night and day, Sunday and every day, receive a Christian education, and who, during days of labor, are confided for their industrial apprenticeship to chosen masters, to whose houses they are taken daily, and brought home each night to their house. Metz owes to the conference of this town a similar establishment, in which ten children are entirely educated and brought up, independently of the same number of orphans who, less abandoned probably by their relatives, are received only from morning till the evening meal.

"Other conferences among their numerous *œuvres* confine themselves to co-operating within the limits of their resources, to the solace of this interesting class of poor children, either by supporting with their subscriptions the protective establishments founded in their neighborhood, or by placing orphans in such establishments at their expense, or by admitting them to their patronage in preference to others, or even by wholly undertaking their apprenticeship.

"It is to the number of these incidental good works that we may refer a trait which ought neither to escape our attention, nor fail to suggest a happy imitation. The conference of Laval, learning that a little boy, whom neglect had driven to vice, was brought before the court of assize, induced the magistrates to leave the lad to their care, that they might labor in his reformation. He was by them committed to the care of a curé in one of the country communes of the neighborhood, who has already been enabled to bend the pliant mind to a regular life, laborious tastes and dispositions wholly new. The prison would, perhaps, have pushed him on from vice to crime; Christian hands are held forth to his assistance, and the erring child will, with the grace of God, become an honest, useful man."

"Asylums for young children, whose parents are unable to take care of them during the day, have been established in many of the conferences. Then comes the patronage of young children at school. In Paris, more than sixteen hundred children are under the oversight of the brothers, who stimulate the emulation of their young *protégés* by little presents and all other allowable means, and endeavor to increase the interest of the parents in the good education of their offspring. In many of the conferences, the instruction of young children for their first communion is a principal work of charity. In one provincial town more than two hundred, in another six hundred children are thus provided for, and instructed for the reception of this holy sacrament.

"The patronage of young Savoyards is a work that might find its parallel in England in the protection of Italian boys. 'Among all these children of the poor there are few more worthy of tender solicitude than the poor little exiles from the mountains of Savoy, abandoned in our great towns, and too often made the victims of barbarous masters. They endure all the sufferings of the body, but, for the greater part, being the rejected of pious families, they have still more to suffer for their souls which languish for want of support in neglect or slavery.' The conferences of Aix, Auxerre, Alais, Dijon, Nismes, Lille, Bordeaux, Nancy, and others, pay due tribute to their misfortune, surrounding these poor children with a watchful care, preventing the abuses of authority of which they are the victims, listening to their complaints, and procuring for them instruction and Christian consolation.

"The patronage of apprentices is a most important part of the duty of the brotherhood. Various modes are stated in which different conferences keep up in the youth the good spirit they have implanted in the child. The immediate patron, in most places, visits the boy once a week at his workshop; and on Sunday, when it is practicable, he is brought to the house of a brother, where his

religious duties, his games and exercises, his walks and little amusements, may be practised and enjoyed in common with others situated like himself; lessons in music or drawing may be insinuated, and little rewards given to the most deserving. But almost every conference has its own way of encouraging apprentices in Christian conduct.

"The teaching of the catechism, and preparing the way for the priest and the schoolmaster, among young people who have been ill-taught or untaught, are duties from which the brotherhood does not shrink.

"The French laborers and artisans generally travel in search of employment, and those who have been good Christians during their apprenticeship, are often ruined during these journeys by the companionship they encounter; the conference at Angers has established a house of repose for such of these pilgrims as retain good desires, and all the conferences do something for their benefit.

"In all parts of France wherein the brotherhood has been established, the settled workman is the object of peculiar attention. The society of St. Joseph is divided into branches for boys and men, and the adult branch is spreading widely through the labors of the brotherhood among the workmen.

"Under the head of 'Visitation of the Poor,' the points insisted on are clothing, linen, lodging, bedding, employment, savings banks, benefit societies, and medical aid; the marriage and restoration to religious duties of parents, who, by the force of ill example, have neglected both, is a duty of too frequent necessity in France. Gifts of the holy family, libraries, schools for adults, and other means of instruction are adopted by many conferences. Prisons and hospitals are visited; the dying are assisted and recommended to benevolent pastors; and the decent burial of the dead is an object of deep interest with all. In most towns two masses are said for each poor person who dies while under the care of the brotherhood; in other cases they attend in large numbers at the funerals of the poor.

"We have been particular in giving these details, because we wish to stir up the ambition of the English and Irish Catholics to follow this glorious example. What has been done in France may, if we have the like zeal and fervor of charity, be done here amongst us. All these important works are needed here as well as there, and should find their accomplishment where there is so great a necessity."

The Good Shepherd.—We are allowed to translate for our readers the following extract of a letter, which was received not long since from Angers.—*Cath. Adv.*

"In the monastery of our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, we have recently had the satisfac-

tion to be present at several ceremonies which were as edifying as they were consoling. On the 31st of July, being the sixteenth anniversary of the foundation of this benevolent institution, the Rev. Mr. Joubert, vicar general of the diocese of Angers, received the religious profession of nine young ladies distinguished alike for their rank and their virtues. Right Rev. Dr. Reynolds, bishop of Charleston, U. S., who chanced at this epoch to be at Angers, consented to preside at the ceremony for conferring the religious habit on thirteen *postulantes*, who belonged to four different nations. He also had the kindness to address an exhortation in English to those who understood this language, after which a discourse in French and another in German were preached by one of the priests who assisted at the ceremonies. After the discourses were concluded, two young German novices made their solemn profession in the presence of the Right Rev. bishop of Charleston; who seemed deeply affected, particularly at the moment when the funeral pall, held by the nine young companions of their noviciate, was spread over the prostrate forms of the young virgins, who thus announced their determination to "die to the world," and henceforward live only for the service of God.

On the next day, August 1st, the bishop officiated at another ceremony for the reception of four young penitents among the Magdalens, with whom they were henceforward to devote their lives to the service of God. In conferring upon them the habit characteristic of their new life, and which is the habit of the Carmelites, the Right Rev. prelate was kind enough to address them a few words of exhortation in the French language, which produced a profound impression on all present. The bishop then, in company with the superiors, paid a visit to the different branches of the establishment. He visited, first, the first class of penitents, one hundred and thirty-eight in number, to whom he had that morning administered the holy communion. Next he went to see the second class of penitents, one hundred and fifty in number, called the class of perseverance. He expressed himself greatly pleased with their becoming deportment. Thence he went to visit the orphan house for girls, who were then engaged in making their retreat preparatory to their first communion. He proceeded next to the establishment of the Magdalens, which is entirely distinct from that of the penitents. As the reformed penitents, however anxious they may be to lead an exclusively religious life, can never be received as members of the sisterhood of the Good Shepherd, the establishment of the Magdalens has been opened for them, where, after several years' probation, they are allowed to consecrate the remainder of their lives to God. Some of the sisters of the Good Shepherd preside over the establishment."

ENGLAND.—*Conversions*.—The last month has brought us the most consoling intelligence from England, where the power of truth is daily manifesting itself in the conversion of all classes of persons to the ancient church, the "one fold under one shepherd." We copy the following interesting particulars from the *Tablet*.

"On the 29th September M. Dobrée Dalgairns, M. A., of Exeter college, made his profession of the Catholic faith at the monastery of Aston Hall.

"On the 2d October the Rev. Ambrose St. John, M. A., of Christ church, was received a member of the Catholic church at the episcopal seminary of Prior Park.

"On the 9th October Father Dominick, the superior of the Passionists in England, received at Littlemore, near Oxford, after due examination, and in the usual form prescribed by the church, the renowned Rev. John Henry Newman, B. D., Fellow of Oriel college, Oxford, and late vicar of St. Mary's; the Rev. Frederick Bowles, B. A.; and the Rev. N. Staunton, B. A."

These conversions have been followed by several others, among which we will mention those of Rev. John Walker, of Brasenose college; Rev. E. Estcourt, of Exeter; Rev. Frederick R. Neave, of Oriel, and Rev. Mr. Oakely.

IRELAND.—The Colleges' Bill continues to be a subject of earnest discussion. The majority of the Irish prelates consider it too defective in its provisions to afford the necessary protection to the faith and morality of Catholic pupils. We copy, in relation to it, the following judicious remarks from the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*:

"Any measure affecting the interests of general education in Ireland, of course carries with it a strong appeal to the attention and vigilance of the spiritual guardians of the great body of the people, the Catholic prelates. They are the appointed protectors of faith and morals, and secular education, in any form, bears so close a relation to those most important considerations, that a general system of a higher order of academical education, of course imperatively demanded a large share of attention from the faithful Catholic bishops. Nor were they unmindful of, or unfaithful to, the emergency. A severe scrutiny into the character and tendency of the measure for the establishment of Irish colleges, was entered upon by the prelates with zeal and moderation, and in a manner consistent with the dignity of their sacred character. After a mature examination of the new act as it first came from the hands of parliament, the Irish bishops united in a spirited condemnation of the measure. This had the effect of producing a reform in, and improvement upon, the original plan. Since these modifications, a difference of opinion has arisen among the bishops. The majority of eighteen or nineteen out of twenty-four, we believe, still condemn the measure, even as amended, *in toto*, and refuse to it their sanction, while the small, but highly influential minority, including the primate, Dr. Crolly, and Archbishop Murray of Dublin, have decided to give the improved act a fair trial before condemning it. It certainly was to have been hoped that the Irish Catholic bishops would have united upon this very important question, through all its stages. Such has not been the case, however, and we can

not but regret it. The division of opinion, we imagine, could have been the source of little, if any mischief, as confined solely within the action of the Catholic prelates. We must conclude that the prelates, in the minority, have adopted their line of conduct from a high and conscientious sense of duty, and with a single view to the best interests of religion. We know that Archbishops Crolly and Murray would not sanction any measure even for a moment which threatened the integrity of faith, or the morals of those committed to their charge. They have given to the measure only a qualified assent, in the opinion of its usefulness, but should future developments happen contrary to their anticipations, that assent, we know, would be at once withdrawn and followed by merited condemnation."

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—When the Abbe Caret and some other clergymen endeavored to open a mission in these islands some eight years ago, the jealousy of the Protestant missionaries caused them to be seized and banished from the islands. Some time after, the French admiral forced the government to grant toleration to Catholic missionaries. And they have consequently been free to preach and to make converts for the last four or five years. According to a correspondent of the *N. Y. Sun*, there are now in this group of islands no less than 90 Catholic churches or chapels, 110 schools, 3,000 scholars, and 14,000 Catholics.—*Cath. Miscellany*.

INDIAN MISSIONS.—We have received a large packet of most interesting letters from Rev. Father De Smet, S. J., regarding the Oregon Missions. They will form an admirable suite to the "Lettres edifiantes," and shall, as soon as translated, be published in pamphlet form. The proceeds of sale should be applied to the benefit of the missions, and therefore we shall not publish them in this paper, but they shall be preceded, or followed, by the excellent letters of the Sisters of Notre Dame, now in course of publication in the *Telegraph*.—*C. Tel.*

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Confirmation*.—On the 19th of October the Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed one hundred and twenty persons at Bryantown, and on the following day he administered the same sacrament to sixty-six persons at Upper Zachia, Charles county, Md.

Concert for the Orphans.—A grand vocal and instrumental concert will shortly take place in Baltimore, in behalf of the two Catholic orphan asylums under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. St. Mary's Asylum contains at present upwards of sixty girls, and St. Vincent's about forty boys, and both institutions having recently extended the sphere of their benevolence, and being entirely dependent on the public for support, present peculiar claims upon the sympathy and assistance of the community. The vocal department of the concert will be filled by the cathedral choir, and other ladies and gentlemen, who have all nobly volun-

teered their services for the good work, and the music will be prepared and performed under the direction of Mr. Gegan, whose professional standing and merit are an ample guarantee that a musical entertainment of the very richest description will be presented. The instrumental part will be conducted by a young gentleman of New York, who is represented as a prodigy in the musical world. Mr. Allen, the able professor of music at St. Mary's college, Baltimore, has kindly offered to lead the orchestra, in which several amateur gentlemen of eminence have graciously consented to take part.

DIOCESS OF NEW YORK.—Dedication.—On Sunday, 12th inst., the new church of St. Columba, diocese of New York, was dedicated to the Almighty God, under the invocation of St. Columba the patron of the church. Rt. Rev. Dr. M'Closkey officiated, and Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes preached on the occasion.—*Pittsb. Catholic.*

DIOCESS OF CINCINNATI.—Consecration of the New Cathedral of St. Peter in Cincinnati.—How grand and impressive is the ceremonial of the Catholic church! How strongly it speaks to every sense, and how touching the appeal which it makes to the heart of the true believer! While the eye is made to rest upon all that is beautiful and magnificent, the ear is delighted with sweet music, and the soul, attuned into a divine harmony, is borne aloft on the wings of faith to the throne of the most high God in heaven, and to the sublime worship that is offered there! The worship of the earthly Jerusalem is thus but the faint echo, or rather the shadow, of that which, in the heavenly city of God, thrills the souls of millions of the redeemed.

While Protestantism offers little to its worshippers but a dull, dry, and lifeless formalism, Catholicity goes right to the heart, and stirs up its deepest fountains of emotion. While Protestantism speaks only to the ear, Catholicity addresses also the eye, and enchains all the senses. The Protestant church presents little to the beholder but naked walls and benches, and a preaching desk; the Catholic, like the church in the days of St. Paul, "has an ALTAR," upon which the immaculate Victim, he who once died on the cross for the sins of all mankind, is daily offered up in an unbloody manner for the sins of his people. The altar is the centre of Catholic worship; every thing is directed towards it, like the radii to the centre of a circle; and the reason of this is, that God is himself on the altar—that God is now, as erewhile, in the midst of his holy temple.

These general remarks are much more strikingly true when the ceremonies of the Catholic worship are performed on that grand and magnificent scale to which they were originally graduated. When the church is large, and the ministers in attendance

are numerous—when every one moves in his respective office without confusion or distraction—when the deep-toned organ sends forth its solemn and impressive peals of music over the congregation in response to that of the chanters ministering at the altar, and to the priest who thereon offers up the tremendous sacrifice—then it is that the heart *feels* how edifying, how eloquent, how impressive, how sublime is the Catholic worship.

These reflections arose spontaneously to our minds while witnessing the solemn consecration of St. Peter's cathedral in Cincinnati. Seldom, if ever, in the United States, never before in the west, was there seen together, on any occasion of the kind, so numerous or so august an assemblage. Never before were the ceremonies of consecrating a church performed with more splendor.

The consecration took place, according to previous appointment, on Sunday the 2d day of November. The day was very unpropitious; the rain was falling, except at brief intervals, during the entire morning. Yet, in spite of all this, from eight to ten thousand persons, nearly all of them men, were assembled at an early hour in the spacious lot outside of the church, and there they remained for many hours patiently waiting the throwing open of the cathedral doors, which did not take place until after eleven o'clock. The ceremony had commenced at eight o'clock, and the whole of it did not terminate until after three o'clock in the afternoon; yet that immense crowd continued riveted to the spot during the whole time. Very shortly after that part of the solemn ceremony in which the doors of the church are opened to the people by the consecrator, its spacious aisles were crowded almost to suffocation. As there were no pews nor benches, the congregation seemed to be composed of a sea of heads, and, we must add, that its movements and the noise caused by the motion of feet, did not destroy the appropriateness of the figure. We imagined ourselves to be transported for a moment to one of those spacious and magnificent Italian churches in which alone have we seen multitudes similarly thronged together without the intervention of pews, or any other means of division, or emblems of distinction. In the Italian churches, however, the noise on the smooth stone or marble pavement is not so great, nor is the echo so annoying as in our own churches, where we are almost under the necessity of having wooden floors. The new cathedral of St. Peter's will hold at least four thousand people, and it is needless to say that, on the interesting occasion to which we are referring, it was filled to its utmost capacity.

There were in attendance one archbishop, eight bishops, and nearly sixty priests, besides a large number of seminarians and acolytes in cassock and surplice. The bishops were all robed in cope and

mitre; thirty-two of the priests were attired in the full priestly uniform, while several others bore copes. All the ornaments used were of the richest and most magnificent kind.

The names of the prelates in attendance are as follows: the Most Rev. Dr. Eccleston, archbishop of Baltimore; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Flaget, bishop of Louisville; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Portier, bishop of Mobile; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Purcell, bishop of Cincinnati; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Chabrat, bishop coadjutor of Louisville; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Miles, bishop of Nashville; the Rt. Rev. Dr. de la Hailandiere, bishop of Vincennes; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Henni, bishop of Milwaukee; and the Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey, bishop coadjutor of New York. These were attended by their chaplains in surplice, who were respectively as follows: V. Rev. M. J. Spalding, Rev. M. Gacon, Rev. L. Nota, S. J., Rev. N. D. Young, O. P., Rev. H. Younker, Rev. Joseph O'Meally, Rev. M. Thienpoint, and Rev. Joseph Ferneding. The masters of ceremonies were Rev. F. Elet, S. J., and Rev. T. R. Butler, and the chanters, Rev. Messrs. J. F. Wood, F. Verheyden, S. J., A. Rappe, P. Thienpoint, and A. Maessele.

We can not attempt to describe, or even to give a faint idea of the solemn but complicated ceremonies for the consecration of a church. The consecration lasted for nearly six hours; and a volume would be required fully to describe and explain every thing connected with it. Suffice it say, that all the ceremonies had an appropriate and deep symbolical meaning, and that they all pointed to the holiness of God's sacred temple, to the peculiar holiness of the altar on which the Victim of expiation was to be daily offered up, and to the sanctification of the people who were to repair thither, from time to time, and far away from the tumult of the world to put up their fervent prayers before the altar of the living God. The Psalms which were recited or sung, the solemn prayers, the various unctions, the signs of the cross, the smoking of the incense, the numerous processions around the altar and the church, all looked to these sublime ends. And if the ceremonies were long, this, too, was not without its significance; it proved the extreme care of the holy Catholic church to impress the people with a deep sense of the sanctity of God, and of the purity of heart with which he should be approached in his own cherished house. It was thus that Solomon's temple was dedicated, and greater far and more holy than Solomon's splendid temple is even the humblest Christian church in the world, because a greater than Solomon is there. The admission of the people into the church only midway the ceremonies tends also to the same purpose; and is well calculated to make them reflect on the dispositions with which they should prepare themselves to enter into the house of God.

How beautiful and how impressive, in particular, was not the solemn procession of the clergy and the prelates around the exterior of the church, all clad in their appropriate costumes, singing the Psalms of David, and bearing the relics of the saints to be deposited under the high altar! The procession was composed of about seventy clergymen, and it extended around almost two sides of the immense edifice. Slowly and solemnly it wound round the church, the acolytes, with the cross, going before, and the nine bishops, with their glittering copes and mitres, bringing up the rear; and when it entered slowly into the church, and the deep melody of two responsive choirs went swelling up the yet empty aisles, and re-echoed along the spacious panelled ceiling, the effect was indescribably solemn and soul-thrilling.

The Most Rev. Archbishop was the consecrator, and he performed the ceremonies with his usual grace and dignity. At their termination, a solemn high mass was sung by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Portier, bishop of Mobile; and his powerful and musical voice filled that immense church. He was assisted by the Very Rev. E. T. Collins as priest assistant, the Rev. John McGill and the Rev. C. Hammer, as deacons of honor, the Very Rev. J. Van de Velde, S. J., as deacon of office, and the Rev. G. A. Carrell, S. J., as subdeacon of office.

After the Gospel had been sung, the Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey, bishop coadjutor of New York, ascended the elevated platform of the altar, and kept the immense audience enchaind for nearly an hour by one of the most chaste, appropriate, classical, and eloquent discourses we have ever heard. His voice is clear and musical, his gestures peculiarly graceful and elegant, and his whole manner very impressive. His text consisted of the five first verses of the eighty-third Psalm, beginning: "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts;" and, after an appropriate and beautiful commentary on the meaning of the text, he called the attention of his audience to that which constituted the great characteristic excellence of the Christian church—the ALTAR and the SACRIFICE offered thereon. He proved, by a most luminous argument, that we have an altar and a sacrifice, as Christians had in the days of St. Paul, and that the idea of a sacrifice is the central point of Christianity, and the key to Catholic church-building and worship. In the course of the sermon he made very appropriate and touching reference to the most reverend chief of our American hierarchy, to the venerable Dr. Flaget, the patriarch of the American episcopacy, to the zealous, noble-hearted, and apostolic bishop of Cincinnati, whose eulogy, he said, was written in every line, and inscribed on every stone of the magnificent edifice erected by him; and to the other members of the hierarchy

there present. He also referred to the overflowing joy of the clergy and people then present on an occasion so auspicious, and so triumphant for the church in the west.

After the sermon, the organ again pealed forth in deep and glorious melody, which rolled along the vaults, and was re-echoed back from the altar; and the service of the solemn high mass proceeded as usual. To judge of the solemn impressiveness of our worship on the occasion, you should have stationed yourself at the lower part of the church, or in the gallery, during its more solemn portions; for instance, at the Preface, at the Elevation, or at the Pater Noster. It is useless to attempt describing the effect. Imagine that you behold in the distance, elevated above the heads of the intervening mass of more than four thousand people, about seventy clergymen—bishops, priests, and inferior ministers—all clad in their distinctive uniforms, of the most brilliant kind, and all standing up together at the Preface and Pater Noster, or bending down, lowly and reverently, in unison of adoration, at the Elevation; imagine that you hear the solemn and soul-stirring music of the Preface and Pater Noster, with the appropriate responses of the choir accompanied by the organ; imagine that you are one of that immense throng of silent and trembling worshippers, that you are filled with their faith, and animated by their joy, and you may then form some faint conception of the effect produced.

Seldom has it fallen to our lot to be more deeply impressed, or to *feel* more thoroughly the surpassing beauty, the touching simplicity and pathos, and the sublime eloquence of our ceremonial. We have stood in the aisles of St. Peter's and of Mary Major's, at Rome; we have there witnessed much more magnificent and august assemblages than the one we have alluded to above; have heard much finer music, and have looked on a much more brilliant ceremonial; but we are free to confess that, whether it was from local associations, or from the reflection that this beautiful temple was dedicated thus magnificently on a spot where but half a century ago little was to be heard but the howl of the wild beast and the war-whoop of the savage, or whatever else was the cause of it, we never before felt, at least, more deeply impressed, and never were more inclined to break forth, in the fulness and exultation of our heart, with the patriarch of old, when he awoke from the mysterious slumber on Mount Moriah: "How terrible is this place; truly this is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven!"

The service terminated only at a quarter after three in the afternoon, and shortly thereafter the prelates and the clergy all dined together at the hospitable table of the good bishop of Cincinnati, in his newly erected residence adjoining the cathedral.

A more numerous, and a more happy assemblage of clergymen has seldom been seen in the U. States.

In the evening, at seven o'clock, the benediction of the most holy sacrament was given by the Rt. Rev. and venerable patriarch, Bishop Flaget, after which the Very Rev. Thomas Heyden, of Bedford, Pa., ascended the pulpit, and entertained a very large audience, for about an hour, with a very solid and well-reasoned discourse on the qualities of Christian faith.

On Monday morning, at ten o'clock, a solemn high mass of *Requiem* was chanted by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Miles, of Nashville; after which, the Rev. John McGill, of Louisville, delivered a chaste, strong, and appropriate discourse, in his usual happy style and manner, on the doctrine of purgatory, and its derivation, prayers for the dead.

In the evening of the same day a discourse was given on the infallibility of the church. On the following evening a large audience was again delighted with a beautiful and well-reasoned discourse on the honor and invocation of saints, and especially of the Virgin Mother of God, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey.

Cincinnati, Nov. 5, 1845.

Clerical Retreat.—During the week preceding the consecration of St. Peter's cathedral, the exercises of a spiritual retreat were performed at Cincinnati, by the clergy of the diocese. The retreat was conducted by the Very Rev. Dr. Spalding.

Ordination.—Rev. Michael A. Byrne, a deacon of the Diocesan Seminary, was raised to the holy order of priesthood, on last Sunday, in St. Peter's cathedral, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Purcell. Mr. Byrne will be stationed with Rev. Mr. McLaughlin at St. Mary's, Cleveland.—*C. Telegraph.*

Dedication of the church of St. John Baptist.—On Saturday, the feast of all saints, an immense concourse of people assembled to assist at the dedication of this new church, in the northern part of the city. The day was propitious, and all were rejoiced to see Bishop Henni, of Milwaukee, at the request of the bishop of Cincinnati, officiating on the occasion.—*C. Telegraph.*

DIOCESE OF CHICAGO.—Consecration of St. Mary's Cathedral, Chicago.—On Sunday, Oct. 5th, the above church was solemnly consecrated and dedicated to *Almighty God*, under the invocation of the B. V. M., by the Rt. Rev. bishop of the diocese.

RONGISM IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.—*From a Correspondent of the Catholic Telegraph.*—Much has been written of late concerning this sectarian movement in Germany by Ronge and his associates. The Protestant journals have indulged in the long cherished, but ever idle hopes of seeing, as the consequence of this agitation, the Catholic church, embracing nearly eleven millions of people in Prussia and Saxony, renounce her allegiance and deny

her debt of gratitude to the holy see, after a union of more than a thousand years. It is to those journalists a subject for congratulation, that the Germans, who are indebted, like other nations, to the successors of St. Peter for their conversion to Christianity and the few liberties they enjoy, are about to forfeit their attachment to the church, and, like the Protestant kingdoms of Europe, bow down in abject submission to the iron rod of state despotism. They hope to see the faith, which has guided and consoled them for so many ages, extinguished at length, and its place to be supplied by the counsel of two suspended priests, destitute of character and morals, endowed with no commanding intellect, and infidels in heart. But their anticipations are destined to be again disappointed. The Catholic people of Germany have seen and felt the bitter consequences of one reformation, and can not be induced to try the sad experiment of another. They all know what Ronge was before he turned reformer, and they know that Czersky, by his scandalous conduct, brought his father to an untimely grave, and obliged his pious and magnanimous mother to expose his disordered life to the public, whilst he was yet exercising the duties of the sacred ministry. How far his degradation and apostacy have made amends for his previous scandals, every true Catholic can understand.

Their movement, at first, like every other novelty, received some countenance; but the charm is passing away, and its oblivion is already at hand. A reaction is every where taking place, and, as appears from recent letters, as well as from the press, the greatest harmony, zeal and activity prevail in Germany amongst the Catholic people. Private and petty animosities have been, for the most part, laid aside, so that by their union they may be better enabled to resist and throw back the tide of heresy or infidelity, and eradicate the disease where it had taken some root. Many of the ablest champions of the cross, who had long since rested from their labors, thinking that they had achieved their share in her defence, and hoping, like holy Simeon, to depart in peace, have taken up their well-tried arms again in the cause of the faith once delivered to the saints.

Many also who were wavering and weak in faith, or who had become indifferent, are seen now with contrite hearts kneeling at the confessional, and many who had deserted in the beginning, deluded by the specious name of reform, now seeing their error, are returning to the bosom of their holy mother, the church. Thus she has the happiness of seeing many erring children returning in crowds to her peaceful fold, and she herself, purified from the exterior rust and dross which had insensibly collected around her, shines forth again more glorious and triumphant than ever.

It is also no small triumph to her imperturbable fortitude to see the leaders of the new creeds divided among themselves—each claiming to be the greater apostle, and possessing a better right to proclaim his new gospel; nor is it a little mortification to those agitators to be restricted in Saxony and Prussia, the very states on which they relied, and even to be prohibited from preaching, and oh! sad affliction for a proud sectarian, to be obliged to keep their wisdom to themselves!

Such are the present prospects and hopes of Rongism in Germany. What it is in the United States will appear from the following article in the "Wahrheits Freund" of this city. If it be ridiculed in Europe, how can we restrain our laughter when the impudent humbug attempts to make headway in America?

"Some time since, the eastern papers brought us the news that Rongism, alias the 'German Catholic church,' had found its way to New York. They stated that a Catholic priest, by the name of Hermann, had made a commencement of the new institution in that city, and that meetings had been held in a brewery to make the necessary arrangements. It is true that the papers which noticed the meeting, expressed their opinion that it would end in smoke, and such appears to have been the result. An eye-witness of this august assembly writes to us as follows:

"On the 27th of September, at 7 o'clock, P. M., the plan of the new church was to be considered at length. About sixty or sixty-five persons were present. The reading of the address continued for three quarters of an hour. Ten abuses were enumerated as existing in the church, and the articles which 'priest' Hermann was to substitute in their place, were also set forth. It is scarcely necessary to say that, amongst the abuses, auricular confession and celibacy were emphatically mentioned; yet he was so liberal as to add that those who did 'absolutely' wish to confess their sins, may do so—neither, he added, were the clergy to be compelled in conscience to marry; still he was of opinion that a wife would, in a special manner, ennoble the priestly state. The other doctrines, the moral system, and the sacraments of the Roman Catholic church, were to remain the same—also high mass and vespers every Sunday. The reading of the document having been concluded, the new reformer called on all those who wished to participate in these advantages which the Roman Catholic church had not, to come forward and subscribe their names. No one went forward, but after a pause of some length one of the assembly said: 'So this is the result of the new church! You would do much better to continue at your old trade of collecting rags and bones in the public streets!' This produced a little disturbance, when another obtained a hearing

and addressed the reformer as follows: 'It appears to me that you must be crazy! You call yourself a Roman Catholic, and yet reject the doctrines of the church! It is very strange that, at your age, and in America too, you discover for the first time that there exist abuses in the Catholic church. You are to be pitied. Be ashamed, and return like the prodigal mentioned in the Gospel.' The question was also asked—Hermann, who sent you to preach the gospel? He answered—Jesus Christ. But all the reformers and sectarians say that! To this he did not reply, and the meeting dissolved amid loud laughter.

"A report has been also industriously circulated, that an independent Catholic church would be established in Cincinnati. Some of the English journals in this city started the report, and credulous readers were found to credit it. All this is mere vain and idle talk, and those very German Catholics who have been thus decried amongst us, have solemnly and publicly declared that such a thought had never even entered into their minds, but on the contrary that they are determined to live and die in the bosom of the Catholic church. This declaration has overjoyed us, although we never gave credit to this malicious report, since we are convinced that good and well disposed Catholics can be moved by no earthly considerations whatever, to cast away the precious deposit of faith."

Thus we see how these idle and malicious stories are circulated for the sole purpose of calumniating us, and to create ill will and bad feeling amongst ourselves. But we know of whose spirit they are, and whence they come, and this suffices.

GERMANICUS.

SINGULAR CEREMONY.—In the extreme western part of Maryland, not many years ago, there took place, in a religious meeting-house, an amusing occurrence, which can not be better described than in the words of the narrator, who was a witness of the scene. One evening I accompanied a friend of mine and his sister to a night meeting. It was held in a lonely place called Frog-hollow, lying between two of the Allegany ridges, and surrounded by immense forests on every side. Here a house full of rustics was gathered together, from off the mountains and from along the valleys. Rough benches and a rude table were the only furniture in the edifice. Some sat, some stood, some peeped in, and the rest managed as they could. The officiating minister for that night was preacher N. By the time the usual routine of singing and preaching and praying was pretty well through, the spirit had made mighty havoc among the female portion of the congregation, as evinced by their falling down, sprawling on the floor, and shouting Amen, Glory, &c. The scene now was one of animated confusion—all sorts of voices making all sorts of noise.

Those who were not floored by frenzy acted the part of lookers on. The preacher was active. He moved about among the benches and women, preaching as he went, or talking, just as fancy happened to seize him. At length he noticed my friend's sister sitting and hanging her head as if sobbing. He sat beside her, and, whilst speaking to her, he drew his arm around her neck. I stepped up to her brother and said: Do you see that ———? if he were to act so towards a relative of mine, I'd make him look another way for Sunday. His ire began to rise, and he immediately passed over to the preacher, and in a strong voice he abruptly said: Let go my sister, you double japed rascal. She is getting religion, replied the preacher, and I must help her. Let her go, you villain, or I'll give you jesse on the spot, so I will. Go away with you, returned the preacher; why do you interfere? Beelzebub, the prince of devils, has possession of you. At this my friend let go a blow, which shot the preacher across the house. Picking himself up again, he loudly cried out: The devil's in you—the devil's in you! With this the devotions concluded.

MORE OF THE GEOLOGIST.—We publish the following communication from the writer on geology.

Messrs. Editors,—The world-renowned city of Gotham, long known as the commercial emporium of this western world, seems likely at last to attain a still more enviable pre-eminence in the world of letters. Her writers, adopting the spirit of their State motto, seem determined to excel all others in the profundity of their discoveries and the piquancy of their conclusions. This involuntary tribute to genius has been forced from me by the remarks of a contributor to the Freeman's Journal, who, over the signature of " * " in that paper of the 8th inst., has kindly volunteered to teach me the proper use of my native tongue. The disinterestedness of this commendation must be apparent to all who can realize the extent of my sufferings. To attempt wit and fail, is bad enough; but to attempt to be witty and then to be called upon publicly to explain one's wit to a dull comprehension, is infinitely worse—beyond this lowest deep there is no lower depth. The solid reasoning and critical acumen of the writer I refer to, are beyond my feeble praise, although, if I might venture the remark, the outpourings of his indignant eloquence seem somewhat disproportioned to the exigency of the occasion. Now having often witnessed the most disastrous consequences arising from "a tempest in a tea-pot," and anxious to do every thing in my power to allay the terrible one I have most unwittingly raised, I send you the subjoined certificate. It is drawn in this form, in order that I may take it before some duly appointed commissioner and make affirmation to its contents, if this should be required by the relentless Gothamite.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That the undersigned in using the words "I apprehend he comes not from a region where people are infallible in guessing," to the best of his knowledge and belief, "intended by it *only* and *solely* a good humored allusion to yankeeland." He is perfectly certain he never did, and never intended to make the most distant allusion to any region where the editor of the Catholic Herald might have come from, and that up to the present moment (Nov. 10th, 1846) he is perfectly ignorant where said editor did come from. He admits he has been guilty of saying that the correspondent of the Freeman's Journal was "no Solomon," but he has never said that said correspondent was "a simpleton, or something like it," or that he came from "Blunderland." That the undersigned, of course, has an opinion upon both these last two points, but said opinion it would be inappropriate to embody in a certificate intended to embrace nothing but matters of fact. That he truly regrets being obliged again to use a language of which it has been shown he knows so little, but hopes his errors will be charitably pointed out by those who are better informed, when he will duly eat his words in any sense they can be made to bear. And further the deponent saith not. A.

MR. FLETCHER WEBSTER'S LECTURE ON CHINA.—The gentleman whose name we here mention, was secretary of the recent legation from the United States to China, and he, as well as Mr. Cushing, the American minister, has undertaken to lay before his countrymen the results of his observations in the celestial empire. These gentlemen have not confined their remarks to the diplomatic, political, civil or commercial affairs of that country, in reference to which they might naturally be supposed to have gleaned much interesting information, as these matters belong more particularly to the sphere in which they moved; but they have ventured upon the religious and missionary field, and hazarded assertions which we think worthy of notice and correction. Shortly after his return from China, Mr. Cushing wrote a letter in reply to some inquiries addressed to him, and spoke in flattering terms of the literary services of the missionaries, among whom he mentioned the names of several distinguished Jesuits. The letter, however, was framed in such a way as to lead the reader, unacquainted with history, to infer that the Protestant were pretty much on a par with Catholic missionaries, in regard to what has been done for enlightening the world upon the subject of the Chinese language, and the peculiarities of the people and country. In this we are of opinion that Mr. Cushing has done a great injustice to the Jesuits by not alluding more fully, when touching upon the subject, to the immense services which, during the last two hundred and fifty years, they have rendered to his-

tory by their copious and in every respect authoritative accounts of China, and to literature by the voluminous writings which have contributed so much to the acquisition of the language used among the people. The labors of Protestant missionaries in this department are comparatively of very recent date, and can not be placed on a parallel with the achievements of men who have been toiling in it for centuries.

In the lecture lately delivered by Mr. F. Webster, it is stated that the prosperity of the Christian missions, so happily commenced and carried on by the Jesuits from the close of the sixteenth century, was interrupted by a decision of the pope relative to the Chinese ceremonies. From the language reported to have been used by Mr. Webster, the reader would judge that a violent persecution arose against the Christians, at that time amounting to three hundred thousand, immediately after the decree of the pope, pronouncing certain Chinese ceremonies idolatrous and superstitious. This, however, was not the case. The papal decision, which was necessary to terminate a discussion between the Jesuits and Dominicans about the lawfulness of the rites in honor of Confucius and the dead, was indeed an occasion of which the mandarins, the declared enemies of Christianity, availed themselves in order to excite the emperor against the toleration of it in his dominions, and they succeeded in placing its professors under restrictions more or less onerous, but no sanguinary persecution was enkindled until 1722, eighteen years after the condemnation of the Chinese ceremonies.

Mr. Webster and Mr. Cushing have both made allusion to the forms of Buddhism, and to a supposed resemblance between them and Catholic observances. The former says:

"The Boodhist is the religion of the lowest class—a class which requires something to strike the senses, which is not capable of rising to abstract notions of the divinity, but which must have visible and tangible objects of worship. Their temples, like the Catholic churches at Macao, have decorations, pictures, &c. They worship the Virgin mother—make prayers for the dead, have nuns and monks, and petition for every thing, from deliverance of their friends from purgatory, to a handsome wife or a rich and worthy husband."

In this paragraph we see the usual quantum of ignorance exhibited by tourists who wander out of their sphere to treat of matters which they have not troubled themselves to investigate. If Mr. Webster were but a mere tyro in the knowledge of human nature and of Christianity, he would perceive that the higher classes of society have more need of external ceremony than the lower, to produce salutary impressions upon the mind and heart. Mr. Webster perhaps supposes that the divine Founder

of the Christian religion instituted the ceremonies of baptism, the eucharist and others, for the benefit only of the *lower classes*, not for men of education forsooth, whose minds can rise, without all this show, to abstract notions of the Deity! The paragraph which we have quoted suggests a reflection which we consider very far from invalidating any practice of the Catholic church. It is morally certain that the Christians of the west never derived their veneration of the Virgin mother, or the custom of praying for the dead, from the Chinese: the fact, therefore, of these venerating the Virgin Mary, if true, affords a strong presumption that this is a remnant of the practice which they received in the earliest and purest days of religion, from the apostle St. Thomas, who labored in the east, or from his successors. The same may be said of prayers for the dead, though this practice may also have been retained from the very earliest traditions, and from the same source which led the valiant and pious leader of the Jewish armies to declare, while he proclaimed the belief and practice of the whole nation, that "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." 2 Macch. ch. xii.

THE FINE ARTS.—It can not be doubted that the increased attention which is given to the cultivation of the liberal arts in this country, promises ere long to raise them in the eyes of the American public to a much more dignified rank than has been hitherto awarded to them. We have witnessed with pleasure the aspiring ardor which has led our artists at various times to visit the celebrated schools of Europe, for the purpose of improving themselves upon the great models which are there met with. Every facility is afforded them, particularly at Rome, for prosecuting their studies, and for the acquisition of a refined taste in their respective branches of art. It must also be a source of unmingled gratification to every American, to perceive that the talents of our artists are duly appreciated on the other side of the Atlantic. Not long since, Mr. Healy, a gentleman of Boston, received peculiar honors at the hands of Louis Philippe, king of the French, who readily acknowledged and gladly patronized the genius of the young artist, by employing his pencil in executing, for the gallery of the Louvre, the portraits of several distinguished Americans.

Mr. Rembrandt Lockwood, a resident of Baltimore, is another gifted mind now on a visit to Europe for the cultivation of his talents. From a letter recently received in this country, we learn that his extraordinary abilities for the pictorial art have been highly honored in the distinguished circles of Munich, one of the great seats of learning and art at the present day. On the 22d of August, the artists of that city waited on him in a body, and complimented him on his successful efforts, and on the

superior talent which he evinced, in the coloring and shading of his pictures, and in the simplicity and elevation of character which he gives to his design. The meeting was of a most interesting description. On the following day Mr. Lockwood was to be honored by a visit from their majesties the king and queen of Bavaria, and the king of Prussia, then in Munich. The king of Bavaria had already seen his paintings, and appeared to be highly gratified. Mgr. Morachini, nuncio of his holiness, who visited the studio of Mr. Lockwood, was also much pleased with the efforts of the American artist, and invited him to breakfast. He likewise promised to furnish him with letters to several of the cardinals at Rome, and to Overbeck the painter, who is at once the head and the glory of his profession in the eternal city. Equally distinguished for his piety and genius, Overbeck seems to reproduce all the expression of Catholic mediæval art, while he decks it off in the more finished style of the present day. His taste and experience will be inestimable advantages to Mr. Lockwood. The nuncio assured Mr. L. of a very kind reception from his holiness, who is the friend and patron of all true science and art, despite the ignorant intimations to the contrary of certain writers in our own latitude. With these precious facilities at his command, we have every reason to believe that Mr. Lockwood will attain to considerable eminence, and will return to his native country, a bright ornament of the honored profession to which he belongs.

DIOCESS OF PITTSBURG.—St. Marystown, in the new county of Elk, was laid out little more than a year ago. Two wealthy citizens of Baltimore, Messrs. Benzinger and Eshbach, purchased seventy-two thousand acres of land here, with the laudable design of establishing a colony of German Catholics. St. Marystown is laid out, near the centre of these lands, in the form of an octagon; eight streets encircle the town, and from their eight angles converge as many streets towards a circular "market place," which is a mile in circumference. The town is ten miles in circuit, and covers five thousand acres. Near its centre is the confluence of Elk and Silver creeks, affording good water power, and flowing into the Clarion river at Ridgeway, seven miles below. A flouring mill and two saw mills are already built, and active preparations are making for a furnace, rolling mill, &c. Abundance of iron ore has been found, and nothing is wanting for the enterprise. The entire undertaking is marked with piety, enterprise, and foresight, and, with a blessing from on high, the wishes of its worthy founders will be crowned with merited success.

From one hundred to one hundred and fifty families are already here, and the number is almost

daily swelling. Every settler purchases a town lot and a tract of land of from twenty-five to one hundred acres. He must clear and build upon his town lot first. In addition to his purchase money, he must have a surplus fund sufficient for one or two years' subsistence. Hence the colonists are all above want. Many of them are in very affluent circumstances; a fact that augurs well for the ultimate prosperity of the town.

Their present church, though large and tastefully finished within, is only temporary. A church will soon be commenced, which when built will exceed in size any church in the United States.

The fraternity of *Redemptorists* have a branch of their order here, and a seminary under their direction will be opened as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made. Next spring, a company of some sixty or seventy lay brothers is expected to arrive, and through the zealous exertions of the order, much will be accomplished, which otherwise would seem impossible."—*Cath. Herald*.

CATHOLIC STATISTICS IN THE U. STATES.—From the Metropolitan Catholic Directory for 1846, we learn that, in the U. States and Oregon Territory, there are, one archbishop, twenty-five bishops, even hundred and thirty-six priests, twenty-one ecclesiastical seminaries, two hundred and thirty-eight clerical students, twenty-five literary institutions for young men, of which fifteen are colleges; thirty-six female religious institutions, sixty-three female academies, ninety-seven charitable institu-

tions, and a Catholic population of about one million sixty-two thousand seven hundred. In the apostolic vicariate of Texas there is one bishop, about eight clergymen, and a Catholic population of twenty-thousand.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 12th of October, at Mount St. Vincent, Youngstown, Pa., Sister **PHILOMENA REID**, a member of the order of the Sisters of Mercy.

This order recently established amongst us, has already to lament the death of an excellent sister. Animated with the most ardent zeal, and strictly following the precepts of her divine Master, she left friends and country and came to a distant land, to devote her life to the cause of religion. While her health permitted, she was assiduous in fulfilling the duties of her order; and when the last hour approached, when the limits of existence were but too clearly marked out, she calmly resigned her soul to God, without ever breathing a prayer for recovery. —*Pittsburg Catholic*.

On the 17th of October, at the Orphan Asylum New Orleans, Sister **MARY REGIS** (Young), aged thirty-three years. The deceased was a native of Baltimore, and had been a member of St. Joseph's community eight years. During her protracted sickness, she was an example of those virtues which adorn the character of the perfect Christian.

On the 16th Oct. at Prior Park, England, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Baggs, vic. apostolic of the western district.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Citizen of a Republic. By Ansaldo Ceba.

Translated and edited by C. Edwards Lester.

New York: Paine and Burgess. 12mo. pp. 190.

We would have noticed this volume in our last number, had we not been unavoidably prevented from examining in time the character of the work and the translation. In our opinion, Mr. Lester has rendered an important service to his countrymen in spreading before them the excellent instruction of the Italian politician. The maxims which are there laid down, are essential, for the most part, to every individual who is called upon to share, even remotely, in the administration or regulation of public affairs. It is unfortunately true that nothing is more universally lost sight of than the observance of the great moral principles which form the character of the useful citizen; and for this reason, if the book before us is read by Americans, and its lessons heeded, it may confer lasting benefits upon the community. It may also be productive of other

advantages which we shall merely allude to. Ceba was not an infidel, but a warm admirer of the Catholic religion, and this circumstance, taken in connection with the fact of his having exhibited so thorough a knowledge of republican policy, figured so largely in republican affairs, and written a work which is characterized by the highest political wisdom, should at once suffice to open the eyes of those pretended patriots in this country who are always prating about the danger which threatens our liberties and our institutions in consequence of the progress of Catholicity. The work which Mr. Lester has translated affords abundant evidence to every reflecting mind, that the spirit of Catholicism is fruitful in true republicanism, and it even supposes (p. 30) that the preservation of popular freedom depends, in a great measure, upon the belief and practice of the true religion, which, in Ceba's mind, signified nothing else than Catholicity. Without dwelling, however, upon this topic, which

would lead us too far, we can not but think that the volume before us is capable of putting to the blush all those radical demagogues who, actuated by the hatred of religion, and thirsting for the fortunes of a revolution, are perpetually striving to undermine the governments of Italy. There is no resemblance and there can be no sympathy between the wise and accomplished citizen, as portrayed by Ceba, and the man whose only aim is to plunge his country into a state of anarchy and infidelity. If radicals of this stamp are to be considered the enemies of religion and of social order, it is a pity that they can succeed in obtaining friends in America who suffer themselves to be the dupes of their pompous imposture.

We regret to see so useful a translation as the "Citizen of a republic," disfigured by an introduction which echoes the vulgar prejudices of the age, and lends its influence to the perpetuation of historical error. Mr. Lester, we are convinced, would have at once withdrawn from his preface the objectionable remarks to which we allude, if he had been aware of their utter want of foundation except in certain books which have nothing of history about them save the name. To speak of the "cold formulas" of the church signifies simply that the writer does not understand the forms of ecclesiastical discipline: but, in such a case, the dictate of wisdom would be either to inform oneself upon the subject, or to say nothing about it.

The study of the French simplified, or new elements of the French language methodically displayed in a complete course of progressive practical lessons, &c.

By Casimir Ladreyt. New York: H. S. Raynor.

The author of this work, under the impression that the knowledge of the verbs constitutes the most important part of every language, has arranged a book which contains little else of the usual contents of the grammar than the conjugations. The verb occupies the whole space, and the other parts of speech are supposed to follow as a matter of course. Now, though we think that this method of teaching or learning French may be a good one in the abstract, we do not believe that it possesses any advantage over the usual mode: we are rather inclined to the opinion that, considering the system of grammar almost universally pursued in unfolding the elements of a language, this new method, being only subversive of the order generally followed, will tend to produce confusion and embarrassment for the learner. Did it really *simplify* the acquisition of French, it would indeed be preferable; but how can this be the case when it is confined to the conjugation of the verbs? Must not the substantives and their declensions be known just as well as the verbs in order to speak or read French correctly? And if the substantives and pronouns, with their rules; if the principles of syntax and government

must all be known, why not give them in the order which is followed by most grammarians, and to which all pupils are accustomed? For this reason we do not understand how the system of Mr. Ladreyt is any simplification of the ordinary method. We grant that it may be a novelty, but it is no improvement.

Chrestomathie de la littérature Française, ou morceaux choisis des meilleurs écrivains Français, &c.

Par Casimir Ladreyt: nouvelle édition. New York: W. E. Deans. 12mo. pp. 355.

Upon the whole, we can not think that the author has been more successful in this compilation than in his elementary work on the French verbs. The collection contains many beautiful extracts from the most distinguished writers of France; but Mr. Ladreyt has interspersed his selections with notices of the authors, which are in some instances very objectionable. We are altogether at a loss to comprehend how he can speak of Voltaire as "a venerable old man who went to Paris to be crowned with honors which no mortal had ever received before him." That Voltaire possessed transcendent talents, there can be no doubt; but this much might be asserted of the devil himself. No man can contemplate the shocking abuse which Voltaire made of his talents, and the innumerable souls whose eternal loss has been caused by his impious and scandalous writings, without looking upon him as the enemy of his race; as a great instrument of evil, not of good; as an individual whose impression upon the age in which he lived, was like that of the plague after having spread desolation and mourning over a whole country. Men of this description are not entitled to praise in a school-book or any other kind of work.

Address delivered before the Tulti-Pheboian society of St. John's Literary institution in Frederick, Md. at the annual commencement, August 5th, 1845. By James H. Bevans, Esq., Frederick.

In this pamphlet the intelligent and patriotic author has given us an interesting outline of our national literature. Mr. Bevans' remarks in reference to the proper standard of criticism are excellent. We should like to have seen, however, in a discourse on the subject of our literature, more specific information, and, at the same time, a strong condemnation of what is so evidently censurable in the writings of our clime, as in those of other regions; we mean the lax principles which are so thoughtlessly circulated in our cheap publications.

Gelobt sey Jesus Christus, ein Gebetbuch für fromme Christen, &c. Baltimore: John Murphy. Pittsburgh: G. Quigley. 32mo. pp. 622.

This excellent prayer-book for the use of German Catholics has already received at our hands the praise which it merits. But the new edition here presented to the public has been considerably en-

larged and improved, and, therefore, has an additional claim upon the attention of those who desire to have a comprehensive and well-arranged book of devotions in the German language.

The Student of Blenheim Forest, or the Trials of a Convert. By Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. Baltimore: J. Murphy. Pittsburg: G. Quigley. 32mo. pp. 644

This original and admirable Catholic tale has at length made its appearance, in a form which must greatly increase its circulation, if its merits are duly appreciated. It abounds with instruction and interesting incidents, which are set off with ornaments of style that can not fail to please. The volume forms an excellent and most appropriate present for the approaching holidays, and will be found useful to the adult as well as to the youthful reader. We again congratulate the accomplished authoress on the little work which she has written, and on the literary honors which she has acquired by this production of her pen.

It is enriched with a fine steel engraving, as a frontispiece, and very handsomely bound.

Mr. Mooney's History of Ireland. Boston.

We perceive, from the Boston papers, that this work has made its appearance, and will reflect honor on the writer. We daily look for its arrival in Baltimore.

Smith's Weekly Volume. Philadelphia, November 19th, 1845.

This number of the *Weekly Volume* is a pretty fair specimen of what some publishers undertake to do now a days in the way of enlightening the world. In one portion of it we find a very sensible review of a work recently issued in this country, containing the remarks of a reverend tourist on every thing he heard and saw during his journey. The reviewer handles the author without gloves, on account of his uncharitableness, and administers an excellent advice to those reverend divines who so easily fall into the sin of condemning and abusing their fellow Christians. But, on turning to another page of the *Weekly Volume*, we discover the following paragraph:

"*The Pope.*—The pope prohibited all his employees from attending the scientific meeting held in September at Naples, and has refused permission to this congress to hold a meeting at Rome; the reason is supposed to be the fear of a too rapid march of intellect. It must be very odd to see a scientific congress in session at Naples, while the priests are performing the miracle of San Gennaro. Two different ages are thus, as it were, brought into juxtaposition—that of light and darkness; two completely opposite states of mind are presented in strong contrast—profound credulity and scientific investigation."

The writer then adds that the pope has also forbidden the construction of rail roads in his domin-

ions, and enacted that no physician shall attend a sick person, who, after the third visit, shall not have received the sacrament. In reading these statements, we are naturally led to ask whether the advice about uncharitableness, which the *Weekly Volume* so ably ministers to certain travelling divines, was supposed to be unnecessary for the observance of editors. We never witnessed a more glaring inconsistency between the theory and practice of a critic than in the present instance. We have a long rigmarole on the obligation of Christian charity, and a few pages before we are treated to a string of assertions about the pope, which bear upon the face of them the evidence of absurdity or falsehood. In the first place, were we to ask the editor of the *Weekly Volume* upon what grounds he has ventured to announce that the pope has issued the prohibitions referred to, he could produce no other testimony than mere newspaper report, which every reflecting person must consider insufficient for the founding of an opinion, much more so for the publication of a grave charge against our neighbor. Any person who is acquainted with the principles of the Catholic church, must know that, although she desires her children to receive the life-giving sacrament of the eucharist, and particularly on the eve of their departure from this world, she can not urge them to it by compulsory means, that would expose them to the danger of hypocrisy and profanation. The assertion, therefore, that the pope deprives his subjects of medical aid, unless they receive the holy communion, carries with it its own refutation. In the second place, does the editor of the *Weekly Volume* expect to find credit with the learned and well-informed, when he supposes the pope to be alarmed at the rapid march of intellect? For an individual whose learning and education are confined to the reading of novels and newspapers, such an hypothesis may not be very surprising; but a man who pretends even to the slightest knowledge of things as they are, can not believe that the bishop of Rome, the central point of science, literature, and the arts, fears the advancement of learning. Had the editor of the *Weekly Volume* a little more science, and less credulity; did he take the trouble to examine the grounds on which the annual miracle of St. Januarius is credited, and not trust the formation of his opinions to a set of mocking infidels or prejudiced tourists, he would perhaps begin to think that they who boast so much about this age of enlightenment, are the very men who need to be enlightened, and that, instead of imputing credulity to others, they ought first to exhibit mind and learning enough themselves for the due investigation of a fact, and not take at second hand the vulgar misrepresentations of it which are circulated by superficial and drivelling writers.

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